

THE
MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND HOME LITERATURE.

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THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

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FREEMASONRY IN SCOTLAND.

BY BRO. J. C. NEILSON, M. D.*

THE true history of Freemasonry will probably never be written. To understand its origin, and the motives that lead to it, we must place ourselves away back in the "dark ages" and among people of whose ignorance we can hardly form a conception; a period during which education was confined to a small class, and when to be able to read and write, carried with it a sort of odium, and subjected its possessor to a charge of effeminacy; as something rather unworthy the notice of the gentlemen of that day, and was stigmatized as "clerkly," then almost considered as a term of contempt; a period when even kings and rulers looked on learning with contempt, and even the great Charlemagne was content to make his mark with the thumb of his glove, dipped in ink; a period that extended far into the dawn of modern literature, which come with the invention of printing. To comprehend such a state of affairs, we must, in imagination, place ourselves in the same circumstances, and with the same surroundings, as the common people at that time possessed. A period when might made right; when wealth, comfort, and influence were confined to the few, and misery, poverty, and bondage were the lot of many. When ignorance was the rule and learning the exception. When the "privileged classes" were little better than savages, and the mass of people little better than slaves, and

* I am indebted for many of the facts in relation to Masonry, to an excellent discourse on the subject by Past Master, P. L. Buchanan, New York, and have drawn freely from it.

had "no rights" that their masters "were bound to respect." When they lived in hovels without (what we call) doors, windows, or chimneys; without any means or knowledge of ventilation; in hovels where men, women, children, and domestic animals herded together in delightful confusion, and without any of those conveniences and comforts that make life so pleasant to us, and, at the same time subject to the whims and caprices of masters, but little better off or better informed than themselves; when all industrial pursuits were regarded as degrading, and the only avenues to distinction were the "church" or "arms." When communication between distant places was difficult, and country roads unknown; when, even in large cities, the streets were narrow, irregular, unpaved and filled with garbage of all kinds; where the upper stories of the ill constructed and worse ventilated houses approached so close to each other that the occupants of opposite dwellings could frequently shake hands together from their respective windows; when every man went abroad armed with sword and buckler, uncertain whether he would need them or not, before his return; when in fact he carried his life in his hand; for in those days life was cheaper, far cheaper than now, and the powerful arm of the common law was unknown; when the very existence of communities depended upon the sword, and even the Free cities, so called, were compelled, for mutual protection, to be in continual league with each other; or with some one or more of the powerful robber barons in their neighborhood; when, in short, ignorance, superstition, and oppression reigned supreme; legal redress, as we understand it, unknown, and sanitary rules undreamed of.

If we remember all this, we may obtain some insight into the reasons that induced the different trades to band together in Guilds, and to carefully guard those Guilds with "signs, pass-words, grips," and by every means in their power, from the outside world.

Naturally those trades whose services were most needed by public necessity, would become the most prominent, and accordingly we find that architects and builders were in most demand, and as they, from the nature of their calling, were often required to travel from city to city, and from country to country, it is evident that they, more than any other Guild, required certain marks by which to recognize each other and prevent imposition, and hence would arise certain signs, counter-signs, pass-words and grips, the meaning and manner of which would naturally be guarded with the utmost jealousy. What these signs were, we have no positive means of knowing—as from their nature it is not unlikely they would be com-

mitted to writing, or if they were, were most carefully guarded from outside gaze. Be that as it may, we have little, if any, authentic history of Masonry during these ages. What little we do have, mythical as most of it undoubtedly is, is so garnished with fancy, that it is difficult if not impossible to separate the truth from the romance, as I shall endeavor during this sketch to show.

The earliest historian of which we have any record, was the Rev. James Anderson, a Scotch Presbyterian, who preached for some time in Edinburgh, his native place, but finally went to London, where he was initiated into one of the Lodges there, and being a talented man, soon rose to eminence in the Order. It seems that at a meeting of the London Grand Lodge in 1721, he was appointed historian of the Order, and directed to compile a history of it from its earliest date down to his own time. It does not appear that he had much material to work from, but where he lacked facts he made up from fancy, and finally presented to the Grand Lodge such a grandiloquent history that they were delighted with it. It had such an air of dignity and erudition, that it was immediately adopted by that august body, together with the old Gothic constitutions, which he had been kind enough to collate and put in proper shape; it received their hearty sanction, and forms to-day the basis of all the Masonic laws we have.

Of the various theories, the one that Masonry has its origin in the Roman Collegia Frabroum, has received the greatest sanction. It was the policy of Rome to colonize wherever she conquered, and it is unquestionable that she had in the train of her armies vast numbers of artificers of various kinds. Of these artificers, the most numerous, and consequently the most important, were the architects or builders; and it is fair to presume that numbers of them finally settled in the various colonies and perpetuated their race and profession in them. It further appears that they were a close corporation, very careful who they admitted among them, and that they had some ceremonies of initiation, though what they were we have no means of knowing. According to these legends vast numbers of them, driven by persecution from Rome and its colonies, sought refuge in Scotland, and from this event is dated the introduction of Masonry into that country. Here they flourished, and for centuries were employed in rearing those beautiful and magnificent churches, chapels, and monasteries which every where dotted the land.

Another legend is, that about the 12th century, the Church of Rome granted the builders extraordinary privileges, and allowed

them to be governed by codes of laws of their own framing—an extraordinary privilege in those days—and made them free to a certain extent from the civil control, and from this circumstance of their exemption by express permission of the heads of the church from many of the duties of other citizens, some writers have asserted the term “Freemason” arose.

About that time, according to Laurie, there was no country in Europe where the zeal of the inhabitants for popery was more ardent, or where the liberality of the kings and nobility to the church was greater than in Scotland ; the church possessed at that time more than half the property of the kingdom, and consequently the demand for elegant churches and monasteries increased with their increasing wealth and influence. This wealth was constantly increasing by gifts alike from high and low, and as the church offered almost the only means whereby merit and talent could overcome the accident of birth, and give a chance to the son of the plebian to rise to eminence, it is no wonder that the common people adhered to it and became its most earnest supporters, and as the privileges classes looked to it as their best bulwark against the masses in this world, and the only means of their salvation in the world to come, and often sought by dying gifts to atone for a misspent life, it is not wonderful that the wealth thus poured into its coffers from all sides should produce a corresponding desire for display, and this desire was best gratified by increased elegance in building and adorning religious edifices ; the ruins of which still attest their magnificence. To do this required the most skillful architects and artificers, and therefore to Scotland flocked all the finest and most skillful workmen, not only in Britain, but also on the continent. In 1149 the famous abbey of Kilwinning was built. It was such a marvel of beauty, both for grandeur of design and delicacy of finish, that the masons who had gathered in Scotland, made it their headquarters and to any workman who was known to have worked on the abbey, it was a sure recommendation every where.

As Kilwinning is the birth place of Masonry in Scotland, and according to some authors, in Great Britain, and as its famous abbey was the nucleus around which clustered the most skillful artificers in Europe, perhaps a few words in relation to it may not be out of place. Kilwinning is a small town in the county of Ayr. The abbey was founded by Hugh Morrille, constable of Scotland, It was dedicated to St. Winning and must have cost a fabulous sum, as it was said to have covered several acres of ground and was a masterpiece of art.

Another Masonic tradition represents Robert the Bruce, as the founder at Kilwinning, of the Royal Order of Scotland; and an old chronicle states that the monarch, under the title of Robert the First, created the Order of St. Andrew of Chardon, after the battle Bannockburn, June 24, 1314. To this Order was afterward united that of H. R. M., for the sake of the Masons who formed part of the army in that famous battle. King Robert reserved the title of Grand Master to himself and his heirs forever, and founded the Grand Lodge of H. R. M., at Kilwinning. In the time of James the Second, the Earls of Roslin, as hereditary Grand Masters of Scotland, held their annual meetings at Kilwinning, and the Lodge of that place granted warrants for the formation of subordinate Lodges in other parts of the kingdom.

In 1743 the Lodge of Kilwinning, although admitted to be the cradle of Masonry in Scotland, was forced to be content to be numbered as second in the list in point of antiquity, its record having been burned, while the Lodge of St. Mary's Chapel, being more fortunate, preserved its record as far back as the year 1598.

In the title of James the Second, of Scotland, Masonry began to assume some of the forms it has to-day. That monarch took particular interest in the Order, and appointed William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, 2nd Baron of Roslin, and his heirs and successors, to be hereditary Grand Masters of Scotland, reserving to himself and his heirs the right of appointing office-bearers to the Craft. Things continued to prosper with them until the time of James the Sixth. The "Wisest Fool" in Europe after his accession to the English Throne, appears to have neglected his Masonic duties, that the then Grand Master, not having heard from the king for some time on matters pertaining to Masonry, took up his abode in Ireland, leaving the Craft to its fate. Things soon got into confusion—as they always will do, for want of a head; a convention was called, and Sir William St. Clair, son of him who went to Ireland, was appointed by it as Grand Master, and the office continued in that family until the year 1736. At that time William St. Clair Esq. of Roslyn, being childless, and anxious that the office of Grand Master should not become vacant at his death, resigned for himself and his heirs forever, the office of Grand Master, and requested the Craft to come together, and appoint a successor. They did so, after receiving his resignation, appointed him, by acclamation, their first elective Grand Master.

So ends the traditional history of Freemasonry. The old Guilds were dying out. Owing to the increase of knowledge, the

spread of commerce, the greater diffusion of wealth among the masses of the people, giving rise to increased demands for better homes among the middle and lower classes; the decay of monastic institutions, and the greater attention and respect paid to industrial classes, and their growing importance in the different States of Europe, the Masons, as a Guild, were not compelled to wander abroad in search of employment, and consequently gradually lost that attachment to the Order which had bound them together for centuries, consequently fewer apprentices were taken, fewer applications made for admittance to the Order; men were beginning to act separately, instead of in masses; individualism began to assert itself, and the old order of things was passing away. Masonry shared the fate of its sister institutions, and about the beginning of the last century, the organization became to all intents and purposes, *a thing of the past*.

So ends the legend of primitive "Freemasonry," at least so far as it exists in Scotland; and it is most probable that what is said of its history there, is as true as applied to other countries. Be that as it may, however, one thing is clear; we have no authentic, well attested history of it extant. We come now to a (to us) more important period, the revival of the Order or more properly speaking the institution of the modern Order of Free and *Accepted* Masons.

To understand the subject, we must remember that about the beginning of the last century, and far into it, a perfect rage for clubs of various kinds prevailed. They were formed for all sorts of objects and purposes, and it is not strange that among other ideas, that of resuscitating the Order of Masonry, should arise, but as, for the reasons above stated, the Order had fallen into decay and real Masons were not to be had, it is said that several old members who remembered its workings and its laws, and wished to preserve the shadow if nothing more, met together and agreed to take in persons who, if not actual Masons, they would accept as such, and hence arose the Free and *Accepted* Masons.

For some time it seems that the "Blue Lodge" was the only one known to Masonry, but at last there arose a passion for inventing degrees. It seems that this innovation is chiefly due to one "Michael Ramsay—better known as the Chevalier de Ramsay. He was born at Ayr, of Presbyterian parents, and after finishing his education at Edinburgh went to Leyden, in Holland, which was then a great resort for the literary youth of Scotland. While there he became indoctrinated with the mystic theology then in vogue and which no

doubt was the original source of that mysticism which caused him afterwards to figure so largely in the history of Freemasonry. While afterwards sojourning in France, he learned that the celebrated Fenelone, Bishop of Cambray, was an eminent exponent of the mystic theology, and therefore he determined to visit him. He accordingly did so, and the Bishop taking a lively interest in his talented young visitor, the result was that young Ramsay was soon converted to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. About this time the drama of the Stuart family, trying to recover a throne that had disgraced, and obtained ascendancy in a country they had degraded, was being enacted, and Ramsay, with all the enthusiasm of his nature, inspired no doubt by the Popery to which he had lately been made a convert, or rather pervert, took an active part with the Jacobites, (or adherents of James.) After the discomfiture of the Pretender, and his flight to France, Ramsay sought him out, and, aided by the clerical party, became the tutor of his two sons. There was now a large number of wandering and exiled Jacobites in France, and being mostly Masons, the Order was made a bond of union between them. It was during this period, that it occurred to the prolific mind of Ramsay, that the great popularity of Freemasonry might in some way be turned to account in restoring the Stuarts to power and prestige. His idea was, that by starting a secret organization all over Europe, on a Masonic basis, but incorporating with it some Jacobite ideas, that it would in time perhaps be powerful enough to start another revolution in favor of the Stuarts, or at least, render it valuable assistance.* With that idea, he invented a degree which he called The Royal Arch, and among others to whom he communicated it, was Prince Charles Edward, who was much pleased with it, and granted a charter to a number of brethren to start a Chapter at Araas, in France. This Chapter was named "*Le Jacobite Eccossais*" or the Scotch Jacobite, and was the first *Royal Arch Chapter in the world*. By what right Prince Charles granted a charter to any Masonic body can never be imagined unless it was by virtue of the ancient prerogative of the Scottish monarchs to have supervision over the Craft. Ramsay assumed a great antiquity for his degree, and aided by the wandering Jacobites and adventurers, and also by the French clergy, with whom he was a great favorite, it soon became very popular.

"Ramsay having hit upon a happy expedient in his invention

*Even as late as 1828. I recollect seeing old Masons in my father's house, when drinking a toast to the memory of the Stuarts, pass their glass over a vessel of water with the words: Here's to the King (over the water); alluding of course to the exiled family.

of the Royal Arch, it only served as a spur to his ambition, and he busied himself in the construction of other degrees, amongst the most important of which was that of the Knight Templars the Knights of St. John. He maintained that these knights still retained an organization in Scotland, and he as one of them, and actuated only for the good of the Order, felt bound to propogate it in France. These degrees he thought an improvement on the Royal Arch, and as they contained some military features, a little military knowledge might be of some use in case of another rising in favor of the Stuarts. With that idea, he went on perfecting his work in every way he knew how, aided by the Jesuits, to whom anything that looked to the reëstablishment of the Stnarts seemed of paramount importance. He also invented the greatest part of a series of degrees now known as the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. This Rite consists of thirty-three degrees, and is in use to this day.

The multiplication of Masonic degrees and legends, now became the order of the day. They were manufactured not by ones or twos, but dozens all over Europe, but more especially in France and Germany, every dreamer or quack fabricating something of the sort, and setting himself up as Grand Mason, initiated any one who was silly enough to be initiated, and, of course, putting the money in his own pocket. A dozen adventurers might be named who during the last century made up degrees, baptized them with some high sounding title, pretending of course that they were of great antiquity, and so kept on till the fraud was discovered' and the so called degrees were "played out." These degree mongers generally attached the word "Scottish," in some way or other to their fabrications, for Scotland seemed to them to be the great store house of Masonic arcana. Dr Oliver gave a catalogue of some forty or fifty degrees to which Scottish prefix was attached.

Prof. Robinson, of Edinburgh, gives a curious account of some German Masons, who, led away with the idea that Scotland was the great fountain head of Masohry, came over in a body to search for some caves about Aberdeen, where they were told that the secrets of Freemasonry were hid. They hunted around for some time, much to the surprise of the quiet Aberdeenians, and finally went away with the conviction that there was a mistake somewhere.

Such in brief appears to be a rational history of Modern Freemasonry. It was resuscitated and reorganized about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was undoubtedly social in its character. About the middle of that century, the Royal Arch and other degrees were added to the Order, principally by political adven-

turers, and for political purposes, which happily failed, and the Order retained, and does retain its social character, ignoring as an Order all political and social distinctions. Around its history clusters many beautiful and affecting legends of prisoners rescued by its means, of victims saved from torture, even among savages; stories of self-sacrifice and moral heroism of the highest order, and many, very many well authenticated instances of lives saved on the battle field and in the hospital, by its all pervading influence; stories which while they unfold to us glimpses of man's better nature, also cause us to bless the humanizing influence of the sacred Order.

Among the most affecting of the legends of ancient Masonry, is that of the Melrose apprentice. Melrose is well known as one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, of the old ruins in Scotland, and well merits Scott's elogium.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white,
When the cold lights uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.

* * * * *

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

According to the legend, it was founded by Sir William St. Clair, the first Patron or Grand Master of Scottish Masons, who, wishing to do something for the honor of the art in which he took such an active interest, gathered together some of the most famous workmen he could find, either in Britain or on the continent to aid in its construction. He caused drafts to be made on boards; these the carpenters carved in wood as patterns to the Masons, that they might carve the same in stone; one of the pillars, from its subtilty and intricacy of design, puzzled the Master Mason who had it in charge.

In order, therefore, to receive more instructions on the subject, he set out on a journey to the continent where the plans were originally drawn. During his absence, an apprentice, full of genius and daring, the son of a widow, (widow's always will have such sons,) finished the work as we now see it. The Master, on his return, seeing the work completed, demanded who had dared to do it, and on the apprentice acknowledging himself as the offender, was so inflamed with rage and jealousy at the apprentice's superior genius, that he killed him with a heavy mallet. In testimony of the truth of the legend, there is still shown in the west part of the chapel, two heads, the master's scowling, and the apprentice's, who had been foully murdered.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the year 17—, the small peninsula which lies on the western shore of the middle branch of the Patapsco River, which is now traversed by Warner, Russell and Ridgley streets, in the eighth ward of the city of Baltimore, was covered with primitive forest trees, except a small margin of meadow land immediately along the river bank.

Just as the sun arose, on the ninth of June, and dispersed the mists that had arisen in the night from the water, and still curled around the tops of the lofty elms that dripped with the condensed fog, five individuals were grouped upon the grassy bank of the river.

An affair of honor was to be settled by mortal combat.

Captain Chartiers was a man past the meridian of life. He was a native of France, and a soldier by profession. In his youth he had left his native country with his regiment, and with an ensign's commission. He had served at Fort Du Quesne, and at Quebec. When the political agitations in the American colonies resulted in the declaration of independence, and the new theory of government as enunciated in this memorable event, Captain Chartiers, being deeply imbued with republican principles and the spirit of freedom, left the north and united his fortunes with those of General Francis Marion in the south.

During the Revolution he served as a captain, under the leadership of that distinguished chieftain. Upon the termination of the war, and upon the establishment of the government of the United States, he retired from the service, and selected the city of Baltimore as his permanent home.

Captain Chartiers was a bachelor, and being a gentleman of ample fortune, maintained an elegant villa adjacent to the city, where it was his custom to give princely entertainments to his friends.

He had given one of these entertainments two days previous to the morning alluded to in the opening of this chapter. Colonel Perrault, with others of the nobility of France who had taken refuge in the city of Baltimore, were present as distinguished guests of the courteous and hospitable Captain.

On the occasion of this festival, the political situation of France became the subject of an animated discussion.

Colonel Perrault, mortified and humbled by his exile and the misfortunes of his fellow sufferers, denounced, in unqualified terms, not only the Jacobin leaders in France, but the fundamental principles of popular government which those leaders had so much abused.

Captain Chartiers maintained the philosophy of those principles, and defended the right of self-government by the people, while he admitted and denounced the cruel excesses to which these principles had been carried by the unwarranted administration and vindictive brutality of Murat, Dantau, and Robespierre.

This discussion became heated and demonstrative between these two spirited partizans. Offensive language passed between them, that resulted in a challenge by Colonel Perrault, and its acceptance by Charles Chartiers.

These two veterans stood apart, on the river bank. The Colonel was an admirable sample of physical perfection. He was tall and well proportioned. He had been educated in the manners and etiquette of the extravagant court of Louis and Antoinette. His age was forty-five, while that of his adversary was nearer sixty.

The latter was not so tall as Colonel Perrault, but was in other respects as graceful and as accomplished.

Count de La Garat, the second of Colonel Perrault, approached and announced to Captain Denier, an old friend, and on this occasion the second of Captain Chartiers, that everything was in readiness for the engagement on the part of the challenging party. Captain Chartiers raised his chapeau and bowed politely to the Count as he made this announcement. The rising sun glistened on his bald

head as he held his chapeau for a moment in his hand before he replace it.

The combatants took position at a distance of six paces from each other, it having been determined by all interested that one or both of the combatants should die.

It is singular to reflect how gradual are the advancements of moral progression. Here stood two men, reared and educated in the bosom of society which prided itself upon its civil and religious influences, and its moral elevation, thirsting for each other's blood. Each resolved to take the life of his adversary—each aspiring to become a murderer. The position of these two noble men, as they stood there that day, in deadly antagonism, was adjudged to be most honorable, and absolutely demanded by conventional regulations. The moral and religious sentiment of the age sanctioned these regulations, although the divine command, "*Thou shalt not kill,*" then, as now, constituted a fundamental moral proposition of both the civil and religious faith.

In this view it becomes a question for the solution of the casuist, whether the moral sentiment of a people is based, as it is claimed, upon the prevailing religious theories, or whether the religious faith of a people may not adapt itself to the degree of popular moral development, and regulate its practical operations to the necessities and dictates of the standard of moral thought.

However this may be, certain it is that on that morning there stood two men upon the verge of eternity. Their situation was voluntary. The law interposed no prohibition, religion no protestation, and society approved and commended. Was there no power, no institution, no moral association which could stretch forth the hand of authority and cry, "Hold! Spare the blood of your fellow man?"

It was a solemn sight to see those two mature and noble men—heroes, who had fought and periled their lives for their respective countries—with calm and dignified features and steady nerves directing the weapons of death at each other's hearts, at a distance of eighteen feet from each other. It was not only solemn, but it was shameful for the age that tolerated and the sentiments which sanctioned it.

If it be true, as it is claimed, that religion is the basis of civil government, and that it infuses its divine precepts into the social elements, then, at that time, religion either did not know its duty, or, knowing it, neglected its high mission, and left these two men to fall by each other's hands.

There were five persons present on the grassy plot; the two combatants, their two seconds, and a surgeon.

Each of the combatants turned his eyes to the rising sun for the last time. Their countenances were solemn. Their features were firm and quiet. Their bearing was calm. The hands that directed the duello pistols aimed at two beating hearts more steady. Not a muscle moved. Not a nerve quivered.

The word was given. "Make ready. Take aim." At the word "Make ready," the trampling of a horse was heard in a rapid gallop approaching the party. No eye turned from the combatants. In another instant Charles Preston, mounted on a noble black steed, plunged forward to a point directly between and in a line with the antagonists, just as, at the word "Fire," both weapons were discharged. The noble black charger fell dead in his tracks, penetrated through the heart by a ball from either side and in a direct line with each other. The pistols were discharged simultaneously.

Preston arose from the fallen horse, as he shouted to the combatants, "Would you shed a brother's blood?"

He hastily turned to Colonel Perrault and whispered in his ear, and then, in like manner, in the ear of Captain Chartiers.

Both antagonists simultaneously hurled their pistols far into the river, and, with one impulse, rushed forward and clasped each other in a fraternal embrace.

Here was a mystery. It appears that there was some potent power, some supreme agency, which could disarm the murderers and bring them into a friendly embrace. What was that power? How was it exerted? It appears that the mystery of potency and the secret of its power were known to Charles Preston.

"What does this mean?" said Count de La Garat. "I, as the second of Colonel Perrault, will not submit to this denouement."

"Nor I," said Captain Denier. "I demand satisfaction. I was not invited to take part in children's play."

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Perrault, bowing politely to the seconds, "I am satisfied."

"And I also," said Captain Chartiers.

"We are not," said Captain Denier, and continued: "An affair of honor cannot be terminated, according to the code, without full satisfaction to both seconds, as well as principals."

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Perrault, "I have just this moment learned that Captain Chartiers is a Freemason."

"What then, if he be a Freemason?" inquired the Count.

"I am also a Freemason," returned the Colonel.

"Well," replied the Count, "what of all that?"

"I am satisfied," said Captain Denier. "I am also a Freemason."

"But pray," said the Count, "permit me to understand how this affair is to be affected by the fact that you are all Freemasons except me. I see no reason why this difficulty between you, Masons though you be, may not be settled by an exchange of shots."

"We do," returned Colonel Perrault.

"I cannot perceive," continued the Count, "what Freemasonry has to do with an affair of honor."

"Should you ever become a Freemason," said the Colonel, "you will readily perceive how a mortal combat may be affected by Freemasonry."

The Count reluctantly submitted to the pacific result of the meeting, and the parties left the field.

"Farewell, poor Ypsilanti?" said Preston, as he removed the bridle and the saddle from the fallen horse, and followed the party from the river bank.

Here, then, was an institution which had not left undone what the church had omitted, the law had neglected, and society had ignored, and, in advance of all, gave an example of respect to the divine command, "Thou shalt not kill."

Where lay the fault? Certainly not in the pure and beautiful theories of the Christian faith, for that embraces all those fundamental principles of ethics upon which rests every moral association and every humane and benevolent institution. The ministers of that faith, however, while they loudly proclaim, "On earth peace, good will among men," are irresolute and timid in attacking the fashionable vices and immoralities which have been established by social influences, and are maintained by social sanction. In this negligence they yield a greater homage to man than devotion to the Divine Master they profess to worship.

Two days before this event which, but for the Masonic interposition of Charles Preston, would have resulted in death, and a violation of one of the commandments of God, Father O'Donnell, a pious Catholic priest, delivered to his congregation, in the chapel just across the street from the hotel of Madame Druilliard, an eloquent yet vindictive sermon against the vile and hell-conceived Order of Freemasonry; yet said not one poor word against the horrible crime of duelling, or fashionable murder. Yet it was through the ministry of the one that the other was averted.

When Charles Preston arose and descended from his room on

that morning, he was met at the foot of the stairs by Madame Mont Martre, in tears, who placed in his hands the following note :

“ MY DEAR NIECE,—I meet Captain Chartiers this morning at six o'clock. Should I not return by eight, you will find important documents under my pillow. Count de La Garat will deliver to you my keys.

“ Affectionately your uncle,

“ PERRAULT.”

This note had been put under the door of the sleeping apartment of Mademoiselle de La Flavette, the niece of Colonel Perrault, who, upon discovering it, flew with it to the Countess, begging her to await the appearance of Charles, and to conjure his interposition.

As Madame Mont Martre presented the note, she said : “ My brother, fly to Colonel Perrault, fall upon your knees before him, and beg him, for the sake of his poor niece, an exile in a strange land, to abandon his intention and save his life. Conjure him to sacrifice a false idea of honor to a true sense of moral duty.”

Preston hastened to the adjacent stables, where the horses belonging to the inmates of Madame Druilliard's boarding-house were quartered. As he hurriedly mounted his fine black steed, the groom asked :

“ Do you intend to join the gentlemen that have gone out to exchange shots ? ”

“ I do,” replied Charles. “ Can you tell me where to find them ? ”

“ I think you will find them on the peninsula over there, in the little meadow right on the p'int. That is a very good place for such a business, and they rode off in that direction ; besides, last evening, when I went down there to the meadow to look after my brown mare and colt, I saw two of the gentlemen (the seconds, I reckon,) a spying over the ground. So I expect that's the place.”

Charles turned his horse in the direction pointed out by the hostler, and spurred onward at his utmost speed. He reached the scene of the combat just in time to prevent bloodshed, as the reader has seen.

The ladies did not appear at the breakfast table. Madame Druilliard presided at the head of the table with her usual grace, but not with her usual piquant loquacity.

There was but little conversation at the table, until the hostess turned to Charles and said :

"Why so silent, Monsieur Preston? I fear some misfortune has befallen our friend, the Captain Chartiers?"

"No, Madame," replied Charles, "Captain Chartiers is quite safe; but a serious misfortune has befallen my poor Ypsilanti. I was thinking only of this."

"That was a fine charger," said Colonel Perrault. "His death has averted a greater misfortune. Had I only known before that Captain Chartiers was a —; but never mind—you understand me. Enough, we will say no more about it."

Mr. Preston was at his post at the bank at the usual hour of business. Mr. Wilson did not make his appearance at the bank that day. As Preston returned to his boarding-house that evening, without having seen him or having heard from him, he felt considerable uneasiness.

Upon entering the boarding house, he was met by the Countess with a cheerful smile, as she said:

"I knew you could prevent it. How thankful I am to you. You Americans are always so fruitful in resources and expedients. Mademoiselle Flavette is also very thankful to you. She does not know in what manner to make her expressions of gratitude most acceptable to you. Poor young lady! Just think how delicate would have been her situation had her uncle met with misfortune."

"I," said Charles, "am entitled to no thanks from you, nor gratitude from the young lady, inasmuch as I have only performed an imperative duty, which creates no obligation in any direction."

Colonel Perrault entered, and interrupted the conversation, and, extending his hand to Charles, said:

"Captain Chartiers has anticipated my good intentions, and has sent to you, with his compliments and assurances of his fraternal regard, a fine bay thorough-bred English stud. At his request I have consented to become the medium of this courtesy, and to present him in his name, with the request that you call him Bay Chartiers. I think the animal is the finest five-year-old I ever saw."

"Certainly," said Preston, "the Captain surprises me by his generous courtesy; and, as I was left without a horse this morning, or, rather, as I was unexpectedly unhorsed, I will with great satisfaction accept Captain Chartiers' compliment, although I count nothing on the pecuniary loss of Ypsilanti."

"Mr. Preston," said Colonel Perrault, "do you suppose I can be outdone in gratitude and courtesy by Captain Chartiers? I went out this afternoon and purchased the finest saddle horse in Baltimore. I have named him Gray Perrault. I beg you to accept this

fine animal as a memento of my gratitude, and of the deep obligation I owe you as a friend and brother."

"Pardon me, my dear Colonel," said Preston, "certainly I can have no use for more than one horse, and——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Preston," interrupted the Colonel, "but permit me to assure you that you will offend me by the acceptance of the compliment of Captain Chartiers and by declining mine."

"Colonel Perrault," replied Charles, "I accept your generous gratuity with a pleasure equal to, if not superior to that which I have acknowledged in the acceptance of the like delicate and generous consideration on the part of Captain Chartiers."

The next morning Charles repaired to the bank an hour before the usual business hour. Mr. Wilson had been confined to his house since the departure of Mrs. Ramsdale and his daughter. He had daily received documents from the bank for his approval and signature, which were sent to him at his residence, for those purposes, by Charles.

Preston had been but a few minutes at his desk in the bank, when a servant entered and presented a note from Mr. Wilson, requesting his presence at his house at his earliest convenience.

Without delay he repaired to the mansion of the banker. He was shown into the library, where he found the millionaire in an easy-chair. He appeared pale and care-worn. He arose, upon the entrance of the clerk, and extended his hand with a cordial smile, and requested him to be seated. After Charles was seated, the following dialogue ensued :

"I have sent for you, Mr. Preston."

"Yes, sir."

"You have come."

"Yes, sir."

"I have something to impart to you."

"Yes, sir."

"I find myself in a delicate position."

"Indeed, sir! Can I aid you in any respect?"

"I cannot perceive, exactly, how you can aid me; but you can relieve me from an unpleasant embarrassment."

"Certainly it will give me great pleasure to do so. In what manner can I do it?"

"By according to me your pardon."

"My pardon! Pray, for what?"

"Among the documents brought to me from the bank yesterday by Twinkle, this one was brought, without your intention, I

am quite sure : for Twinkle told me that when he took the file which you directed him to bring, this paper lay under it, and he, supposing it belonged to the parcel, although separate from it, brought it also. I ought to have returned it without having read it, but I regret to acknowledge, sir, that, seeing it addressed to the *Baltimorean* in your handwriting, I did read it."

"Pray, Mr. Wilson, what is the paper?"

"Look at it," said the banker, and placed the paper in his hands.

Mr. Preston opened the paper, and, blushing with confusion, let it fall to the floor as his eyes met its contents.

"May I hope, Mr. Preston, that you will forgive me for this impropriety?"

"Mr. Wilson, I regret exceedingly that you have made the discovery that this paper discloses, for I had intended that these political articles should ever remain a secret between the publisher of the *Baltimorean* and the author of the articles. As you have, without any fault on your part, or any mismanagement on mine, made this discovery, I trust you will not expose me to others."

"Mr. Preston, am I, then, to understand that you are the author of all those able political papers which have become texts for the ablest statesmen and most distinguished jurists of the age, of which this paper is one?"

"I cannot deny what is, in fact, true. While I may regret the discovery, through the inadvertency of Twinkle, I can attach no blame to you for reading such papers as were put in your hands for examination."

Mr. Wilson sat nearly a minute contemplating the young clerk. At last he said :

"Mr. Preston, you are a study to me. This discovery, more than all else, surprises me. I was not prepared for it. I can now very well understand why you have an aversion to fiscal pursuits. Well, indeed, may men like you say they have no time to waste after the acquirement of money, and leave it for weaker minds and more selfish men to roll up their millions in useless gold. But how do you find time to write those elaborate articles?"

"Early in my life I was taught that idleness was a great encouragement to vice, and that constant employment was almost necessary to the establishment of moral habits of thought. I have made it a point to keep my mind employed. When the body is tired with labor, there is not much danger of indulgence in immoral excesses, and refreshing sleep is sure to visit the eyelids.

"I resolved to have no idle hours. I have found none. How bad I may have been had I been an idler, I cannot say. In pursuing my resolution I have not had time, so far, to indulge in pleasures which may have led me into vicious habits. I have prosecuted several studies which I have found of great value to me, besides performing my daily labor. I have allotted eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, of each day, for these purposes, leaving six hours for sleep, which, with my healthy constitution and physical powers of endurance, I have found sufficient; but it leaves no time for idleness."

"Indeed!" said the millionaire, thoughtfully, and continued: "This, then, is life. The indolent drone of the social family floats easily and lazily along the current of life, ignorant of the struggles, the self-denial and the sufferings of those by whose efforts society is held together and pushed along in its progressions. How easy for the one! How difficult for the other! The name of the one, at most, lies but a day on the breath of the multitude; the spirit and genius of the other lies forever in his deeds, and in his contributions to the store-house of knowledge by his ordeals and his sufferings.

"The rewards of wealth and luxury, as a general rule, are idleness and ignorance; the recompense of industry and enterprise is knowledge, usefulness and happiness."

"Not always happiness, necessarily," replied Charles, "for that depends, sometimes, upon events that neither grow out of industry, enterprise and good habits, nor are in any manner connected with either of them."

"To what particular events do you allude, Mr. Preston?"

"Not to any particularly, but I mention the fact as a general philosophical proposition."

"Sometimes, Mr. Preston, we do not properly understand our own peculiar circumstances, and, owing to our misunderstanding, do not avail ourselves of the means of happiness that we might command had we a true knowledge of our circumstances. Afterwards we are apt to attribute our unhappiness to a misfortune that did not exist, or that we might have averted had we earlier known what we learn too late to subserve the ends of our happiness."

"I confess, Mr. Wilson, that I do not understand you. I beg you to explain or illustrate your proposition."

"An individual of your age may be so sensitive to the clearness of some fair young lady as to make a conjugal relation with her essential to his happiness. Owing, perhaps, to social circumstances and position, or some other fancied obstacle to such a relation, he

makes no advances toward it, and buries the secret which is to render his life a disappointment, in his own bosom. Too late to repair such a misfortune, he learns that circumstances would have yielded to will, mature judgment, or reciprocal affection, and that the obstacles existed only in a sensitive fancy. Then he regards as a misfortune a mere omission or oversight of his own. His whole life may be poisoned, and disappointed in its fondest hopes, from his own misapprehension and omission."

Charles Preston blushed deeply as the banker rendered this explanation. He was silent several minutes, and then made the following rejoinder :

"I do not doubt the truth of your proposition, Mr. Wilson ; but it does appear to me that your illustration has a deeper signification and a more particular meaning than is embraced in the general proposition."

"I admit it, but I leave you to make the application of that meaning."

"Mr. Wilson, I beg you to explain still farther. I think we ought to understand each other sufficiently to speak out plainly what we mean, instead of presenting our thoughts in hypothetical theories."

"Mr. Preston—I will speak plainly what I mean. It is due to you that I should ; and yet, the subject is one of such delicacy that I shrink from it.

"I learned from poor John Gimlett, before he died, some facts in relation to the young Countess Mont Martre, that came to his knowledge during your sickness, that satisfied me that she cherished a tender affection for you. I have also observed in your own conduct such a reserve and such a remarkable change as to satisfy me that you are not indifferent to her. I fear that, owing to her distinguished position and your own modest pretensions and retiring nature, you may experience unhappiness from an omission to declare your cherished affection."

"I thank you for the concern you manifest on my account, Mr. Wilson, and beg you to point out in my conduct the particular features that lead your mind to such a conclusion."

"Your age is that at which every young man who is endowed with the higher attributes of manhood seeks a response to the impulses of affection in the tenderer sex. This is proper, and is expected of every proper young man. It is natural, also, and honorable. I have observed your habits ; they daily grow more reserved and more secluded. These are as certain indications of young affec-

tion as the opening bud is of the full-blown rose. You are daily associated with this young lady. She is accomplished, beautiful and attractive. She was pointed out to me at the theatre on the night of the horrible conflagration. It would be very strange, indeed, for one of your age and nature to rise above, or rather sink below, the charms she possesses.

"I hope you will pardon me, Mr. Preston, for having noticed what I have mentioned, and have thus expressed it. Pardon me, also, for recommending to you to declare your sentiments of affection to her at once, as I believe by such a step you will secure your own and the young lady's happiness."

"Mr. Wilson," said Charles, "I thank you again for the deep interest you feel for my welfare and happiness in this respect. After the many assurances of your kindness to me, I would be disappointed indeed did you not feel toward me as I am assured you do by this interview. I am flattered by this fraternal interest on your part, and by the high opinion by which you connect me with that most excellent and interesting young lady, Madame Mont Martre. I shall ever feel more proud of myself from the assurances I have received in this conversation that I am not entirely without merit.

"But, my dear sir, let me assure you that while I entertain the highest respect for Madame Mont Martre, I have not one spark of that high and holy affection for her that would make a change of our present relation of friendship desirable."

"Strange!" said Mr. Wilson, thoughtfully; "then I am entirely mistaken in my suppositions."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who laid the mail of Mr. Wilson on the table before him.

Charles Preston arose, bade good morning, and bowing, left the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MASONIC EMULATION.

BY M. W. ALFRED.

"Among Masons no contention should ever arise but that noble contention, or rather emulation, *who best can work and best agree.*"—MONITOR.

ABOVE all joys we cherish as our own,
 Above the wealth of this revolving ball,
 Above all hope, save hope of heaven alone,
 Masonic Union dearer is than all;
 Then let our emulation ever be,
 To try "who best can work and best agree."

MASONIC EMULATION.

Strong hearts in our most trying, adverse days,
 Have prized this Institution dear as life,
 Have breasted opposition's red'ning blaze,
 And boldly dared the venomed, bitter strife;
 Their only emulation was to see
 That each "the best could work and best agree."

From 'neath the evergreen their ashes say,
 "Ye noble sons, united firmly stand,
 Your future opens into glorious day,
 Your peaceful rights shall flourish through the land."
 Then this our emulation still shall be,
 To show "who best can work and best agree."

No factious spirit ever shall divide
 Our ranks, as onward still we move;
 We'll firmly face the billow's foaming tide,
 Together bound by pure, sweet cords of love;
 And this our emulation still shall be,
 To see "who best can work and best agree."

Should men with ebon hearts; and traitorous hand,
 Conspire, and plot with murderous design
 To rend asunder our united band,
 And to the dust our Union to consign,
 With spirits firm we'll emulate, to see
 That each "the best can work and best agree."

Be palsied every restive, treacherous arm,
 Be mute all wanton lips with malice rife,
 Which seek our Institution thus to harm,
 Or dare to sow the bitter seeds of strife!
 Our hearts fly upward with the thought that we
 Are those "who best can work and best agree."

Brothers, our arduous labors soon shall cease,
 And we to yon Celestial Lodge arise;
 Triumphant gain the land of perfect peace,
 And live in that bright Temple in the skies,
 Where all with holy emulation free
 Shall prove "who best can work and best agree."

Be banished every servile, groveling thought,
 That Brother can to Brother alien prove!
 Our peaceful arts, with love and friendship fraught,
 Inspire our bosoms with a brother's love.
 Then, in God's strength, let us united be,
 And show "who best can work and best agree."

Though states and empires fill the earth with blood,
 And man meet man with glittering, gory steel,
 Till carnage flaw in one commingling flood,
 And human hearts no kind emotions feel;
 Our noble emulation still shall be,
 To see "who best can work and best agree."

ANCIENT RUINS.

Ancient Egypt—Palestine and the East—The Shepherd Kings of Memphis
 Who were They?

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

CHAPTER IV.

IN contemplating scenes which transpired six thousand years ago, the remoteness of those long past days almost bewilders our reason, and is quite inconceivable to our minds. It is like the contemplation of unbounded space. Of this we certainly can form no just conception, since to our limited capacities we necessarily affix a limit to all things that we can comprehend. Ere Homer penned his *Illiad* and *Odyssey*, or Cecrops sat on the first throne of Athens, or Abraham dwelt among his flocks on the wild plains of Mamre, Egypt was rich, a mighty Empire, with cities on the Nile studding its banks with temples most magnificent, colossal statues, sphinxes, vast obelisks, and solemn pyramids of stone. Compared with these the best antiquities of Greece or Rome are the productions but of yesterday.

The inhabitants of Egypt, the Coptic tribes, have always called this land *kemi*, or black land; and why the Greeks have named it *Aiguptos* (our Egypt) we probably shall never learn.

MANETHO, who compiled the fragments of Egyptian history B. C. 300 years, speaks of the "Shepherd Kings," as a dynasty ruling lower Egypt, with Memphis for their capital; that *Menes* founded this city, and was its first king. At length Memphis fell under the control of foreigners from Phœnecia, in Syria. Syria is a portion of Turkey. In Syria once stood the city of Jerusalem, now in desolations. It was from this country that the Israelites immigrated into Egypt, and settled in the vicinity of Memphis. Ancient Egypt, before it fell into the hands of Cambyses, son of Cyrus the Great, (B. C. 525,) according to Manetho, was ruled by thirty dynasties of

kings—the thirteenth and fourteenth of these being the “Shepherd Kings,” which seem to have been the same as the fifteenth and sixteenth, who were called *Hycsos*. The Theban dynasty, or the eighteenth, drove them out of Egypt.

Here at Memphis the Hebrews dwelt during their long sojourn in Egypt of 430 years, (Exod. 12 : 40,) and for the space of about 356 years was lower Egypt ruled by the “Shepherd Kings,” or *Hycsos*.

Mr. W. H. D. Adams says: “The thirteenth dynasty began about 1920 years B. C., and was probably tributary to the Shepherd Kings of Memphis. Of these there were three dynasties, the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth. They were invaders, probably of Phœnician race, and seemed to have owed their success to some internal commotion. They overthrew the Xoite (fourteenth) dynasty, captured Memphis, and fixed their seat of government at Haouar. Their epoch was about 2000 years B. C. The native kings of Upper Egypt, after a lapse of about 400 years, found themselves sufficiently powerful to dispossess these intruders, capture their capital, restore the ancient worship, and unite Upper and Lower Egypt under one crown.” (p. 17). This he says took place about 1525 years B. C. According to the chronology of Exodus, the Hebrews left Egypt 1491 years B. C.

Now if the dynasty of the “Shepherd Kings” was cotemporaneous with the thirteenth dynasty, † B. C. 1920 years, and continued 400 years, at which time they were driven out of Egypt, it must have been B. C. 1520 years, which is only twenty-nine years more than is proved to have elapsed between the immigration of the Israelites into Egypt and their coming back to their own land, which was 1491 years B. C., and this is much nearer than chronologists generally agree.

We notice, also, that two mighty nations were not likely to gain ascendancy and sovereignty in Egypt, and be driven out in twenty years of each other. That the Hebrews were thus expelled we read in Exodus. “And Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said unto them, rise up and get ye forth from among my people,” and they were so hurried away by the Egyptians that they had not time to bake the dough they had mixed for bread. They *drave* them out.

Again the Israelites were *Shepherds*, and when they came into Egypt chose to be known as Shepherds. “And Joseph said unto his brethren and to his father’s house, I will go up and show

† We quote from the tables of Manetho, and Julian the African.

Pharoah and say unto him, my brethren and my father's house which were in the land of Canaan are come unto me and the men are Shepherds, and their trade hath been to feed cattle, and they have brought their flocks and their herds with them." (Gen. 46 : 31.)

So also Gen. 47 : 2, when Joseph introduced five of his brethren to Pharoah, he said unto them, "what is your occupation?" and they said unto Pharoah, "we are Shepherds, both we and our fathers."

Now as Shepherds were an abomination to the Egyptians (Gen. 46 : 34.) there was no mingling in the communities of the two races which preserved the nationality of the Hebrews. The Hebrews were Shepherds, and were so introduced by Joseph to Pharoah, and their calling was "an abomination" to Egyptians. There were a succession of "Shepherd Kings" about the time the Hebrews left Egypt, who ruled over lower Egypt, holding the city of Memphis. Memphis and Thebes had been the true capitals of Egypt under Rameses, and in the temple of Memphis, the King Rameses placed statues of himself and the queen which were thirty cubits high. The city was once called the City of Rameses. "And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth six hundred thousand men on foot," (Exod. 12 : 37) and "they went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt." (Exod. 13 : 18).

Six hundred thousand men harnessed for battle make a very imposing army indeed, though Bishop Colenso thinks the number was exaggerated. Whether the Bishop is correct or not, the manner in which they subdued a number of strong nations on their route to Palestine, shows them to have been a very formidable army, and not much like the crouching slaves they were represented to have been in Egypt. They were not ignorant of the use of such arms as were common at that time, neither were they destitute of them.

We are well aware that owing to the inaccuracy of the chronological dates of those far distant times, the arguments adduced fall short of the precision of a mathematical demonstration. But if the expatriation of the "Shepherd Kings" from Egypt, and that of the Israelites, were *two* events, their similarity, and close proximity are quite incomprehensible. Neither is this idea of the condition of the Israelites entirely incompatible with the testimony of the holy scriptures, for we read: "And Israel dwelt in the land of Egypt, in the country of Goshen, and they had possessions therein, and grew and multiplied exceedingly." (Gen. 47 : 27). They were oppressed but a part of the time they sojourned in Egypt.

In the first chapter of Numbers "the men" who were able to

go forth to battle twenty years old and upward, amounted to twelve vast armies. The soldiers of the tribe of Reuben were 46,500; Simeon, 59,300; Gad, 45,650; Judah, 74,600; Issacher, 54,400; Rebulon, 57,400; the sons of Joseph, Ephraim, and Manasseh, 72,500; Benjamin, 35,400; Dan, 62,500; Asher, 41,500; Naphitali, 53,400; amounting in the aggregate to 603,950 soldiers armed with the implements of war. The mightiest army of Rameses Mei Ammoun, in the best days of Egyptian power never numbered but 6,000 more than this.

The testimony of Josephus, however, triumphantly sustains our proposition, viz: That the *Hycsos* were the *Israelites*. In his book against Apion, he says: (Antiquity of the Jews) "I shall begin with the writings of the Egyptians not indeed of those who have writings in the Egyptian language which is impossible for me to do. But *Mantho* was a man who was by birth an Egyptian. * * I will set down his very words: 'There was a king of ours whose name was Timaus. Under him it came to pass, I know not how how, that God was averse to us, and there come after a surprising manner, men of ignoble birth out of the Eastern parts, and had boldness enough to make an expedition into our country, and with ease subdued it by force, yet without our hazarding a battle with them. * * At length they made one of them king, whose name was Salatis, he also lived at Memphis, and made both the upper and lower regions (lower and upper Egypt) pay tribute to them. * * This whole nation was styled Hycsos, that is Shepherd Kings, Hyc, according to the sacred dialect means king, and Sos a shepherd.'" * * Now Manetho in another book says: "That this nation called Shepherds, were also called captives in their sacred books." Josephus continues: "And this account of his is the truth, for feeding of sheep was the employment of our forefathers. * * Nor was it without reason that they were called captives by the Egyptians, since one of our ancestors, Joseph, told the king of Egypt that he was a captain, and afterwards sent for his brethren into Egypt by the kings permission. * * But now I shall again produce the Egyptians as witnesses to the antiquity of our nation. I shall, therefore, here bring in Mantheo again. "When this people or Shepherds were gone out of Egypt to Jerusalem, Tethmosis, the King of Egypt who drove them out, reigned afterward twenty-five years and four months." (Josephus, p. 583). Manetho says that the Egyptians made a composition (compromise) with these Shepherds to leave Egypt, which they accepted, and left with all their possessions.

This partly agrees with the scriptural account of the Hebrews

“borrowing” as they left so much of the wealth of Egypt that “they spoiled the Egyptians,” (Exod. 12:35). Mantheo further states that this nation of Shepherds, or Hycsos, did enslave many of the Egyptians; so the servitude seems to have been reciprocal in Egypt.

The facts are there: “The Hebrews remained in Egypt between 400 and 500 years; that they came out with mighty armies; that they conquered many nations on their return to Asia, and were not so much a nation of slaves as of conquerors, though they may have been at some time oppressed; that they subdued and held lower Egypt for centuries under their own kings with Memphis for their capital, and by a compromise left and built Jerusalem as their next and last capital.

The identity of the “Shepherd Kings” and the Hycsos is clear, and that this name (for it is but one) was applied to the Hebrew tribes in Egypt lacks but a little logical demonstration.

SOFT WORDS.

THERE is no more mistaken notion than the one which so extensively prevails that sharp denunciation and bitter words will crush out opposition, and bring men to coincide with our views in spite of themselves. Place a statue in the centre of a large room, and let forty spectators surround and look upon it; they will of course see it, but no two of them will see it alike. So in regard to opinions. Men may agree in general about a subject, but differ widely in matters of detail when they come to compare notes; and it generally happens that it is in regard to small matters that men are most tenacious, and that they hold opinions from which they may be persuaded but cannot be driven. This peculiarity is daily becoming more enlarged facilities for education, and thence to the spread of the opinion that no man has a monopoly of thought or wisdom, and that when one expects to imprint his ideas on others he must have some solid and reasonable argument to command their assent and appreciation; for the simple reason that others will form their own opinions and conclusions in accordance with their own ideas, and set these of a speaker or writer at greater or less defiance, as the expression of his views may be more or less in accord with their own. In our younger days the great weapon of religious teaching was flavored with brimstone, and fire, and torment, and the idea was to

drive men into the service of God for fear of the devil; to make them anxious for the enjoyments of Paradise because of the remarkably uncomfortable prospects of the other place. But now-a-days we scarcely ever hear of these frantic appeals to merely physical apprehensions. And yet the text-book remains unchanged. We read it in the same words which were interpreted to our fathers as vials filled with fearful wrath; but, nevertheless, men seem to be gradually adopting the idea that we are to be drawn toward religious duty rather in the spirit of love and gratitude than as quarry slaves scourged to their dungeons.

The Masons of to-day read more and better than did the brethren of the past generation; and, as a consequence, they form opinions and have reasons for their faith, out of which mere denunciation will not drive them; in which, on the contrary, it rather has tendency to confirm them. Journals which have undertaken to break up the old order of things, to denounce them as rotten to the core, and as among the existing errors which must be got rid of, have found their audiences decreasing with every issue, until at last they have been compelled to give up the ghost, and leave the work they expected to accomplish under whip and spur, about where they found it. The reason is that they have undertaken to drive, and have by that very fact sealed the ears of their auditors, and increased instead of diminishing the prejudices they sought to combat.

It has been said that the advocate, the statesman, or the orator, who habitually undervalues the intelligence and aptitude of the people, lays the foundation of inevitable failure; for the people though they may be slow sometimes to comprehend, and occasionally allow themselves to be led in the wrong path, ultimately demonstrate their appreciation of the just and true, and their contempt for blatant false pretense, though it be robed in the garb of truth and right. But they must have time to think and weigh the evidence submitted, and their teachers must have patience and faith in them; and so by degrees the right is made to triumph, and the wrong is condemned and vanquished.

There is much of this work to be done among us, many errors of idea and of practice to be corrected, many truths to be taught and comprehended; but none of these things can be done on the instant, or even hurriedly—certainly not by derisive and contemptuous words nor by emptying out the vials of unmeasured scorn, as though we would storm an outwork and carry its defenses by sheer force of arms. We must on the contrary, point out these errors, and patiently set forth the reasons why these are errors, and why they should be cor-

rected ; and, if we work with assiduity, and faint not by the way, we shall ultimately conquer, not by force of arms, but by winning our brethren to understand that it is for the interests of the Craft at large that the proposed change should be made.

We may see an exemplification of this idea in the occasional political upheavals that have taken place in this country. The party which at one time has commanded the suffrages of a vast majority of the people, and which has seemed to have secured a hold of their affections and support as to be able to work its will with impunity, even against the better sense of the community, has at last been torn from its base and cast down so low, that there was apparently no one so poor as to do it reverence, and again it has won its way to success and power, not by imperious and dictatorial words, but by the slower process of appeal to reason, and to that sober thought out of which grows conviction and comes that voice which is as the voice of God.

The denunciations of Masonry which have been hurled at it from time immemorial, have, as every one knows, failed of their effect because, instead of appealing to the calm reason of the people, they have been mere thunderbolts, making much noise, but accomplishing nothing effectual. They have had, too, the capital defect of being palpable misrepresentations, of including thousands of men known to their neighbors and to the community as utterly incapable of participation in any association like that which our defamers represent Masonry to be. They have, moreover, borne on their surface the evidence that their engineers did not understand what they were talking about, and that hence, arguing from false premises, they were certain to arrive at untenable conclusions. And so it is that, although the Church of Rome and her most inveterate enemies in ecclesiastical matters have joined hands in issuing bulls and denunciations fierce enough to put the rage of tigers to shame, Masonry has continued to flourish and to gather strength out of the very means devised to bring it to grief.

We will not say how much greater might have been the success of milder means, but we can certainly affirm that it could not possibly have been less in degree than the attempt to drive us out of our opinions and into theirs.

“ A soft word turneth away wrath ; but grievous words stir up anger,” is a monition which has come down to us from the wise Temple builder, but which men fail to appreciate, or to apply to the ordinary transactions of life ; and yet, when we think of it, we must see that we could not adopt a wiser code for the government of our intercourse with each other. Men will rarely refuse to listen to per-

suation, or to reason with those who talk reasonably ; but something in our very nature rebels at the idea of dictation, and leads men to do that which they know is wrong out of the spirit of resistance to verbal as well as physical tyranny.

Brethren, there is a lesson in this for all of us, for not one of us but has at some time used harsh and bitter words—used storm and invective—and thus stirred up anger, and strife, and recrimination, when soft words would have saved us the bad blood and the repentance which, in a just mind, is sure to follow. We can entertain no doubt as to which is the more reasonable course, but we need a determined personal effort so to school our passions, so to guard our lips and tongue, that reason and judgment may prevail over hasty and ill-considered words, and thus strengthen the bond which unites us. All the tenets and inculcations of the brotherhood point in this direction, and every craftsman who wishes to make Masonry profitable, cannot fail to know that in obeying these requirements he is not only doing good to himself, but demonstrating to the world, how Masons love one another.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

HOW I BECAME A FREEMASON.

BY AN OLD MASON.

It is now many years ago, and I was a young man. My father was not a Mason, nor my elder brothers, nor any of my intimate friends. The war of anti-Masons was raging violently, and political demagogues were availing themselves of the excitement to ride into power. Ministers of the Gospel were hurling their anathemas from the pulpit and the public press teemed with violent invectives against the Craft. I had no means of knowing anything about the truth or falsehood of these public and vehement charges, but suspected that much of it was manufactured by politicians, as political capital, for personal and party purposes. The whole country at a distance resounded with the agitation ; but as I did not live in the immediate vicinity, and being quite a young man, just assuming the responsibilities of life, I had but little time or inclination (for I was not personally interested) to examine closely into the merits of the controversy.

Just about the time, a new influence was brought to bear upon me, to induce me to prejudice the case and declare myself an anti-Mason. I was a member of the church, and somewhat zealous in the religious activities of the day. My most intimate personal friend

in the ministry, was a man somewhat advanced in life, very pious and very zealous. He was a man of ordinary mental abilities, but his education had been sadly neglected. His appearance and manners were a little uncouth, his address quite awkward, and his preaching abilities below mediocrity. The consequence was, that though no one doubted his piety or sincerity, he did not succeed in making himself acceptable in the congregations to which he ministered. The field of his labors was frequently changed, and he was unfortunate in being assigned to poor and out of the way stations. His salary was in consequence quite limited, and often even the small amount was not all paid.

He felt all this keenly, for he was very sensitive, and looked around to discover the reason for his hard lot. He was not a Mason, and had an unfavorable opinion of the Order. He soon discovered that some whom he imagined were instrumental in having him assigned to poor stations were Masons. He at once put the two facts together, and felt assured that one was the sequence to the other. The conclusion was immediately reached that Masonry was the direct cause of his hard lot; from that moment every mishap and misfortune that befell him was attributed to the Freemasons. He was doubtless sincere in this, and believed it most religiously. No wonder he was an anti-Mason. Had he paused to inquire, or looked nearer home for the reason why he was assigned to poor and obscure stations, he might have arrived at a different conclusion; but having found a scape-goat, he at once bound the burden upon him, and then sent him forth with all the maledictions he could heap upon his head.

I was very intimate with this mistaken good man. He was my pastor, and I being young, he took especial care to give me instruction in things pertaining to the Christian profession. Among other matters he was careful to warn me against the great evils and pernicious influence of Masonry. Viewing it from this standpoint, and through the medium which colored and clouded it to his eyes, it was a fearful and most dangerous organization. By its pretentious professions, it captivated the unsuspecting youth, and lured them in its toils. Once there, they were bound hand and foot, head and heart, and led away the helpless captives of an art that could only have originated with the Prince of Darkness. He set all this before me, related terrible stories of the wickedness of the Order, pictured its direful influences upon society, and faithfully, earnestly, and with tears in his eyes, warned me to have nothing to do with Masonry; it would blast my morals, destroy my religious enjoy-

ment, injure my reputation in life, and send me to perdition in the world to come! Such were my instructions, and such the solemn warnings I received from my spiritual adviser, in whose piety and sincerity I had unlimited confidence. It would not have been strange had I become as bitter an anti-Mason as himself. But I did not.

Young as I was, I thought I could see where the difficulty lay; that the good man had conjured up from his perturbed imagination a hideous monster that had no real existence. There was not a Mason that I knew of, in all the circle of my personal acquaintances, yet I could not believe that the members were guilty of robbery, murder, treason, and all the fearful catalogue of crimes with which they were charged. So I patiently listened to the good man's fatherly warnings, without permitting them to have any influence in warping my judgment, or moulding me into an opposer of what I knew nothing about.

In a year or two my venerable friend removed to the west, and I never saw him again. But in a few years I too concluded to transfer my residence to Ohio, and settled in a prosperous town where there were two Lodges. I thought not of Masonry, for my attention was given closely to business and the cares of a growing family. It chanced that among my acquaintances I discovered that two or three were Freemasons. They were men of standing in the community, honorable, honest, and highly respectable. I did not trouble myself about their Freemasonry, nor did one of them ever introduce the subject with a view to proselything me, nor did I ever express to him any opinion on the subject of Masonry. I knew nothing about it with any certainty, and therefore had nothing to say either for or against it.

One day I received a letter from my former friend. It was a mere letter of friendship, but the writer availed himself of the opportunity to renew his cautions against Freemasonry; to which was added the usual philippic against the dreadful and dangerous institution. It happened that I was in company with a Mason, at the time I received and read the letter. Turning to him I stated its contents, and asked him in all sincerity if there was anything in Masonry to justify my friend's fierce opposition to the Order, and remarked, jocosely, that I was tempted to join the Freemasons to see if it was the dreadful institution that some represented it to be. The gentleman assured me that there was not the slightest cause for this anti-Masonic spirit, and the bitterness with which many pursued the Order; that it was a moral, charitable, social organization, designed

to cultivate the social virtues and benefit society at large. I knew this gentleman to be a man of honor and truthfulness; that he had no motive to mislead me, and was incapable of doing so, even if there were motives.

After a full and free conversation on the subject, I came to the conclusion that I would make application for membership, and so expressed myself. My friend said that he would not advise or persuade me to do so, but if I had determined on it, he would present my application to the Lodge, and aid me in any way he could. I excepted his kindly offer, and at the next meeting my name was presented for initiation. In due time I was accepted, and initiated. Since that day I have taken, not only the three degrees of symbolic Masonry, but those pertaining to the Chapter, Council, and Commandery. In all I have ever seen or heard, in all the duties enjoined, in all the instructions received, I have yet to discover anything of a pernicious moral influence; on the contrary, I have acquired much valuable knowledge, enjoyed many social advantages, formed many valuable personal acquaintances, and been benefited in various ways. I believe Masonry to be a good institution, and capable of being made much better and more useful. Some of its members may be bad men, but they would be such, and possibly worse if they were not Masons.—*Masonic Review, Cincinnati.*

THE CRUSADERS.

IN PREVIOUS numbers we have spoken of the contemplated visit of a number of the Sir Knights of Alleghany Commandery, No. 35, K. T., of Pittsburgh, Pa., through Europe. The party arrived at Philadelphia, June 1st, where they were met by an escort of St. Johns, Philadelphia, Kadosh, and Mary Commanderies, who extended a cordial greeting to their visitors. Forming into a procession, they marched through some of the principal streets to the Girard House, where they were provided with comfortable quarters. On Thursday evening they were tendered a sumptuous banquet by the Sir Knights of Philadelphia, an appropriate address being pronounced by Hon. Richard Vaux, and responded to by P. G. C. James Hopkins, of Pittsburgh. Passing on they were received at Jersey City by Hugh de Payen's Commandery, and escorted to Taylor's Hotel, where they partook of a collation. Crossing over into New York City, they were met by the Sir Knights of Cour de Lion, Clinton, Manhattan, Palestine, Constantine, and Ivanhoe Command

eries, together with a deputation from Hudson River Commandery, Newburgh, N. Y., numbering in all about five hundred Sir Knights in full regalia, who received their visiting brothers at Odd Fellows' Hall with due ceremony. After a brief stay in the great commercial metropolis of America, during which they were feasted and complimented to the utmost, the excursionists set sail from New York June 3d, at 3 o'clock P. M. The following extract from Cook's *Excursionist* will give the reader a synopsis of the incidents up to date, and will be read with interest :

"The passage across the Atlantic of the new and magnificent steamer 'Oceanic,' proved to be one of the fastest on record, being accomplished in eight days and seven hours. All the passengers are delighted with this magnificent vessel, which brought over 250 saloon passengers, and arrived at Queenstown some hours before expected.

The 'Crusaders' embarked at New York under the rays of a burning sun which struck prostrate several of the friends who formed the procession, of over 1,000, to bid them 'God speed' on their crusade; and they landed at Queenstown eight days after, in a cold drizzling rain, early on the evening of Monday, June 12th, and proceeded at once to the Imperial Hotel, Cork. At Queenstown and Cork, they were met by Irish 'Sir Knights,' who added much to their enjoyment by accompanying them through Cork and its vicinity. The visit to the church of Shandon was made most interesting through the Vicar ordering a special peal of the celebrated chimes to be rung in honor of the visit. All were delighted with the melody of the 'Sweet bells of Shandon.' The car drive to Blarney proved most interesting; and the visit to Barbers' celebrated Hydropathic Establishment completed the first day's excursion in 'Ould Ireland.'

On Wednesday, June 14th, we left up train for Macroom, and there took the cars for Glengariffe. We were favored with the presence, as far as Macroom, of the manager of this short line of railway, who not only placed special carriages at our disposal, but volunteered to do everything in his power for the pleasure and comfort of any future visitors under our auspices. We left Macroom in three large double cars, one of them being driven by Mr. Marmion, the postmaster of the district, who had come from Skibbereen purposely to see us through to Killarney. The first part of the road is not the most interesting, but on arrival at the first stage, Inchigeela, all were delighted with the hearty welcome and exquisite repast that was served out to us by the most lady-like hostess and assistants of

the beautifully clean little hotel entitled 'The Lake.' I have often said that if ever I take a holiday it must be in some retired spot where they have never heard a railway whistle; but I have decided now that I need not go beyond Inchigeela to seek the charms I shall require whenever opportunity offers. From Inchigeela to Glengarriffe the road becomes more interesting, and all were delighted with the lovely scenery that burst upon us as we approached the Bays of Bantry and Glengarriffe. I am not sure that we all appreciated the sprinkling we got during the last quarter of an hour of the drive, but we soon lost trace of the discomfort when we surrounded the heavily-laden tables of Roche's Hotel. Here the 'Brotherly' spirit first shone out. Mrs. Roche informed us, on arrival, that she had only thirty beds in the house, therefore, thirteen must go to the only other hotel in the neighborhood, viz: 'Eccles;' but many of the Crusaders had gone through the crusade against infidelity, and they said No; 'so long as there is a corner, we do not part,'—so they 'paired off,' two in a bed, and thus got over the difficulty, and were repaid by being all together to enjoy the lovely scenery of this most enchanting position. Personally, I was much pleased to find Mrs. Roche (who was one of the first known to us in the Irish hotel business) still in harness, and also to find she is surrounded by the old assistants, who were with her twenty years ago; but was sorry to find the hotel going down hill, through the want of a manager. Mrs. Roche is anxious to give up the business, and wants a tenant at a low rent, and it appears to me a favorable opening for a man of energy and ability.

The Crusaders were astir early on the morning of Thursday, June 15th, enjoying the charms of Glengarriffe, and at 9:30 A. M. we again started on the cars for Killarney. We had a most copious supply of the genuine mountain dew during the ascent of the mountains; but on approaching the descent, on the Killarney side, the torrent subsided, and we were favored with a fine view of the most glorious panorama of the lakes.

On arrival at the magnificent Railway Hotel, we found everything prepared for our reception, and, personally, I feel it impossible to say too much for the very kind attention received from Mr. Curry, manager of one of the handsomest, best appointed, and best managed hotels I have ever visited in any part of the globe. Had the directors built the hotel in a good position, near the lake, it would have been perfection.

I have hurried on in my sketch to Killarney without mentioning a most interesting break of the journey at Kenmare. We were pleased

to find our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Macartney, looking as hearty and well as they did nearly twenty years back ; and after enjoying an excellent lunch we were conducted by Mr. Macartney, by special request of the Lady Superioress (sister to the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland), to the schools in connection with a newly erected convent and cathedral. The latter is one of the handsomest buildings of its kind I have seen, and the schools were most interesting, inasmuch as they contained several hundreds of clean and, comfortably dressed children, varying from three years of age to sixteen. The junior portion sang several most interesting little songs, one a geographical lesson, during the singing of which one of the youngest children, a little toddler, luxuriating in dark auburn hair and eyes of the brightest blue, pointed out with a wand the different parts of the map of the world referred to in the song. We have with us a musical 'Sir Knight' who sang several American songs to the children, one of which they joined in with great glee. From the junior we went to the senior classes, and saw the girls all occupied in various branches of needle-work, and heard them sing Irish melodies, accompanying themselves on the piano. After the singing, we adjourned to the show-room of needle-work, and many of the Sir Knights took specimens of the Irish needle-work for the 'fair ones left at home.'

During our stay at Killarney we took the usual drive to the Gap of Dunloe ; walked and rode through the Glen in a torrent of rain that lasted over two hours ; lunched on Dinis Island, and had a fine row over the lakes home. On arrival at the town of Killarney, we found the torrent had been so heavy there that the houses had been flooded, and some of the furniture started sailing about on its own account. One of our friends told me the day before we did not know anything about rain in this country, in comparison with theirs (of course they have tallest rains in America, to correspond with themselves and everything else American,) but he had to confess that it did sometimes rain a little in this country. The second day at the lakes quite repaid us for the soaking of the previous one, and we thoroughly enjoyed the ramble through the demesnes of Murckross and Castleross ; the fine old Abbey, Torc Cascade, Ross Castle, etc.

We left Killarney at 7 : 20 P. M., on Saturday, June 17th, and arrived in Dublin, all well, at 4 : 30 A. M. yesterday. We found everything in readiness for us at the Palatial Hotel, Shelbourne, and spent the day visiting the various churches, chapels, etc. We stay here until Tuesday morning, when we leave, via Enniskillen Lock Erne, for Londonderry, the Causeway, and Belfast. We

have a special steamer on Loch Erne, and a fraternization on board with the Masonic brethren of the district. At Belfast a grand banquet is to be given in the Ulster Hall. Banquets also are to be given at Glasgow and Perth, and the only fear that I have is that the 'Crusaders' will receive more invitations to banquets than they can possibly accept.

I cannot close the report of this first section of our tour without expressing my astonishment at the harmony and brotherly feeling exhibited by every one of the party towards his fellow comrades. I had grave doubts as to the possibility of so many gentlemen continuing harmoniously together, without the soothing and softening influence of the gentle sex; but at the risk of offending my lady friends, I must say I have never traveled with such a delightfully harmonious party in my life. We have men of all degrees—Generals, Statesmen, Ministers of various denominations; Officers in the late army who have returned to their domestic habits; Government officials; successful merchants; oil operators, etc., gathered together from various parts of the West, all traveling as one happy, harmonious family. If this is the natural result of the ties of the Order, I say, commend me always to be brotherhood of Sir Knights Templar."

THE RIGHT OF DIMIT.

SOMETIME ago we received a letter from a prominent member of the Craft living in this jurisdiction, requesting our views upon the right of a brother to withdraw membership from his Lodge, in other words, the right of a brother to dimit. In due time we gave our views through the pages of this journal. We now give place to a very clear statement of Masonic law as laid down by Grand Master Thomas E. Garrett, of Missouri, and published *officially* in the *St. Louis Freemason*. In our opinion Bro. Garret fully comprehends the law of Masonry, and his statements are clear and to the point. A member in good standing—not a principal officer—has an undoubted right to dimit, a right which should not be questioned. It is neither just nor kind to call in question the reasons of the retiring brother to pre-judge him, or impute to him bad motives. And we may add that no Lodge was ever benefited by a *compulsory* membership. It is a Masonic duty to be a contributing member to some Lodge, but the brother has a just right to choose his Masonic home. Masons become such of their own free will and accord, and so long as they

maintain a good standing in the Order they have a right, for good cause, to retire their membership from any particular Lodge. After retiring, if the brother does not carry out his avowed intention, and within due time seek membership elsewhere, then it is competent to judge him and mete out the merited condemnation.

But here is the extract. Brother Garrett discourses thus :

FURTHER ABOUT THE RIGHT OF DIMIT.

“ There seems to be a misunderstanding in some quarters with regard to the relative position of the Grand Lodge, the Lodge, and a member of a Lodge who asks for a dimit. Some have assumed in the process of granting a dimit without a vote of the Lodge, that the Grand Lodge grants it, and that the Lodge has nothing to do with dimitting its own members ; and others that the master personally grants it, and consequently the Lodge does not ; whereas, the fact is, the Lodge dimits its own members, there being no other power that can do it, and the master carries out the law of the Grand Lodge by announcing the dimit granted, without a vote,—‘ there being no objections.’

Now the Grand Lodge has enunciated the broad principle of the right of a M. M. to petition for membership any Lodge whose associations may be most congenial to him, without regard to the local jurisdiction of any other Lodge.

The Grand Lodge has recognized that this freedom of action and selection is not only based on sound Masonic principles and usage, but that it is absolutely necessary to preserve unity and harmony in a great organized body of men essentially free and independent in their social and political life. Masonry can not restrict their freedom with impunity, nor is it in its spirit to do so. It does not compel a single one of its members to live in a Masonic family which is uncongenial to him, for such imprisonment would make him discontented, a useless member of the society, and a disturber of its peace ; but it does insist that he shall be a member of some Masonic family. The Grand Lodge has therefore provided a way by which any Master Mason in good standing may sever his connection with any Lodge whose location may not be convenient to his residence, or whose associations may not be congenial to him personally, provided he sets forth reasons for the change which are recognized as valid. These regulations were intended to secure to every member of the fraternity a free choice of his Masonic home, to afford the widest scope for each to find a home, and to preserve good fellowship and harmony in the Lodges. To carry them out with free-

dom to the individual and justice to all, the Grand Lodge laid down the law governing the dismissal of members.

The law provides that no installed officer of a Lodge can be dimitted during his term of office, which provision secures to the Lodge a sufficient membership to meet and continue its work,—in other words, it perpetuates the Lodge in its lawful existence under a charter, for there was always a quorum to transact business.

Now, I hold that under the provisions of the law all the remaining members of the Lodge have the right to dimit granted them by the Grand Lodge—a right which cannot be taken away from them by any subordinate Lodge so long as the brother applying for the dimit remains in good Masonic standing, and conforms to all the other requirements of the law.

The inference to be drawn from all the law there is on the subject is that a member in good standing shall, when he asks for it, receive his dimit, he having discharged his financial obligations to the Lodge, and in all other particulars conformed to the Grand Lodge regulations. Nothing can be more correct than this principle; nothing can be more just to the petitioner, and nothing can be plainer than the duty of the Lodge in the premises. Under the law it has no right to refuse the dimit, because the petitioner has no right to receive it granted by the Grand Lodge. It is, therefore, useless, and without reason, to vote upon what the Lodge has no right to refuse, except by the interposition of an objection based on charges of unmasonic conduct.

The Master, therefore, carrying out the law of the Grand Lodge, as he is obliged to do in many other cases during any single session of the Lodge, declares, if there be no objections, the dimit will be granted, and so orders, as the *act of the Lodge*, without raising a question which would require a vote of the members present.

OBTAINING A DIMIT UNDER FALSE PRETENSES.

A brother asks for a dimit, stating that he wishes to join another Lodge. There are reasons among the members to believe that his real purpose is to sever his connection with the Order, and thus escape the payment of dues or other responsibilities and duties as a Mason.

Question—Would it be Masonic to grant the dimit?

Answer—It would be entirely proper to grant the dimit upon such a representation. The Lodge cannot well avoid it, because the brother, if he has paid his dues, has at least formally complied with the law, so far as he can, up to the time of asking for his dimit.

It would be hasty for the brethren to judge his intentions. They cannot do it with the spirit of fraternal confidence which should prevail, and they run the risk of committing a wrong which they should avoid even in thought. Let them perform their whole duty, conform to the law, and grant the dimit. The law contemplates that every Mason shall be a contributing member of some Lodge, and those who are not, it classes as drones in the hive, and cuts off from certain claims on the fraternity.

It protects the labors of the workers against the impositions of the slothful; and having agreed that the laborer is worthy of his hire, it also agrees that the idler is unworthy to participate in the wages of labor.

There should be some resource against the wilfully indolent who voluntarily sever themselves from the hive of Masonry, and go around buzzing their pretensions, and disgracing the name of Mason. They should have their wings clipped, and the sting of their reproach should be extracted. If a brother who gets his dimit under the above representations makes no effort to connect himself with a Lodge within twelve months from the date of his dimit, it is fair to presume he does not intend to do so. There are good reasons for believing that his intention was to evade the law, and that he asked for and obtained his dimit, under false pretences. He should be arraigned before the tribunal whose confidence he has apparently abused, and tried for unmasonic conduct. If the affirmative be proved, he has been guilty of a gross breach of faith, contempt of fraternal obligations and Masonic law, and should receive his dues.

SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE 24th of June has long been celebrated by Masons as the anniversary of the birthday of John the Baptist. On this day it is usual for the Craft to meet, and, in memory of this patron saint, have such festivities as are not inconsistent with the tenets of Masonry. It is not unusual, on this festive day, to have addresses delivered which exhibit the beauties and excellencies of those principles on which the Order is erected; and as such discussions are calculated to impress the Craft with their duty, great good results from the observance of these festive days.

Saint John the Baptist was the great reformer of his times. By prophecy he had been foretold as the angel or messenger who should anticipate the long predicted Messiah, and prepare the way for the ushering in of the new dispensation. The times were marked

by oppression and crime. Religion was more the cloak of the hypocrite, put on to hide the innate deformity of unregenerate hearts, than the embodiment of pure virtue—the practice of good to man, the dedicating of the affections of the soul to God.

Before commencing his ministry, John seems to have spent considerable time secluded from the world, living to a certain extent the life of a hermit. In this seclusion he could the better study the deep lessons of his coming ministry—the better read the handwritings of God, as they appeared in the great volume of nature all around him. Like the Psalmist of Israel, he could read God's glory as declared in the starry heavens, and see His wondrous skill in the firmament. He, too, could look unobserved upon the doings of men—could witness their perverseness, and by observation see how great the contrast between the all-wise, all-good Creator, and the ignorant, sinning creature.

When he made his appearance before the public, that appearance was most remarkable. His flowing garment, made of camel's hair, bound about him with a leathern girdle—his meat the locusts and wild honey. Thus plainly clad, this great reformer comes forth and commences the noble work of reforming the characters and habits of men.

If his appearance was plain not to say uninviting, to the proud, arrogant people of his times, his method of address was well calculated to astonish and confound. His appeals were direct and powerful. The people were taught to repent (reform), as the reign of heaven, was approaching. When the multitudes thronged him to hear his message, each one received his special notice. They were told to *bring forth fruits* meet for repentance. The mere empty *profession* was not enough. By their fruits they should be judged. By their doings they should stand or fall. And as he preached to one, so he preached to all. The appeals were always direct and personal. And so powerful was his soul-stirring eloquence, that the masses of the people gathered in vast multitudes to hear him. "Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan. * * And when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned *you* to flee from the wrath to come?" Though these were *professors of religion*, John knew the hollowness of their pretensions, and he preached to *reach* the consciences of his hearers, and shame them for their wicked pretences. "*Bring forth fruits meet for repentance*; and think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father." The

mere relationship to patriarchs and saints was not enough to save. Personal purity and active obedience were the *sine qua non*—the one thing desirable.

And his preaching soon made the impression upon the people that religion is a *work* which must be *done*. And hence all who came to him asked, "*What shall we do?*" (See Luke 3 : 10.) "And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do?" And how laconic but direct is the answer : "He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none ; and he that hath meat let him do likewise." Among the multitudes who call this John a saint, and profess to honor him as a prophet and reformer—among our Christian Craftsmen who regard him as a patron saint, how *few* there are of these multitudes who would impart a garment or give of their meat to the destitute ! But John the Baptist taught that *such* are the fruits meet for repentance.

But we have not space to go further into detail. One other example of the directness of John's style of instruction, and his loyalty to principle and we close.

"Herod the tetrarch being reprov'd of him (John) for Herodias, his brother Phillip's wife, and for all the evils which he had done, added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison." Thus runs the simple narrative. No one escaped the searching criticism of the reformer. "*All the evils which he had done*" came in for the stern rebuke. And it did not matter who the sinner was, or what his station in life. John preached to *reform men*, and he struck the blow just where the work was needed. The Pharisee, the ruler, the civilian, all fared alike. And what cared he for prisons or death ? He only cared to glorify God and reform men, and if it cost his life he would freely die rather than be disobedient or disloyal to duty. For rebuking sins, gross sins, in high places, one of our patron saints died, but he died a noble, honored death. And as from year to year we celebrate the anniversary of his birth, may we Masons remember his noble life, and how he died for rebuking the degrading sins of a Herod. Let us imitate him, while we revere his memory, and call him our patron saint. *So mote it be.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

THE day after the battle of Antietam, the Fifth New Hampshire formed the picket line along the edges of the corn field where Richardson's division fought. The reserve was in one edge of the

corn, and the pickets about the middle way of the field concealed in the corn, as the sharpshooters of the enemy fired on all who undertook to walk around on the battle field at that locality. Early in the morning one of the wounded rebels, who lay just outside the pickets, called one of the New Hampshire men and handed him a little slip of paper, on which he had evidently, with great difficulty, succeeded in making some mystic signs in a circle with a bit of stick wet in blood. The soldier was begged to hand the paper to some Freemason as soon as possible, and he took it to Colonel E. E. Cross, of his regiment. The Colonel was a Master Mason, but could not read the mystic token, it belonging to a higher degree. He therefore sent for Captain Perry, of the Fifth, who was a member of the 33d degree of Freemasonry, and showed him the letter. Captain Perry at once said there was a brother in great peril, and must be rescued. Colonel Cross instantly sent for several brother Masons in the regiment, told the story, and in a few moments four "brethren of the mystic tie" were crawling steadily through the corn to find the brother in distress. He was found, placed on a blanket, and at a great risk drawn out of range of the rebel rifles, and then carried to the Fifth New Hampshire hospital. He proved to be First Lieutenant Edmon, of the Alabama volunteers, badly wounded in the thigh and breast. A few hours and he would have perished. Lieutenant Edmon informed his brethren of another wounded Mason, who, when brought out, proved to be a Lieutenant Colonel of a Georgia regiment. These two wounded rebel officers received the same attention as the wounded officers of the Fifth, a warm friendship was established between men who, a few hours before, were in mortal combat. This is one of the thousand instances in which the Masonic bond has proved a blessing to mankind.—*Trowel.*

LAYING OF CORNER-STONE AT ALBANY, N. Y.

THE Laying of the Corner-Stone of the New Capitol of the State of New York, transpired on the 24th of June, the anniversary of St. John the Baptist. City papers giving the details, were sent us, but in our absence they were mixed up with other exchanges, and lost. But we were informed by our esteemed Brother and Sir Knight. E. E. Thorne, who was present, that the attendance at Albany was very large, and had it not been for the heavy rain which fell on that day, the grand pageant at Albany would have surpassed anything of the kind that ever occurred on our continent. As it

was, regardless of the rain which fell in torrents, fully one thousand Knights Templar in full regalia, accompanied by the various Masonic Bodies and Military Companies, paraded the principal streets, under the marshalship of Bro. Robert H. Waterman, 33°. Two steam-boats were chartered by the Brothers of New York City, which were packed to their utmost capacity with Gotham fraters. "The Grand Lodge, Grand Chapter, Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters, Grand Commandery, a large representation of the Supreme Council, 33°, and a majority of the Lodges and other Subordinate Bodies in the jurisdiction," are said to have been present. Unfavorable as was the day, the procession was the largest by far that was ever witnessed in the Capital of New York. The ceremonies were performed by the W. W. Grand Master John H. Anthon with dignity. An appropriate address was delivered by His Excellency, Governor John T. Hoffman.

It is intended to make the Capitol Building one of the grandest structures of the kind in the State, if not the handsomest of our times. As the State of New York is one of the largest in the Union, containing the largest cities, and most wealth, there is no reason why it should not have the most spacious and expensive Capitol. This will afford opportunity for a grand display of that skill which was the pride of our Masonic ancestors.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR.

A MISERABLE scamp, by the name of D. R. Hunt, has been recently operating among our too confiding Brothers in Three Rivers, where he spent some time pretending to be in the employ of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati. Though dropped from his □, as the accompanying letter shows, he did not hesitate to take the test°. After borrowing funds from nearly all the brothers about the village, with the promise of paying promptly in a few days, *he left between two days!* The Craft is cautioned to beware of him. He is said to be about 30 years old, short, dark eyes, good looking, and well calculated to deceive.

We give the following letter from the Secretary of the □ to which he claimed to belong:

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 30, 1871.

J. F. Bateman, Esq.,

DEAR SIR AND BRO.,—Yours of the 23d inst., came duly to hand and am sorry to inform you that the name of D. R. Hunt appears

on our roll book, and was raised in 1865, but for some cause unknown to myself he has been dropped, though I suppose from that, that his status is very far from being good.

Yours truly and fraternally,

T. E. STROTHERS,
Secretary Washington □ No. 5, F. A. M.

CROSS WORDS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters :

- My first is in twine, but not in rope ;
- My second is in Archbishop, but not in Pope ;
- My third is in elbow, but not in hand ;
- My fourth is in music, but not in band ;
- My fifth is in rib, but not in bone.
- My sixth is in rock, but not in stone ;
- My seventh is in hope, but not in despair ;
- My eighth is in tiger, but not in bear ;
- My ninth is in gall, but not in fret ;
- My tenth is in water, but not in wet.
- My eleventh is in navy, but not in fleet ;
- My twelfth is in beef, but not in meat ;
- My thirteenth is in cry, but not in squall ;
- My fourteenth is in lead, but not in ball ;
- My fifteenth is in damsel, but not in lass ;
- My sixteenth is in mirror, but not in glass ;
- My seventeenth is in harp, but not in lyre ;
- My eighteenth is in ashes, but not in fire ;
- My nineteenth is in country, but not in state ;
- My twentieth is in spoon, but not in plate ;
- My whole is quite easy, and I think very plain,
By perusing its pages, much knowledge you'll gain.

G.

EXCHANGES.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, New York City, Orange Judd, Publisher and Editor, \$1.50 per year. This we regard as the very best publication of its kind in the country. It should be in every family that has a yard or garden, for it has advice suited to every branch of gardening, fruit growing, and farming.

THE WESTERN ODD FELLOW comes promptly from Chicago, and under the control of its present manager, Dr. J. Ward Ellis, P. G. M., it is ably conducted, and worthy the support of the Order. We wish it great success. Weekly, at only \$1.50 per year. Address the Publisher at Chicago, Ill., or, if more convenient, send in care of this office. The price will be \$2 per year after January, 1872.

THAT handsome weekly of American Odd Fellowship, the HEART AND HAND, contains in its last number a fine portrait of P. G. Master Kidder, of N. H. The great success attending the publication has enabled the publishers to offer unusual inducements; every Odd Fellow and Daughter of Rebekah should take it. Send for samples to Wm. H. Barnes, Box 4091, N. Y. City.

THE LADIES' FRIEND commences a new volume with the July issue, and in point of beauty of illustration and high toned articles for home reading, it stands unrivalled. It is the ladies' favorite, and each successive number seems to be an improvement over its predecessor. Address the Publisher at Philadelphia. Terms, \$3 per year. Two copies, \$5.

GOOD HEALTH comes promptly to hand and is what its title indicates. It is a health journal, and a good one. Alexander Moore, Publisher, Boston. Terms, \$2 per year.

HOME AND HEALTH is the title of a new publication hailing from New York City, which has reached its fifth number. It is next in appearance, and its articles read well. Terms, \$1.50 per year.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

THE EDITOR has been out among the ☐ to some extent within the last few months, but in order to get up to time with the JOURNAL not nearly so much time has been devoted to travel as was desirable. We hope to do better in the future. We have found the ☐ as a general rule in a healthful condition, and working harmoniously. The "*hard times*" are much complained of, though all in all we think without reason. Crops are coming in finely, and prices are better than could reasonably be anticipated. Our country is greatly favored, and taking all in all we have much more reason for thankfulness than complaint. The heated season causes a falling off of attendance at ☐ meetings, but the faithful few are always at the post of duty, and attend to the work.

BRO. ELWOOD E. THORNE, one of the most genial fraters we ever knew, whom his □ has kept in the east more than a half score of years, and who fills the place of District Deputy G. M. for the first district in New York, recently called at our sanctum and spent a pleasant hour. He reported the Craft as in a very flourishing condition in the Empire State, and predicts the grandest gathering in Baltimore in September, which ever convened in Masonic council on the continent. Call again, Brother, and often.

QUEBEC.—New York, Rhode Island and Vermont have recently recognized the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and the *London Freemason* urges the former Grand Lodge of Canada, now Grand Lodge of *Ontario*, to act the sensible part of also giving her recognition. Further opposition is futile, and serves only to disturb the harmony of the brotherhood. We fully coincide. Quebec is a Grand Lodge, and her wise course thus far entitles her to the respect of the Craft throughout the world.

THE recent Fourth of July was celebrated in an appropriate manner at Detroit, the Grand Lodge Officers and Sir Knights participating. We understand that our honored co-worker, Past Grand Master Coffinberry, received a testimonial gift indicative of the high esteem in which he is held in the Metropolis City of the State. We had no means of obtaining further particulars, as no provisions were made for reporters of the press.

WE are glad to hear that our Brethren in Constantine, whose loss of Hall and fixtures by fire we recently chronicled, have leased a commodious room which they are now actively engaged in fitting up for the use of their Lodge. They are not disposed to give up in despair because unfortunate. Putting their trust in God they propose to work for success. They will prove the truth of the adage, "God helps those who help themselves."

FREEMASONRY IN SCOTLAND.—The leading article of this issue is taken from *The Freemason's Monthly Magazine* of Boston—the very best Masonic publication of our times,—to which it should have been credited only for the oversight of our compositor. This error has occurred the *third* time with us. We trust it will not transpire soon again.

BIDDLE HOUSE, DETROIT.—We recently made a flying trip to Detroit, and during our stay in the city, was the guest of our worthy Bro. Tabor, who is the prince of landlords, and whose well appointed house we take pleasure in commending to the patronage of the public. Go to the Biddle House when you visit Detroit.

THE Triennial Meetings of the National Grand Bodies, will occur in Baltimore on September 19th—the Grand Encampment and the General Grand Chapter. From the present indications it is predicted that it will be the largest gathering of Masons in modern times. We are told that hotel accommodations are all engaged.

AT the recent session of the Grand Lodge of New York a beautiful ivory Gavel, banded with gold, was presented to the Grand Master, M. W. John H. Anthon. Bro. Tisdell, of Pomeroy's *Democrat*, made the presentation speech, which is highly spoken of by those who were in attendance.

PAST GRAND MASTER A. T. METCALF is off on an excursion upon the northern lakes, for the recruiting of his health which we are sorry to note is not as good as usual. We hope he will have a pleasant trip, and return to his home and many friends in safety, and the better for his journey.

WE understand our brothers in Charlotte are progressing rapidly with their New Hall, and will soon have it ready for dedication. It is *ample* in all respects. We defer a description of its demensions till a future number, when we shall chronicle the ceremonies of dedication.

WE are under special obligations to our brethren who have forwarded clubs. Others inform us that they are acting in our behalf, and will soon report. We want a good, active agent in every Lodge. Send for a specimen number.

THE Masonic Hall at Kalamazoo, was recently struck by lightning and damaged to the amount of five or six hundred dollars. It was soon repaired, and the several Masonic Bodies occupy it as usual.

THE Brethren at Ligonier, Indiana, are erecting a new Lodge Hall. When completed it will equal any in the northern part of that State. The Lodge and Chapter in Ligonier are reported to be in a thriving condition.

AUTUMN will soon come with its cool, refreshing evenings, and then we hope to visit the Brotherhood in all parts of the state, more than we have ever done before. We shall make notes of our travels for the FREEMASON.

THE Smithsonian College, located at Logansport, Indiana, had its Corner-Stone laid by the Masonic Fraternity, June 9th.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—AUGUST, A. L. 5871.—NO. II.

MASONIC LEGENDS.

THE Masonic system abounds in legendary lore ; it preserves, as in a casket, not only precious truths and sublime philosophical teachings, but with equal care cherishes and rescues from oblivion many quaint and curious traditions of the past. There is scarcely an Order or degree connected with the Craft in which we do not at once discern the traces of some mystic tale or ancient allegory. Symbolic Masonry—or the Solomonian degrees—record passages in a life-like drama which will leave their impress on the mind of man until the footsteps of time shall be blotted out by the overwhelming waves of eternity. Precepts practically unfolded sink deeper into the heart, and the recollection of events, when we see them pictorially represented, is more easily retained. All the dramatic incidents in the history of the Temple at Jerusalem ; every scene in the tragical fate of its master builder ; each successive development of the solemn story, is engraven more firmly in our memories ; because we have each, so to speak, sustained a part in the plot, and have each realized individually the surpassing interest in its progress and final catastrophe.

In like manner the Mark degree presents to our view a well-digested narrative of the rewards which ever await skill and perseverance in the path of duty. The legend of the degree is in complete harmony with all our acquired ideas of Masonry, and the dramatic unities are carefully acknowledged and preserved. Every Royal Arch Mason can bear testimony from his own experience of the work that capitular Masonry is realistic in its ceremonies to an

extent which recalls to a thoughtful mind the trials and probations undertaken by the heroic neophytes of old. The Sanhedrim itself is figurative of those profounder mysteries that appertain to the regions of theurgy and the Kabbala. The sacred arch is an emblem of such infinite importance that volumes might be written upon the occult significations it will bear; in fact, the whole ceremonial of Royal Arch Masonry, when directed by intelligent men, may justly be said to verify the boast of its champions, inasmuch as by unveiling and interpreting the secrets of the primitive world, it offers us a passport to higher dominions of thought, wherein are revealed the glories of true wisdom which constitute the veritable climax of Masonic science.

When we depart out of the beaten track of Hebrew history, we are somewhat at a loss how to proceed. So many degrees have been dovetailed into the Masonic system, and so manifold and various are the duties and objects which they inculcate, that at first sight we are ready to exclaim, "Chaos is come again!" Yonder we behold a Knight Templar spurring his fiery steed across the desert plains of Syria; anon, he is transformed into a Knight Hospitaller of St. John, and alternates deeds of valor with deeds of mercy and humanity. The scene changes, and we see him at the stake, the victim of kingly avarice and priestly hate. Looking around we observe a rival to our Templar friend in a brother very elaborately arrayed, be-jewelled, be-collared, be-aproned, be-sworded. He also hails from Jerusalem, and maintains that as a Rose Croix Mason he is as far superior to a companion of the Royal Arch as the planet Saturn is to one of his own satellites. Another ornate individual, however, disputes the palm of victory with him of the 18°, resting his claims, like Joseph Smith, of Nauvoo, upon a later revelation. From the time of the crucifixion—with all its attendant horrors, earthquakes, rending of veils, and grave-delivered dead—we are wafted into the Constantinian era, when signs and wonders were witnessed on high, and the empire of the earth dropped like a ripe plum into the all-attracting hands of the son of St. Helena.

Now, this leads us to the consideration of a Masonic Order which is very little known, although it is one of the most instructive in theory and beautiful in practice of all the degrees sheltered under the expansive wings of Freemasonry. Let us, therefore, quote the legend: "St. Helena was of British extraction, and by some recorded as the daughter of Coel, Duke or King of Colchester, of which he was the alleged founder, whence its name, Coel-caester or Colchester. She was married to Constantius, the Roman General,

who had become passionately enamored of her; though after having borne him a son—the afterwards illustrious Constantine the Great—she was for some time divorced, and sent to Britain. When her son assumed the Imperial dignity, St. Helena was recalled, and by her virtue and piety prepared the mind of that noble champion of the Christian cause to receive those mystic truths for which he has been held in veneration. At the advanced age of eighty she visited the Holy Land, desirous of contemplating the spot which had been sanctified by the death of the Saviour of the world, and by His miraculous resurrection from the tomb. The chapel that had been built by Adrian, and dedicated to the pagan Venus on purpose to profane that sacred spot, soon was levelled to the dust, and the eager desire to view the original monuments of the redemption prompted every exertion on the part of the workmen employed.

“Deep in the ground, at length, three crosses were discovered, and the fervent piety of those who labored in the holy work instantly recognized them as those on which the Saviour suffered and on which the two thieves, at the same time, expiated their guilt.” The manner in which the true cross was selected is thus related: “The corpse of a female some time defunct was placed alternately upon the three crosses; the two first that were tried produced not any effect, but the third instantly raised the body in a state of reanimation.” “Over the spot where the Holy Sepulchre had been revealed, the prudent emperor (Constantine the Great) raised a superb edifice, but the clergy had first taken from the hallowed ground the nails, the lance, the crown of thorns, and the pillars at which our Saviour was scourged.” “Constantine the Great first displayed the symbol of the cross in a shield on the eagles of the imperial arms by a Greek monogram, thus $\alpha \uparrow \epsilon$ and subsequently thus $\uparrow \epsilon$ expressive of the figure of the cross, and exhibiting at the same time the two first letters of the word *Χριστός* Christ. This device he had impressed on his helmet—in which St. Helena had caused some of the true nails to be enclosed—and on the shields of his soldiers; and so early as the commencement of the fourth century the standard of Rome wholly gave place to the Labarum, or banner of the Cross.” As a continuation of the legend we find the following: “When St. Helena had discovered the true cross, she permitted various fragments to be taken from it, which were encased, some in gold and some in gems, and conveyed to Europe; leaving the principal or main part of the wood in the charge of the bishop of Jerusalem, who exhibited it annually at Easter, until Cosroes, King of Persia, plundered Jerusalem in the reign of the Emperor Phocas, and took away the holy relic. Hera-

clius, the Roman emperor, about the year 615, giving Cosroes battle and a complete overthrow, recovered the cross by subsequent treaty with Cosroes's son; and transported with zeal, resolved himself to carry back to Mount Calvary the much-venerated wood. He accordingly dressed himself in his imperial robes, and summoned the attendance of his numerous and splendid train to grace the solemnity of the occasion; but vain were all the efforts of the sturdy emperor; the sacred wood remained immovable, defying his utmost exertions even to raise it from the ground, when lo! a voice from heaven explained the mystery. Christ himself had entered Jerusalem mounted on an ass, lowly and meek, while the emperor had sought to defile the hallowed cross on which the Saviour had suffered dressed in the gaudy trappings of worldly grandeur. Shame for a while overwhelmed the splendid retinue; but roused by the sacred explanatory admonition, Heraclius instantly cast off his royal garments, and *then* with ease lifted on his shoulder and conveyed to the destined spot that cross which he could not with his utmost efforts cause to move. By this miraculous intervention the identity of the cross was ascertained beyond every possibility of doubt, and it was subsequently solemnly deposited in the great Church of the Twelve Apostles at Constantinople."

Of the other legends connected with the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre we cannot now speak at length, but may probably revert to the subject at some future time. Enough, however, has been said to prove the correctness of our premises, that "the Masonic system abounds in legendary lore," and that it offers to the diligent student abundant food for thought. The apparent chaos of its rites and principles can be reduced to order and regularity when we possess the key to the inner mysteries, and are enabled to distinguish the beauty and grandeur of the whole Masonic cosmogony in the faultless mirror of truth. To accomplish this magnificent task should be the unceasing aim of all brethren who desire to be something more than Masons in name; and we can promise them the utmost satisfaction and delight when they attain the utmost round of the Masonic ladder, and are really enrolled as priests in the temple of light.—
London Freemason.

OF GOOD REPORT.

WE frequently hear the remark made, both by the initiate and uninitiate to the mysteries of Freemasonry, that "persons not of good character are admitted to Masonic Lodges." Would such be

the case if proper inquiry were made? We contend that no man should be admitted to brotherhood among Masons about whom there is a doubt as to character or habits, and there should be a doubt when good character is not proved by strict inquiry into past life and present moral standing. No brother should propose a candidate for Masonic degrees unless, from his own personal knowledge of the person proposed, he can vouch for his worthiness. The committee appointed by the Worshipful Master of the Lodge should be selected with care, and any brother accepting an appointment on such committee should accept it with the full purpose of faithfully performing the requirements of his office. It may be at personal inconvenience that sufficient time is devoted to strict inquiry, but we should hope no Mason would accept such a position that was unwilling to work for the Craft even at a little personal inconvenience. Every member of a Lodge should use the means in his power to be assured of the character of those proposed to be admitted to brotherhood, for no good man wishes to associate with the vicious; especially he does not desire to admit a bad man to the close bonds of brotherhood.

We fear that occasionally the watchmen become sleepy, or what is more, indifferent, allow the enemy to penetrate our portals and share in our mysteries. This may arise from various causes—the W. M. may desire to increase the number of members of the Lodge more rapidly than a healthy growth could accomplish; the Lodge may be pressed for funds, or there may be a desire to create a large fund, that when calls are made for charity the means may be at hand to be applied to succour the unfortunate brother or his family. Too often we fear the initiation fee is an argument that halts inquiry.

There is a necessity for the wakening of Masons to their duty, to the sublime Order of which each one forms a part. Our noble-hearted P. G. M., the late Bro. Robert G. Holmes, during his occupancy of the position of Grand Master, and in fact through all his connection with Masonry, earnestly endeavored to inculcate in the minds of Masons their duty to guard well the portals of the Lodge. If this duty is not well performed Masonry will sink from its high estate as rapidly as it has risen. There is more danger in rapid growth than in slow progress, and Masonry is rapidly growing throughout the entire civilized world. Hence, instead of relaxing in vigilance we should, by all judicious means, guard the purity of our Lodges. Wealth should not entitle to admission unless allied to worth. It certainly is desirable that men of wealth should be admitted to Masonic intercourse, but not desirable unless the possessor of wealth is a man of unblemished character.

The "brightest" Masons are not always the best. Though in the examination room or in the Lodge they are perfect in the ritual, they may not have imbibed the true spirit. Knowing the work is not the comprehending of it in its full significance. Our Grand Master, District Deputies, and Grand Lecturers, while advocating good work and uniformity of work, should endeavor on all occasions to inculcate the principle that no man not of "good report" should be admitted within the portals of our Lodges. While adhering to form let us not forget the substance of Masonry. In contemplating the allegory let us not forget morality.—*Cosmopolitan*.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a pleasant evening; two days had elapsed since the meeting between Colonel Perrault and Captain Chartiers. The two fine steeds which had been presented to Charles Preston by the recent adversaries, and which bore their respective cognomens, were led to the gate of the boarding house of Madame Druilliard. They were superbly caparisoned; the bright bay, Chartiers, bearing a sumptuous side-saddle, the other a gentleman's saddle. These fine animals were immediately mounted by Madame Mont Martre and Charles Preston, who cantered briskly away.

Away with lumbering wheeled vehicles with their wriggling motion and discordant clattering; with their hampered and confined horses, crippling ungracefully under the restraint of tramelling harness. There is no beauty in it. There can be no comfort where there there is no easy and natural grace. The horses and vehicle are separate arrangements. The action of the one is dependant upon that of the other. The one without reciprocal motion drags the other, a dead weight, after him. There is no picturesque effect in the whole affair. The horse is seen as a drudge, robbed of his natural grace and spirit of freedom, the carriage as a burden.

But, the equestrian is a free and noble picture of horse and rider united in harmonious action. Every curve and outline in both combine with each other in graceful motion, and, together, contribute to the beauty of the whole. The folds of the riding habit gracefully undulate with the motion of both. The curved neck of the animal

appears to be "clothed with thunder;" the rolling eye flashes lightning; the expanded nostril glows like a heated furnace; the mane and tail float and flaunt in the air like warlike banners. Horse and rider appear to be moved by the same impulse of pride, and to unite in spurning the earth beneath their feet. The whole picture is graceful and grand.

A loud "bravo" from half a dozen voices arose from the parlor of Madame Druilliard's hotel as Preston and the Countess galloped off.

"There they go!" said Madame Lemierrier.

"Let them go," said Madame Santeuil.

"Who has a better right to go than they?" rejoined the Marquis Bourdelon.

"Who ever saw a more elegant couple?" chimed in Captain Desbillus.

"I will wager a marriage between them yet," responded Mademoiselle Grace de Ligny Rouchier.

"The sooner the better for their own reputation," responded the widow Brotier, with a significant emphasis upon the last word.

"Madame Brotier, what do you mean by such a remark?" enquired Madame Lemierrier.

"They are very partial to each other, and spend a great deal of time together," assumed the widow Brotier.

"Is there any thing improper in that?" enquired the Marquis Bourdelon.

"Yes, there is, when we take into consideration the peculiar conduct of both in company," answered Madame Brotier.

"Peculiar in what respect? allow me to ask," enquired Mademoiselle Grace de Ligny Rouchier.

"He pays marked attentions to the Countess," answered the widow Brotier.

"That is very polite in Monsieur Preston," interposed M. de Bourdelon.

"Yes, but she most graciously accepts these marked attentions," continued the widow.

"And I deem their acceptance very proper on the part of Madame the Countess," replied the Marquis.

"M. de Bourdelon," said the widow Brotier with considerable spirit, and with an air of determination, "I cannot be deceived. I have had some experience in my time, and allow me to insist that the conduct of these two young people is very improper."

"Pardon me, my dear Madame, but I beg to differ from your opinion, and, permit me to say, on the other hand, that I regard their conduct as eminently proper," rejoined the Marquis.

"You do?" asked the widow.

"I do," answered the Marquis.

"I pity your ignorance of mankind," said the widow.

"Perhaps you do not know my knowledge in that respect," rejoined the Marquis.

"Perhaps you can enlighten me as to the extent of that knowledge in this particular instance?" said the widow Brotier with a look of inquiry,

"It will give me pleasure to inform you," returned the Marquis, "that, within my knowledge, Madame the Countess, Mont Martre, is as pure and innocent as a child, and that Monsieur Preston is a young gentleman of the strictest sense of honor. Your severe judgment indicates your ignorance of these facts."

"A fig for his sense of honor! I would not trust myself alone with him," replied the widow Brotier.

"Nor would I trust you alone with him, either, were it not for my trust in Monsieur Preston's virtue and high sense of honor. Yet, I would trust Madame the Countess with him under any circumstances," replied the Marquis, with a cold and austere severity of manner.

"Why trust Madame the Countess and not me, pray?" asked Madame Brotier.

"Because Madame the Countess is an innocent and virtuous woman," answered M. de Bourdelon.

"Am not I, also, a virtuous woman?" asked the widow with an air of offended pride.

"I would not trust you," answered the Marquis.

"You would not trust me?" asked the widow.

"No Madame, I would not."

"Why not trust me?"

"Because you would not trust yourself," rejoined the Marquis, and continued: "The woman who distrusts her own moral integrity ought not to be offended if the opinions of others are no higher of her than she maintains of herself."

"You do me injustice," said the widow.

"I but reiterate your own opinion of yourself, to which permit me to add, that the woman who cannot trust herself alone with a gentleman, ought not to measure another's virtue by the weakness of her own," resumed the Marquis.

"I am sorry that you have no better opinion of me," said Madame Brotier.

"I am sorry that your own experience has taught you no better an opinion of yourself. Almost every scandal against woman originates with her own sex, and generally from the lips of one who would not trust her own virtue. It is not strange that such women, forming their opinion of their sex from their own stand-point think no one better than themselves," rejoined the Marquis.

"Monsieur de Bourdelon, you do me great injustice. You wilfully pervert my meaning. You misinterpret the remark I made. My experience with your sex teaches me to trust no man while my confidence in myself is sufficient for any emergency to which my associations with men may expose me."

"Such an opinion of men can only result from an association with men of a very low standard of morals. Your associations must have been bad. Your self-confidence is womanly and most commendable, but your experience leads you to an unjust estimate of our sex. There are pure and noble men, who hold virtue and honor in as high an estimate as do any of your sex," said the Marquis.

"Point me to one," demanded the widow.

"Monsieur Preston," rejoined M. de Bourdelon.

"A pin for his honor," returned she.

"Madame, do you know what you are saying?" asked the Marquis.

"Yes, Monsieur, I do," returned the lady.

"The father of Madame the Countess is my friend. He is absent. In his absence it is my duty not only to protect his daughter but to vindicate her reputation," said the Marquis calmly yet firmly.

"Yes, Monsieur," retorted the widow, "but you are at this time more particularly engaged in manufacturing a reputation for your friend Monsieur Preston, and in defending the good name and reputation of your sex generally."

"The same reason exists for defending Monsieur Preston. He is also my friend, and is absent. Monsieur Preston is an honorable gentleman," replied Monsieur de Bourdelon.

"I am not anxious to change your opinion of Monsieur Preston," replied Madame Brotier, "nevertheless I would not trust him with Madame the Countess."

"Why not?"

"He is young and impulsive. She is very attractive, and exerts all the blandishments of her matchless beauty, and all the wiles of her cunning nature upon him. Her affected childlike simplicity

wins his favor, and her peculiar charms reach, effectively, their intended aim," replied Madame Brotier.

"Madame," said the Marquis calmly, running his fingers through his white hair, "Madame, I pray you to remember that Madame the Countess, Mont Martre, is the daughter of a Freemason and that Monsieur Preston is also a Freemason."

"What of that?" asked Madame Brotier with a supercilious sneer.

"Madame, do you ask that question?" said the Marquis.

"Certainly I do; why should I not?" rejoined the widow.

"You, of all others, should be the last one to ask that question," replied the Marquis. "You, who are so deeply indebted to that mystic Order, make a poor return in distrusting those who are amply imbued with its duties and deeply impressed with its solemn obligations."

"What do I know of its solemn obligations?" asked Madame Brotier.

"By this time you ought to have some idea of them, if you can, in the last degree, interpret human action, or comprehend human motive," said M. de Bourdelon.

"I do not understand you; explain yourself," said the widow.

"Had you not been the widow of a Mason, do you suppose I would have become your protector, and the protector of your two daughters at the hazard of my own life, as you know I did, from the moment the guillotine robbed you of a husband, your daughters of their sire, and me of a brother of that noble Order?" said the Marquis de Bourdelon.

"Indeed, Monsieur," said the widow, bursting into tears, "I owe you every thing; pardon me; pardon my weakness and ingratitude in contending with my benefactor and the guardian of my daughters."

"You owe me nothing, Madame. You owe Masonry every thing," said the Marquis, and continued: "Have you not passed along in disguise from Paris to Bordeaux, by the hands of strangers whom you never saw before, and may never see again? These were brothers of the mystic tie. From Lodge to Lodge, from hand to hand, from brother to brother, you were passed from place to place in secrecy and in safety. To each of these you are as much indebted as to me; to some of them, perhaps more. Do you remember with what fraternal consideration and delicacy you and your daughters were treated by them?"

"I do," replied the widow Brotier. "Pardon me, Monsieur de Bourdelon, I do," taking the hand of the Marquis, and continued: "I remember even more. The day we arrived at Bordeaux we were conducted by an old man who took us in charge at a small village with the promise to see us safely at our journey's end. He was a mechanic, and left his shop to accompany us. He was a plain, simple old man, and talked but little through the day to us. We were obliged to travel on mules disguised as peasants. Toward evening as we approached Bordeaux, we were accosted by a *gendarme* who demanded our passports. We had none. The *gendarme* said a kiss from each of the young ladies would serve as a passport, and seizing my oldest daughter attempted to kiss her."

'These are my daughters,' exclaimed our conductor, and struck the *gendarme* to the heart with a dagger. The *gendarme* fell dead. We passed on and entered Bordeaux."

"I am seized with sickness at the heart," said the Marquis, "when I consider that your sex regard us men as void of all principle, and as ignoring all sense of virtue, while I remember that you women who pique yourselves upon your virtue, still cherishing this low opinion of us, will cling to us, and love us, and marry us. What estimate can men set upon the purity and chastity of a woman who will marry and take to her bosom a black-guard and a villain—a rake—a libertine. Still you say we are all of us such, and, therefore, to such, you make an offering of your love and virgin purity. I say it gives me sickness at the heart. I fear you women measure us by the same rule you apply to yourselves. Purity is not apt to suspect impurity in others. I fear that you hold yourselves worthy of no better husbands than you can find among rakes and debauchees, as you charge all men of being."

"I am old now. I once had a wife. I know she was as pure as an angel in heaven. I know she believed me to be as pure as she was, otherwise I could not have loved her; I could not ever respect a woman who could not properly appreciate virtue, and whose affections could extend to a licentious libertine."

"Monsieur," said the widow, "I ask your pardon again, and again. I know that there are pure, good men. I do not doubt it at least, and respect such."

"Monsieur Preston," continued the Marquis, "is an excellent young gentleman. Every one respects him, and he is entitled to the high esteem in which he is held. Madame Mont Martre is a beautiful and innocent young lady. I have no doubt that there is a matrimonial engagement between them. That would be very proper, for

they are worthy of each other. They are peculiarly fitted for each other, and ought to be united in the most affectionate relation. I, as a friend to both, hope for such a consummation. We all know that neither of them could be guilty of an impropriety. But, you women are so suspicious of each other that you are not equitable interpreters of each other's action; especially you that have marriagable daughters, and who find in that circumstance incentives to jealousy."

"In reprehending the conduct of other women, do you mean what you say? or are you endeavoring to divert public suspicion from your own conduct by directing it to others?"

As the Marquis finished speaking, he arose, bowed to the company and left the apartment.

"I fairly love that noble old man," said Mademoiselle Victoire Le Bouchardon.

"You are not the first that has met with the same misfortune," replied Mademoiselle Grace de Ligny Rouchier, looking significantly at the widow Brotier and dropping her voice almost to a whisper.

"Ah! that indeed?" said Mademoiselle Bouchardon, and dropping her voice to a low tone continued, "that, then, accounts for something."

"Yes," returned Mademoiselle Rouchier, smiling, "that accounts for something, and among other things accounts for Madame Brotier's persistent disposition to wrangle and dispute with the Marquis."

The conversation ceased. One by one, and two by two, the boarders left the parlor. Some retired to their rooms; others sought the garden; others the varanda in the rear of the building which overlooked the grounds and garden. Some of the gentlemen mounted their horses and galloped toward the country. The parlor was soon deserted, and the dispute between Madame Brotier and the Marquis de Bourdelon was soon forgotten, by all but the lady who bore so conspicuous a part in it.

Madame Brotier retired to her private apartment. After having seated herself in an easy chair, she deliberately reviewed her conversation with the Marquis. As the particular points of the conversation recurred to her memory, she grew more and more dissatisfied with herself, and felt more deeply the mortification which a just reprehension, called out by her own imprudence, inflicted upon her.

At last she burst into tears, and said to herself, "I believe the older I grow the greater fool I become." At this moment one of her

daughters entered with a request from Madame Santeuil to join her in a morning walk. Madame Brotier put on her hat and shawl and left the room.

After Charles Preston and Madame Mont Martre had mounted their steeds they cantered off toward the ruin. As they passed in view of the little meadow, the scene of the recent deuil, Preston's steed suddenly dashed aside and grew restive. Charles turned in his saddle, and, as he looked across the little meadow, saw the body of Ypsilanti still lying on the grass just as he had fallen.

"What a pity!" said the Countess as they turned the heads of their horses in another direction.

"I know it all," continued she, "Colonel Perrault informed me. How gallantly it was done?" You men are so different from us women. You are so chivalrous. You effect by a force, an impulse, a single stroke, what we women attempt by a persuasive weakness, by slow and lingering advances, by reluctant steps and degrees, by soft and winning inducements."

"It is better that it should be so," continued the Countess, "because it is more natural. These strong and conquering forces in you induce us helpless creatures to cling the closer to your powerful and rugged natures."

"Then," said Charles, "if you admire this coarse and daring nature of ours, would you not rather be one of us, mingle in our conflicts and struggles of life, and share in our conquests?"

"No, indeed, I would not," said the Countess, and continued, "I would rather be just what I am. Were I not the timid, trembling creature I am, I would not know how grand and safe I feel as I have on something strong—in looking up to a hardier nature for protection, in having a wall of adamant behind me. It is very beautiful to be a woman, when we recognize the true impulses of our womanhood."

"Pray," said Preston, "what do you mean by the true impulses of womanhood? How are they manifested? What sensations represent them?"

"To feel your own weakness," replied the Countess, "and yet, to feel that there is a force in that very weakness; not a conquering force, but a force to cling to and hold fast to a conquering force, and through it to share in the triumphs of a conquering power. To feel a spark in our inner nature that lights the fires of heroic action. To feel that there is within us a wavering fragile impulse of the soul, that sanctifies as it subdues, and renders subservient to human ends and human happiness a power greater than itself, a power, that, were

it not for this weakness of our nature, would send rocks, hurl thunder-bolts and uproot mountains in its conflicts and its conquests."

"What is this that you are describing?"

"The woman of our nature. The general attribute of humanity which dwells in the soul of every true woman. Whoever of our sex would be more or different, is not a true woman. She should go back to the beginning of nature and demand a new inspiration of being from the infinite creating power." But you men are so different from us women. You do not wait for circumstances, but create them. You do every thing at once. Your mind acts and your thought takes form at the same moment. Like Jupiter, you strike your brow and an armed goddess leaps forth ready for battle."

"Without a moment's preparation you urge a noble steed between two deadly weapons, and there sacrifice him to save two human beings. A woman would not think of that in time. Nor would she prove competent for the execution if she ever did foresee it. It was gallantly done."

"When I was travelling through Savoy, in my escape from Paris, I came to a wild and lonely place. There was no one with me but the boy that led the mule I rode. Suddenly a brigand, a stout Savoyard sprang into the road from a thicket, presented his carbine to my heart and demanded my money or my life. I told him he must take my life for I had not a single *sou*. 'What, no money?' said the Savoyard. 'No Monsieur,' I replied. 'That is very bad,' said he, 'you must have money, a lady cannot travel without money; I have not much, but I will give you all I have.'"

"He took out his purse and emptied it into my hand. It contained twenty-five francs. Was it not gallant?"

"It certainly was," replied Preston.

"So, too, it was gallant in you to spur your horse between the combatants and to sacrifice the noble animal to save the lives of your friends. This gallantry was acknowledged by all who witnessed it. I wish you were my real brother; I would be so proud of you."

"Would you be content to be my real sister?" asked Charles. "Is there no other relation you would prefer to that of sister?" enquired Preston.

"Oh, no, Monsieur! There is no relation so near and so dear as that of brother and sister," replied the Countess.

"But," enquired Charles, "as you cannot be my real sister, could you not be my wife?"

"Oh, no! I have never thought of that," said the Countess, thoughtfully. "No," continued she, "that would not please me. My regard for you is not of that character which could lead to a conjugal affection, or which would seek any other relation than that of brother and sister. I hope you have not entertained such an idea, or have ever thought of proposing such a connection? I need not ask, for I know you love the daughter of the banker. When you are wedded I will love you the more as a brother."

"Why do you say I love the banker's daughter?" asked Charles.

"Because you ought to love her, she is so gentle and so beautiful. You cannot help but love her," said the Countess.

Preston was thoughtful and silent for several minutes. The Countess reined her horse close to his, and continued in a low and gentle voice :

"You do love the fair Eda Wilson, do you not, my brother? Come, confess the truth to your sister."

Charles turned to the fair young Countess, and, after studying her countenance for nearly a minute, said, in an undertone, "Yes, I do."

"And when will your marriage take place?" enquired she. "I am so anxious to see you happy."

"Never," said Preston, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Does she reject your hand?"

"I have not asked her to accept it. She is ignorant of my sentiments of affection for her. I cannot hope that she would reciprocate them, and, therefore, will ever keep my secret from her. It might give her unhappiness to know of that affection that she cannot return, and I would not be the means of making her unhappy."

"She must love you. She shall love you. I will woo her love for you. I will fall on my knees at her feet and beg her to return your love and to accept your hand. I feel that she must already love you, and she must make you happy."

Preston turned in surprise to Madame Mont Martre, and gazing in her face with astonishment, said :

"You surprise me! I do not know how to interpret your language. Are you acquainted with the banker's daughter?"

"I am not," returned the Countess. "I never saw her except the one time, on that dreadful night in the theatre, but I saw her then in all her matchless beauty and her sweet and gentle womanhood."

"I have told you," said Charles, "what I have scarcely dared to confess to myself, that I love this beautiful young lady. You will keep my secret, will you not? I have no hope that she would return my affection, and, without such a hope it would be worse than folly to declare my love to her. I will keep my secret and devote myself to a life of celibacy."

"You do both the young lady and yourself injustice. She cannot help but love you. It cannot be otherwise. Of course she loves you, and would accept your hand were you to offer it. Offer it at least. She can but reject it."

With these words the equestrians halted at the gate before the boarding house of Madame Druilliard. They dismounted and entered.

After Charles Preston had left the library of Mr. Wilson, as related in the last chapter, the latter examined the several letters which the servant had laid upon the table before him. He took from the parcel one addressed "To Mr. Edward Wilson, banker, in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland."

"Ah!" said the millionaire, "this is from Mrs. Ramsdale," and, upon opening it, he found it contained the note of Mary Romain. It ran thus:

"EDWARD,—Another now claims your love. It is enough. I may say no more. The time may come when it will give you satisfaction to know that a crushed heart can forgive. You are forgiven.

"MARY."

A voice from the tomb had spoken to the millionaire. He trembled in every limb and muscle. He pressed the note to his heart, bowed his head and burst into tears.

Edward Wilson spent a sleepless night. At times he paced the floor. At other times he gazed long and thoughtfully upon the miniature in the golden case. Morning came. He took from the parcel of unopened letters that still lay upon the table one addressed in his daughter's hand writing. He broke open the seal and read as follows:

"MY DEAR PAPA,—It seems so strange to write a letter to you for the first time. For twelve years, until within a few days, I have seen you every morning. I miss your morning greeting. It seems so long since I left you although it has been but a few days. When I was present with you I always thought I was a most dutiful and affectionate child. Now, that I am away from you, and can look back upon my conduct as a daughter, I can recount a great many instances of remissness on my part, to minister to your comfort if

not to enlarge the sum of your happiness. But you know we cannot perform our duty exactly until we have learned what our duty is.

"I feel so strange so far away from home. I sit and wonder how things can continue on in Baltimore without my presence. It seems as if every thing must stop because I am not there. When I reflect further, however, I perceive and appreciate how small a particle an individual is in the human aggregate, and of how small importance one is to the whole. Then I sigh to think that I am not missed from among the thousands of the city I have left.

"I am away here ; I am not melancholy ; I am not sad ; nor can I say that I am cheerful ; I am subjecting myself to an ordeal of purification, which I hope may result in elevating me to a higher comprehension of the duties I owe to my fellow-beings. This is something that can not be taught in sermons nor gleaned from books. There is but one way to be let into this mystery of life's philosophy, and that is by the golden key which experience presents to the patient investigator. These country people are so different from those of the city, and still so different from what I expected to find them. They are so cheerful and so pleasant, so affectionate and true to themselves, that I cannot help but love them.

"Aunt Rosa is a great woman. Although she is illiterate, and expresses herself in a homely manner, there is a lesson of wisdom in everything she says, and a philosophical reason for every thing she does. She is very indulgent in her family, and yet a strict disciplinarian. With all she is so cheerful that her presence casts a sunshine wherever she is. In the neighborhood she is an oracle, especially since her visit to Baltimore. She will sit by the hour and entertain her neighbors with the sights she saw—her visit to the rich banker—her kind reception by him, and in illustrating how clever Ed. Wilson is, although he is so rich.

"You must remember the pile of rocks just across the road from Aunt Rosa's door? She told me you used to climb up there of evenings, when you were working for 'her man,' and sit there by the hour. I go up to the top of these rocks every evening and sit upon the moss at the foot of the tree. I look off into the distance ; I trace the dim outlines of the mountain range, and watch the varying fluctuations of purple and blue of the atmosphere until every thing is lost in the gray twilight. Then I understand what you meant when you undertook to describe the indescribable effect of mountain scenery. It is beautiful, and yet melancholy. It presents an idea so universal and so expansive in its limitations that we almost take our own individuality, and are obliged to recall ourselves

back again to a recognition of ourselves as from a dream. After this recall to our self-recognition how small we appear to ourselves.

"Perhaps time might accustom my mind to these scenes, but I think not. It appears to me that I would always wish to kneel in devotion in view of so much of nature, for away in the dim distance of the blue atmosphere, where earth and sky unite in one outline, it always appears to me that there must be a vast portal or a massive golden gate that opens into the presence of the Infinite where angels dwell. After such a flight it is difficult to fall back to the earth and what we must realize of its dull and common place routine when we have fairly returned to it.

"I now know the difference between the butter of the country and of the city, but, as you said, no one can tell that difference. It must be tasted. You said it tasted innocent. That remark has described it. No more can be said of it.

"We sometimes ignorantly make pledges, not knowing the burden of obligation we assume in the engagement. I promised to learn to make butter, and to present you some equal to that made by any farmers wife or daughter. I now feel that I have a great task to perform in acquitting myself of this obligation, for she who can equal Aunt Rosa in this respect may well claim a golden crown. I am determined to wear such an honor, and, if I win it, I will wear it with greater pride than I would an imperial diadem.

"As we came through the little town on the mountain side where your friend Henry Warren lives, I heard the steady clink, clink, clink of his hammer at a great distance; when we came nearer I could hear his clear loud whistle, and as I thought of you and home, a tear came into my eye. We rode along the street and came along in front of the smith-shop. Aunt Rosa reined up her horse and called to Mr. Warren. She had to call several times before he heard her. I suppose the noise of his hammer and anvil prevented him from hearing her until she called quite loud. At last he ceased hammering and came to the door of the shop, with his hammer in one hand and his large tongs in the other. His face was black with smut and coal dust. His great stout arms were bared to the elbows. He was the embodiment of strength and industry as he stood there. As I looked at him I thought of the fabulous artizan who forges the thunderbolts of Jove.

"How dye do, Aunt Rosa?' said he.

"Right down well,' answered she, and continued, 'I've been down to Baltimore, an' am just on my way back home again.'

"Did you see Ed. Wilson?' enquired the blacksmith.

"Well I just did, an' staid over night in his house, an' all the next day an' night. He treated me very clever like, an' was amazen kind to me. He sent his best respects to you, an' wants you to come down an' see him. Henry you ort for to go, for it would do him a heap o' good ef you would."

"Well," said Mr. Warren, "I'll be doged if I don't go down next fall and make him a visit."

"We being pressed for time to complete our journey that day, hurried on, although invited by Mr. Warren to stop and take supper at his house."

"Just before we lost sight of the smithy, I looked back; the old man still stood in the door looking after us, his hammer still in one hand, his tongs in the other, his straw hat pushed back showing his broad white forehead relieved by his snowy locks as they fluttered and quivered in the slight breeze. He stood without a motion as if standing for a picture of industry, beautiful and grand. I was deeply impressed with the grandeur of this representation of labor, and felt deeply the necessity of activity and industry in order to fill the measure of our being, and to win the eminent seats of honor among mankind."

"I assume the task I have imposed upon myself with greater encouragement and deeper pride after having had this picture of human grandeur exhibited before me. By it I was taught this important moral truth which lies at the very foundation of the laws of our being. Man was created for activity, not for idleness. If we expect to be happy we must work. With these instincts of activity and instructions of industry, idleness becomes to our minds a murderer's head encircled with hissing serpents."

"It is very lonesome here. Write to me as often as you can. Take care of my wild lilly, water it well and do not let it wither. It requires a great deal of water."

"Yes, it is quite lonesome, although I am becoming accustomed to my circumstances. For a pastime I chase the bodiless echos from cliff to cliff, from gorge to dell, and up and down the mountain sides. I do not wonder at the ancient myth that a lover pined away all but the voice, and still haunts deep dells and gorges, answering every voice, for the echo seems so real, and articulates so correctly here in the mountains, that I cannot separate it from an invisible form. When you speak aloud, away up there to hear a clear intelligent voice mocking you, and repeating your own words and throwing them back at you, conveys the idea of an actual presure. Pardon my long letter, dear papa, and write to me soon. YOUR ED."

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

BY B. D'ISRAELI.

THE broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet ; but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemene and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehosaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city—vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets, and towers, and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers as it encircles the lost capitol of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome ; for all Europe has heard of Sion and Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malverne or Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion, crowned with the tower of David ; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas ! by the child of Hagar, not by Sarah's chosen one, close to its cedars and cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool ; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolæd pile that now covers Calvary, called the street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favored of woman, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame, which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and honor ; passing over the groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedeck built his mystic citadel and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes, which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital ; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is now worshiped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight ! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail ; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city almost surrounded by ravines,

and resting in the center of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land.

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm tree trembles as it passes, as if it were the spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had designed to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this mount! Who can believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assembled to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of Pharaoh, whose laws are still obeyed, the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modeled civilized Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers, what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron, and the valley of Jehosaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the Mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose, except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illuminated, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the

church itself; two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while at the tomb beneath there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

PROFANE MASONS.

IN our editorial on *Inconsistency* in a previous issue we ignored the idea of there being any connection between it and true Masonry—that it was only visible in its “counterfeit presentment.” We now propose to examine more particularly *one* inconsistency that is too prevalent among Masons at this time. And in doing this, we can sincerely assure an erring brother that it is not to gratify a carping or censorious mood, that we tell him of his faults. If we unequivocally declare that the inconsistencies pertaining to “his daily walk and conversation,” warrant the presumption that he has *usurped* the name of Mason, we do not because we love him less, but that we love Masonry more, and that our recognized duties to advance her interests, to advocate her claims and to preserve untarnished her reputation, are not less obvious, even though the faithful performance of those duties should compel us to call to our aid those stern censors, *rebuke* and admonition.

The ancient institution has from time immemorial, in all its charges persistently inculcated, and rigidly enjoined a becoming reverence for the Author of our being. Desecrating the holy name of Deity, either by profanity or by mentioning it in any other manner than in terms of “reverential awe,” is expressly forbidden by Masonic law. And in order that the injunction may be more faithfully observed, certain penalties are attached to its violation. But as in every other form of human government, where statutory enactments become dead lumber, the non-enforcement of the penalties thus incurred, has invited a repetition of the offense, and thereby rendered the prohibition a dead letter in Masonic legislation. Were the laws fully carried out; did speedy and condign punishment follow their infraction, the eyes of *true* Masons would not be blighted at the sight of a *swearing* Mason, nor their hearing outraged with his profanity. A swearing Mason? What a misnomer! Vice and virtue, sacrilege and piety are equally consistent. In the true purport and intent of *legitimate* Masonry the terms are incompatible.

The inconsistency exhibited by a Mason of this type, is too palpable to pass unrebuked. If such a man’s moral perceptions of

right and wrong have not become utterly stultified ; if a long and unremitting persistence in a course of profanity has not rendered his conscience invulnerable to reproof or expostulation, he cannot help but see and *feel* that such conduct is of the most heinous and aggravated character conceivable. How can he dare to claim the least privilege appertaining to Masonry while he is endeavoring to undermine the principle upon which it is based? How can he have the effrontery to recommend its claims to all the world, while he is violating its most cherished precepts with impunity, thus bringing a stigma upon the Order, by making the outsider believe that she has not the courage to enforce her own laws?

“Brethren, these things ought not so to be.” It is claimed for the Temple of Masonry that God is its architect. If they be admitted, are we not justified in demanding that the stones composing the sacred edifice should be without spot or blemish? Are we not warranted in believing, that those defaced and marred by profanity and “uncircumscribed” passions, or scrawled over with irreverent allusions to the great Builder himself, will be so rejected as to have no place “in that building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?” Unquestionably ; and it is our business as humble coadjutors in the erection of *our* temple, to see that every “rough ashlar” is of that *native* excellence, as may justify the labor that tends to render it “smooth.”—*Square and Compass.*

FREEMASONRY—BROTHER.

THE name of “brother” has everywhere been held sacred and holy. Around the home fireside 'tis ever the watchword of affection ; in the church a title of reverence and faith ; but in Masonry it reaches the sublime height of being a name which levels all distinctions, castes, and nationalities, all creeds, faiths and dogmas, all politics, religions and beliefs, and binds in one common mass all the varied conditions of mankind. The king and the peasant, the lord and the tenant, the rich and the poor, the titled, and he who is content to well fill his sphere on the lowest plane of life, all meet and receive the warm grip of friendship which speaks a brother's welcome. In this one title, the one most familiar, most loved and most honored among men, we find one of the Mason's strongholds. With the Mason it is never forgotten ; in the family it may be and, indeed often is ; in the church it is lost with one who has in his honest convictions changed his creed, but among Masons, wherever found,

whether in the frozen north, the burning south, on the fertile plain or the desert, be he orthodox or heterodox, Calvinist or Armenian, be he Jew or Gentile, or whatever he may be; so he believes in the one Supreme Being, God, Jehovah, the name "brother" is as sacred as life, a rallying cry which brings relief while there is life, and closes the eyes of the stranger and friend in death, and brings the tear of sympathy over a loved one lost. For this we cling to its mystic temple, and gather around the universal altar, there to learn the lessons which heeded among us brings so great blessings, so great love, so great power for good. The infidel may scoff, the unbeliever scorn, the regenade denounce, yet will we strive to emulate thy noble teachings, and bound by the ties of brotherly love and affection, continue on until the last setting sun when it declines beyond the western horizon shall shed its golden rays upon the unshaken dome of Freemasonry.—*Batavia Weekly News.*

WHAT MASONRY DOES.

THE following incident illustrates in a small degree some of the good effects produced by the teachings of Masonry, when properly understood and practiced, and shows how it conciliates true friendship among those who might have otherwise remained at a perpetual distance :

"Two men had been fast friends. In an evil hour they quarrelled. They did not speak, and had not spoken for years. Mutual friends tried the art of reconciliation in vain. They were avowed enemies for life. One of them became a Mason after the estrangement, and it happened that the other remained ignorant of this fact. One evening he too was admitted into a Lodge. Almost the first voice he heard, and certainly the first face he saw, was that of his enemy, who presided over the ceremonies of initiation and was obliged according to usage, to address him by the title of '*Brother.*' This was a most peculiar situation, and a severe ordeal for both. After the Lodge was closed the Apprentice sought the Master, and without any preliminaries the following colloquy ensued, commenced by the newly made Mason :

"'Are you a member of this Lodge?'

"The answer was, 'I am.'

"'Were you present when I was elected?'

"'I was.'

"'May I ask if you voted?'

"'I did.'

“ ‘Now will you tell me how many votes it requires to reject a candidate, on ballot for admission?’ ”

“ The Grand Master answered, ‘ One.’ ”

“ There was nothing more to say. The initiated extended his hand which was warmly grasped by the other, and uttered with thrilling accents, deep emotion mellowing his voice, ‘ Friend! Brother! You have taught me a lesson I shall never forget. This is a little ray of Masonic light. No language is so eloquent as the silent throbbing of a heart full of joyful tears.’ ”

“ While this kind of cement is used in our moral edifice, should it not be enduring? Who can wonder that it is so strong? ”

SPIRITUAL IMPRESSIONS.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

IN analyzing our thoughts and tracing them to their source, we lose ourselves in the mist of mystery, and only in the course of long years of free, honest and unbiased investigation can we arrive at a truthful solution. An idea is conceived in the mind; it may be the result of meditation, of the mind centered upon a subject; but as to its origin, whence and how the idea came, and the generation of thought in the unfolding of the subject, as in speaking or writing, the closest thinkers, trammelled by preconceived educational bias, have never been able to solve satisfactorily to themselves. An obstacle prevents the interior vision of the mind, not free to range out of early authoritative teachings, and hence the difficulty of the soundest thinkers on the subject of mental evolution logically tracing the phenomenal operations of the mind to their legitimate source. Grand Master Metcalf, in his address, gives an intimation on the subject, which, properly apprehended in all that is embraced in the utterances, will lead the mind to a comprehension of what thought is, its source, and how it is generated. The G. M. said: “ We call ourselves ‘ temple-builders,’ and such we are, whether consciously or unconsciously; not, it is true, after the fashion of our ancient brethren, ‘ the cloud-capped towers and gilded domes’ of whose wonderful structures ‘ elevated all hearts to the Deity and all hopes to heaven,’ but, rising from the material to the ideal, from the symbolic to the actual, in a higher and truer sense, *each one of us is the architect of a temple of which his own heart is its shrine.* ”

“ Consciously ” and “ unconsciously ” the intelligent, divine principle in man is active in unfolding its individuality, in building

the temple of the immortal, conscious *esse*, the soul. The physical body is the counterpart of the spiritual body, the vehicle through which the divinity within expresses itself. The physical body has its limitations in nature, the same as all of nature's productions. It is adapted to all the uses of mundane life, but is controlled and directed by the intelligence within, the conscious entity, which exists within a sphere of its own and is not subject to the limitations of nature. Its range is not confined, nor its perceptive powers limited within the sphere in which it is unfolded. Its possibilities have no bounds in time nor eternity. In a finite degree it possesses the attributes and capacities of its divine originator. It has within itself the germ of eternal progression in the unfoldment of its interior perceptions. Its divine endowments are not confined in space, its thoughts and aspirations rise through the boundless domain of nature to the Infinite, the source of all life and being. It is ever in silent communication with its God, ever attracted to Him in whom it lives and moves and has its being. The divinity within is the source of all mental action. According to the conditions, it unfolds thought. The spiritual body possesses faculties, correspondences of faculties of the physical structure of mind. The spiritual faculties transmit the conceptions of the divinity within to the physical faculties, as they are unfolded. The conditions must be, however, harmonious. If the physical organism is not in a harmonious condition, it cannot express clearly the thoughts of the divinity within. The receptive powers of mind depend upon the conditions of the physical body. The interior perceptions of the spiritual body are not affected by the inharmony of the physical. On the contrary, at times, in a highly lucid state, according to the unfoldment of the soul, they impart a vitalizing influence to the mind, and enable it, notwithstanding any inharmony existing in the physical body, to express the thoughts of the interior perceptions. It was in a luminous state that Grand Master Metcalf gave expression to the thoughts of his interior divine nature in the sentiments already quoted. If what he describes was a real vision, and he really saw the spirit of Brother Lewis Cass, then his interior perceptions were highly illuminated—the divine entity was unfolded in a higher sphere than is objective to mundane vision. Thought is one grand, universal unit. It exists in the divine entity, and unfolds as the physical or spiritual faculties have the capacity to express the interior perceptions. Thought unfolds, as all phenomena of the Divine Former unfold, from the germinal essence. Man acquires nothing outside of himself; he has the germ within him of all possible growth. The physical form is

the mere machine through which the divinity within expresses itself. Man is a spiritual being, from his embryo life. All his thoughts and actions have their cause in the divine esse. It is the moving cause of all human activities.

An attentive observation, only, of the works of the Infinite, and a careful study of human nature, will give a comprehension of the Divine purpose in unfolding the universe, and a knowledge of the source of human actions. Man is so constituted that he is affected by all his surroundings. All things impress him in a greater or less degree. This is true in physical or spiritual life. In every relation of life man is affected by his fellow beings—impressed by them. The spirits seen by Grand Master Metcalf influenced him by their superior positive power, so that his interior perceptions could faintly only discern the spirit forms around him, but sufficiently so to recognize Bro. Lewis Cass.

As we profess Freemasonry to be the perfection of science, because embracing all other sciences, and is truly so, because the subject is *man*, the being formed in the similitude of the Divine Being. In order to be true to our profession, the mind of Freemasons should be engaged in the investigation of those important subjects, of man's relations to God and to his fellow men, and the best means to promote the welfare of humanity. All the teachings of Freemasonry and its ancient literature prove that its aim was the cultivation of mind in the development of the intellectual faculties, and to subordinate the animal nature and to subject it to the higher powers of man's divine interior nature. The animal nature in most men has gained the ascendant, and it may be said with truth, of most Masons, who, instead of employing their divine faculties in the improvement of mind for their own advancement and to benefit mankind, employ their faculties in the most trivial and childish pursuits, generally, and in the gratification of depraved appetites. Masons are taught how the passing time should be employed, in the division of the hours of the day. The arrangement, properly understood, is a unit, although divided into parts. "Refreshment and sleep" are both essential to repair and recuperate the wasted powers of the physical body in active labor. In our "avocations" we *serve* both "God and man," *provided*, and so it must be understood, that our avocations should have in view our self-advancement and to benefit and improve mankind. We repeat, *useful employment is the highest devotion to God*. We only truly and best serve God when employed in useful occupation to promote the interests of humanity to a progressive and higher civilization. The

views we have expressed are in perfect accord with the inspirations of Grand Master Metcalf, and should be made the pursuit of life of every Freemason. It must be remembered that whatever man has attained to in this life, is within the possibilities of every human being. And in the unfoldment of our inner divine nature we range without the boundaries of time and nature, and the interior perceptions, with ever clearer vision, extend throughout illimitable space, as Grand Master Metcalf, into the unseen universe of spirit life.

DEFINITIONS OF MASONRY.

VERY many definitions have been given to the term Freemasonry, all agreeing in one essential particular, declaring it to be a system of morality, the teaching of which makes men better and happier, and leads them to live while on earth with a reference to an eternal life after death. We give below a few definitions, by different men, which cannot fail to prove of interest to all Craftsmen :

“FREEMASONRY is a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrations by symbols.”—[Hemming.

“FROM its origin to the present hour, in all its vicissitudes, Masonry has been the steady, unvarying friend of man.”—[Rev. Erastus Burr.

“FREEMASONRY is an institution calculated to benefit mankind.”—[Andrew Jackson.

“THE grand object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race.”—[Washington.

“FREEMASONRY is an Order whose leading star is philanthropy, and whose principles inculcate an unceasing devotion to the cause of virtue and morality.”—[La Fayette.

“MASONRY is an art, useful and extensive, which comprehends within its circle every branch of useful knowledge and learning, and stamps an indelible mark of prœminence on its genuine professors, which neither chance, power, nor fortune can bestow.”—[Preston.

“FREEMASONRY is an establishment founded on the benevolent intention of extending and conferring mutual happiness upon the best and truest principles of moral life and social virtue.”—[Colott.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of Michigan Freemason :

IT was with no small satisfaction that I read in the May number of the FREEMASON the circular on intemperance, by the Grand Master of the State of Ohio, and also his words of admonition on

profanity. I wish his example might be followed throughout the whole Order. Then would be taken away the strongest objection urged against Masonry, by its enemies. They, of course, cannot see the inside workings of our institution, and can only judge it as they see it represented without. And although it is represented by many good and noble men, who are true to the teachings of Masonry, and an honor to the Order, as well as an ornament to society, yet it is true in this case, as well as any other, that "one sinner destroyeth much good," and one *mis*-representative of Masonry can do more to give aid and comfort to the enemy than a dozen can to silence them. Now I have never seen anything exceptionable in any brothers *inside* of the Lodge room; but the uninitiated are not permitted to behold the decorum and the sacredness of the ceremonies, and not seeing the beauties of the inner temple, they judge of the Order by the improprieties of those who, outside of the Lodge room, indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors and profanity, while some are in the business of vending ardent spirits. And I must acknowledge that when, in conversation with a brother Mason, I inhale the perfumes of alcohol from his breath, though I love *Masonry*, my esteem for that brother is most wonderfully *lessened*, and I cannot but feel how the noble Order is wounded by its professed friends. We want good men and true in the Order, such as reflect credit on any institution. We want moral and religious men; and yet we are hardly aware, I am afraid, how many are kept out by the bad reputation of some Lodges, caused by the improprieties of some professed Masons. These things ought not so to be. Better that we sustain the loss of all who thus bring us into disgrace, and secure those who, but for such, would become members; and many such would become the very brightest lights in Masonry. Occupying the relation which I do to society, as a minister, I perhaps hear more from without than some others, and I would wish to silence all the opposition to our "time-honored institution," by reference to the sobriety and morality of the entire Brotherhood. It is true that we are not organized specifically as a temperance society, as for instance the Good Templars, but there is nothing more prominently *taught* in the instructions to the candidate than *temperance*, and reverence for the name of God, and hence nothing is more *un-masonic* than *intemperance* and *profanity*, and nothing is more of a hindrance to the prosperity of the Order.

I can meet the objection of "*secrecy*," and silence the objector; but he immediately flies off to the example of professed Masons, and say what I will, I cannot drive him from his position. Secrecy of

plot and execution are wrong only when the object and influence are nefarious. Every family circle is a secret society—every business firm, and every banking and insurance institution. Indeed, those men who have no capacity to keep a secret are unfit for positions of trust anywhere. Thousands of men need culturing in capacity to keep a secret. The fact is, *men talk too much, and women too*. There is a time to keep silence, as well as a time to speak, and men, I say, need a little culture in this. There can therefore be only words of praise for those associations which have for their object the reclamation of inebriates, or like the scores of mutual benefit societies, called by different names, that provide temporary relief for widows and orphans, and for men who are incapacitated by sickness or accident for earning a livelihood. There is no need that we who plan for the conquest of right over wrong should publish to all the world our plans or intentions; and while we have the right and privilege to form our plans as seemeth to us best, in our own way, yet we must exemplify by at least well ordered lives before the uninitiated, and show that while our plans and our operations are kept from the public view, yet by the fruits of our Order we are willing to be judged by the public. Our object is the improvement of the mind, the enlargement of the heart, the kindling of a pure-hearted sociality. Let this object be ever kept in mind by every Mason, and how would he be sealed against the evils which we have mentioned! Let this object be carried out, and how would our noble Order advance against the opposition of prejudice and narrow-mindedness so often exhibited in the enemies of Masonry! Let Masons take heed, and govern themselves accordingly.

E. MARBLE.

THE *Masonic Jewel* says: "The Cincinnati Masonic Temple is one of the best arranged in the western country. It is at the north-east corner of Third and Walnut streets, 200 feet by 100 feet. The style is Byzantine. It is four stories high, with a basement, and flanked by three towers. The altitude of the Temple is 85 feet from the pavement to the cornice, and 105 feet to the ridge of the roof. The roof is Mansard. The ground was presented to the Masons by William McMillan. The building cost \$180,000, and the yearly rents amount to over \$30,000. The building is constructed entirely of freestone, and pays a dividend of nearly twenty per cent. on the investment. It is now valued at \$300,000.

THE ROUGH ASHLER.

MASONRY is full of beautiful emblems. She paints pictures on the mind, which, viewed from a right point, never fail to leave a moral reflection on the heart. Her language is ancient and oriental; and she is ever collecting materials of thought, on the hill, in the vale, everywhere beneath the starry canopy of heaven. A true Mason, like the Duke in the forest of Arden—

“ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks—
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Among the jewels of the first Degree in Masonry, there were two stones employed in the building of King Solomon's Temple, the Rough Ashler and the Perfect Ashler. They were intellectual emblems of humanity, and viewed from the plan of our spiritual temple as laid down by the Master on his Trestle-Board, they are beautiful and instructive; for the great Light of Masonry teaches us that all mankind originated from the same quarry, and experience demonstrates to the Mason that the two classes or prominent specimens of human nature are the Rough Ashler and the Perfect Ashler.

Let us meditate for a few moments on the appearance of the Rough Ashler, as contemplated from a stand-point on Mount Moriah, both in its natural and its emblematical state. It is a stone—a stone taken from the quarry, heavy, solid, durable in its nature, susceptible of a polished surface under the beat of the Gavel and slowly penetrating edge of the chisel, as applied by the persevering hand of industry; and after being hewn, squared and numbered, becoming a part of a glorious structure. So is the true and worthy applicant for admission into a Lodge. He must be, to a certain extent, qualified for such honor. He must be taught and disciplined by the working tools of the Fellow Craft, have a fair character, sense enough to be trusted without suspicion, a disposition capable of brotherly love, and a desire of improvement. He comes forward ignorant of our mysteries, as the stone which has laid buried for ages in the mountain mass. He comes into the light when fitted and prepared “by a virtuous education, his own endeavors, and the blessing of God,” so that he may hereafter shine as a living stone in the spiritual building, eternal in the heavens.

But, before the candidate can be admitted into our mysteries, he ought in his rough ashler state to be examined, surveyed and meas-

ured with scrupulous care. To follow out the emblem—Are there cracks or crevices in the stone? Is it easy to work? Is it capable of being made useful? Are there any latent defects in the size, color or grain? Is it solid and of true grit, or only a conglomerate—or an adhesion of slate, pebbles and sand—which once admitted and set up among the costly and noble blocks of the building would soon get loose and crumble into fissures, making hideous chinks through which an eavesdropper might peep into forbidden apartments. An ashler of this kind the overseers of old never failed to reject.

These are questions of surpassing importance. To lay aside all imagery, is the applicant a man of truth and virtue? Can he be trusted, or is his mind leaky as a sieve, letting out the good and retaining only the chaff? Is he sincere, of good habits, pure morals, realizing his dependence on the Creator, and a belief in His word? Has he an honest and respectable calling, and is he upright in his dealings, a kind neighbor, good citizen, and an honorable man? Thus we might go on, tracing out some of those numerous qualifications which make up a unity of character in good men and true. For it is not enough that we are told: "I know nothing against the applicant!" This is only negative testimony. The great point is his positive character for truth and virtue and improvement. Is he one with whom we could fellowship, and call by the endearing name of Brother?

Now among the Rough Ashlers used in the building of King Solomon's Temple—beyond all manner of doubt there were some, perhaps but few, so very rough, so twisted and corrugated in form and feature, that even the Master Workman's skill could not polish the excrescences nor fit them for the builder's use. Such stones were rejected, and left among the rocks and boulders and pebbles scattered over the desert. Is there not sometimes an illustration of this emblem in our day among the multitude of candidates who apply, where roughness of manners and rudeness of speech have left a stamp and stain which the art can never cure; persons who cannot make a good joint in any part of the structure, nor harmonize with the beauty of its proportions? Such rough ashlers have no business in a Lodge. For if any person living ought to excel in politeness and cherish the charms of a courteous deportment, it should be the Mason.

Again. When the Overseer in ancient times examined the rough ashler, before he set the Craft to polish and adorn it, he personally measured it with his eye, looked on its face and scrutinized

every feature, in order to form some judgment of its fitness from the external appearance. So in every well governed Lodge, it is the bounden duty of the committee to see the applicant, converse with him, examine his features, trace as far as may be the genealogy of every noble virtue in their expression, and thus gather from his appearance and deportment some idea of the man, before he is recommended to be made a Mason. Most men carry their character in their visage, and no means should be neglected which will contribute to make the history of an applicant fully known. It is so essentially important to keep the Lodge pure and elevate its standing by the union and dignity of a virtuous brotherhood. Nor can too much caution be used by a brother, who vouches for an applicant. Above all others he ought to know him; and to recommend one of whom he knows almost nothing—perhaps merely because he was a transient acquaintance, or happened to be a fellow boarder—would be like a Mason of old directing the overseers to some rough ashler he scarcely ever saw or examined, and which on inspection might turn out to be only shelly slate or a species of Roxbury pudding stone.—*Family Visitor.*

THE SUN.

THE sun is the centre of the solar system, and is by far the largest and most important body within its limits. It is about 880,000 miles in diameter, and were its matter no more dense than that of the earth it would be equal to *thirteen hundred thousand* such globes as the earth. But the sun's matter is much more dense than that of the earth and therefore contains much more in the same cubic space. Some of the best astronomers think the matter of the sun to be equal in density and weight to that of lead. The distance of the sun from the earth is considered by La Place and other eminent astronomers to be about 95,000,000 of miles. To astronomers who are constantly contemplating immense magnitudes and distances, this does not seem to be a great distance, but it is really beyond the comprehension of the less thoughtful. Were a person to travel 800 miles per day of twenty-four hours, which would be more than thirty miles per hour, it would require more than thirty-two years to travel from the earth to the sun. But as it would require about half the time for repose and the partaking of food, no person could stand it to travel constantly more 400 miles per day, of twenty-four hours, so it would require almost three score and ten years to travel at the highest railroad

speed from the earth to the sun! And as this is longer than most men live, but few would ever arrive at the end of so long a journey, even could they be transported thence even at so great a speed! But light, which flies at the speed of about 200,000 miles in a second, passes over this immense distance in a little more than eight minutes!

I have said that the sun is about 880,000 miles in diameter, which would make its circumference more than 2,640,000 miles. This would require a footman who should travel thirty miles a day, more than 200 years to pass once around the sun! Were this traveler to travel at railroad speed, say thirty miles per hour, and ten hours per day, which would be three hundred miles each day, it would require him more than twenty-four years constant travel to go once around the sun! And at the rate of thirty miles travel each day, it would require a footman *two hundred millions of years* to explore every square mile of the sun's surface! Thus it is seen that it would exhaust more time than ever mortal devoted to constant travel to pass once around the body of the sun, even at railroad speed, while to visit all portions thereof would require a time beyond human comprehension.

But let us try another method of presenting the great magnitude of the sun to the comprehension of the reader. Suppose the sun to occupy the same space which the earth now does, i. e. were the centre of the sun to be placed where the centre of the earth now is, to give space for this enormous body, the moon would have to be removed out of the way! yea, it would have to be removed *two hundred thousand miles!* The moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from the earth, and half the diameter of the sun is 440,000 miles, the whole diameter being 880,000 miles. So you see that were the sun hollow, and were you placed in its centre the moon might revolve as far distant from you as it now is from the earth, and yet it would be *two hundred thousand miles* beyond the moon to the shell of the sun! Such is the immense size of this great body which controls the primary planets in our system, and keeps them in their orbits.

ROTARY MOTION OF THE SUN.—This vast luminary has a rotary motion upon its axis making a complete revolution in twenty-five days and ten hours. *Why* the sun should thus rotate upon its axis is not easily perceived, for being a luminous body, it does not need this rotary motion like opake bodies to give it alternate day and night. But motion seems to be the law of the universs, and suns are not exceptions to this general rule. But nothing is done in

vain by the All Wise Architect of the universe, and reasons may yet be given why the sun rotates. The sun's equator moves at the rate of 4,532 miles in each hour, and yet it requires more than twenty-five days for it to turn upon its axis! When compared with this, what is the speed of our railway engines? or anything with which we have to do in our sublunary existence?

SOLAR SPOTS.—It is a fact which was first discovered by Scheiner that the sun, though apparently so luminous, is covered over with a great number of spots of various forms and sizes. The largest of these spots are uniformly quite dark in the centre, and surrounded by a border of lighter shade, called a penumbra. These spots are often very numerous and some of them very large. But they are constantly changing in their size and appearance. Indeed sometimes the sun seems to be almost covered with them, and again to be almost free from them. Sometimes more than a hundred may be distinctly seen and at others but two or three, and it is said that from 1650 to 1670 scarcely a spot was to be discovered upon the sun's disc. In 1835, (Nov. 16,) one of these spots was discovered which covered about one-fortieth part of the sun's diameter, which would make it 22,000 miles in diameter. The largest spot ever discovered is said to have covered one-thirty-first part of the sun's diameter. Sometimes these spots have been seen to burst in pieces, and these pieces recede from each other with prodigious velocity.

IS THE SUN HOT?—Until recently the theory of the sun's heat was not called in question, and even at this time many of our most noted philosophers and astronomers hold the theory of the sun's intense heat. Dr. J. L. Comstock, in his *Natural Philosophy*, which still holds a place in many of our schools as a favored text-book, informs the student how many times hotter the sun is than red hot iron. But a great variety of facts observed by practical students of nature have convinced them that "it does not appear that the degree of heat on the surfaces of the different planets is inversely proportional to the squares of their respective distances from the sun." Hence they have concluded that, "it is more probable that heat depends chiefly on the distribution of the substance of caloric on the surfaces and throughout the atmospheres of these bodies, in different quantities, according to the different situations they occupy in the solar system, and these different quantities of caloric are put into action by the influence of the solar rays, so as to produce that degree of *sensible* heat requisite for each respective planetary globe." It is a well known fact that there is latent heat in everything. Even the bar of iron in

coldest winter may be soon made quite hot by the action of the trip-hammer, and the latent heat in the atmosphere may be made active and sensible by the action of the solar rays. Philosophers may yet find that electricity has some considerable part to act in the generating of heat.

IS THE SUN INHABITED.—Sir William Herschel and some others of equal respectability have advocated the theory of the sun's being inhabited, but as we can never know aught except what we may reason from analogy upon this subject, we venture no opinion. We have no reason to believe that the sun may *not* be inhabited. Even the drop of water is inhabited, and as the universe is full of life, why should not a world of the immense size of the sun be peopled with intelligent beings? We can give no valid argument against the hypothesis.

How does the glorious sun, the largest and most magnificent orb in the solar system, display the grandeur of the Deity and the energies of his omnipotence! As we contemplate these stupendous works of the great Jehovah, how do our conceptions of him become quickened, and our intellectual faculties become strengthened as we take in grander views of the Great Creator!

Masonry teaches us to contemplate the Great Architect of the Universe; to study him in his works, and to revere His holy name. And yet how few Masons there are who ever seriously enter upon the study of that astronomy which outranks all other natural sciences in the sublimity and grandeur of its lessons, and leads the contemplative mind away from its groveling up amid the stars to read the lessons of God's wisdom, and seek after a knowledge worthy of the immortal mind of man, whom God has created in his own image. The true Mason can look upon the glorious sun, and understandingly and appreciatively quote the words of the poet.

"Great round of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator! ever pouring wide
From world to world, the vital ocean sound,
On Nature write, with every beam His praise."

DEATH TO THE AGED.

THE aged too must die. They who passed safe
The perils of their tiny infancy,
The dangers that lay hid amongst the flowers
Where heedless childood gamboled, and the shafts
Of sickness that beset the paths of youth;
They long have triumphed o'er the pains, the ills,
The saddening trials of life's downward road;

They long have borne the aching heaviness,
 The burdens various of protracted years;
 But, though life's cord be yet unloosed,
 Death's summons comes to them, and they too die.

Death cometh to the aged, as the night
 Comes to the weary child. It is "so tired,"
 So heavy with the yearning of repose,
 It asketh not for food, for toy, or play;
 Its only wish is to lie down and sleep.
 So to the aged comes the night of death,
 With slow, still step, and lays his shadowy hand
 Softly and reverently on their brow,
 And they anew put on the robes of youth,
 And meet the loved—long since accounted lost,
 All radiant with celestial brightness,
 And loving with the ever raptured joy
 Of beatific spirits, as they welcome home
 The "good and faithful servant" to his rest.
 The place prepared by his approving Lord.

Tears drop, all gently, when the aged die,
 For now their work is done, and they have long
 Craved heavenly domicile. This world, for them,
 Has nothing more: mortality, at best,
 Is but a burden, a deep throe of pain;
 On earth they labored, loved, yet suffered oft—
 Now heavenly fruition comes. We do not weep
 As when the lovely spring-bud of life's hope
 Lies cold upon its mother's heaving breast;
 We do not mourn as when our summer joy
 Is wither'd in the blooming; or as when
 The fruits of autumn perish, immature.
 It is as when the full ripe sheaf is borne,
 All rich with treasure, to the granary;
 And, therefore, they are blessed who attain
 The reverend estate of winter's years.

An angel's voice proclaimed, "Blessed are the dead
 Who die in Christ the Lord," for they rest—ay,
 They rest! Yes, mourning friend! their toils have ceased:
 The little one that withered in life's spring;
 The beautiful who died in summer's bloom;
 The strong who fell in autumn; and the old,
 Who in gray winter went to their repose;
 They rest secure above. And if we might,
 Would we recall them!—when we too approach
 The throne where, "crowned with light," for us they wait?
 Oh, blessed be our God, for life, for death,
 But most for Christ and immortality!

BROTHER H. M. LOOK.

WE have recently received a letter from our indefatigable Brother, H. M. Look, Grand Visitor and Lecturer, which says: "I am just recovering from six weeks' severe illness. * * * * This accounts for my not seeing you and for my not reaching the \square which I had placed upon the programme for a large portion of the summer. It has put me back, but I propose to *catch up* before the year closes, at whatever cost of effort. The Grand Overseers have set me a task, and I propose to *perform it entirely*, and to the best of my ability."

That Bro. Look will do all in his power to perform the labor laid upon him none will doubt who are at all acquainted with him. He is always found at the post of duty when able to perform labor, and his many friends throughout the State will certainly excuse him when ill health disqualifies him for the performance of duty.

We are glad to know that he is fast regaining his wonted good health, and to have the assurance of soon meeting him. He adds: "In due time I shall see you face to face, and rest assured that my warm personal regard is in no degree diminished. God bless you, and speed the MICHIGAN FREEMASON in every good word and work."

We hope to see Bro. Look in Kalamazoo at no distant day, and to have the pleasure of traveling with him part of the coming autumn.

 AMONG THE LODGES.

BROTHER CHAPLIN,—After parting with you I made a brief call at Schoolcraft, located in a most beautiful country, and a thriving village. Finding your agent doing what he could for THE FREEMASON, I turned my course for the north. I stopped off at Plainwell, and was kindly received. I found the \square doing well, but I accomplished little in the way of obtaining subscribers. With the promise of something better when I should come again, I went on to the thriving village of Otsego. The \square located here is said to be working well.

I next called at Allegan. Found the Craft represented by the right kind of men, and the \square well officered and doing well.

It here came to my knowledge that Bro. J. Billings, of *The Mystic Star* was working along the lake shore, or had recently

been. I concluded to go that way and see what could be done in behalf of our Home Journal, feeling that THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON had claims on the fraternity in Michigan that no outside journal has. So boarding the steamer plying between Allegan and Saugatuck, I found the trip a pleasant one, and at Saugatuck I was very kindly received by the Brothers, and soon procured a fine list of subscribers.

My next call was at Holland. Here, too, I was very kindly received. I stopped with Bro. J. Myers, of the City Hotel, which, by the way, is the best public house in Holland, and should any of our *fraters* chance to go to that city, they will find first-rate quarters with Brother Myers.

I next hailed the Craft at Grand Haven, but found most of the Brothers taking the *Star*; and as times were hard, they did not feel able to take two Masonic journals. After making all the effort I could in behalf of our home magazine, and obtaining a few names, I left for Spring Lake □ No. 234, where I found a host of warm-hearted Brothers, who received me with much kindness and cheered me with their subscriptions. After getting a good list, I next went to Eastmanville, and visited Ottawa □ No. 122. Here I enjoyed the Masonic hospitality of Bro. Thomas Wellon and his excellent lady. May their shadows never be less! The W. M., Bro. H. S. Taft, called and spent the evening very pleasantly at Bro. Wellon's. I may certainly say of that □, that it has the right man in the right place for Master.

I next visited Grand Rapids, the second city in the State for size and business. Here I soon formed the acquaintance of some whole-souled Brothers, who cheered me by quickly adding eighteen new subscribers to my list. My stay was quite too short, but my designs were already drawn, and I hastened on to White Hall. Here I was received with that true Masonic fervor which is so characteristic of the true Mason, by Brother B. C. Pierce, who has just come into possession, by purchase, of the Cosmopolitan House, which he keeps in good style. Bro. H. Harwood keeps the Harwood Hotel, in this place, and it, too, is well kept.

The □ is in Montague, just across the river, and is doing good work. Here I added fourteen names to my list, and hope the list will soon be doubled.

I next went to Pentwater, and found myself in excellent quarters under the protection of Bro. E. W. Elliot, of the Bryant House. Bro. E. knows just how to make his guests feel at home, and that,

too, without calling to his aid old King Alcohol. The □ in Pent-water is doing good work, and is in safe hands.

I next visited Pere Marquette □. U. D. Bro. M. D. Ewell is the W. M. This is a young □, but has been tried sorely by having its Hall burned. It now holds its meetings in the Odd 'Fellows' Hall, and is doing well. Here I procured eleven new subscribers, and left under many obligations to the Brethren, especially to Bro. Terrell, who keeps the hotel here.

Manistree was my next point. Here I was the guest of another Brother, D. Gross, of the Milwaukee House. Here I met with a generous response, and the desired twenty names were soon added to the list of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON. Here I found Masonry doing well in its various branches, so far as I was able to judge during my short stay. I wished it could have been longer, but I had to hurry on to Frankfort, which I found to be a very pretty, quiet little town, the county seat of Benzie county. This is the location of Crystal □ No. 270. It is thriving under the care of a live W. M. It is made up of good men. There is a paper printed in Benzonia, whose editor seems to think it his special duty to say all the hard things he can think of, or that he can copy from Messrs. Phinney & Co. Let him blow his quill whistle! What harm can he do us if we but live up to our high calling?

Yours very truly,

S. S. RASCO, *Agent.*

VAGRANCY.

WE have often said in these pages, that Masonry has no affinity for vagrancy. It teaches the brotherhood to be industrious and self-reliant—to sow in seed-time, that they may reap in harvest. But it also teaches us to practice charity, and give to the worthy poor when through sickness or misfortune they are found needy of the necessaries of life. Now on account of the known charity of Craftsmen, there are many unworthy vagrants wandering up and down in the land without occupation, and asking alms from the fraternity. And we are sorry to say that among these are often to be found *women*, who present letters from their friends, or perchance forged papers, as the case may be, and in the name of Masonry ask for charity. This they most generally obtain, whether they are entitled to it or not. Most of the brethren say they would prefer to give to the unworthy rather than leave the worthy poor unalmsed, and most

of them have not the time to make an investigation into the merits of each case which presents itself. As a result, many unworthy, lazy, ill-famed men and women, who are entitled to no respect or sympathy, get funds, and often drive quite a paying business in the dollar and cent point of view.

Now we do not wish to dissuade our brethren from being charitable—far from it. But we do wish to have them *investigate*, and not give to unworthy vagrants, who will not work for their living when able to do so, what is needed for the support of the virtuous poor whom we always have with us, who are too respectable and modest to beg from door to door. For our own part we have rarely found one of *this class of beggars* who was entitled to the smallest share of sympathy or aid.

We are glad to learn that our Brothers are already becoming more cautious. Bro. Green, of Three Rivers, recently had a call for Masonic charity by a wandering female who could not tell a straight story, who was perfectly horrified at the idea of his sending a telegram of inquiry! The Dowagiac Brethren, we understand, have recently had a call for Masonic aid, with like results. Your course is right, Brothers. Do not give your charities till you are convinced that the subjects on whom you confer them are worthy. While you treat strangers whom you know not, with all due courtesy, yet when they come *begging* Masonic aid, be sure that they are *worthy*. Nothing is more truly mortifying to a pure-minded, charitable person than to know that he has bestowed charities which he intended for the worthy poor on unworthy renegades.

THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

THE Michigan Central Railroad has fully completed their Air Line Division between Jackson and Niles, and now run the Atlantic and Pacific Express trains over that branch. But to compensate the people of Kalamazoo and other places between Niles and Jackson on the old line, the Kalamazoo Accommodation is now continued through to Jackson, and one of Pullman's magnificent sleeping cars is attached at this place, which connects with the Atlantic Express at Jackson, and goes on through Canada without change. This is all our people could ask of the Central, and is even more than was expected by most of us. We have all the accommodation going east we ever had, both as regards sleeping and connections.

And we cannot close without adding that in our extensive travel

over the west we find no route so well provided with everything calculated to secure the comfort of the traveling public as the Michigan Central. We have been on other routes during the recent drought when it was hard to tell the complexion of those on board the trains on account of the dust which entered the cars in clouds, without let or hindrance. On returning to the Central we have invariably found the cars clean and cool, kept so by means of Ruttan's ventilators, which should be adopted by all roads till they can supply something better.

We commend the Michigan Central as the very best route from Chicago to New York and New England. Those who pass over it once will rarely take any other route.

FROM THE GRAND ORIENT OF FRANCE.

The following circular has been issued by the Officers of the Grand Orient of France in relation to the recent demonstrations made by those pretending to represent the Masonic Fraternity in Paris in behalf of the Commune. We print it as an act of fairness toward the real Masons of Paris. It confirms the opinions entertained by Bro. Simons, of the N. Y. *Dispatch*, and other well posted Americans, that Masonry is not responsible for such grossly unmasonic demonstrations :

GRAND ORIENT OF FRANCE, SUPREME COUN-
CIL FOR FRANCE AND ITS POSSESSIONS. }
PARIS, 29th May, 1871.

To the Several Lodges of the Jurisdiction :

BRETHREN,—The criminal and painful events of which Paris has just been the theatre have given rise on the part of certain Freemasons to acts which have justly excited the Craft, not only in France, but abroad. These acts have already been passed upon by the general public.

Moreover, the laws and principles of our institution absolutely interdict the manifestations exhibited by this group of Masons, or men calling themselves such, recruited for the greater part from no one knows where, and we are happy to state not belonging, in any considerable numbers, to the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient.

It is not our province, but that of the Grand Orient, to pass upon matters of this kind, but we desire to announce in the most public manner, that if the Grand Orient, owing to the scattering of

its members, could not hinder this demonstration, it has at least condemned it and refused to participate in any manner whatever.

The members of the Council of the Order, aided by Masters of Lodges, exhausted every means in their power to protest against and prevent the demonstration, but their efforts were overcome by the existence of passions aroused by interested and perverse influences.

This much the members of the Council present in the city have felt it their duty, in the absence of the Grand Master, to bring to the attention of all Masons, in order that the responsibility for acts at which we have all been excited may rest upon those who have committed them, and that it may be distinctly understood that French Masonry, as a distinctive organization, has not stepped aside for an instant from the principles which are its strength, and the wise laws which govern it.

Signed, ST. JEAN, MONTANIER, BRECAULT, and others.

RENUNCIATION OF MASONRY.

Two of the original subscribers of the *Visitor* have ordered their papers stopped, because it incorporates the Masonic Department, and become the official organ of the Grand Lodge of Texas.

While this course is taken by our subscribers, for whom we exercise a degree of Masonic charity, it calls up very vivid recollections of gone by days. When comparatively a young Mason, and young preacher, we met with an old minister, whose prejudices ran very high against our time-honored Order. Being an old and venerable Father in Israel, he took liberties with the younger members of the sacred office, and in a very imperious manner accosted us as follows:

“Bro. K. I understand you belong to the Freemasons, is that possible?”

“Yes sir, I have the honor to be a member of that honorable Order.”

“Well, sir, I am opposed to the whole thing; and I require you to renounce it! It is no place for a young minister to be, and I expect you to give it up at once.”

“Well, Father M.,” we replied, “I would certainly go as far, in a departure from my own sense of right and duty for you, as I would go for any other man or minister I know of, as I have a profound respect for your age and position in the church; but I must act conscientiously, and in accordance with what I believe to be right. Will you assist me in my effort to conform to your wishes?”

Let us take up the matter understandingly, and renounce one thing at a time. In the first place, I want to know if you would have me to renounce the Mason's God? The Great Creator of the Universe?"

"Oh no, of course you cannot renounce God."

"Well, sir, will you have me to renounce the Holy Scriptures, the great light in Masonry?"

"Certainly not; they are the light of the world."

"Then, I would like to know if I must renounce Masonic Charity, and the brotherly kindness it teaches?"

"Oh no; Charity is a great Christian virtue, and you could not be a Christian without it."

"Well, sir, will you please to tell me where I shall begin to renounce, and what I shall renounce?"

"Why, yes; I think you should renounce those secret Lodges, and the keeping company with those wicked men; that is where the danger lies."

"The secret Lodges! Why, sir, we are obliged to have secret Lodges. We have great treasures in store in our Order; and we are bound to keep them under the lock of our secrets, and allow no one to possess the mystic key until we have tried him and found him to be a good man and true.

"Wicked company! If you think a Lodge wicked company where we keep the Bible and open our meetings with prayer, why then I think you had better close the churches too, for wicked men go there; and, indeed, I cannot tell where you will go and not find what you call wicked men. You will certainly have to get out of the world."

"Yes; but what I mean is, that you should not associate as companions."

"Then you mean that I am not to follow the example and teachings of Christ, who was noted for his kindness to sinners—declared that he came to seek no others."

"Oh, well, I do not see how you are to renounce the *principles* of Masonry; I mean to say *I have never joined them*. I did not think it right."

"Well, sir, *I have* joined them, and profess to know a great deal more about them than you can know; and I think *it is right*."

Here the conversation ended; and here ended any further effort to "require us to renounce Masonry."

After a few months, men who made our acquaintance in the Lodge, who had never visited the Church, owing to prejudice against

our old Father M., now followed us to the Church, were converted and became zealous Christians. After this the old Father became zealous for the Order, and thought it a great blessing.

How many of this class, who oppose our Order, are still left we cannot say; but we are certain if they knew more about it, they would find no cause for objection.—*Family Visitor*.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1871.

W. J. CHAPLIN, Esq.,

Dear Sir, and Brother,—Yours of the 9th inst., with receipt enclosed, was duly received. THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON seems now to be an established fact, and it is gratifying to me to learn of its increased and daily increasing subscription list, and I trust it may continue until at least all Master Masons in the State of Michigan are subscribers—*paying ones*—so that you can improve, if need be, and extend your valuable magazine to other jurisdictions, as all cannot help but be instructed, improved, and interested in its perusal. It seems to me that it is the duty of all true Masons to sustain and support a lively, high-toned, and interesting Masonic publication as I esteem THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON to be, thereby *strengthening* and elevating the Fraternity at large. It is always a welcome visitor, and I have become so interested in its success that I have and shall endeavor to obtain you a list from "Gotham." I keep a file to be bound. I want to see the end of "True Wealth." I trust it will end in "true happiness."

Wishing you every success,

I remain yours truly and Fraternally,

E. E. THORNE.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, Sir William M. Fenton, a valiant and magnanimous Sir Knight, in obedience to the mandate of the Supreme Master of the great Temple of the Universe, has passed from time to eternity, and

WHEREAS, Like many of the true Sir Knights of old, whose history adorns the chronicles of our illustrious Order, he fell a martyr to his bravery, in the active discharge of the voluntary duty of protecting our homes and firesides from an enemy more ruthless than even the ancient Saracen at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre.

Resolved, That in all the relations of our Fraternity, whether in acquiring the capacity to work as a Master Mason, producing good work, square work, true work, or in the most excellent and glorious undertaking of building the Masonic Temple, or in knightly panoply with his good sword guarding it from the assaults of all enemies, the example of Sir Knight William M. Fenton is worthy of our admiration and imitation.

Resolved, That in all the qualities of courtly knighthood, Sir William M. Fenton was prœeminently distinguished, and by his death a vacancy has been made at our triangle which can never be filled till the final bugle call of the Grand Commander on High shall summon all faithful soldiers of the Temple to that heavenly asylum where the light is never extinguished.

Resolved, That we shall ever cherish in our hearts the remembrance of the virtues of the deceased—as a Mason whose brotherhood was universal as the canopy of the starry-decked heavens; whose companionship was firm as the arch when bound by the keystone; and whose knighthood was true as the cross of steel.

Resolved, That while sadly feeling our own loss, we are conscious that there are those upon whom the loss must weigh heavier and sink deeper; to them, his family circle, we offer our heartfelt sympathies in their grief and bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Recorder to the family of the deceased.

SIR FRANCIS H. RANKIN, }
 SIR GEORGE L. WALKER, } Committee on Resolutions.
 SIR GEORGE H. DURAND, }

Asylum Genesee Valley Commanding, No. 13, K. T., }
 Flint, Mich., May 17, 1871: A. O. 753. }

DIED, in Bountiful, Davis county, Utah Territory, on the first day of May, 1871, of erysipelas, after an illness of five days, James Bennie, in his sixty-ninth year. He was born in Strathblane, Stirlingshire, Scotland, on the third of June, 1802; came to America in 1832, and located in Bethel, in this county, in 1835, where he remained until a few weeks before his death, which took place while on a visit to friends, among whom he closed a long, useful and eventful life.

HALL OF MYSTIC □, No. 141 F. & A. M., }
 MICHIGAN, 1st July, 1871. }

At a regular communication of this Lodge, the sudden death of Brother James Bennie, while far from home, being announced, the following resolutions were passed and recorded:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe to suddenly remove from this Lodge, to the Grand Lodge above, our worthy brother, James Bennie, who was a Mason during the last eighteen years of his life, and a member of this Lodge at the time of his death; therefore,

Resolved, That he was a worthy, just and upright man and Mason, and we tender to the family and relatives of our late Brother, our heartfelt sympathy in this their great bereavement, and that we mingle with theirs our sorrow at the loss of our friend.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing record and resolution be sent to the widow of our deceased Brother, and also that the same be published in THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and in the Coldwater newspapers.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, for Committee.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

OUT OF NUMBERS.—We purposely reserved our issue for July till the latter part of the month to see whether or not we should add to our edition. After mature consideration, we concluded to go on with our former number, having it in our minds to prune our list extensively. Well, we commenced the use of the pruning knife, but new names came in so fast that we found the edition exhausted before our subscribers were served, to say nothing about our exchange list. The evil will soon be remedied, for we are reprinting the first and a part of the second number, and will have enough, we trust, to supply all demands. We hope to make another advance in January. Thanks to the Brothers who have given us such efficient coöperation.

FROM THE GRAND MASTER.—We have a good word from our M. W. Grand Master. We are glad to know that he is pleased with our course in publishing our journal. We expect soon to have something from him for the benefit of the Craft in Michigan. He is not enjoying very good health, and the duties of his office, aside from that of his extensive law business would be quite a heavy burden even when blessed with perfect health. As yet we have published none of the judicial decisions of Bro. Champlin, but we expect to give some of them in future numbers. We are informed by those who have the means of judging, that they are able, and very satisfactory to the Craft in general throughout the jurisdiction.

WE have been blessed with the most bountiful harvest ever known, and the price of wheat is good, so that money is plenty.

Now is the time to pay up arrearages. We hope to have our books square by January, 1872, and enough means to purchase a power press, on which to print *THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON*. This can be done if our Brothers will give in their coöperation.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.—We are informed that Dr. Mackey and Albert Pike, than whom we have no brighter stars in the Masonic galaxy, recently made a call at Detroit, and visited some of the city Lodges. They were received with the honors due their high rank in the Craft, and their addresses are highly eulogized by the Detroit brethren.

TRAVELING AGENT.—Bro. S. S. Rasco is our authorized traveling agent. He has already done much for us, and now proposes to devote himself entirely to the work of canvassing. We bespeak for him the kindly coöperation of our Brotherhood wherever he may sojourn.

TWENTY-ONE of the Grand Lodges of the United States have recognized the Grand Lodge of Quebec. The Grand Lodge of Ontario would grant her recognition, we are informed, if Quebec would ask for it; but the haughty daughter refuses to ask consent to open housekeeping on her own hook.

THERE are now upwards of seven thousand Lodges actively in operation in the United States, and the *Evergreen* says, "with a total membership of *six hundred thousand*, and an annual increase of about fifty thousand."

WE see by the London *Freemason* that the Sir Knight *crusaders* are receiving the warmest reception everywhere in England. They are feasted in the most sumptuous manner, while poets and orators sing and speak their praise.

LOCAL AGENTS.—We hope to have a good, working local agent in every Lodge in Michigan. Where we have no such agent we hope some Brother will volunteer to act in our behalf, and send for our list and terms of agency. We pay *Masonic wages*.

A LODGE in California recently initiated a candidate who was so illiterate that he could not read, which act was sharply rebuked by the Grand Master.

THE Grand Lodge of Massachusetts has ordered that an admission fee of twenty-five cents be exacted of non-affiliates residing in her jurisdiction each time any one of them visits any Lodge.

THE Masonic Orphan's Home of Kentucky is now open for the admission of beneficiaries.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—SEPTEMBER, A. L. 5871.—NO. III.

THE BLACK BALL.

How or when the custom, or law as we may now term it, originated, requiring a ballot for the initiation of a candidate into the secrets of Masonry, or membership of a Lodge, we are not informed, but it was probably of early origin, dating far back to the period of transition from operative to speculative Masonry. That those already initiated should be chary of the distribution of the benefits of Masonry, and choice in their selection of associates, was not only natural but correct.

The world is full of material, excellent for many purposes, and all having their appropriate places in working out the designs of the Great Master of the universe, but not all of proper fitness for positions in the spiritual temple. The selection of this material has therefore from time immemorial been entrusted to the workmen themselves and the ballot determines its acceptance or rejection.

Indeed, so careful were the fathers of Masonry to avoid the possible admission of unsuitable material, that they wisely provided that the vote of approval should be unanimous, and that a single ball or negative ballot should suffice to close the doors of Masonry to the applicant, however many his virtues, exalted his position, or blameless his character. The law is unyielding—from its stern decision there is no appeal. Though the affirmative be an hundred to one, the single black ballot speaks, as with the voice of Omnipotence, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther!" This is the safeguard of Masonry—the head-gate which turns aside the turbulent flood, whose admission might destroy the noble structure.

But, while such are its conservative uses—such the beneficial purposes for which it was designed, who has not seen the power of the single ballot perverted to selfish ends, and used for the destruction, rather than the promotion of the prosperity of Masonry? We have seen the entire operations of a Lodge suspended by the perversity of this black ball, hurled indiscriminately against the best, and the most worthless material. We have seen the progress of a Lodge arrested, through one man's spite, or malice, or ignorance, as the case might be,—the members embittered towards each other, and the Lodge entirely disrupted, while the brother who wielded the black ball, gratified himself at the expense of an institution he professed to love, and barred its doors, it may be, against the entrance of those more worthy than himself.

To meet cases of this kind, the Grand Lodge of Indiana, in 1849, adopted the following rule :

“Should any member of a Lodge, from trifling, captious or unworthy motives, attempt to arrest the legitimate work of a Lodge, he will thereby render himself amenable to Masonic discipline.”

To all Lodges thus situated, we recommend the application of this remedy. We recognize to the fullest extent the power of the negative ballot, as one of the laws of Masonry to be scrupulously acknowledged and obeyed ; but we hold the brother who wields this power, responsible for his motives. If he seeks the welfare of the Lodge, and the best good of Masonry, we submit to the decree without question. But if the motive be one of spite, of malice or revenge, we say to him, that when he crosses the threshold of the Lodge, they are no where recognized among the Masonic virtues. “If thou hast aught against thy brother, go and be reconciled.”

Let this rule be enforced wherever necessary, and a better day will dawn upon us. Let it be held everywhere, that the brother who attempts to arrest the legitimate work of a Lodge, through unworthy motives, is a proper subject for Masonic discipline, and there will be few such subjects to deal with. Let the brethren who have been thus afflicted, try the experiment.

E. W. H. E.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

THE following excellent advice was given by M. W. Brother Reuben H. Walworth, when Grand Master of Masons in New York, in 1854. We find it in the columns of the *Kentucky Freemason*, whose editor says “it cannot be too often reproduced,” with which

we fully agree. The true Mason reveres the name of God, and regards the Holy Scriptures as His best gift to mankind :

“Let me also impress upon every officer and member of this Grand Lodge, and upon every Mason who loves our institution, the duty of being circumspect in all his words and actions, and of discountenancing immoralities in others, as well as of keeping his own white apron untarnished by a single stain. It was written by the pen of inspiration, under the dictation of the unerring wisdom of the Most High, that virtue exalteth a nation. And it is equally true that vice or immorality, unrestrained, is not only a reproach to any community or any institution where it is allowed to exist, but it will sooner or later entirely destroy the peace and happiness of that community or institution. Let us, therefore, endeavor so to conduct ourselves, not only in our intercourse with each other as brethren, but also in all our dealings with others, who do not belong to the Fraternity, as not to bring discredit upon ourselves, or upon the institutions of Masonry to which we belong.

“Recollect, my brethren, the parting declaration of that illustrious brother, who was the first in war, first in peace, and who should always be first in the recollection of every true Mason—that ‘religion and morality are indispensable supports of all those dispositions and habits which lead to prosperity.’

“One of the most distinguished Grand Masters who ever occupied this Oriental chair, who has long since taken his departure for the Grand Lodge above, has also said that the insufficiency of human laws for their intended objects were palpable from the daily operations of society, and the accumulated experience of ages ; that the efficacy of the law of public opinion was also limited, and had all the imperfections attached to humanity ; but that the sanction of Divine law supplied all these deficiencies, covered the whole area of human action, reached every case, punished every sin, and recompensed every virtue. Its rewards and its punishments are also graduated with perfect justice ; and its appeals to the hopes and fears of men are of the most potent character and transcendent influence.

“In view of these important facts, permit me, my brethren, to remind you that this Divine law is only found in the Bible, that great light of Masonry, which we are all taught to study and revere. And let me recommend to you what the learned and pure-minded Sir Matthew Hale recommended to his children—to read seriously and reverently every day a portion of the sacred Scriptures, and make yourself acquainted with the history and the doctrines thereof.

“ It is in the Bible alone that the Mason is *fully* instructed in all the great duties which he owes to his brethren and to his fellow-man, as well as in those duties which he owes to himself and to his Maker, the Great Architect of the Universe, and the Grand Master of that Celestial Lodge above, in which every true Mason hopes, at a future day, to hold an unquestioned seat. The Bible instructs us in that grand civilization which consists in subduing and controlling the passions, in cultivating the social virtues, and in regarding the rights of others as commensurate with our own. Nowhere else do we find that great precept of true charity and benevolence, to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us in like circumstances, urged upon our attention as an absolute and binding duty.

“ By a careful and diligent study of the Scriptures, the statesman, the scholar and the Mason, as well as the Christian, will find himself a much wiser, if not a better man. I hope and trust, therefore, that this great light of Masonry, which exceeds all other books in the weight of its authority, and in the extent of its usefulness, which has successfully withstood the gross sarcasms of a Paine, and the more refined wit of a Voltaire, as well as the separate and combined attacks of a host of others, many of whom probably have but seldom examined its inspired pages, will not only be found in every Lodge, where its presence is always indispensable, but that it will also be found and studied at the social fireside of every member of the Fraternity, and that each and every one of us, and every true Mason, may thereby, with the assistance of Divine grace, be made wise unto salvation.”

ADDRESS TO MASONS OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

BY THE GRAND LODGE OF BELGIUM.

FRANCE! when Lamartine thus spoke in thy name to the nations of the earth, who would have thought that the glory of the first Empire, for which thou had'st suffered so much, would, after thirty years of peace, lead thee to desire its repetition, and place thyself where it might again overpower thee, and not only paralyze liberty, but endanger thy fatherland?

But thou shall yet recover from the misfortunes into which the new Caesar has thrown thee, and thine honor shall be again confided to thine own keeping.

Had peace continued, thou would'st have acquired thy rights, one by one. One month of war has given them to thee, but an immense sacrifice. But, however great the price, thou canst not too dearly purchase the end of a system of government which had its origin in an 18th Brumaire, or a 2d of December, and whose end is marked by a Waterloo, or a Sedan. That thou hast cut thyself loose from the past is thy great victory, thy greatest victory, far preferable to any conquest won upon the field of battle. Thou art not conquered, but thy defeat has set thee free, and the fact of freedom far outweighs the fact of defeat. It is now the right of the people of 1789, 1830 and 1848, to contemplate, in the clear light of truth, their future responsibilities, and dissolve all connection with that form of government which against their will and regardless of their interests, has made the military profession everything, and the acts of peace nothing. They cannot too solemnly adjure this lust of war-like glory, which is death to liberty.

But it is thy duty, for the sake of Europe, thy mother, and Germany thy sister, to take upon thyself the responsibility of errors committed in thy name. To pay the penalty of such errors is called, in the language of duty, to give satisfaction. To free a land from both despotism and invasion, men are not unwilling to sacrifice all else, if only their honor remains unsullied.

Peace, therefore! Peace! and thou canst not purchase peace too dearly, if peace signifies the actual banishment of military genius.

Peace! Peace! and if peace is dependent upon the destruction of a few fortresses, take thy ax in thine own hand, and lay waste the works of thine oppressor. Thy true defences must be found in an enlightened and free people.

Peace! and if the fortunes of war make yet heavier demands upon thee, may liberty give thee strength for more noble undertakings. Their own earnest longing furnishes thee an example; disclaim the territory given thee by the force of a plebiscitum, whose sacrifice thou hast been for eighteen years.

Disarm conquest, by restoring to Garibaldi his country, and become truly great by retiring within those boundaries which satisfied the France of 1830 and 1848. The peace which Europe and the world requires, which triumphant Germany and freed France needs, is a frank unarmed peace, a peace which is something more than an adjournment of retaliation; a peace without humiliation and without hatred.

Noble sisters! call to mind the motto of 1848: "Union at any price between Germany and France." You can then set your sign and seal to the first compact of eternal peace.

BROTHERS OF EUROPE,—Thus we have felt it to be our duty to speak to two nations who are summoned to vie with each other, not upon the field of blood, but in the province of art and literature. We stand, so to speak, at the door of this merciless war; we have been the first to look with our own eyes upon its horrors, and we deem it our duty as philanthropists, to expose the magnitude of its crime and sorrow. Our temples are converted into hospitals, our social and religious festivals are burdened with calls for charity; our wives and daughters are employed in making lint, and multitudes of our fellow-citizens hasten to the battle-field, to assist in caring for the wounded.

We have still another duty to perform.

Brethren all over the world; whether you are Masons or strangers to our Order; you who love your own country but at the same time feel yourselves to be members of the human family; you must feel the anguish which one of your members is suffering.

In the pressure of this enormous sorrow, devastation and ruin, it is our duty to unite our voices, and to cry in the ears of our fellow-men, War does not civilize! Conquest is objectionable and ruinous!

There is no reason for a prolongation of this struggle. It is time that all who are blessed with intelligence, should raise the white flag, and cry to the hosts and to the people,

PEACE! DUTY! LIBERTY!

We will do it in the interests of the victor, who will find safety only by retiring within the limits of justice; in the interests of the vanquished, who by defeat regains his liberty.

We will do it in the interest of all nations, for all are menaced by general ruin, and are anxiously asking themselves, what new acts of violence are to follow upon the abuse of the last victory.

It is time for all nations to turn their talents for heroism and conquest into a new channel, and struggle for supremacy in the domains of the arts and sciences.

We invite you all to make the most strenuous efforts in favor of universal peace.

It is possible for public opinion to secure this result, and calling upon Europe to give evidence that her civilization is marshalled for the solution of this problem, we will not forget that nothing is accomplished so long as anything remains to be done for justice.

In the name of the righteous and perfect Lodge of Philanthropy in the Grand Orient of Brussels.

THE LAST LODGE.

[The following is a translation of the national Masonic Hymn, of Saxony, and invariably sung at the close of every Lodge ceremony, with Masonic ceremonies:]

When the last of the stars, dimly flashing,
 See old Time to its end hasten on,
 When planets to ruin are dashing,
 And the sun's light is pallid and wan;
 Through the halls where the Masons are founding
 Their Temple, majestic and grand,
 Shall be heard that last cry, loudly sounding:
 Hasten, brother! the morn is at hand!

East and West, North and South, through all nations,
 The work at that call will have ceased,
 And the brethren, observing their stations,
 Shall look in calm faith to the East:
 Joining hands over valleys and highlands,
 Where each stands, in the land of his birth,
 Shall be seen, o'er all continents and islands,
 But ONE LODGE on the face of the earth.

To the Master's stern voice loudly crying:
 Have the Masons obeyed My commands?
 Comes the voice of the Craftsmen, replying;
 Look with grace on the work of our hands!
 In our feeble and poor earthly fashion,
 We have sought to hew out the rough stone;
 Let the depth of eternal compassion
 For the faults of our labor atone!
 What's the hour? cries the voice of the Master;
 They answer: Low Twelve, but behold,
 The rays of Thy morning come faster,
 To our eyes all its glories unfold!
 At His nod see all the veils rent asunder,
 And, while earth sinks to chaos and night,
 'Mid loud peals of the echoing thunder,
 Shall the brethren be brought to pure light!

THE Evansville *Courier* says: "We have seen a copy of the late Robert Barnes' will. It is a most extraordinary document. His entire estate is left, without the reservation of a cent for the purpose of providing for and educating the destitute orphans of the State of Indiana. It is the most princely legacy ever bequeathed by any one to charity in this State." The estate of Mr. Barnes is variously estimated at from \$400,000 to \$600,000.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CHAPTER XX.

"NOT one word in relation to Charles Preston!" said Eda Wilson, as she folded the letter of her father that she had just read, and placed it in her pocket.

"Not one word. Perhaps it is well. To read that he is shortly to be united to the beautiful Countess Mont Martre would give me more pain, perhaps, than to be kept in entire ignorance of him. I feel like Latona expelled from heaven into space, without the privilege of even the dull earth as a resting place; but no bright Delos arises in the sea of darkness around me to offer an asylum for the exile. It is hard to bear this gnawing anguish all alone. Sympathy might soften the sting, but my secret must remain my own."

Eda sat upon the apex of the pile of rugged rocks that reared their irregular outline in front of the dwelling of Mrs. Ramsdale. This immense pile of rock appeared to have fallen from a high cliff, a half a mile from the open plain in the mountains where it now lay, at some early period. The top of the rocks stood some fifty feet above the bit of level land that surrounded its base. The mass was crowned with birch and laurel that fringed its verge, interspersed with trailing vines that hung gracefully from its brow and waved to and fro in the zephyrs of the summer evening. On the summit of this rock stood several large trees. One of these, a spreading linden, sprung from a detached portion of the rock which lay like a massive boulder on the little moss colored table which constituted the summit of the whole pile. This boulder was covered with a carpet of green velvety moss, while the twisted roots of the linden wound around its base and penetrated its crevices and fissures, as if to anchor it in position. It stood four or five feet above the mossy summit upon which it lay. This beautiful and quiet retreat was approached by a gradual ascent or slope from the one side, while the other side was precipitous and inaccessible from below.

From this rock was presented a view of remarkable grandeur, stretching off to through the valleys and gorges, the slopes and cliffs of the mountains as far as the vision could trace objects. The rivers and mountain streams lay like threads of silver in the blue and dim distance. Villages, with their tall spires, could be traced and noted

in the distant valleys, but they lay there hushed and silent as cities of the dead. An oppressive sense of solitude will steal over the mind of the thoughtful as they gaze upon the busy haunts of man at such a distance as to shut out from the apprehension all but the place of living action.

It was evening, in the early part of September, that Eda sat upon the mossy seat beneath the linden upon this pile of rock. She had read her father's letter and had replaced it in her pocket, when she, in a low voice, broke the silence with the words with which this chapter opens.

The sun was sinking toward the western horizon, tinging the western outlines of mountains and rocky cliffs with gorgeous gold, and deepening the blue and purple shadows that bathed their eastern fronts. She sat and gazed in the distance, awaiting the evening songs of the colored work hands, as she knew the hour was approaching when it would arise from the plantations in tones and responses mellowed by distance.

At length the first strain arose from a great distance, in a prolonged plaintive melody, and reverberated along the mountain side like the silvery tones of a distant flute. She could just distinguish the words,

"Way up de stony mountain."

After a pause of nearly a minute, this line was responded to from another direction, in as clear and mellow a voice, and at a great distance. The response ran thus,

"Tom's gone away."

In a half a minute more arose in another direction,

"Come again to-morrow mornen."

Next follows in still another direction,

"At broke ob de day."

This stanza was repeated, in the same manner, at least twenty times, and broke from as many different directions in which many voices joined at each line, with an interval, or pause of nearly a minute between each line.

The twilight had rendered objects indistinct before the last voice sent up its challenge,

"Way up the stony mountain."

which died away in mountain valleys without response.

Eda rested her head upon her hand as she reclined upon the moss, until her reverie was broken by a voice from below crying:

"Eda, child, an't you afeard you'l take cold 'way up there in the night air?"

"I am coming down, Aunt Rosa," replied Eda to this insignificant summons.

She arose and descended. She found Mrs. Ramsdale sitting upon the steps which led to the neat rustic piazza along the front of the new house.

"I do believe you're in love," said Aunt Rosa, as Eda seated herself beside her on the step. "I might a' most say you're in love, for that's jist the way I was always tryen to git off alone somewhere when I first fell in love with my man; an' it's mighty queer if a girl an't in love at your age."

"Aunt Rosa," said Eda, "what if I am in love? Is there any crime in being in love?"

"No, dear child. No, indeed. That's what we women are made for, sooner or later; an' railey I think the sooner the better, if it's right down heart love. I'm right glad to find you are in love, ef you've made a good choice. Who is the feller?"

"I have not said yet that I was in love," said Eda.

"Well you mought as well say so, for you show it in your actions as plain as day. There a'nt no harm in it, as I said before. I'll say this, whoever gets you for a wife will get a help-mate nobody need to be ashamed of, for any young girl that never had no mother, nor no chance to larn anything, like to leave a fine rich home, where she can walk in her silks an' satins every day of her life, an' come away out here to larn how to spin an' work jist to know how to be useful an' do her juty in life, is more than common, an' it's a plaguey good man that deserves sich a wife. Poor, dear child, I know you're in love an' feel lemencholy, an' I know how to pity you, for it's lonesome to you away out here so far from any place. But, never mind, you're larnen very fast, an' then you can go back an' see your feller again. I know it seems long to you, but in this life we've got to meet our ups an' downas; they may come to-day, or they may come to-morrow, or next year, an' we can't tell when, but the're sure to come an' they will, an' everybody's heart is pretty much the same; these ups and downs hurt when they come; no odds who the body is, or whether they have a dixonary edication, an' use high flown language or not. I reckon some folks thinks that onedicated people ha'nt got no feelens; but that's a great mistake. Now here's me, I know no queen ever loved her husband stronger than I loved my man. I thought it would raily break my heart till I found out that he was in love with me, an' that we was a goen to have each other."

"Yes, but Aunt Rosa, supposing you had discovered that he did

not love you, and that you were not to have each other, what then would you have done?" asked Eda.

"Don't ask such a question, child. There an't no philosophy in it. It is always a good rule for us to keep in bounds of what is likely to happen, an' not run off into providen for onlikelihoods,"

"Aunt Rosa," said Eda, laying her hand upon the bosom of Mrs. Ramsdale, "I am very unhappy, and I feel as if I could not live without sympathy. I must tell you; I cannot keep my secret. You are so good, you will not tell anyone;—but, I love and am not loved in return."

"My poor, dear Eda!" said Aunt Rosa, parting the hair on Eda's forehead and kissing her, "You must be mistaken, for surely nobody would be sich a fool as not to love you. Did he tell you that he did'n't love you, or only show it by signs?"

"We have very little acquaintance with each other, and have met but twice or three times, but he has always manifested not only an indifference to my society, but a cold and distant reserve in my presence."

"That's no sign," said Mrs. Ramsdale, and continued, "How could he help loven you? tell me that. Anybody that would'n't love you an't worth haven, an' an't fit for a husband for anybody. Just as like as any way he's just dead in love with you, an' you don't know it."

"No, there is another lady he is partial to, and pays marked attentions. They board at the same house, and I have no doubt there is a matrimonial engagement between them."

"Well, it's a pity if it is so. You must try to forget him, I suppose; but there's poor comfort in that. Sometimes I a most think we poor women ha'nt got a fair chance, somehow. If we get in love we mus'nt say a word about it, nor let the men know about it, or they will hoot it at us and call us impudent, brazen things; an' then, again, when I come to consider about it, I think it's all right; for you see, child, we women are queer too; we an't like men. Men they come after us an' seek us out, an' it's our natur to hold back, an' hide our feelens like. If things was different, an' women was allowed to go couretn the men, as they do us, still no rail nice woman would run after the men like they do after us; because it ai'nt decent, an' we wouldn't do it."

"No, Aunt Rosa, I would not for the world he should find out that I have a tender partiality for him."

"That is just it, we are always trying to hide from the men our feelens for them, an' if we was to show our tender feelens they would

despise us for it. It is all right as it is, an' it ought'nt to be any other way. But don't let's talk any more about it. It makes you lemencholy, an' you won't sleep good to night. We'll talk about our tomorras day's work. You know it's a good rule in housekeeping to always lay out each day's work the night before; then we always know what to go at the first in the morning. What will you begin on?"

' I will go down to the loom and finish that piece of linen," said Eda.

" Then you did'nt get it done out?"

" No," replied Eda, " When Andy came with the letter from my father I went up to the summit of the rocks, and have been there every since, until you called me."

" Well you'l see, when it comes to be bleached, that you've got as nice a pair of ten hundred linen as you ever laid eyes on."

" Why do you call it ten hundred linen, Aunt Rosa?" enquired Eda.

" Because, you see, child, the reed that it's wove on takes ten hundred threads of the warp, and in course the threads must be very fine. You'll have enough of it to make a nice pair o' sheets an' pillow-slips. An' it is a rule among us country folks that no girl is fit for a wife 'till she can weave and bleach, and make up a pair o' fine sheets and pillow-slips."

" I think the rule is a good one. But I have got to have the process of bleaching," said Eda.

" O that easy done," said Mrs. Ramsdale, " You just bile the brown linen in some lye, 'till it's pretty well biled; then you take it out and spread it on the grass an' let it dry in the sun. As soon as it's dry you sprinkle it with water 'till it is as wet as it can be; an' so whenever it dries you sprinkle it again 'till it's as white as you want it. Then you put it in the sours an' let lay a day an' a night, and then wash it out, an' dry it, an' iron it, and then it's bleached."

" My father will be proud of me, and I will be proud of myself when I show him that piece of linen and tell him I made it," said Eda Wilson erecting herself from the lap of Mrs. Ramsdale upon which she had until now reclined.

" Indeed, it's what any one might be proud of, I'm sure," said Aunt Rosa, " especially a young girl that never saw a spinen' wheel, nor a loom 'till they was twenty years old. Raissen flax, an rating it, an' broken' it, an' swinglen' it, an' weavin' it, an' bleachin'

it, that's women's work. It's all hard work, but soft is the sleep on the nice clean sheets it makes, then the work is done."

"This life," continued Mrs. Ramsdell, is a queer kind of a riddle, any how. Everything we do that ain't just right brings it's own punishment, just as sure as night follows day. If we are idle, and fool our time away, we have no appetites, an' can't sleep, an' feel mean generally; but when we do our juty, an' work, we can eat anything but a whetstone; an' then sleep is sleep, full-blooded sleep, no matter whether it's on the soft side of a plank or on a down bed."

"Yes, Aunt Rosa," replied Eda, "I have learned what rest is from being tired, and what appetite is from being hungry."

"There is nothing like hunger to give a relish to one's victuals; it makes old butter taste fresh, and sour milk sweet. Now, my man an' me, when we first set up housekeepin', it's dreadful little we had to begin with, I tell you, except willing hearts, good health, good consciences, and good appetites. An' I tell ye these are all good in their places. Well, we did our best every day. If we had but little to eat, we thought it was good, an' could eat it, and always glad it was no worse; an' whatever the supper lacked we made up in sleep, for we was always tired enough to sleep sound. An' now, that we've got a plenty of everything to live on, I tell my man, sometimes, that I don't enjoy life half as well as we used to when we lived from hand to mouth; an' it's all because we ha'nt got the same good old appetite. But come, child, it's time we was both in bed an' asleep, for we must be up an' at it bright and early."

So saying, they separated and retired to rest.

There was much true philosophy in the practical theory of Aunt Rosa Ramsdale. We are obliged to submit to the circumstances of life as they occur. If reluctantly and with dissatisfaction we meet the reverses and privations that every one must expect, we thereby mix the gall and wormwood which embitters and poisons the whole cup. If we accept these reverses and misfortunes with cheerfulness and complacency, still looking forward in the future with a firm hope for better things, we create the sunshine around us that gilds the clouds of misfortune and lightens the burden of adversity.

The conduct of our lives should be regulated with reference to the probabilities, not the possibilities of life. It is possible that an accident may transpire to give shape to the entire destiny of an individual. Yet it will not do for any one to sit down and await the accidents of life. If no such accident does transpire, then a life is

defeated, and the individual has lived to no purpose. We must struggle, and that, too, independent of the prospect of favorable accidents. If the accident then comes to fill our laps from the cornucopia of blind fortune, it is not hindered and embarrassed by our former struggles. Were we all, like Micawber, to sit down and wait for something to turn up, the wheels of the great moving universe of physical action would soon stand still. We may die to-morrow, yet we must regulate our conduct as if our three score and ten years were a certainty. Let us plant our tree to-day, though it be possible we will die to-morrow; for, should we not die, our tree is there already planted for our use; should we die, the tree is planted, will grow, and fructify for the use of mankind. The tree may not die, though we do, and in it our munificence lives. It is a narrow and a selfish philosophy that does not in its scope embrace the welfare of future ages—that looks only to individual benefits and selfish gain. The same philosophy that is governed by this narrow conception would prompt its advocates to fell their tree to-day, if they were to die to-morrow, lest some other one would reap the fruits of their labor.

The broad, the humane axiom of life, in this respect, is, live for yourself and for your fellow man. Every individual is mankind's individual, as well as his own.

Eda Wilson retired to bed, but she did not sleep until long after midnight. A nervous unrest had seized her. She had been looking forward, for several days, to hear from her father. That evening she had received his letter, and had read it. It was tender and affectionate, and still it was not satisfactory. She had been three months at Mrs. Ramsdale's residence in the mountains; she had received several letters from her father. The name of Preston had not been mentioned in any of them. She had exiled herself with the intention to habituate herself to a life without a hope of connubial relations, and to school herself in the preliminary lessons of a life of celibacy. She knew full well that this ordeal was to be a severe one. She did not expect to extinguish an affection which had its origin in the deepest and purest impulses of her nature. She had hoped, however, that in placing herself under circumstances which would cut off all communication with the object of that affection, that she would gradually alienate her mind from that object to such a degree as to make its burden tolerable through a life of celibacy. Still she found herself, in the solitude of the mountain life she had chosen, where she was entirely removed from social diversions, and where every scene and circumstance tended to turn her thoughts

more forcibly into her own interior mental nature, that her affection was intensified, and that, like one who strains his ear and holds his breath to catch the last dying tone of a strain of sweet, distant music, she was awaiting to hear even the name of the distant object of her love.

She turned on her pillow and sighed. It was singular that her father had not even mentioned the name of Preston. She reflected and reasoned with herself upon this fact, with a hope to account for it. Had Preston left her father's employment? If so, why not mention it in his letter? Was he about to be united to the Countess? Why not mention that fact? Did her father suspect her attachment and avoid mentioning the fact to save her feelings? She again turned on her pillow, with the determination to dismiss the whole matter from her mind.

She began to recount the various incidents of her life at Mrs. Ramsdale's. She had been an inmate of that worthy lady's family nearly three months. She had accomplished one object of her ambition. After many unsuccessful attempts, she had, three days before, succeeded in making such butter as Aunt Rosa and her husband pronounced equal to any they had ever tasted. Eda had milked the cow herself, had attended to and performed all the minutiae and details from the milking of the cow to the printing the rich yellow rolls with Aunt Rosa's new butter print, which she brought home with her from Baltimore, and which left on each roll the sharp impress of a star with five points. This success was a triumph for her. She felt it. She felt a pride equal to that of the young Bachelor of Arts when he takes the diploma of his degree for the first time in his hand. It was in the early morning of a clear, bright day that Eda Wilson did her churning, in the little milk house, through which bubbled the sparkling waters of a pure fountain that gushed from the rocks a few rods above. The sun arose and beamed through the open door of the milk house, just as the butter was formed. She feared to remove the lid and examine the result. Twice before, under like circumstances, her experiments of butter making had failed. The first disappointment she bore with philosophy, but the second was more discouraging. She wept bitterly over her failure; and now that the result of her third effort was to be realized, she trembled and fairly turned sick. She did not remove the churn lid to examine her butter. When she discovered that the process of churning was completed, she turned away, and for several minutes leaned against the wall in painful suspense. At last she opened her churn, and cautiously raised a large lump of

golden butter into the snow-white wooden tray. A smile illumined her countenance, and her eyes brightened, as she set it upon the milk table and contemplated it. She took a small portion of the butter on a knife and tasted it. The knife fell to the floor, and, clasping her hands above her head, she exclaimed, "Thank fortune! at last I have triumphed! I told papa I would. How proud he will be of me!" She did not stop to walk, but, like a child, skipped up the bank to the kitchen door, where Mrs. Ramsdale was preparing breakfast, exclaiming as she flew along, "Oh, Aunt Ross, come and see *my* butter!"

It was a triumph indeed. The whole family rejoiced in it. Each member of it had to come and peer into the churn; the little ones gazed up into the face of the happy Eda in apparent curiosity, for they could perceive no difference between her butter and any other butter.

Several times during the day the daughter of the millionaire made visits to the milk house, uncovered her butter, and contemplated it in silent satisfaction.

This triumph, with all its incidents, passed in review through her mind, but closed with the mental question, "What would Charles Preston say, to see my nice butter?" Then, like a cloud, the whole matter of her situation, and her life without hope, rolled back upon her memory, and she raised up in her bed and wept.

Oh, ye tears! Ye are the messengers of the heart to the outer world! Ye are the household angels of the soul, that dissolve its bitterest drops and pour them out into oblivion. Ye come like refreshing dew-drops, with soothing balm and gentle sleep upon your wings.

After Eda had wept several minutes, she laid back upon her pillow and slept soundly until morning.

Here was a triumph—a lofty moral triumph. What matters it whether these great human triumphs deal with the destiny of nations—with lofty human enterprises or with scientific investigations and philosophical researches, or with the more insignificant details of domestic life? They are all moral triumphs of equal importance and equal significance in their way.

The daughter of a millionaire, with the means of commanding every luxury of life, and of gratifying every frivolous ambition of her social position, with no other motive but that of becoming useful in the great social relations, eschews every social enjoyment and secludes herself, to enter the ordeal through which she must needs pass to attain the sacred seat to which she aspires. No motive of

greed or gain moves her. She is elevated by a high sense of duty, and supported in her elevation by an exalted abnegation. The tears she shed upon her second disappointment, and her failure to make good butter, were as much tears as those shed by the old Roman General on the loss of a battle, or of the Emperor Napoleon over a demolished throne. Her pride and her rejoicing were as genuine and as laudable, and with them the same moral effect, as if they had been elicited by the erection of a temple or the inauguration of a bronze statue. They both prove the self-sacrifice, the self-will and the firm, unyielding moral resolution; the triumph is the same in both cases; and, although of unequal physical importance in some respects, the moral effect is the same and the moral triumph equally laudable.

The daughter of the millionaire, with her own hands, had milked the cow, and by her own toil had changed the milk to butter, and she was prouder of her performance than the millionaire of his millions, to accumulate which he had wasted a lifetime. Well might she be, indeed, when the motives of both come to be truly weighed in the balance. The motive of the one is beneficent and lofty; of the other, selfish gain. The one is a moral triumph, in which the whole human family participate; the other is a usurpation, a self-aggrandizement peculiarly his own.

As Eda sat at the breakfast table the next morning, she addressed Aunt Roda, and said:

"I will finish my piece of linen to-day, and will return to Baltimore as soon as I get it bleached."

"It will be rail lonesome when you're gone," said Mrs. Ramsdale. "It seems as if you was one of the family, like. But I can't see as there's any use of your stayin' any longer, seein' as you can weave, an' make butter, an' cook, an' keep house just as neat an' scrumtious as anybody."

"Sure enough!" said Eda, "how can I keep my butter good and fresh until I am ready to go? for I must take it with me. My butter is my diploma."

"Why, child," said Mrs. Ramsdale, "you can't keep it fresh an' nice till you're ready; an' if you could, it would spile on the way."

"I will tell you, Aunt Rosa," continued Eda, "if you will sell old Brindle to me, I will hire black Jake to drive her down to the city, and I will keep her, and make nice country butter in the city."

"That'll jist be it," said Mrs. Ramsdale. "We have more cows than we want, an' Brin's gettin' old anyhow; an' still you can't

find a better cow for butter. An' then she is sich a gentle critter. I never seed a more gentler cow beast in all my borrr days."

A contract was made for the cow, and the money paid over.

"Now," said Eda Wilson, as the arrangement was consummated, "now my father shall have none but good butter on his table. I will make the butter, and supply the table with the luxury of fresh, sweet butter. I can do it, and I will convince him that his daughter is resolute in carrying out her engagements. When I left home, I resolved that I would never return until I was competent to take charge of my father's household, and successfully manage every department of it."

"Well, child," said Aunt Rosa, "you can do it as well as anybody; but remember, dear, that the best of housekeepers will fail sometimes, in spite of all they can do. Sometimes the bread won't rise, an' nobody can tell the reason of it. Sometimes the cream will sour in spite of everything, an' then, again, sometimes the butter won't come good. So you mustn't get discouraged an' give up if things don't work right always. If the persimmons are picked too soon, the beer won't be worth anything. The persimmons must have jist so much frost before they're picked, or the beer don't foment good an's kind of weak like. An' then, you must always have new, fresh wheat bran to mix up the persimmons with, an' make into cakes an' dry them, for if you take old bran, the beer will have a kind of a bitterish taste, like, an' ain't near so healthy. Mind that, child."

"I will not become discouraged, Aunt Rosa," said Eda, "for I know what I have once done I can do again. Besides, you know I shall not soon forget what you have so often repeated to me, 'practice makes perfect.'"

The family arose from the table, and separated. Eda went to her loom, the rude structure used at that day by farmers for the manufacture of their domestic fabrics, and, although the daughter of a millionaire, patiently worked away to win another triumph.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN Baltimore, a lady, transiently stopping at Barnum's City Hotel, complained of being sick, and ordered her dinner to be sent to her room. What was the astonishment and alarm of the waiter when she ordered dishes to the amount of thirty-four, besides sauces and pickles of various kinds, carefully marked off on the bill of fare.

 ANCIENT RUINS.

Egypt—Its Religious Aspect—The Jewish Religion—Similarity of the Egyptian and Hebrew Languages.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

CHAPTER V.

THE manual labor performed in Egypt, in the days of Rameses, consisted mainly in kneading clay for bricks, quarrying stones, and erecting walls, columns, obelisks, cities, and immense temples for the worship of God. This work was not performed by native Egyptians. They, with staff in hand, held strict supervision of each captive while he performed his allotted task. "A very curious painting found at Thebes upon the walls of a burial chapel, attributed to Tothmes III, shows us prisoners of war kneading clay, moulding bricks, and building the walls of a temple to Ammon under the surveillance of Egyptian superintendents armed with heavy staves. The inscription informs us that these *prisoners at hard labor* are captives by his Holiness to work upon the temple of his father Ammon." This was centuries before the days of Moses.

The following lines are found upon the back of a Hieratic (sacred) papyrus, which was found much mutilated:—"That for twelve years these men entrusted with the making of bricks be kept, and closely watched in their workshops, so as to see that they deliver exactly the number of bricks that they are ordered to make, *without rest or cessation.*"

So they oppressed the Sons of Jacob many years after this. "And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar, and and in brick, all manner of service in the field, and all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor." (Exod. 1: 14.) The native Egyptians followed warlike pursuits, and the performance of religious ceremonies.

Religious rites, sacrifices, prayers and processions were the most dignified employments in the realm. The King held the highest religious station in the worship of God, and spake for Him. The next functionary was the *High Priest*. The High Priest presided over the pontiffs, who with the priestly choirs intoned the consecrated chants at his command.

From a *mural inscription* we have the following fragments of the religious ceremonies employed at the time of the coronation of Rameses II. "On arriving at the altar, the High Priest presiding over the pageant caused the pontiffs officiating under him to intone the chant consecrated to Divine Light. Standing erect at the altar, he there received the King, who ascended to a place beside him, and aided him in completing the sacrifice ordained for the occasion; poured out consecrated libations before Ammon; burned the prescribed incense amid a shower of flowers, and prostrated himself while pronouncing these words,—'I come to thee my father Ammon, at the end of the procession of Gods, which he forever admits to his presence.'"

"*The grandmother.*—'I come to render homage to the Sovereign of Gods, Ammon-Ra, the governing and controlling head of the land of Remi (Egypt) in order that he may grant long long years to His son,—King Rameses, who loves Him.'

"*Brother.*—'We approach Thee to serve Thy Majesty, O Sovereign Lord, Ammon-Ra. Grant a pure and safely established life to Thy son, who loves Thee, Rameses, the lord of the Earth.'

"*The Queen.*—'And I the royal spouse, the all-powerful mistress of the world, bring my homage, also, to Ammon-Ra, King of gods and men. My heart rejoices in Thy loving kindness. I leap with delight under the weight of Thy favors, O Thou who dost establish the seat of Thy power in the dwelling of Thy son, the lord of the world, Rameses. Accord to him a firmly established and pure life. May his years be counted by periods of panegyrics.' To all these prayers Ammon-Ra replies by the mouth of his High Priest,—'My well beloved son, Mei-Ammon, receive from me a pure life and long days to pass upon the throne of Remi. Thou shalt joyously control the world. * * * The south and the north, the east and the west shall be brought under thy yoke; all the good gates shall be open unto thee. I will give the evil races to thee to be trampled under thy feet. The force of thy arm shall triumph in all parts of the world and the terror of thy name shall stamp itself deeply on the heaps of the barbarians. I will give thee. O my son, the scythe of battle to restrain the foreign nations, and to sever the heads of the impure. * * * May this helmet remain upon thy forehead where I place it forever.'" This grand official and regal pageant took place in Egypt *fourteen hundred years* before the Christian Era. At that time, (about the time of Moses,) Egypt had her priests, her High Priests, sacrifices, prayers, and ceremonies of Divine worship. Of the

Egyptian priesthood *Herodotus* says:—"Egyptian women were never priests,—priests shaved every three days,—they neither wore nor spent what belonged to them,—they wore linen garments,—they washed themselves with fresh water twice each day and twice each night,—when the High Priest died his son succeeded him,—when praying they made offerings of all kinds to their gods,—they consulted the *oracle* of Dodona. The oracle of Thebes, and that of Dodona yield their responses nearly in the same manner. The Egyptians were the first of all men to establish solemn processions, holidays, and offerings, and it is from them the Greeks learned these ceremonies."

The man must be blind who sees no analogy between these regulations and ordinances, and those of Moses in Leviticus, concerning the priest. According to the arrangement of Moses, no man with any deformity could be a priest much less a woman. His Priests also wore linen. "The priest shall put on his linen garments." (Levt. 6: 10.) They likewise must perform divers ablutions. "Thou shalt make a laver of brass, and his foot also of brass, to wash withal, and thou shalt put it between the tabernacle of the congregation and the altar, for Aaron and his sons to wash their hands and their feet thereat. * * * They shall wash with water that they die not." (Exod. 30: 18.) The priests were washed at the time of their consecration. "And Moses brought Aaron and his sons and washed them with water." (Lev. 8: 6.) When the High Priest dies his son succeeds him. (Exod. 29.) The *offerings* and intercessions were made by the priests. They also consulted the *oracle*, (1 Kings 8: 6.) and the Hebrew people had their "holidays," and their religious processions, their new moons, and full moons. According to the "General History, Cyclopedic, and Dictionary of Freemasonry," the *urim and thumim*, worn by the High Priest of Israel, by which they gave oracular answers to the people, were of "Egyptian origin." Clement of Alexandria says: "Touching mysterious things, the symbols of the Egyptians are like unto those of the Hebrews." (Egyptian Symbols, p. 16.) No one can doubt this authority, nor suppose that Moses was ignorant of the religious forms and ceremonies of the Egyptians. Moses was as well acquainted with the language, the politics, the religion, the magic, the soothsaying, and the legerdemain performances of the Egyptian priests and prophets, as they were themselves. In his contest with these wizzards in the presence of Pharoah "they waved the conjurer's rod," and he made use of his rod.

"And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,

and was mighty in words and deeds." (Acts 7: 22.) If he did not frame the Jewish polity much after the style of the Egyptian Theocracy, it was not on account of his ignorance so to do, nor inability to accomplish it. The Egyptians made as high pretensions to a Theocracy as the Hebrews possibly could make. Nor is it saying too much when we affirm that Moses exercised as absolute authority over the tribes of Israel as any Pharaoh ever did over the people of Remi.

For the proof of this, we have only to call to mind the circumstances attending the worship of Aaron's golden calf, when he commanded the Levites to "put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And there fell of the people that day about three thousand men." (Exod. 32: 27.)

He commanded the officers of the whole army, and "was wroth with them" for sparing the Midianites. (Numbers 31: 14.) His was an absolute power.

In the absence of all religious historical knowledge, save our Holy Scriptures, many persons erroneously conclude that the only people on the face of the earth who had priests, prayers, prophets, sacrifices, and all the ceremonies of Divine worship, were the Hebrews; when the truth is, that the Egyptians and other nations practiced them centuries before there was a Hebrew nation in existence. Some are so frightened lest the strong pillars of our religion be thrown down, that they dare not admit that the Egyptians worshipped the *true God*. We suggest in all candor, that it may be possible that all professing Christianity do not worship the *true God*. Many seem to entertain such puerile ideas of his being, that an intelligent man could not worship such a Deity without incurring the guilt of idolatry. What shameful views have children and illiterate ones of that underived, immortal, immaterial, self-existent and almighty Power we call GOD! With them he is a physical prodigy, perhaps a head taller than Goliath of Gath.

It is easy enough to *speak the name* of Deity, without any correct idea of his existence as a *spiritual essence*. There is but little in the name; and the Egyptian names are just as expressive of his attributes as the Hebrew names.

The Egyptians used the names Ammon (Jupiter), Phud, Baal, Month, Ammon-Ra, Phtha, Tmei, and Hor-Meni, to denote the Deity.

The Hebrews used for the same purpose the names El, Elo-

heim, Jah, Jehovah, Ehejeh, Adonai, Shaddai, and Jehovah-Tsa-baoth. In Hebrew poetry, Jah is oftenest used, as in the word *Hallelujah*, praise ye Jah. Now what is in these names? Jah, Phra and Phtha sound much alike, far more so than our word God and the Hebrew Shaddai. And how do we know that we mean what they meant?

Thousands and thousands of professed Christians fear to know the truth, lest it destroy their faith, when it is the province of truth to confirm faith and destroy superstition only. These persons know but little more about the BIBLE, when their locks are gray, than they did in the cradle. All their religious aspirations seem to be to feel happy, and get to heaven. They float on the current of time, as owls fly athwart the bright expanse of heaven, drawing their eyelids close, lest the glorious light of day should paralyze their feeble optic nerves, and thus destroy their sight forever.

The similarity of the Hebrew and Egyptian languages is striking. We have before shown that the Hebrew poetry presents the features of the Egyptian, and many phrases in the prayers and thanksgivings are alike.

The long controlling influence of Egyptian literature deeply impressed itself on the style of the Hebrews. We have already adduced Clemens Alexandrinus to show that their symbols were identical. The Egyptians had their sacred dialect (*hieroglyphic*) and their popular or common dialect, (*koinee*), the same as we have at the present time. Our Bible has its "solemn" style, quite unlike our literary productions. "It is now generally acknowledged that the Egyptian religion and system of writing were borrowed from Ethiopia." (Champollion's *Egypte Ancienne*, p. 28, etc.)

Wansleben has produced five hundred roots, in the Ethiopian language, which are contained identically in the Hebrew. (Ludolf's *Ethiopian Dictionary*, p. 475.) Hence their sacred dialects were similar.

Man is the only being on earth endowed by the Creator with a *moral* or *religious* nature; and from the days of the great progenitor, Adam, to the present time, he has in some way exercised himself in a religious manner, in Divine worship. His misguided zeal in this regard has often led him wrong, while it manifests the profound sincerity of his aspiration to adore the great Creator.

It was the custom of those ancient nations to incorporate into their religions the ceremonies and rites of neighboring tribes, when they considered them solemn and impressive, and even to set up in

their temples the representative images of their gods, with their own. The Jews were prohibited by Moses from doing this, but the mandate was often violated. Any one well acquainted with the religious history of ancient times, perceives among all nations a similarity in their faith in God, their temples for his worship, their *altars*. sacrifices, prayers and processions, prophets, priests, and "workers of miracles."

We do not pretend that the Hebrew and Egyptian languages were alike, but we have shown that the language employed in their *sacred* writings contained the *ground form* of words enough, which were identical, to establish their similarity. Both these languages were written from right to left.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place,
 Unchanged through all these years;
 How like some sweet familiar face
 My childhood's home appears!
 The grand old trees beside the door
 Still spread their branches wide,
 The river wanders as of yore,
 With sweetly murmuring tide;
 The distant hills look green and gray,
 The flowers are blooming wild,
 And everything looks glad to-day,
 As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,
 Half wondering I stand,
 I catch no fond endearing tone,
 I clasp no friendly hand,
 I think my mother's smile to meet,
 I list my father's call,
 I pause to hear my brother's feet
 Come bounding through the hall;
 But silence all around me reigns,
 A chill creeps through my heart—
 No trace of those I love remains,
 And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
 What though the budding flowers
 Still shed their fragrance on the air,
 Within life's golden hours?
 The loving ones that clustered here
 These walls may not restore;

Voices that filled my youthful ear
 Will greet my soul no more.
 And yet I quit the dear old place
 With slow and lingering tread,
 As when we kiss a clay-cold face,
 And leave it with the dead.

ELOQUENT AND APPROPRIATE.

THE following extract from the oration delivered by Bro. Jesse P. Anthony, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Masonic Temple at Troy, will be read with interest :

This day, August 2d, 1871, will ever be a bright day in our annals, one ever present with us—a starting point, as it were, to a new era of Masonry.

To-day do we enthusiastically and proudly unite in placing the chief stone of the corner of our building.

To-day do we commence the erection of a material Temple, in which we all hope to assemble, and in which our children's children may gather in the years to come.

To-day do we render devout thanksgiving to Almighty God that, through the wisdom of His providence, we are permitted to start the good work.

To-day the eyes are gladdened and hearts swell with emotions too deep for utterance, as, in casting our glance over the coming months, we see this building rise, until, from corner-stone to cap-stone, we are permitted to behold the Temple in its beauty and grandness completed, and the joyful tidings is heard, "It is finished."

May the Line, the Level, and Square to-day
 Make perfect work as this stone we lay;
 May it rest secure in this chosen spot,
 And a bulwark prove that changeth not,
 And that as we lay this corner-stone,
 May our Temple stand when the work is done.

The corner-stone, as the foundation on which the structure is supposed to rest, is the most important stone in the whole edifice, and considered from a practical point of view, necessarily needs to be square, true, of good material, and properly set. On its squareness depends the perpendicularity of the walls—from its trueness do we obtain the proper level, and on its perfection depends the perpetuity of the building.

As this is true, when considered strictly from a practical view, so may we apply it to the man who becomes a Mason ; at the very

outset he is taught to take his proper place, and as an upright man and Mason, charged to see that the corner-stone of his Masonic edifice is laid true, and that it will bear the test of the Plumb, Square, and Level. He who erects his Masonic structure on such a base, giving "reverence to God and good will and charity to all," and carries this principle through all the actions of his life, is building for himself a Temple just and beautiful in all its proportions—a Temple against which nothing will ultimately prevail—a Temple which will arise from the ruins of creation, and will be devoted to the service of Almighty God.

As with individuals, so it is with our fraternity, when we consider it as a body. All must see to it that the corner-stone of our fabric, "Charity, Fraternity, and Equality," is firmly set on the principle of reverence for and dependence upon God—having that for its permanent and its indestructible foundation; drawing all our rules and precepts from the Great Light in Masonry, we are enabled to live as brother with brother, united by that mystic chain

Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

While we are as members of one family, yet going forth in the principles of our noble and beloved institution to the relief of the needy, the raising up of the oppressed, the joy of the sorrowing, and the support of the helpless.

As a young member of the Order, I cannot be expected to speak to you from the experience of age, or to utter words of wisdom gained through any gift of my own; still I trust that I may be able to throw out some hints that may be of profit to us all.

We to-day come before the world as a distinct organization, wearing that symbol of purity which is the peculiar emblem of our Order. See to it that our profession and creed is not a mockery; not only in the eyes of men, but in the eye of Him who knoweth and seeth all things, and who has promised that to him that overcometh shall be given a white stone with a new name written, which no man knoweth save him who is faithful.

What is the institution of which we are members?

Is it an association of men for social gratification only, or for the mutual protection of a few?

Is it for the purpose of carrying on any secret work in opposition to the country's laws?

Is it a mere ritual, a mere ceremony, a mere brotherhood even?

No, none of these are its objects. While being social in its character, it has a higher and loftier aim.

While as a brother to brother it will succor in distress, yet a shield of protection it extends over many, outside of the Order, who are unable to withstand the misfortunes and ills of this world.

While it does its work in secret, it is not from fear of publicity, but because the very element of secrecy constitutes the cement that binds us together as a society :

“ The mystic tie is more than words,
It lives within the heart;
A bond of honor, love and truth,
The Mason's constant chart.”

Its aim is the welfare and happiness of mankind, and to carry forward the great principle of brotherly love. “ In its bosom flows cheerily the milk of human kindness, and its heart expands with love and charity.” That charity which illumines many a household and makes the light of joy to reign where only despair and sorrow has had an abiding place. It throws its arm of protection about the erring, and by its laws and principles endeavors to induce such to retrace their steps. It coöperates with religion in restraining the passions, resisting the tempter, and harmonizing the discordant elements of man.

“ Religion is the golden cord which unites man to God; Masonry the silver line which runs from man to man.”

If the sublime and immutable principles of our Order were not deeply founded in truth and virtue, how is it that the banner of Freemasonry is spread through every land and among every people?

If the foundation of our code of morals had not the safe and sure base that it has, would it have withstood the test of time?

If our corner-stone rested on an earthly and selfish principle, would it bear the attacks of the ignorant?

“ No! no! the Mason's corner-stone,
A deeper, stronger, nobler base,
Which time or foes can not displace,
Is *faith in God*—and this alone.”

Masonry is an institution not of yesterday, to-day or to-morrow, but for all time. As it has withstood adversity in the past, so it will in the future, and the only limit to it is from its own members.

And here the question naturally suggests itself, are we doing as an Order what we might or ought to do? Do we by our efforts endeavor to elevate it in honor and usefulness by laboring to promote its growth in the intelligence and purity of its members and its active charities, or do we manifest a spirit of indifference, and resting satisfied with mere ritual, let it sink into neglect and uselessness?

If the latter is too common, what will be the result, brethren? Will Masonry be respected and honored—will the pure and intelligent of society desire to be enrolled among its members? Rather will it be regarded as a useless association which neither improves character nor promotes usefulness.

As we sow, so shall we reap. If by its own members Masonry is degraded, we cannot expect that reputable men outside the Order will regard it with favor.

In your hands, as Masons and Brethren of the Royal art, is placed the welfare and prosperity of Masonry.

Brethren, the object of our gathering has been accomplished: the stone has been tested by the *square* of spotless virtue, by the *level* of changeless equality, by the *plumb* of infallible wisdom, and pronounced to be good.

The Craftsmen have performed their duty.

The stone has been consecrated by the symbols of that harmony so necessary to every good work.

“ Round this spot may *plenty* reign,
Peace, with spirit all benign;
Unity, the golden three—
 Here their influence ever be.”

For years past the Masonic fraternity has gone on receiving petitions, making Masons, and doing the regular Masonic work.

During the past forty years, to be a Mason has called for no special zeal on the part of its members. He has not been called on by adversity or any extraordinary contingency to demonstrate that he is not only a Mason in name, but that he is also one in heart, and and that as a member of the Craft he is willing to prove that he is desirous, by every means possible, to bear testimony by deeds of his love for the Institution of which he is proud to call himself a member.

While we have been walking over a smooth road, with no tasks before us requiring a self-denial, we have been presumed to be Masons. That time has passed, and the time has at length arrived when every man will be tested as to what he is willing to do for Masonry.

* * * * *

I am proud, for one, that I am a member at a time when something beyond mere profession is required. At a time when there is an opportunity to exhibit practically the regard in which we hold our institution, the value that we place upon it as a means of doing good. At a time when it requires us to do all that lies in our power

to carry forward this undertaking. At a time when we can, by a united effort, place our fraternity in the position that it merits—clear of embarrassment, and free to devote its energies to the most thorough exemplification of its tenets.

I am satisfied that there is not a Mason before me, but that now has the same feeling. Cultivate it, brethren; keep the ground mellow, and the good result will be shown in the fruit that is brought forth.

For one I love the Institution, not only for the good it has done in the past, is doing now, but more especially do I esteem it above all others—with one exception—for the power that it has within itself, which, if carried out in this world, would make us a mighty power and influence for good. As a moral institution, its power cannot be overestimated—we need it, and shall ever need it, until the opening of that day shall bring forth the celestial and eternal institution provided by God himself:

And then farewell, Masonic band,
 To Consecrations—Dedications—Halls;
 Each man a well-wrought stone shall stand,
 Made ready for the heavenly walls;
 A pillar 'neath that mighty dome,
 Where children find a Father's home.

SOLOMON AND THE GIBLIM.

IN building the Temple, Solomon was so situated as to be able to avail himself of the arts and wealth of the richest and most artistic nations of the world. Tyre, Damascus, Babylon, India, Arabia, Egypt, encircled him in a broad belt of opulence and splendor. In the center of an active commerce between these States, and cultivating amicable relations with all, the son of David was clearly at the focus of the world's art and treasure. He might unite the skill that built the pyramids of Egypt and the temples of Ninevah, with that which constructed the fanes of the Ganges, and the palaces of the merchant princes of Tyre. Nor was science in a crude and infantile state in those remotest eras. The architectural mind of the pyramids was not untinged with geometric lore; and Assyrian remains show that art was degenerating from a higher, rather than germinating from a lower era of culture. The constructive intellect of the race was as ripe at the beginning as it is now. Vulcan lived near Eden, and the intellect of ante-diluvian myriads was as god-like in its signature as that of any succeeding age. And the men that came

out of the Ark, bringing with them the science of a perished world, have left in the cyclopean structures they immediately planned, specimens for all time of how grand that world had been.

There may be something, after all, in what the Masonic legends tell us, of scientific secrets communicated by God to man at the very outset. There is much in the mysterious temples of the Druids, and of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Ganges, to impress one with the probability of some such idea.

When, then, we behold an assemblage of Tyrian artists upon the ground, proceeding to measure the area of the Jebusite threshing-floor, we need not imagine them a rude, illiterate throng. We behold men on whose broad, square, massive brows and protuberant temples nature has written the sign manual of constructive genius. They come with the lore of the Adyta of Egypt, where they have traveled, and studied, and wrought, and with the skill of India, where they have banded themselves in secret Fraternities; they come from the heights of Chaldea, the plain of Shinar, and the mounds of Mesopotamia, with their occult mysteries sacredly guarded from the vulgar, handed down from generations before the flood, and cherished as a divine deposit; they come at the bidding of the Lord's anointed to consecrate that science to the working out in solid rock of the divine plan. That plan, expressly revealed of God to David, the world's college of Master-Masons and architects are assembled to consider and carry into execution.

And there among them, their presiding officer, stands the celebrated Tyrian, sent on special embassy by his Royal Master, as skillful to work in metal, stone, timber, embroidery, and engraving, and to solve any enigma that may be propounded by the deep thinkers of Solomon's schools. Men that had trod the halls of Nineveh, and of hundred gated Thebes, there they stand in the open air on the level area of Araunah.

Who would have thought of a temple durable as time, on that summit, chosen for the very purpose that the free airs of heaven might winnow the wheat, and purge the threshing floor? Outside of the lofty fortress of Zion, whose turrets overtop them, and whose shadow the setting sun casts eastwardly across them. They measure and mark out the ground. Here the temple must rise. Such and such must be its precise limits, fronting east, west, north, south. But, before that temple can stand firmly here, the mount itself must be shaped, squared, and leveled.

Yonder, where the southern side shelves away toward the valley of Hinnon, let excavations be sunk to the strata of the hidden rock,

and massive walls be founded. So on the east, where the ground shelves down precipitously to the Kedron, similar battlements must be constructed, and on the west and north others of less depth. And when these massive walls shall rise to the level of the original threshing-floor, a panel-work of stone, a massive veneering of rock, then let the space inclosed be filled in with earth, or built over by solid floors, sustained by massive arches and cyclopean piers below. Then will the mountain of Moriah be sufficiently enlarged and elaborated, to be prepared to bear upon its mighty quadrangle the temple of the Lord, with its spacious courts. Thus these architects of Tyre must first literally build the mountain of the house before they can build the house itself. That mountain of the house, at least as to its lower courses, stands there now just as they built it, immovable for all time. But the house that rested on that mountain has been swept away as our Lord said, and not one stone left upon another.

It was this having to build the mountain first, before they could build the temple proper, comparatively a very small structure, that occasioned such immense outlay of men and materials. After the working plans had been drawn, the estimates made, and the bills delivered, to the last cubit and hand-breadth, the king could judge of the labor necessary.

Eighty thousand men were detailed to quarry and hew in the mountains, and twenty thousand to the labor of transportation. This force of a hundred thousand, chiefly Canaanites, was officered by thirty-six hundred master-workmen. Besides these there was a levy of thirty thousand Israelities, who served in courses, ten thousand by the month, one month in the mountains, two months at home. And finally there was the quota of workmen furnished by the Prince of Tyre, "for," said Solomon, "there is not among us any that can skill to cut timber with the Sidonians."

By this vast army of laborers, immense quantities of material were prepared. The builders hewed the timber. The gblim, or Masons, squared the stones, "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones," some of which are now visible, more than thirty feet in length.

And, as if to impress us with an idea of the science employed in the construction, we are told that when it came to the actual work of erection, the building went up without stroke of hammer. Not that there was no driving of nails in the wood-work, but no stroke of hammer for the cutting of stone, or shaping any material for its required position. The *plan* had been perfect; the specifications perfect to hand-breadth and hair's breadth; and the work under the plans

had been faithful and exact. Thus over the vastly extended work, covering a period of seven years, an intellectual power is seen to have presided as clear, comprehensive, profound, probably as any engaged in modern works of a similar nature.

Is it not an interesting fact, to be able to identify the ground-plan and bottom-courses of that gigantic labor of the old-world gibleim?

Yet in El Haram-esh-Sherif, in Jerusalem, there can be no question we have the Moriah of Solomon.

Speaking of its bottom courses, Dr. Robinson says; "Here then we have indisputable remains of Jewish antiquity. There seems little room for hesitation in referring them back to the days of Solomon, who built here immense walls, immovable for all time. Ages upon ages have rolled away, yet these foundations still endure, and are immovable as at the beginning."

We have always felt that no other spot on earth could compare an interest with this. To behold this, to stand in the midst of Jerusalem's ruins, and take pleasure in her stones and favor the dust thereof, has ever been, and is still the darling dream of our imagination. May death never seal our eye till we have seen that sacred sight, and exclaimed, "*Nunc dimittis.*"

As to the temple which was superbly wrought upon this immense quadrangle, we attempt no description. It preserved the same general features with the tabernacle, fronting the east, divided into two ports, holy and most holy, and was composed of the most durable and costly materials, overlaid with immense quantities of gold and precious stones. Viewed under an eastern sky from the battlements of Zion, it must have presented an object of dazzling splendor and bewildering beauty.

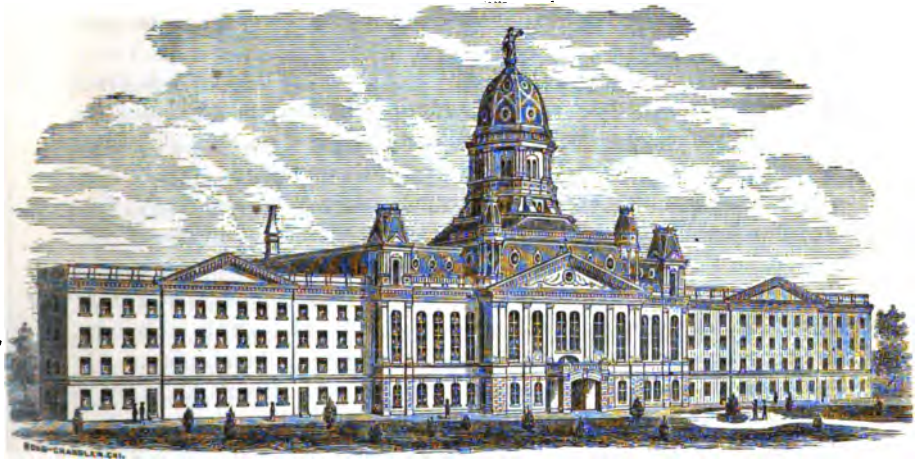
The idea which had before expressed itself temporarily in the Tabernacle, here embodied itself anew, in a form combining whatever was durable in substance, rare in value, or exalted in art.

The perishable tabernacle, with its comparatively vile coverings of skins, underwent here a species of resurrection, being metamorphosed into a house symmetrical, durable, glorious.

Even so there is to be, when the resurrection shall dawn, a mightier transfiguration, a more superbly glorious metamorphosis.

The stones for a sublimer temple are now being hewed on the sides of life's Lebanon. Every believer is a living stone for that fane wherein Christ is head of the corner. And as the tabernacle of the desert was suddenly metamorphosed into the golden gleaming temple, so do we look for our Lord from heaven to change our vile

body, and fashion it like His own glorious body. "For we know that if our earthly *tabernacle* be dissolved, we have a building of God, an *HOUSE* not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—*Independent*.



UNIVERSITY HALL.

WE are indebted to Mr. R. A. Beal, the proprietor of the *Courier* Steam Printing-House, where our magazine is now worked, for the above cut, representing the new University Hall at Ann Arbor. As our Craft is interested not only in the art of constructing edifices, but peculiarly so in that education which serves to prepare the mind for usefulness, and thus shape men as living stones for the temple not made with hands, our Masonic readers will take pleasure in perusing the following description of the University Hall :

"The first story is to be fifteen feet in the clear. The main entrance will be 17 1-2 feet wide, running back 96 feet to a transverse hall 14 feet wide. North of the hall will be a chapel, 54 by 80 feet; south of the hall, the president's office, 20 by 20 feet; the steward's room, 20 by 40 feet, with fire-proof vault adjoining; a lecture-room, 38 by 54 feet; and a store-room adjoining the chapel. The main stairways will be in the transverse hall, but two other stairways are located in the front projection, one on either side of the main entrance hall. Back of the transverse hall are two recitation rooms, each 23 1-2 by 41 feet; a faculty and a ladies' waiting-room, each 23 1-2 by 20 feet. On the second story, in front of the transverse

hall and approached by four stairways, is the main audience room or lecture-hall, for lectures, exhibitions, commencements, etc. This hall is 80 by 127 feet, and 46 feet high. It is calculated to seat 2,400 persons. The main hall is to have galleries capable of seating about 600, with three recitation rooms in the rear."

PAPAL INTOLERANCE AND ABUSE.

THE Roman Catholic Archbishop Purcell, of Indiana, is credited with the following abusive and ridiculous language, denunciatory of Freemasonry, spoken by him in a funeral sermon delivered in the Cathedral at Fort Wayne in that state, on the 4th of July last.

"Some say they are good Freemasons. What did they do? One hundred and twenty-three Lodges cast their lot with the Communists in Paris. They planted their banners on the ramparts, and Paris was given to the flames. Seventy bishops and priests were mercilessly shot down. Philanthropy! Free Masonry! The city on fire, women encouraged to cast petroleum in palatial houses. Is this philanthropy? O no, beloved friends! All this stands to show that nothing can take the place of religion. Philosophy! Philanthropy! Free Masonry! is this your religion—ruined city and lost souls? Let us all beware, and love our religion. The lesson is a great and awful one!

While in Paris this time last year, I visited the scene where seventy bishops and priests were murdered, and kissed the blood-marks of the martyrs. The skulls of two of the martyred bishops were presented to me. The Masons had split them in twain and drank wine out of them. The infidels! scoffers!"

We have been so long accustomed to the abuse of the Catholic priesthood, that such folly as the above does not disturb our equanimity, or provoke our fears. The time has gone by when the denunciations of the Vatican or the threats of its churches are of any consequence, whether directed against Freemasonry, or those whom they are accustomed to anathematize as religious heretics and infidels. The intelligence of the age, and the progress of civilization and liberal principles, have swept away the last vestiges of the temporal power of the false theocracy which for a long series of ages held the scepter of despotism, and controlled the destinies of Christendom. The crosier of the Pope is no longer an emblem of temporal power, and his maledictions are as harmless and impotent as the breath that gives them voice. Driven as an exile from his ancient capital, stripped of all political power, holding by a frail tenure, fast passing

away, the semblance of his abused religious supremacy, he would be an object of pity if he were not already, from his intolerance and bigotry, an object of contempt.

The series of scandalous allegations alleged in the above extract against the Masons of Paris, though in obedience to the mandates and policy of the head of the Papal Church, are true only as they represent the malice and vindictiveness of the Catholic priesthood generally, wherever they have courage to give utterance to their intolerant prejudices. There are of course individual exceptions, but such are rarely met with. It is not true that "one hundred and twenty-three Lodges cast their lot with the communists," and those which were really guilty of that gross piece of folly and madness, did so in positive violation of the duties and precepts of masonry. They acted without authority and on their individual responsibility. Archbishop Purcell was not ignorant of this fact when he spoke the abuse we have above quoted, for he is an intelligent prelate; and he also knew that the transaction, whatever may have been the character and extent of it, has been publicly disclaimed and denounced by the highest Masonic authority in France. That seventy Bishops and Priests may have been mercilessly shot down by the ignorant Romanists engaged in the terrible massacres which have forever disgraced the fairest city in Europe, may be true, but if so, he is to look for the cause to the crushing and demoralizing influences of his own church in holding the minds of its followers in ignorance and degradation, rather than to the elevating and liberalizing teachings of Masonry. And he could not have supposed for a moment that any intelligent person in this country, Catholic or Protestant, would give him credit for speaking the truth, when he unblushingly said to his audience, that the skulls of two of these martyred Bishops were presented to him, which "the masons had split in twain and drank wine out of!" Such foul and scandalous stories, uttered by a high ecclesiastical dignitary, and in the presence of confiding worshippers, can be of little benefit even to a Romish Church, and of no injury to those against whom the foul slander is hurled.

The Republican, printed in the town where Archbishop Purcell officiated, in noticing the above scandal and the transactions which took place at Paris during the insurrection, takes the following sensible view of the subject:—

"Individual Masons, or numbers of members of the order banded together by a common sentiment that had nothing to do with the principles or precepts of Masonry, may have professed to speak for the order and even to have planted banners on the ramparts; but

it is no more fair or just to hold the order responsible for their conduct than it would be to hold the Catholic Church accountable for the number of its unworthy members who fill our jails and penitentiaries. The horrible scenes enacted in Paris were the work of infatuated and desperate men, and the Masons among them were perhaps no more numerous relatively than the "black sheep," who gain admission to the order here, or than the unworthy brethren who seek membership in Christian churches as a cloak for greed, uncharitableness, and the whole catalogue of crimes that carry a man to the gates of the penitentiary without letting him in; and he who would attempt to hold either Masonry or Christianity responsible for the acts of such men, must be lacking in sound argument, as well as vindictive and narrow-minded."

So far from encouraging such scenes as those lately enacted in Paris, Masonry strictly enjoins upon its members that they shall not countenance disloyalty and rebellion, but be true and faithful to the government under which they live. We suspect that if Archbishop Purcell was as anxious to do history justice as he is to denounce those who differ with him in creed, he would acknowledge that the real cause of the trouble in Paris grew out of the oppressive tyranny that has done so much to keep the people of France in ignorance and degradation, which tyranny, represented and controlled by Napoleon, was upheld and sustained by the Romish church; and while humanity shudders at the wholesale butchery of the clergy of that church by the demons of the Commune, it is no more uncharitable than Bishop Purcell proves himself to be, if we retort that the maddened insurgents dealt most severely with those to whom their cruellest sufferings were due.

"The Church is even greater than Heaven itself," says Pope Pius IX. Rivarol said of the great Mirabeau, that he was capable of doing anything for money, even a good action. "The Papacy," says the London Freemason, "is incapable of doing a good action even for money." It, for it is only an indefinite it, sets truth at defiance, ignores its own written history, and is the best novelist the world has produced. Its natural proclivities are to the bad, its best results, failures. In extermination, where it has the power, it is unequalled; it turns the fairest spots of earth, into wildernesses; its favorite plants are thistles; its best food, tares; its noblest utterances, curses. It hates whatever is noble and good; it assimilates readiest with the base and evil. It dethrones truth, and raises up the idol of falsehood. It has now in a manner, renounced God, and become Jehovah unto itself. It is greater than Heaven!!

“Freemasonry is the pioneer of truth in dark places; the light of civilization in barbaric lands. Her watchword is charity, and her hope is in God. She vaunteth not herself, but humbly attempts to remove our earthly vices by precept and example. She sheds a halo of glory around her children, and she points out to them the true paths of science and virtue. She is of the Light—therefore is she hated of the Papacy.

“In the old heathen days, the Romans had three supreme deities—Jove who ruled the skies, Neptune the seas, and Pluto the infernal regions. There was, moreover, a host of other gods and goddesses, who found a local habitation in the Pantheon. The Papacy stepped in, and kicked out the old gods, and in their steads raised the Calendar of Saints, who in their lives do not appear to have been more reputable beings than Hercules and Company. Venus gave place to the Virgin Mary. The Pontifex Maximus, the Pope of Ancient Rome, never thought to dethrone Jove. Our amiable and wise papa, Pio Nino, however, has resolved to put an end to Jehovah. He resolves that he shall be acknowledged to be greater than God himself. The great trinity of deities is now to be the Pope, the Devil, and God. Verily this is a wondrous age.

“The Papacy we may look upon, according to human reason, as being in its last stage of dotage, “sans everything.” Sense has left it. It is but a wreck of the past, a ruined mind in a ruined body; a church sitting uneasily upon the points of bayonets, amid the wreck of the former mistress of the world; a worn-out lion, impotent to strike, but yet mumbling forth curses from between its toothless jaws. The will is strong to destroy, but the eye is dim and the claws are broken. Heavily it draws its breath, and the end is not far off. With its expiring breath it denounces Freemasonry, curses its devotees who attend Masonic Balls; even on one occasion refusing Masonic Charity!!

“Freemasonry is daily growing in strength and stature; her children are found in every land, and in every land find a welcome and a home. Founded on truth, the waves of error but beat upon rocks to fall back broken on the sea of sin. The great and noble are leaving Rome, and the great and noble are joining Freemasonry.

“Papacy is the stagnant pool from which arise poisonous exhalations, deadly to life, and producing a desert out of a garden of roses.

“Freemasonry is the broad flowing river upon whose banks rise the goodly towns, and whose waters bear rich argosies to other nations.

“The one worships the Creature, and the other the Creator.

“A little bird whispers from Rome that if the dogma of the Papal infallibility is sustained, Pius has a fresh thunderbolt forged for our unfortunate Masonic heads. The light is to be quenched on our altars, and the water to dry up in our cisterns. The sooner we melt our jewels into monasteries, and convert our scarves into stoles, the better. Yet there may be some Papistic careless individual among us who echoes the sentiment of this writer, “*Diabolus curat?*” Very much so.”

As we have said on other occasions, with Roman Catholicism as a religious dogma, we have no concern. That is a matter of belief, and with it we have neither the taste nor disposition to interfere. It is the intolerant bigotry of her priesthood, and the persecuting policy of the church,—her persistent denial of the rights of all other denominations, who do not bow in reverence to her idols, and in humble submission to her assumed supremacy, that we object. Her whole history is little else than a narrative of religious persecutions, which for cruelty and barbarity are without a parallel in the world's record. Freemasonry she has made an object of her especial vengeance, and her wrath has been poured out upon it in unstinted measure. The crime of being a Mason she has proclaimed to be justifiable cause for confiscation and death, and thousands of our unfortunate Brethren have been sacrificed in obedience to this infamous decree. Within the limits of our own memory, twenty-five of our Brethren in Spain, on mere *suspicion*, were at one time dragged in chains to the dungeons of the Inquisition, and subjected to the tortures of that infernal institution; and as recently as 1827, seven members of a Lodge in Grenada were cast into prison-dungeons for the same cause. The history of Freemasonry in central Italy for the last century, is a mere repetition of suffering, persecutions, and misfortunes of the members of the Order, who were continually under punishment through the intolerance of the priesthood, and the interference of the civil authorities acting in obedience to the decrees of the Vatican. The more recent denunciations from the Papal Chair are within the recollection of our readers and need not be repeated here. But these persecutions, outside of the Romish Church at least, are at an end. The civil law is now in a condition, in the Catholic as well as in the Protestant countries of Europe, to assert its supremacy over the barbarous reign of religious intolerance and tyranny; and such scandalous denunciations as those attributed to Archbishop Purcell, can have no other effect than to destroy the respect which should attach to the position he occupies in his own church.—*Freemason's Monthly Magazine.*

GRAND LODGE OF NEW YORK.

WE have received, through the courtesy of our worthy friend, E. E. Thorne, D. D. G. M. of the First District, the Printed Transactions of "The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York," at its Annual Communication held in the city of New York, commencing on the afternoon of June 6th, A. L. 5871. The council was opened in ample form by M. W. John H. Anthon, Grand Master, the Grand Officers all being present, together with the District Deputies and representatives from nearly all the 706 Lodges of that Grand Jurisdiction, and also from the following Grand Lodges and Grand Orients: Louisiana, Connecticut, California, Wisconsin, South Carolina, Vermont, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Maine, Washington, Pennsylvania, Texas, Oregon, Saxony, Ireland, Canada, France, Nova Scotia, Eclectic Union.

On motion all Master Masons in good standing were permitted to be present during the session, except at such times as are prohibited by the Constitution.

R. W. and Rev. John G. Webster, Grand Chaplain, delivered an eloquent and very interesting Address, which we shall print entire or in part in a future issue.

The Address of the Grand Master is emphatically a business document, brief and to the point. He speaks tenderly of the Brothers who have been summoned to appear before the Grand Master of the Universe, in the Lodge not made with hands. Gives attention to the Library of the Grand Lodge, the Masonic Asylum, and other local matters, including the new Halls dedicated, in ample form, during the past year. He speaks thus approvingly of *public* ceremonies attended by proper festivities in which the ladies may participate:

"I have found that, used to a limited extent, and without any attendant banquet, or, at all events, followed by nothing more dangerous than a temperance entertainment, these public ceremonies have been beneficial to the Craft. Where public feeling is favorable to Masonry, they tend to strengthen it; where it is adverse, they offer a bold challenge of investigation, which our enemies are usually slow to answer, and we do not fear to provoke. Especially is this true in reference to ladies attending such celebrations.

"Debarred, as they are, from any admission to Masonry, or to anything which Masonry acknowledges as belonging to itself except

its charity and love, they can, by witnessing these public ceremonies, be convinced of the purity of our teaching, for it would be a baseness almost indescribable to speak such language in public and before them as we do in these services, and a different tongue in our private assemblies.

“ I say that this is the only way in which we can appeal to those whose esteem we value more highly, perhaps, than any other, because you well know that no such things as Female Masonry, or side degrees, or the like, are recognized in Masonry.”

The relations of the Grand Lodge with sister Jurisdictions were reported as very satisfactory.

The Grand Lodge at this session gave its full recognition to Quebec.

The Report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence is very thorough, and the most instructive we have read for many a day. The part pertaining to Michigan is very satisfactory, if we except a criticism or two on the judicial decisions of Bro. Metcalf's last term, the 2d one in particular, which the Committee do not seem to understand. Of this we will speak in future.

The following recapitulation shows the strength of the Craft in the State of New York :

Number of Lodges in the State,	656
Number represented at annual communication of 1871,	631
Number of initiations,	6,142
Number of affiliations,	812
Number of rejections,	2,565
Number of dismissals,	1,760
Number of expulsions,	65
Number of suspensions,	44
Number stricken from the roll for non-payment of dues,	2,285
Number of restorations to membership,	362
Number of deaths,	857
Whole number of members,	77,079
Dues of Lodges, June 1, 1871,	\$59,241 62

ROUGH AND PERFECT ASHLARS.

OUR monitors inform us that “ the Rough Ashlar is a stone as taken from the quarry in its rude and natural state ; and the Perfect Ashlar a stone made ready by the hands of the workman, to be adjusted by the tools of the fellow craft.” In operative Masonry the main work of the Craft is upon rough ashlar. The rough, rude

stones, as they are taken from the quarry, would fit very imperfectly in the walls of the intended edifice. But they are placed in the hands of skillful workmen, and by the use of proper tools they are squared and polished, and exactly fitted for the place designed for them. And thus is the skill of the workman displayed. Whether the operative Mason is worthy to receive wages depends upon his industry and skill in the use of his working tools. If he be industrious and competent, the result of his industry and skill will manifest itself day by day, and he will receive the reward due him. He will command the respect of his employers, and accumulate a competence of the good things of the world, and thus by honorable toil he will support himself and those dependent upon him.

In speculative Masonry, "by the *Rough Ashlar* we are reminded of our rude and imperfect state by nature; and by the *Perfect Ashlar*, that state of perfection at which we hope to arrive, by a virtuous education, our own endeavors, and the blessings of God." As the *rough ashlar* is placed before the fellow craft, that its superfluous parts may be cleft off, and that it may receive the shape and finish necessary to fit it for the builder's use, so do we come into the Lodge to receive the education necessary to fit us as lively stones for God's spiritual building—that house not made with hands. And in this formation of character—in this virtuous education—we are all workmen. In this glorious labor, as Masons, we should all engage. And as Masons we are to be judged of by our skill in performing this truly Masonic work. The elevating of the character of our brethren, the instilling into their minds those great truths which are calculated to perfect and polish them, and thus develop and call into action the godhood within them, this is the work in which we should be engaged as Masons. And however polished we may have become, we should remember that we too have been rough ashlar; and if the labor of our brethren by the use of gavel and square has divested us of our former roughness, and served to refine and elevate us into our present better condition, we are certainly under obligations to do all in our power to aid our young brethren. The debt of gratitude we owe the Craft can only be discharged by our doing unto others what Craftsmen have so generously done for us. The chief merit of Masonry is found in its great power to elevate men, and these merits are only brought out when its noble principles are made active by earnest, working brethren. It is by the *use* of our working tools that rough ashlar are polished for the Master's use.

THE ROCK OF HOREB.

The following was written by MRS. C. M. SAWYER, and sung by the choir at the Divinity School of Tufts College, Massachusetts :

WHEN Israel, 'mid the barren waste
Which wide and burning round them lay,
Their strength decayed, their hopes effaced,
Sank thirsting, fainting by the way,—
Oh, they had died in gloom and fear,
Had not their Prophet Guide been near!

“Smite thou the rock of Horeb!” Hear!
A voice far down the still air spoke:
The Prophet smote—and swift and clear,
Cool waters gush beneath his stroke;
Full rushing streams swept down the plain,
And Israel drank and lived again.

Young Leaders! So when round *you* lie
Life's sultry deserts parched and drear,
And fainting spirits sink to die,
Strong and believing, be *you* near
To smite the rock whose healing wave
The thirsting soul from death can save!

Go forth! Our Israel waits for you!
Be wakeful, watchful at your post;
Be to your charge like Moses true,
Nor let the feeblest one be lost!
Like his, then, so beneath your rod,
The wave shall gush whose fount is God!

 IN MEMORIAM.

SINCE our last issue we have the painful intelligence of the sudden death of our dear friend and Brother, Rev. A. W. Bruce, of Lafayette, Indiana. His death occurred while absent attending an association meeting of his denomination. He left his home in usually good health, but we are told, with the sad impression weighing upon his mind that he should soon be called away. He therefore “set his house in order,” feeling that “he should die and not live.”

Brother Bruce was a Mason, and an active one. He was not like many ministers who belong to our Craft, but are rarely seen in our Lodge rooms except on important occasions when work outside the Lodge is to be done, and perhaps a price paid for a public ad-

dress. He was always found at the post of duty, if able, and he felt that it was a duty Masons should heed, to attend Lodge meetings. He also found time to write for Masonic publications, and had promised to contribute occasional articles to this journal.

Brother B. had advanced in Masonry to the Commandery, and was a zealous and courteous Knight Templar. He also belonged to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and Good Templars, and his time was so divided that he attended the meetings of all these Orders, and his influence was felt for good.

In the year 1865 Bro. Bruce removed from Massachusetts to Michigan, and settled as Pastor over a church in Dowagiac. We lived near neighbor to him while he continued there, and we can bear testimony to his faithfulness to his profession, his tolerance of the opinions of others dissimilar to his own, his courtesy to all. He was the friend of all, and had the good will of all.

And we have the evidence of the power of this kindness to attract the people of all shades of belief, in the fact, that the ministers of various denominations joined in conducting the funeral services at his burial. The spirit of Masonry there prevailed, and all were tolerant of the opinions of their neighbors.

The remains of Bro. Bruce were buried by the Masons, the other Orders joining in the services. May our good Brother rest in peace, and his worthy family be protected.

MASONIC COWANS.

In a note on "Cowan," which appears in a cotemporary, my esteemed friend, Bro. Hughan, of Truro, has adduced from my former contributions to the *Freemason's Magazine* on the subject, evidence of the early use and signification of the word "Cowan" or "Couan." He might also, from the same source, have given a further quotation in regard to its Masonic import. In reiterating in 1706 its ordinance against the employment of Cowans, the Lodge of Kilwinning describes a Cowan to be a Mason "without The Word"—an uninitiated person, an outsider. And in this sense the term was retained by the same Lodge on relinquishing its connection with Operative Masonry. In the ritual which has been in use in Scotch Lodges of Speculative Masons beyond the memory of any now living, we have the term "Cowans *and* Eavesdroppers." Cowans here means uninitiated persons, who might attempt to gain admission "without the word;" Eavesdroppers signifies listeners outside the Lodge. Cowan is a purely Scotch phrase, and was peculiar to Op-

erative Masons in the olden time, as indicating irregular Craftsmen who executed certain branches of mason and wright work. Such persons were, under restrictions, admitted to membership in some Masonic *Incorporations*, but their reception in *Lodges* was strictly prohibited. Besides, as is shown by the records of the Lodge of Haddington (1697) now before me, apprentices indentured to Lodges were taken bound "not to work with nor company nor fellowship of any Cowan at any manner of building nor Mason work." The earliest minute of the Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel,) July, 1599, records its deliverance on a breach of the statute prohibiting the employment of Cowans. Nothing can, we fear, be said with certainty as to the etymology of Cowan. Some Masonic students assign to it a Greek origin—from *Kúων*, a dog. It is worthy of notice that *Cu* is also the Gaelic word for dog. May the term, as one of contempt toward Craftsmen "without the word," not have been derived from the Celtic word *Cu*? And may it not be in this sense that we find it employed in "Rob Roy" by the Great Novelist, who in the dispute between the Bailie and Major Galbraith in the public house in the clachan of Aberfoyle, makes the Highlander, whose broad sword had in a previous brawl the same night been opposed by the Bailie's "redhet-culter," speak thus superciliously of the Duke of Argyle;—"She'll speak her mind and fear naeboddy—she doesna value a Cawmilmair as a cowan, and ye may tell Mac-Callum More that Allan Inverach said sae." Rob Roy was written in 1817—Sir Walter Scott was made a Freemason in 1801, and to his acquaintance with Masonic technicalities his use of Cowan as an epithet of contempt may be ascribed.—*D. Murray Lyon, in London Freemason's Magazine.*

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

BROTHER CHAPLIN,—I have just returned home from another tour among the **m.** I started out on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and permit me to express my thanks to the managers of this excellent route. I never found a more gentlemanly class of men than the operatives of this route, from the highest to the lowest. Should you ever pass over the road east, I hope you may chance to hit the train of which Brother O. B. Clark is conductor. My word for it you will find him a gentleman and true Mason.

My first stop was at Sturgis. Here I found the Craft prospering.

But my stay was too brief to accomplish much, or collect many facts.

I next called at Burr Oak, but found nothing to do in behalf of your magazine, for had not our worthy Brother, W. W. Stone, who has already sent you a club of thirty-two paid up subscribers, properly attended to that business? May his shadow never be less!

I called at Bronson and Coldwater, and was very kindly received in each place, and was enabled by the coöperation of the Brothers to enlarge the list of patrons to the JOURNAL.

At Quincy, I was met by your agent, the whole-souled Brother Hawley, through whose assistance I soon added eighteen new names to the list. I greatly enjoyed my stay with these noble fraters and only regretted that I could remain with them no longer.

At Allen, I made but a short stop, and passed on to Jonesville, where I was kindly met, and passed around among a noble band of Brothers, whose courtesy I shall not soon forget. Though you had a good list of names here, I was enabled to add thirteen new subscribers. I found the Lodge doing good work, and prospering.

At Hillsdale, I found two in a prosperous condition under the judicious labors of W. Ms. L. S. Ranney and Dr. R. A. Everett. I visited one of these, and had proof of the good work of the Master who presided. Obtained only eight new subscribers, but have the promise of others.

Adrian was my next stopping place, and a beautiful city it is. Indeed most of the villages along this route are flourishing, and show every indication of thrift. In Adrian I found the Craft vigorously at work, and I was kindly received by the brethren. I was laid under great obligations by Bro. J. W. Finch. Twenty new subscribers were added, and I hope that the number will be more than double the next visit.

I called at Osseo and had a pleasant visit with our generous Bro. S. M. Huntington. I also am obliged to Bro. Lamb for kindness shown me. Here, too, I had the opportunity of visiting the, and saw a brother passed. It was well done. My appeal for subscribers was promptly met, and more promised on my next visit.

At Pittsfield I made a brief stop, got a few names, and promises of future aid.

My next stop was at Palmyra, Blissfield and Deerfield. In the last two places I met with good success. At Blissfield I found excellent quarters at the hotel kept by Brother W. H. Drew, who formerly held the honorable position of Grand Lecturer and Visitor in the State of New York for six or seven years. As Brother Drew

is accustomed to writing for the press, we hope to see communications from his pen in **THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON**.

I greatly enjoyed my tour along the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and hope to see the good Brothers again and often. Long shall I remember their kindness to me, and their cooperation in behalf of **THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON**. Of my tour north I will speak in the next number.

Yours fraternally,

S. S. RASCO, Agent.

TO LABOR AGAIN.

THE heat of summer is over, and the refreshing, cool, long evenings of autumn are again welcomed by our Craftsmen. It is the season of Masonic labor, and the Lodge Halls will now be again filled with workmen who should strive to emulate each other in the endeavor to best work and best agree. We need not urge the duty of Lodge attendance, for all the members of the Order know full well that it is their duty to be present at Lodge meetings, and bear their part in the necessary labors. But it is one thing to know duty and quite another thing to do it. We often meet with grumbling members, who are full of complaints about the work done in the Lodge to which they belong; unfit material they say is admitted, and almost every thing done wrong. When asked why this is so, and if they were present when bad material was permitted to enter, they say they are rarely present at the Lodge meetings, business will not permit, or they have grown disgusted about some matter or other, and withdrawn or absented themselves from the Lodge. Now they can hardly speak cheerfully of the institution. Yet they pretend to have lost none of their love of Masonry, and would be glad to have matters in their Lodge go differently. But they stay away from the Lodge meetings and spend their time grumbling because the work is not done to suit them! I always have a rebuke for such members. Why do they not attend the Lodge and work for its interests? Why do they permit bad material to enter the Lodge, when by being at the post of duty they could so easily prevent it? Why will they permit bad work to be done without using at least their influence to correct it? I have no patience with such Masons. Let all the members be prompt in Lodge attendance and support the Master in his work, and each fill his place and do the work allotted to him. The Officers of Lodges especially, should be prompt in attendance, and always in their places, and never behind time, unless prevented by some unavoidable circumstance. Thus they will be examples of

promptitude to the Brethren. Especially should the Master be on time. Nothing is more deplorable, not to say aggravating, than to have the Master behind time, and the Brothers anxiously awaiting his arrival.

And now is the time to subscribe for our MICHIGAN FREEMASON. The evenings are long, and there is more time to read. The Brethren need it, and we need their patronage. It should be taken by every Mason in the State.

APOLOGETIC.

WE are grieved to have to apologize for the inaccuracies in this and previous numbers, occasioned by inattention of our proof-reader. We had engaged a party to attend to the reading of the first two forms of each number, we to pay him for so doing. He was commended to us as fully competent. He did read a few numbers of our journal with care, and then neglected his duty, and permitted the forms to go to press full of errors. The excellent story of Bro. Coffinberry is greatly marred by these errors, and he is justly indignant over the matter. We can only say that we feel as indignant as any one concerned, and we will try to remedy the evil in future.

Since the above was put in type, we have had a conference with the proprietor of the printing house where our work is done, and we are assured that future numbers shall appear free from the errors complained of.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WE are in receipt of several new books, a notice of which will appear in our next.

Mr. C. Smith lays us under special obligations. He is agent for the sale of the McGuffey series of School Readers, and a new and improved set of copy books issued by a Cincinnati publishing house. We commend Brother Smith as a gentleman, who is thoroughly skilled in matters pertaining to education. Of the books in a future issue.

PENINSULAR LODGE of Dowagiac, is one of the most vigorous growing Lodges in the State. Though young it is nearly or quite free of debt, with a very fine, well furnished Hall, in which they have recently placed an organ at the cost of some five hundred dollars.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

PAST Grand Master Metcalf has returned home from his tour north much recruited in health and able to resume his business. He greatly enjoyed his trip, and hopes to be able to give a brief account of it in this journal. We never had a more faithful worker in the Grand East than he, and it will rejoice the many friends of Br. M. to hear of his better health.

WE recently made a brief call at Charlotte, and during our stay visited the new Masonic Hall which will be ready for consecration about the middle of October, should there be no unseen detention. The suit of rooms will be most ample, and will be surpassed by few in the State. We hope to be with the brethren on the festive day of dedication.

As we go to press with our present issue the General Grand Chapter and the Grand Encampment of the United States are about assembling in triennial convocation in Baltimore. There is no doubt that this will be one of the largest Masonic assemblages that ever convened in this country. The Sir Knights of Michigan go via the *Michigan Central* and *Great Western* of Canada, and are to be transported from Detroit to Baltimore and return, including board, for \$25. We hope to receive a full account of the doings at Baltimore for our October issue.

BRO. C. W. MOORE says in the September issue of his excellent journal, "The Grand Lodge of Canada (Ontaria,) very unwisely refused at its recent communication, to recognize its sister Grand Lodge of Quebec, and has thereby continued an unavailing quarrel between the two bodies, which can only result in the injury of both, and the mortification of their brethren everywhere." To all which we fully subscribe. It is high time this unnatural quarrel was ended.

THE "kidnapped girl recovered through the efforts of the Masonic Fraternity" at Lansing, proves to be a myth of the Munchausen family. The *Detroit Free Press* is entitled to great credit for its enterprise in collecting news of all kinds, including Masonic, but this time it seems to have been *victimised*.

THANKS to Brother Gouley of the St. Louis *Freemason* for a photo of his genial countenance. We will comply with his wishes when we shall find an artist who dares to operate on our homely face! Brother Bingham, of this city, gives us some encouragement that he will try his skill when the weather is favorable.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—OCTOBER, A. L. 5871.—NO. IV.

A MASONIC ADDRESS.

BY REV. JOHN G. WEBSTER, THE GRAND CHAPLAIN OF NEW YORK.

M. W. Sir, R. W. and W. Brethren :

“ Man loves acts, not words—deeds, not promises to do.” With this pertinent and truthful sentence my R. W. Brother, the Grand Chaplain, closed his address two years ago. My appreciation of the occasion induces me to place it here, as the beginning of mine to-day.

The terms of the resolution which directs this address, prescribe the theme to some subject touching the general interests to the Craft; and it seems to me that no topic can be of greater interest to the Craft in this day, than that arising out of the inferences from this aphorism. I would keep it in view therefore, as I proceed to develop my ideas of our present duties as members of the mystic brotherhood, and especially as legislators for this great Masonic jurisdiction.

In this country Freemasonry has reached a stage of growth, which is at once gratifying and aggravating—gratifying to those who share in its work, and at all appreciate its beneficence—aggravating if harsh vituperation indicates irritation, to those who do not. We may console those last mentioned with the assurance that their unhappiness concerning us will not be likely to diminish by our destruction, so long as we stand up to our principles. If this thing that so troubles them ever be removed out of their sight, it will not be by *their* besom. The pressure of outward opposition will only compact it, if it is permeated with its own kindred graces, truth, purity, and virtue. False-

hoods may fly ten times thicker than they do, and never harm us, if only we "be true and faithful," as becometh the lessons we are taught.

What in this day we have to fear most of all, is not the futile fuss of Finney, nor the pious platitudes of Post, nor the raving, rancorous resolutions of "Anti-Secret Society" Conventions, charged with acid and alkali, and spending their force in foam; but that insidious enemy which may breed in all bodies, political, civil, and ecclesiastical, and which is most mischievous in those bodies apparently most robust, because its presence in them is not suspected.

I cannot find a fitter name to call this enemy by than ignorance. Ignorance, not of those outside the fold, who pretend to so much knowledge, and have so little of the facts it incloses; but of those within, who have sought for light, and upon whom light has shone, but who have taken in a small portion of its enlightening power.

Now ignorance is a prolific parent of a diverse brood of contradictions and inconsistencies, and Masonry, with all its promises and advantages, swarms with that parent's offspring. With all the safeguards and cautions that are upon the threshold, many get across it who never should have done so, who have neither the brains nor the heart to appreciate its nature and scope, and who can not be influenced to pursue the delightful way it opens into. In making this well-acknowledged statement, I say nothing against it, or them, which does not apply, with equal force, to the most sacred earthly associations. Nor am I here to defend this Fraternity from the adverse criticism "of those who through ignorance may assail it," and which its unworthy adherents may subject it to. This is not the occasion for such dealing. I am not expected at this time—and I am glad of it—to indulge in vain disputations with those who seek occasion to vilify and disparage my cause. It is my more agreeable duty to address my own fraternal associates, whose interest in the cause is equal to my own, and whose intelligence is in no case inferior. I have in mind that I address representatives of constituencies, each of whom is a centre of influence, and a power for elevating and advancing, or for debasing and retarding the Institution for whose behoof we are met together. And it is a great encouragement to effort, that what is now said, if it be worthful, will be gathered up and carried hence for the benefit of my brethren in every corner of this empire jurisdiction.

What the Master Builders of our Mystic Temple have to do in this age, is not to lay foundations—that has been done, and well done by our fathers in the dim, but not forgotten past—but to buttress the walls and close up the breaches thereof, as well as to guard the portals

against the approach of every enemy who would despoil, and purge its courts of every trafficker who would defile it.

Every member of the Fraternity, from him who occupies the Grand East to him who stands upon the checkered floor, is responsible, in his degree and rank, for the welfare of the general Craft. He is bound not only to keep whatever is intrusted to him as esoteric science, but to evince in his conduct toward all mankind, especially toward the brethren, that he has gotten that which is worth the trouble of getting it, because it is what may better both him and them. For what is Freemasonry? Much depends upon the correct ideas of this question—What is Freemasonry? If it is an association of certain chosen members for the convenience of whiling away the hours of an evening each week or fortnight in the reception-room of the Lodge, smoking and chatting, while the officers are doing the work within; or if it is a handy help toward gaining social, or political, or any other kind of position and preferment, or toward getting sustentation in laziness; or if it is a theatre for the display of extraordinary feats of good memory and bad grammar, in the glib recital of the “Standard Work and Lectures” (I intend no reflection upon any brother), that is *one* thing. But if it is a profound system of philosophy, running down to the roots of the principles and laws of morality, and uttering, with a tongue of symbolism, understandable by Cretes and Arabians, Ethiopians and Aborigines, Caucasians and Mongolians alike, the requirements of a universal religion; if it is a system admirably articulated in every branch, and well adapted in every part for enlarging the scope and strengthening the grasp of the intellect, for disciplining the man, circumscribing the desires and passions within the due bounds of moderation, and bringing into action the better qualities of his nature; or if it is a noble method of bringing men nearer together in the confidential association of fraternity, despite the distinctions of social rank and caste, *that* is quite *another* thing. I maintain that it is the *latter*—and twenty-five years’ study of it has only confirmed this opinion—that its principles of truth and philanthropy are exactly adapted for doing what it professes to do, *i. e.*, enlarge and strengthen the mind, soften and warm the heart, and open and liberalize the hand.

But besides this (and this is a point which I would commend particularly to your thoughts), it is a conservative factor in the sum of the social economy. In this respect, in the opinion of him who is now honored by your attention, it exerts an influence, silent indeed, but to a far greater extent than it has general credit for. The social machinery, like every other kind, needs balances and checks. An express train upon a down grade, with short curves, is not considered a safe

kind of locomotion unless furnished with brakes, and conveniences for their application. If I may use another simile, the social activities of the age can be likened to nothing more appropriate than to a steeplechase for fortune, with all energies bent in blind enthusiasm toward the object of each individual's, and each set of individual's prime desire, which, if reached, turns out, as often as otherwise, to be as unsubstantial as a will-o'-the-wisp, or a mirage.

In this hurly-burly progress, without some stable monuments to recall to men's thoughts the fact, they would come to forget there is such a thing as the *great past*, as well as an all-pervading present, and an uncertain future; and that that great past has claims upon their respectful consideration at least.

To say nothing of the Institution at whose altar I minister, and to whose teachings I bow with filial reverence and loyal deference, I maintain that here is such a monument in this "Ancient and Honorable Order" (custom allows me to call it an Order, though I think it a misnomer). It presents itself to-day, like a rich, bold headland running out into the restless ocean of human experience, holding high a flaming beacon that never misguides, for it is *Truth*; showing to the tossed mariner in life's voyage the dangers ahead, and the safe anchorages around.

But while they gaze upon its front, their admiration is increased by the reflection that what is visible in the front is not its *all*; that it runs back and connects itself firmly with the solid groundwork of the ages past. That it is but the history of the past projecting itself into the present, pregnant with its lessons, glowing with its glories, replete with its warnings, urging laggards to activity, constraining the vicious to virtue, restraining enthusiasts within the parallels of moderation, commending the ways of rectitude, inculcating the principles of knowledge, and promoting the interests of wisdom, ministering to the wants of the needy. It speaks to the eye, the mind, and the heart, by symbols and language its own, as old as human intelligence, admonishing against idleness, intemperance, and injustice, and encouraging to integrity, industry, and virtue. It absolves no man from the claims of duty to God, his neighbor, and himself. It binds those claims upon us, and let me say, and may we ever remember, that whereinsoever and whensoever we fail to discharge them, it is in contravention of the lessons of our art.

And here, R. W. and W. Brethren, is a good place for a reminder of our Masonic duties and dangers—if you will suffer it—in the present juncture of our affairs, for if we are bound to duties which none can deny, we are not free from dangers arising out of our very

prosperity. Masonry is prosperous, and prosperity is wonderfully attractive. There is no vanity so light that it will not gravitate toward the popular side. There is no scoundrel so base that he will not ally himself with the winning party, if permitted; and hence we shall find that the higher our temple walls arise, and the broader the extent of the area they inclose, the more plentiful will be the offers of worthless, damaging material. It is *this* that will pull them down if they shall fall. Let us remember in this regard the wise motto of Bacon, *multum non multa*; look to the *quality* of material, not the *quantity* of it, for numbers count but little against weight of character.

In the pinch at Thermopylæ, Leonidas' three hundred, who had Spartan heads upon their shoulders, and Spartan blood in their veins, were worth more to him than three hundred thousand such as those "true patriots" of the doggerel, who, when the time of trial came, "left their country for their country's good." Thus, in the vicissitudes of Masonry, if ever her stability is threatened, she must look to her few faithful ones, her "tried and true," for support, rather than to her hosts of "camp followers," whose boldest attacks are always upon her gathered spoils. Another lesson may be ours from that bit of Spartan history. That glorious day was lost because *one*, only *one*, whom they had admitted among them, sneaked away to the foe, and divulged the secret of their strength. If they had only "black-balled" that one, the result of that trial would have been other than it was. Let us profit by that lesson.

For my part, I can look with the serenest complacency upon every adverse influence that would cripple or destroy this ancient and honorable Fraternity, so long as I can look upon its votaries faithful to its behests. What we have first to fear, and all along, is, not the crusades of our open enemies, but the cruel falseness of our nominal brethren, who gain admission to our mystic circle, not having the capacity to take in and digest the simple rudiments of what is taught therein.

Freemasonry never yet, as I have heard, attempted to work miracles. It never yet infused brains into a cranium that had no cavity for their reception, nor did it ever send human blood coursing through a heart of granite, nor make a man out of a natural-born beast, and I don't suppose it ever will. Its mission is to *improve*, not to create, and the material for its use must be capable of being moulded, or it cannot work it up. Again, Masonry is not religion in the sectarian sense, nor a substitute for it, and he who pretends that, or declares it to be "a good enough religion" for him, foists it out of its legitimate place, inflicts upon it a grievous wrong, and lays himself open to the suspicion of ignorance of its teachings. While it inculcates a firm faith in the

Being and divine attributes of God, almighty and eternal, and while it includes within its acknowledged brotherhood, standing side by side, upon the same level of manhood, my Hebrew brother, who worships God in unity, and myself, who worship Him triune; and while it presents to me, as it does not to him, the story of Messiah in many of its ceremonies; and while it inculcates to both of us alike reverence of the Divine Being, attention to His word, and invocation for His aid in all our laudable undertakings, it imposes upon neither religious dogma. It leaves that for a different department of man's duties. It is no substitute for that department, never was intended to be, and never will be pretended to be, by the well-instructed Mason.

I say this, because it seems to me very important that these facts should be well grounded in our minds at this time. Masonry is charged with inculcating a Pagan religion, and with binding its members in the trammels of infidelity, and with conspiring against Christianity, by obliging them to ignore its Founder. What we have to do, is, first, to answer all such allegations, if at all, with a simple denial; and, second, to neutralize all such falsehoods with what is called the "*truth of life*," "Man loves *acts*, not words," and by our *deeds*, not promises or professions, we shall be judged by our fellow-men.

We need not hesitate to come to that scrutiny, for although it is one that, in some respects, places us at a disadvantage, so many of our benefactions being such as do not go abroad, and are known only to the donor, to the receiver, and to God; yet, if we cannot avail ourselves of very much that stands to our credit, we can make up all lack on that score by fidelity to our principles, by preserving our homogeneity, by protecting and following the ancient landmarks, by dwelling together in unity, by being quiet and peaceful citizens, "true to the Government, and just to the country," and by freighting the very atmosphere around us with the odor of *love*—oh! this is the lever that moves the world—it is the greatest word in any language, save that ineffable word not to be lightly uttered, for it is Deity personified. "God is love." Love moved Him to create, and it moves Him to preserve and save. Heaven is full of love, and it overflows with it, and there is enough for all men. It moves them, too, to do and dare and endure for goodness' sake. It strengthens *Faith*, it inspires *Hope*, it identifies *Charity*. It is the "cement which unites us into one sacred band or society of friends and brothers," it is the motive to every true Masonic deed. In the words of one, whose too early loss you still deplore: "One of the ever-honored patrons of Freemasonry has condensed its instruction into these few golden syllables: 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.' Brethren,

be this our ideal. Let us be faithful to this exalted pattern. It will admit diversities of sentiment. It tolerates kind and enthusiastic discussions. It prompts us to be manly first, that there may be play for brotherly concessions, but it harbors no malignities, permits no hypocrisies, and endures no frauds."

The moral government of the universe is love in action; operating alike in the depth of ocean and upon the remotest star; quickening and sustaining that universal agent, "whose seat is the bosom of God; whose voice the harmony of the world." The same rule of love is made for the government of every Lodge, and for the direction of every individual brother, high or low. Speculative Masonry is made operative in proportion as it adheres to this rule; *operative, i. e.*, "in acts, not words," in "deeds, not promises to do." You may witness the work of the Lodge with never so rapt attention; you may listen to the recital of the lectures with never so great satisfaction; you may engage in the ceremonies of the Lodge with never so strict fidelity; if all these things leave no lasting effect for good upon your conduct; if they do not teach you how better to deport yourself before men; if they do not help you the better to discharge your great duties to God, your neighbor, and yourself; if they do not warm your heart toward your fellow-traveler "upon the level of time;" if they do not move you to "feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted;" if they do not help to polish off the rough corners of your rude and natural state, by educating you virtuously and enlightenedly, you will have been initiated, passed, raised to little purpose. Speculative Masonry is eminently practical. Its every lesson inculcates *deeds*. It abhors idleness, as "nature abhors a vacuum." It must have something valuable to *show*, or it is falsified. Not that it must blazon its deeds to the world,—there is no call for that,—but that what it manifests, as the result of its teachings, must be *worthful deeds*.

LABOR RESUMED.

TECHNICALLY, the Summer is past, and the season of work is again upon us. We say technically, because in this climate the seasons do not pay strict attention to the almanac, and, with a perfect disregard for vested and equal rights, they trench upon each other's prerogatives and occupy each other's places. So that while according to the clerk of the weather we have entered upon Autumn, we are really yet in the Summer, which lingers a while before, with its leaves and flowers, it gives place to King Frost. Nevertheless, custom, which, in many things, is more potent than law, requires that the workmen should now

gather in their respective studios once more to obey the gavel of direction, and at its sound to return to labor. There has, we think, been this season a more general disposition to rest during the warm months than usual, and we doubt not the brethren will find that their brief respite has been of value to them, not only on the principle of refreshment, but in that it has had the effect of lowering the pressure on the boiler, and lessening the rate of speed. Somehow it will happen, that despite repeated warnings, despite our own convictions, we are carried away with the tide, forget in the rush of prosperous business the most ordinary caution, and go on adding initiation to initiation until at last a sort of moral fever is engendered, and we then see the effect of our heedlessness. Lodges that have escaped unpleasantness, arising from the acceptance of material which has not been properly scrutinized, are as rare as white blackbirds, and yet it is the fact that they ought to be the rule instead of the exception. And such would be the case were it not, as we have just remarked, that the desire to make Masons to add to the roll of membership and increase the Lodge funds blinds the judgment, and makes the current of our progress turn awry. The probabilities are, then, that were it not for the occasional cessation of labor—which is more apt to prevail in Lodges where much work is the rule than in those which move slowly—were it not for the occasional cessation, we repeat, there would be a greater degree of trouble, because a greater number of trouble-makers would have found entrance within the fold.

And here let us remark that surrounding circumstances often make men what they are, rather than any innate tendency to evil. Thus a profane who meets no difficulty in obtaining admission, who is rushed through the degrees at sixty miles an hour, and before he fairly knows that he has petitioned, finds himself a Master Mason, will naturally assume that not only will his friends meet with the same assiduous welcome, but that he may and ought to assist them in opening their eyes to the delights and advantages he has so easily obtained.

He thus becomes a propagandist, and innocently violates one of the most important safeguards of the institution. We say innocently, because in the haste to get him through—not specially for his own sake, but that he may be out of the way of others coming after him—no time is afforded to instruct him in those things he ought to have well grounded in his mind at the very outset of his Masonic career. It may very well be that the ceremonies of the ritual have been performed in the most admirable manner, and that the new-fledged Mason can go through the motions equal to, if not better, than many of his elders in the Lodge; but it may also be, and very often is the case, that instruc-

tion in matters quite as important for every Mason to know, is utterly neglected by those on whom devolves the duty of giving Masonic instruction, and the neophyte is left to find them out at his leisure, and meanwhile to violate laws and principles which he is supposed to know, but of which he is, for the best of reasons, utterly ignorant. Then again, if, in his new-born zeal, he proposes one or more of his friends, and of the lot, one happens to be denied, he takes the matter as a personal insult, deems his own motives and conduct impugned, and, his natural pugnacity being aroused, he is prepared to make a first-class disturbance. He wants to know why a person proposed by him, and whom he knows to be a perfect gentleman in every respect, should be rejected. He demands that the person objecting should make himself known, and state his reasons, pledging, on behalf of his friend, a full defence against everything that can be urged in opposition to him. When he is told that the ballot is strictly and inviolably secret, that no one has any right to question the motives of a voter, or to endeavor even to ascertain who it is that has cast the adverse ballot, his mind is unprepared to submit to such monstrous tyranny, and he insists upon defending himself or his friend, or knowing the reason why. Then he gets the gavel, and when he is informed, as he should have been at first, that the law of Masonry insists that each man shall have the right to use the ballot according to the dictates of his own conscience, without let, hindrance, or inquiry, he casts about, we will not say for revenge, but for some plan by which he may get even with those he fancies have done him a wrong, and he generally drops upon the brilliant strategy of paying back his enemies in their own coin, by indiscriminately blackballing every candidate upon whose petition he has an opportunity to pass.

We are quite well aware that this same thing happens when the actors are men who have long been Masons; but the principle remains the same, and the cause in either case may be traced to the fact that the brethren have only been admitted to the baldest forms, and not at all to the vivifying spirit of the institution.

To the reflecting Mason, the Mason who desires to make Masonry effective in the work confided to its adepts, it must be clear that one of our weakest and most assailable points lies in the fact that we fail in shaping our rough ashlar aright, that we take them from the quarry without due examination, give them a lick and a promise, and then set them in the building as though Nature had turned them out already fashioned and polished to our hands. If Nature did business in that way; if every man we met with smooth exterior and plausible address were as a stone fitted for the building; if there were no rough corners

to hew off, no crooked lines to straighten, no influence to be exerted upon our fellows, no instruction to be given them, then it would seem that our organization might very well be dispensed with, and our work considered useless. All truth and all experience go to show that there is a need for our labors, and we all know that hasty work is not work done as it should be. We know, too, that if our walls be constructed of badly prepared material, put together with untempered mortar, putty, and paint, though they temporarily deceive the eye with a passable exterior, must and will yield to the ravages of time, and our work will then be exposed, and we shall fail to be greeted as "workmen most rare."

We return to our first proposition, that the rest from labor has been of benefit because it has given us pause, an opportunity to think over the past, and prepare for the future; and we trust that we may all determine in that future to be governed by a fixed determination to do good work rather than much of it. By which we mean to be understood as in favor of finishing a job completely and in a workmanlike manner before we allow it to pass from our hands bearing the mark of the Craft upon it.

We trust that in the season of labor upon which we are now entering, there may be a new departure on this question, and that in every lodge the endeavor may be rather to excel in the thorough education of candidates than in the number that can be got through the ceremonies and painted up so as to pass muster.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

MASONIC WORK.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.

In a former paper we ventured some strictures on the preliminary measures to introduce a candidate to the Lodge—what might be called the outside work of the Fraternity. We propose now to remark on what may properly be denominated the inside work of the Lodge, that which is performed within the secret door. We would ask the reader to remember what was said about the ridiculous and false impression sometimes made upon the mind of the candidate by officious members who are more zealous than wise. With this impression, which he cannot in a moment shake off, he is ushered into the Lodge.

The first duty required of him is to address the Almighty Ruler, asking him for guidance and protection in all his future life, and especially in the business in which he is then engaged. Was there ever such an incongruous succession of circumstances as is here presented?

But to make this incongruity still more prominent to the perception of the candidate, he is formally and solemnly required to make a profession of his faith and trust in God, as a requisite for him to proceed in the ceremonies.

What must be the effect of these scenes upon the mind of the initiate? On the outside of the door he has been bantered, and made to believe the whole business in which he is about to engage is ridiculous and trifling in the extreme, and when he arrives across the threshold, he is required to profess in the most solemn manner a belief in the most important truth in the Universe; one that underlies all real good, all true religion. If he is a man of thought and judgment he can do little else than come to one of two conclusions: he may conclude that the whole matter is a wicked farce, the outside influences being the real power of the Institution; or he may believe that the solemn services within have had very little influence on those members he has met in his progress to the Masonic altar. In either case a false impression is given, and the neophyte loses the best influences of the ceremonies he is yet to pass through.

But the candidate is conducted still farther, and inducted more deeply into the mysteries of Masonry. The circumambulation is performed. Much of the effect of this part of the ceremony depends upon whether it is made to conform in its spirit to the outside or to the experience of the candidate. It may be that the mind of the neophyte, impressed by the solemn and sacred ceremonies through which he passed as he stepped over the threshold, is in a frame to appreciate in a suitable way what is to follow, should the first impression be followed up by other ceremonies equally solemn. But are these ceremonies, as frequently performed, of that character?

We naturally move slowly and with measured step when our minds are imbued with the solemnity incident to an impressive ceremony. We naturally conclude that it is worthy of the time it will consume if done in an appropriate manner. No Christian partakes of the Eucharist as though he was starving or dying of thirst. No one goes to the baptismal font as though traveling for a wager. We do not precede our friends to the grave at the top of our speed. Quick and agile movements are inconsistent with solemnity, and are as much out of place in the Lodge work, as a waltz at a funeral.

But how often do we see the circumambulation performed with all the lightness of manner and movement of the clown in the circus-ring? And not only that, it is sometimes made with so little regard to fitness that it partakes of the nature of violence towards the candidate. When this is the case the impression on the candidate must be thrown

upon the side of the outside Institution, and accumulate in his mind still more arguments in favor of the trifling character of the Institution. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and abundant time should be taken to give the ceremony its full weight. A solemn, measured tread, the absence of haste and the presence of a serious and respectful regard for the occasion, are absolutely necessary on the part of the officiating officers. This remark applies as well to what is said as to what is done in this part of the ceremony.

As the candidate progresses in his initiation into the mysteries of the Fraternity he should still be met with a serious earnestness on the part of the officers of the Lodge, that betokens a profound regard and reverence for the rites which he is called upon to perform. It is not enough that he has every word and syllable perfectly at his command as he delivers the charges and lectures of the Order. He is not a good officer who does not in some degree feel and appreciate the sentiments and truths which he enunciates. The best impression is made by the officer who enters so deeply into the spirit of the lecture that he pronounces as to identify himself with each thought, sentiment and sentence. He who does not do this can scarcely be said to be fit for the east of a Lodge.

Suppose a candidate who has an idea of the fitness of things and the solemnities that ought to reign in a Lodge of Masons, and has come up from the ante-room under the discouraging circumstances that we have said sometimes prevail, stands before the principal chair to receive the *finale* of the degree, and finds there, as all along through the ceremony, there is an evident carelessness and negligence in the conduct of the work; that he finds no evidence of an appreciation of the beauties that even he can see are covered up in the indifference of the officials. Will he not be likely to become disgusted with the Lodge which is so unmindful of the proprieties which they ought to preserve? That this is the legitimate influence of such a negligent, heedless and unimpressive way of doing the work of the Lodge, few will dispute. That this is the cause of more than half the prevailing indifference among Masons, we profoundly believe.

If this be so, then it is the duty, the interest, and should be the pleasure of those who occupy stations of honor in the Lodge, to amend their conduct in this respect. Do the work of Masonry in that solemn, reverential manner designed by those who created and established it; strive to be impressed with its importance; become permeated with its spirit; above all, do not so conduct, or so speak, as to give the impression to those with whom you come in contact, that Masonry is in

any way a trifling institution, unworthy of the patronage of the serious and earnest men of the age.

But our limits admonish us to close. There are other points connected with those we have noticed, and which are important to the progress and welfare of Masonry, but we must make them the subjects of discussion in a future number.—*Masonic Trowel*.

MASONIC SONG.

Written for the celebration of the Nativity of St. John the Evangelist, in Portland, Dec. 27, 1853.

BY R. W. BRO. IRA BERRY, G. SEC'Y G. L. OF MAINE

COMPANIONS and Brothers, and Sisters and Friends,
 Lend your ears, while I sing of our Order sublime,
 Whose history, vouched by tradition, extends
 Away back to the earliest childhood of Time.
 How far beyond ADAM, we know not, indeed;
 But when *he* to transgress the command was beguiled,
 Himself, and his pretty young wife, as we read,
 Were from Eden expelled, and the Garden was *TYLED*.

 Great honors men owe to the worthies who brought them
 The Arts, and the blessings that come in their train;
 And foremost we reckon the art that was taught them,
 Of working in metals, by sage TUBAL CAIN.
 His name among Craftsmen with honor will pass,
 While the world shall endure—Brethren, *SO MOTE IT BE!*
 For though some, in these latter days, may have more brass,
 None have ever more worthily used it, than he.

 Among these old worthies, we find, Father NOAH
 Was held as an Architect skillful and true;
 He built the first ship and became a sea-goer,
 With Heaven for his guide, and the World for his crew.
 His WORK was well done, by direction divine;
 But we're sorry to add, when his WAGES were paid,
 He neglected the OIL, took too much of the WINE,
 And his CORN was not quite the best sort we're afraid.

 Full many Philosophers, Heroes, and Sages,
 Though known as good Masons, we've no time to name:
 As friends of the Craft, in all countries and ages,
 The wisest, the best, and the truest we claim:
 And we cannot forget, with such eyes to remind us,
 While men have their rights, there are women's rights too;
 And justice and courtesy equally bind us
 To give to the Fair Sex the praise that is due.

Miss RAHAB, of Jericho, ranks among those
 Who of old in the labors of love bore a part;
 And the fair QUEEN OF SHEBA, we well may suppose,
 Was, to some extent, versed in the mystical Art,
 For, when to Jerusalem she took a trip,
 Though it is not with absolute certainty known,
 'Tis thought that KING SOLOMON gave her the GRIP,
 And, like other fine Ladies, she'd WORDS of her own.

Then let not the Fair at our rules feel aggrieved:
 To their beauty and virtues in homage we bow—
 And though they can not be as BROTHERS received,
 They are first-rate COMPANIONS, all MASONS allow.
 May they live, love and flourish, in bliss unexceeded,
 Be always in ORDER, and work in DUE FORM;
 May their SIGNS be all answered, their WORDS be well heeded,
 Their LODGES well CLOTHED—and their GRIDIRONS warm.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

MASONIC writers frequently differ as to whether or not General Benedict Arnold was a Freemason. We lately quoted in the columns of *The Keystone*, positive assertions on this subject, pro and con. We are now enabled, on undoubted authority, to settle this vexed question; and we regret to have to record that the traitor Arnold *was* a member of our Fraternity. Through the courtesy of Bro. George H. Newton, of Hartford, Conn., we possess a copy of the By-laws of Hiram Lodge, No. 1, F. and A. M., New Haven, Connecticut, with the names of its members and dates of their admission; and from this we learn that on April 10, 1765, Benedict Arnold was entered in that Lodge. But there is this consoling circumstance connected with the disgrace which he subsequently brought upon himself and all his connections: he was made a Mason *fifteen years before* he revealed his true character, during the most of which time he stood well with his countrymen, and particularly with Washington, who esteemed him one of the bravest and best of his generals. When his life is studied, however, by all the light which the history of the times in which he lived now sheds upon his career, it is evident that, although upright and honorable in the eyes of the world prior to 1780, all through his life there are evidences, then hidden, now revealed, of a supreme selfishness, a sordid, grasping spirit, and an ignoble insatiate ambition. With view to making apparent the deftly hidden purposes of his life from the outset, and to show how he even retained the high regard of Washington up to the very moment of the consummation of his treachery, we will briefly review the

leading events in his history. If he could deceive his commander-in-chief, with whom he was on such intimate terms, it is not surprising that the Masonic Fraternity received him into its bosom when he was a young man, having an untarnished reputation, although of slender pecuniary means, and possessed of what was then thought to be an honorable ambition to rise above his early inconspicuous position, to a career of honor and usefulness.

Arnold began life as a horse-trader in New England. Losing money at this, he became successively a druggist and a book-seller in the city of New Haven. Still unsuccessful, and greedy of money and eager for renown, he took command of a company of volunteers from New Haven, at the beginning of the War of the Revolution. Possessed of a daring spirit, and apparently inspired by the purest patriotism, he soon, by his bravery and success, achieved a high military reputation. Nevertheless, all through his soldier-life, he in the eyes of a few far-seeing ones, periodically evinced the lowest and most despicable traits of character. For example, brave and intelligent in his advance with General Montgomery on Quebec, on his retreat he was licentious and rapacious, plundered Montreal, and greatly exasperated the Canadians against the American cause. In 1775, he had a disagreement with the brave Ethan Allen, with whom he disputed the supreme command of the expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. His claims were disallowed, and he was compelled to serve as a volunteer. Thus early was his spirit rankled. When the term of enlistment of the Green Mountain boys had expired, Ethan Allen returned with them to raise a new corps. He left the command of the other troops with Colonel Hinman. Arnold next quarreled with him, and claimed the right to outrank him. Complaints were made of his arrogant and undue assumption of command, to Massachusetts, and he was thunderstruck at being turned over to a committee of inquiry, when he expected an ovation. In the language of Washington Irving, "Arnold was furious. He swore he would be second in command to no one, disbanded his men, and threw up his commission. Quite a scene ensued."

In 1777, having previously returned to the army, and won some laurels, he again was enraged. Congress advanced several of his juniors over his head to the rank of major-general, he being a brigadier. Even Washington thought this wrong, and he wrote to Henry Lee in Congress, "Surely, a more active, a more spirited and sensible officer, fills no department of our army." It was afterwards explained, though not to his satisfaction, that his State already had its share of two major-generals, and he must wait. When he was subsequently promoted, he still complained that he was at the bottom of the list of major-generals.

He could not be satisfied. To soothe his pride, Congress voted him a horse, properly caparisoned ; but after all he remained at the foot of the list, and the slight still rankled in his bosom.

After being wounded in battle, he was appointed commander of the garrison at Philadelphia ; but here his alleged dissipation, extortion and peculation subjected him to a trial by court-martial. Let us quote Irving again, for his statements are always reliable, and his judgments charitable. He says : "Arnold's style of living gave point to this scandal. He occupied one of the finest houses in the city ; set up a splendid establishment ; had his carriage and four horses and a train of domestics, and gave expensive entertainments. Ostentations prodigality, in fact, was Arnold's besetting sin. To cope with his overwhelming expenses, he engaged in various speculations, more befitting the trafficking habits of his early life, than his present elevated position. Nay, he availed himself of that position to aid his speculations, and sometimes made temporary use of the public moneys passing through his hands. In his impatience to be rich, he at one time thought of taking command of a privateer, and making lucrative captures at sea." The result of this conduct was a finding against him on some of the charges by the court-martial, and his public reprimand by Washington.

It was not until the crowning infamy of his life, the attempted betrayal of West Point into the hands of the British, had unmasked his true character, that it was apparent he had during the greater part of the war been false at heart, having for many months been in traitorous correspondence with the enemy. During all this time, he was writing to Sir Henry Clinton under an assumed name and in a disguised hand, offering to betray valuable secrets for a certain price and certain rank in the British army.

At first receiving little encouragement in reply, he next offered himself to the French government, if they would advance him a sufficient sum to cancel his debts. Failing in this, he sought and obtained a leading command, that of West Point, on purpose to betray it to the enemy for reward. The price of this political Judas was £30,000 and a brigadier-generalship in the British army. He got the latter and some \$30,000, although he failed in his part of the contract, owing to Washington's acumen and promptness in counteracting his treason. He even surrendered the patriot coxswain and six bargemen, his subalterns, who innocently carried him on board a British ship, as prisoners of war ; but this perfidy excited the scorn of even the English officers, and they were released by order of Sir Henry Clinton. Arnold dragged out a miserable life thereafter. Despised by every one in England, he was subjected to a thousand personal indignities, and died in 1801 unla-

mented, rich in purse, but as much alone in the world as though he were its sole inhabitant.

It is to the credit of Freemasonry that he was not admitted to its brotherhood when suspicion attached to his name, but in early life, when in humble position and with character as yet unsullied, and if Hiram Lodge, No. 1, of Connecticut, must confess to having his name on its roll, he is the only one who has ever dishonored himself among the long list of its worthies, and it alone has given, besides other grand officers, *ten grand masters* to the State of Connecticut.—*Keystone*.

THE LETTER "G."

ABOUT the dormer of the middle chamber of Solomon's Temple, in plain view of all who entered, was inscribed the Ineffable Name; and in the place representing the middle chamber in a Mason's Lodge, an emblem is suspended to which the attention of the initiate is particularly directed, possessing the same symbolic allusion as in the temples of Edfou and Solomon. Thus the symbol is traced back to a time anterior to that in which Abraham left the land of Ur of the Chaldees and journeyed to Egypt, for the Temple of Edfou was even then an ancient building. The triangle with a *jod* in the center was the original symbol; but during the dark ages, when Masonry was in the hands of unlettered men, the explanation of this symbol was lost or forgotten, and about the time the English word God came into use, the letter G was substituted for the triangle and a new explanation given. Masonry had fallen into the hands of, and for a long series of years was almost entirely cultivated by, bodies of traveling architects and builders, until it began to be considered an operative association. An acquaintance with geometry is necessary to a thorough knowledge of architecture, and the letter G being the initial of geometry, was explained as the symbol of that science. The letter G occupies a prominent position in several of the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite; in Adonhiramite Masonry, and, in fact, in every one of the many systems in which the people of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were so prolific in manufacturing. Wherever we find this recondite symbol in any of the Masonic rites, it has the same significance—a substitute for the Hebraic *jod*, the initial letter of the divine name, and a monogram that expressed the uncreated being, principal of all things; and inclosed in a triangle the unity of God. We recognize the same letter G in the Syriac God, the Swedish Gud, the German Gott, and the English God—all names of the Deity and all de-

rived from the Persian *Goda*, itself derived from the absolute pronoun signifying himself. The Young Craft is the representative of a student of the sciences, and to him the letter *G* represents the science of geometry.—*Pierson*.

KATE BOYNTON'S MISTAKE.

BY E. M.

“BUT, where's Ned?”

“Oh! he's gone off to the Lodge again. I declare I get quite out of patience with him lately. When we were first married, he never left the house of an evening; but now he's off sometimes two or three nights a week. And he's so aggravating about it, too. He won't tell me a word of what they do, or what they talk of; and if I get out of patience—as what woman of spirit will not, at times?—he won't retort, or answer me back, but just says, in his quiet way, ‘Ah! I'm sorry you take it in that way. By-bye, dear; I hope you'll get your eyes open some day, and not look at this matter as though you were a child.’ As though I were a child, indeed! If I acted half as much like a child as his treatment would indicate, he might have some excuse for it.”

And Kate stopped, quite out of breath, as her visitors' “things” were taken off, and gathered into a huge bundle in her arms, preparatory to being carried into another room.

“So Ned has become a full-fledged Mason, has he?” queried John Aphorp, as Kate returned from the other room.

“Yes,” answered she, “I guess ‘full-fledged’ is a good word to use. That is what they apply to geese when they arrive at maturity, and I warrant it'll grace him as well. They're all a parcel of geese, to spend their time at Lodge meetings, whether they're Masons, Sons of Temperance, Sons of Malta, or whatever they call themselves. Better stay at home with their wives, or take them with them to some lecture or concert, or the theatre.”

Kate did not stop to think that she had little cause for complaint on this score, for she averaged at least two nights a week at some such entertainment, besides frequently attending a matinee. But women who part from their husbands as Kate had from Ned that evening seldom stop to reason, and Kate was no exception to the general rule.

“Well,” said John, “Masonry is something of a humbug. I wish he was here to-night, so we could make up a hand at whist or eu-

chre. Nellie here said, coming over, that it had been some time since we had had a game."

"So it has," responded Kate; "but there's no telling when Ned will be at home, and I hardly know who I could send for."

"Well, never mind; we'll have some music instead. Do, Mrs. Boynton, let us have some of those last opera gems. I saw you there the other night, and know you must have learnt them by this time."

Thus urged, Kate took a position at the piano, and now lost all recollection of the vexation of the first of the evening. They all loved music, and the evening passed very pleasantly. Kate and John were playing a duet when the door opened, and Ned stood upon the threshold.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, as the music ceased. "By Jove! if I had known what awaited me here, I don't know but I should have torn myself away sooner."

"And not taken that last ride on the goat," laughed John; "or given that cannon-ball an extra roll across the floor. I suppose you can sit down now, without being forcibly reminded of that hot grid-iron?"

"Oh, bosh!" laughed he, as he shook hands with John and his wife, and looked pleasantly over to his own Kate, to see if her impatience had yet worn off. "I hope you have passed a pleasant evening."

"Delightful," answered John. "And of course *you* have. But I say, Ned, why don't you ask a fellow to join, if it's such a grand thing? I've been waiting for an invitation from some one 'in the ring.'"

"I will carry in an application from you any time you wish," responded Ned; "but I shall never urge or even invite you to join."

"Oho! So, like the fox in the first off, you are not advising others to dispense with the tail, eh? I honor you, Ned."

"You misunderstand—"

"Please, Ned, that's a good boy," said Kate, coming over to him, and twining her arms around his neck, "don't go to Lodge again. You're too good, too noble, to be with such a crowd. You're disappointed, and won't acknowledge it, but won't help to get anybody else into the scrape."

"But it is no such thing," said Ned. "It's one of our principles, and one which a good Mason never forgets, to never urge any one to become a member, so one can only blame himself if he is disappointed. Do you understand? I am satisfied, and more than satisfied with my experience inside the Lodge-room. But let us change

the subject. I don't wish to be the means of bringing discord into the midst of the harmony that existed when I crossed the threshold. Let us have some more music."

Soon all was amicable again, and the vexed subject was forgotten for the time, and it was late when John and Nellie Apthorp took their leave.

Edward Boynton and John Apthorp were both book-keepers in large business houses, and each enjoyed the confidence of the firm he was with. Both houses had all along been considered the most prosperous in the city; but, at one of those commercial panics that occasionally sweep over the country, both houses had been too deeply engaged in speculations, and went down. Both Ned and John had lived pretty well up to their means, they having fastidious tastes, and having an eye to the adornments of art and the pleasures of music and literature. So they both found themselves, in the middle of a severe winter, with about all their means gone, and business still prostrated so that they could find nothing to do. It was especially hard to the poor wives, who had hitherto had all that heart could wish, and now found themselves cramped for even necessaries.

Added to other misfortunes, Ned was taken sick about this time, and confined to his bed. His illness was a fever, brought on by anxiety and care. Several persons, whom Kate recollected but slightly, came to watch with him, and others called to make inquiries. She was grateful, and mistrusting that they were Masons, felt more kindly towards the Order, but regretted the money Ned had spent upon it, thinking, with their empty flour-barrel and purse, how many nice things it could buy. She said as much, a little bitterly, one evening, to one of the watchers, who looked at her in a way she could not understand, and then made some remark about charitable societies not always practising what they preached.

The next day, about noon, as Kate sat eating the last bit of bread in the house after having made the last meal into some gruel for her poor husband, who was still out of his head, the bell rang, and she admitted a stranger, one she had never seen before.

"Does Mr. Boynton live here?"

"He does."

"Mr. Edward Boynton, lately with Small, Pellet & Co.?"

"Yes, sir."

"He is sick, is he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! And a little money would not come amiss, to buy luxuries, and so forth?"

"To buy necessaries, rather. Oh, sir!— But who are you?"

"No matter. You would not know me. He has had dealings with our bank, and there is a balance standing to his credit."

"Money in a bank! He never told me of it."

"Possibly not."

"But how much? Oh! it is so fortunate!"

"I do not now recall the exact amount. But you can take what you think necessary to-day, and I will enter it on the books."

Two or three times the gentleman came, and each time left a sum of money. The fourth time he came, he said:

"Supposing I should tell you that our books are square now, and no more is due your husband? What should you do?"

"Oh, sir, do not say so! It is such a mystery, and I have been hoping it would continue."

The gentleman did not immediately reply; but, after a moment of silence, he said:

"That large painting in the parlor, opposite the door, is a beautiful thing, Mrs. Boynton. What do you call it?"

"Oh! that is 'The Poet's Paradise.' That is poor Ned's favorite."

"Oh!" he said, abruptly, a moment later, arising to go; "I hope the balancing of our books will not be a source of inconvenience to you. You have immediate means enough, I presume, to last until Mr. Boynton's recovery?"

After Kate's reluctant and tearful confession, the stranger said:

"I should like the painting I spoke of a few moments since. I would pay a good price for it."

The struggle was short. Kate finally agreed to let it go, upon condition that Ned should have occasion to redeem it at some future time, which was finally consented to, with the promise extracted from Kate that her husband was to know nothing of it until his perfect restoration to health.

Again and again the stranger came, and offered money for some painting or statuette, until Kate grew to dislike him, denominating him as a usurer, and with difficulty restraining her tears as she saw her desecrated parlor.

At last Ned got around again, and began to grow strong. But Kate kept the parlor door closed, and never built a fire there, dreading the day of exposure and explanation. She had never before kept a secret from her husband; and the more she pondered on this, the more dreadful seemed its mammoth proportions.

"I've got no more to sell, Mr. Pawnbroker," Kate said, coldly,

one day about this time, as Mr. French, the one who had robbed her parlor, brushed unceremoniously past the servant-girl into the house.

"Softly, Mrs. Boynton," said this gentleman. "Does your husband know of this yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I thought it would be a good plan to have me here, to smooth it over, when it was told him; and, as he is about well now, and——"

"I will take you in to see the gentleman, and perhaps you will tell him yourself," said Kate, a little haughtily, as she ushered Mr. French into the sitting-room, where her husband was, and passed on into the kitchen.

A few moments later, she appeared at the door, and said:

"Isn't some one at the front door, Ned, dear? I thought I heard a noise."

"I guess I left the door open when I came in," said Mr. French, arising, and intercepting her, as she was about going to see. "Pardon me, madam; it was my neglect, and I will close it. Do not leave your duties."

Mr. French *did* meet some one at the front door, and ushered him into the sitting-room, asking him in a low tone, "Did you see my signal? and is everything all right?" getting an affirmative response.

"My dear," said Ned, the next time she came into the room, "I have invited Mr. French and Mr. Jewett to dinner, after which we shall be pleased to have some music. If Mrs. Brown is helping you to-day, let her build a fire in the parlor."

Poor Kate came near sinking to the floor.

"But," she began, "I am afraid I cannot sing or play to-day. I am not very strong since——"

But her husband's kind words reassured her; and, thinking it would help fill the void of the pictures and statuary, she said no more, but went out, and sent Mrs. Brown in. As that woman passed through, Mr. French, who had changed his position to one near the hall-door, said, in a low tone: "Whatever you see or hear, manifest no surprise and keep a still tongue."

After dinner was over and a few minutes had been spent in the sitting-room, Ned spoke about the parlor and music.

"Please let these gentlemen go first," said Kate. "I have something to tell you alone."

So they went in, and left the husband and wife alone.

"You know, dear Ned," she began, "how much it costs to live, and how little we had to do it with when you were taken sick. Your

Lodge friends were very kind in coming to watch with you, and sending little luxuries; but they never dreamed how destitute we were, and how much we needed necessaries, and—— But please don't go so fast," she said, as they had arisen, and were already in the hall; "I ain't done yet. And don't you believe I love you dearly, and care for you, and would do anything to please you?"

"Certainly, Katie. But what is the matter?"

"Oh, if you only knew——"

"Knew what?"

"Knew how I love you. No, not that. How I tried to get along without——"

Here she burst into tears, and could say no more.

"Oh! I can't tell you, after all," she said, presently, as they neared the parlor door. "You must see for yourself."

"See what?" he asked, in astonishment, as she opened the door, and stepped back, that he might go in first.

"Why, all——"

She stopped in astonishment, as she herself looked into the parlor, and saw "The Poet's Paradise," and the other paintings, and the statuettes on the brackets, and everything else she had parted with for money. She was speechless, and looked first at her husband, then at Mr. French, and then at the works of art.

"Probably I can explain this best," said Mr. French, stepping forward, telling Ned what the reader already knows, and then telling how he had the things returned to the parlor, at a given signal from him, when Kate was in the back part of the house.

"But what about the bank?" asked Kate, smiling a bewildered smile through her tears.

"That was as I told you," said Mr. French. "Mr. Boynton had and now has money on deposit in the bank, which always honors its drafts."

"What bank is it?" asked Kate.

"The Bank of Masonry, which every worthy member always finds a safe investment. Hearing what you had said on one or two occasions, and knowing what your feelings were, I took the method I did to teach you a little lesson. The wife of a Mason may not know the unimportant secret rites of the Order; but she may know of its workings of charity and humanity, and of its brotherly love and pure and undefiled religion. If it had not been to teach you your error, Mrs. Boynton, you might never have known from whence came the succor that aided you through a crisis that is liable to overtake all who dwell in this world of Entered Apprentices; for our agents do not deal in

ostentation, but imitate their Master, who went about doing good, and prating not of it, eighteen hundred years ago."

It is needless to add that Kate found herself in a singing mood, and that an afternoon passed happily that had promised her much bitter sorrow.

"O, Ned!" said Kate, a few days later, after he had started in business, "I saw Nellie to-day, and they have hardly a thing left. All their furniture and pictures and dishes, and almost their clothes they have on their back, went before they got through the crisis."

"Well, I'm sorry; but that's because they had no money in the bank."—*Masonic Monthly*.

THE RESCUE OF CHICAGO.

BY HENRY M. LOOK.

I saw the city's terror, I heard the city's cry,
As a flame leaped out of her bosom up, up to the brazen sky!
And wilder rose the tumult, and thicker the tidings came—
Chicago, queen of the cities, was a rolling sea of flame!

Yet higher rose the fury, and louder the surges raved,
(Thousands were saved but to suffer, and hundreds never were saved)
Till out of the awful burning a flash of lightning went,
As across to brave Saint Louis the prayer for succor was sent.

God bless thee, O true Saint Louis! so worthy thy royal name—
Back, back on the wing of the lightning thy answer of rescue came;
But alas! it could not enter through the horrible flame and heat,
For the fire had conquered the lightning, and sat in the Thunderer's seat!

God bless thee again, Saint Louis! for resting never then,
Thou calledst to all the cities by lightning and steam and pen,
"Ho, ho, ye hundred sisters, stand forth in your bravest might!
Our sister in flame is falling, her children are dying to-night!"

And through the mighty Republic thy summons went rolling on,
Till it rippled the seas of the tropics, and ruffled the Oregon.
The distant Golden City called through her golden gates,
And quickly rung the answer from the City of the Straits;

And the cities that sit in splendor along the Atlantic Sea,
Replying called to the dwellers where the proud magnolias be.
From slumber the army started at the far-resounding call,
"Food for a hundred thousand," they shouted, "and tents for all."

I heard through next night's darkness the trains go thundering by.
Till they stood where the fated city shone red in the brazen sky,

The rich gave their abundance, the poor their willing hands;
There was wine from all the vineyards, there was corn from all the lands.

At daybreak over the prairies reëchoed the gladsome cry—
“ Ho, look unto us, ye thousands, ye shall not hunger nor die ! ”
Their weeping was all the answer that the famishing throng could give
To the million voices calling, “ Look unto us, and live ! ”

Destruction wasted the city, but the burning curse that came
Enkindled in all the people sweet charity's holy flame.
Then still to our God be glory ! I bless Him, through my tears,
That I live in the grandest nation that hath stood in all the years.

PONTIAC, Mich., Oct. 11, 1871.

THE MEETINGS AT BALTIMORE.

OUR readers will naturally expect some account of the triennial meetings of the past week, but it seems an almost hopeless task to condense within a reasonable space, what occupies column after column of the local papers, and then fails to do justice to the subject. The attendance was simply immense ; never ending processions of Templars paraded the streets, and made themselves at home in the numerous headquarters, reception and banquet halls throughout the city. Shoulder-straps, gold bands and brass bands, swords, plumes, banners and all the glittering insignia of the order were to be seen on every hand, and one might think that all the Templars in the land had assembled, and that everybody else was going to join. The hospitalities were generous, nay lavish, and were dispensed with a courtesy and kindness that made them seem better—if that were possible—than they were. Twenty-eight States were represented by men many of whom have made their mark on the annals of the Craft, and will be remembered hereafter for their services and devotion.

On Tuesday morning the officers of the Grand Encampment were escorted by a very fine procession of Knights, including the local commanderies and several visiting bodies—Apollo, No. 1, of Chicago, being the special guard of honor. On arriving at the Temple, the Grand Officers were ushered into the Grand Lodge hall, and formally welcomed by M. W. John H. Latrobe, Grand Master of Maryland, and suitable response was made by M. E. Wm. Sewall Gardner, Grand Master of Templars. We give G. M. Gardner's greeting :

KNIGHTS COMPANIONS : On Thursday, the 29th of November, 1832, fourteen bold and valiant Knights assembled in the Masonic Temple, in this city, and proceeded to open the General Grand Encampment of the United States. The Rev. Sir Jonathan Nye, of New

Hampshire, presided over the deliberations, and welcomed his associates by an affectionate and fraternal address. The illustrious Sir James Herring, of New York, recorded the proceedings; while the venerable prelate, Rev. Sir Paul Dean, of Massachusetts, implored the blessing of Heaven upon the brave Knights and their doings. Of these fourteen good men, and true, two were from New Hampshire, five from the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and one from Connecticut, two from New York, one from Maryland, and three from the District of Columbia.

The General Grand Chapter met at the same time in Baltimore; that distinguished man and Mason, Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, being its presiding officer. He was reëlected to the high office which he had so honorably filled for the preceding three years.

No Session of the National Grand Bodies, held before or since that time, has so attracted public attention as did this of 1832. John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, did not consider this meeting of a mere handful of men in Baltimore beneath his notice, or unworthy the abuse of his caustic pen; and page after page of his letters, then published in the newspapers of the day, since collected into a volume, attest the interest which that meeting occasioned.

The period was indeed a peculiar one. For six years the excitement and frenzy of anti-Masonry had been gathering strength and fury, until at last, in a National Convention of anti-Masons, held here in Baltimore, candidates were nominated for the two highest offices of the Republic. The election took place in 1832, and William Wirt, of Maryland, and Amos Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, the nominees of the anti-Masonic political party for President and Vice-President, received the seven electoral votes of Vermont, and no more. The power of anti-Masonry culminated in 1832; and when the General Grand Encampment assembled here in the waning days of autumn, and found the fires around which the National Council of anti-Masons had been held, and read by their uncertain and unsteady light the strength and weakness of anti-Masonry in the Union, they knew that the battle had been fought, and that the night of agony was over. The hate and bitterness and fiendish hostility they knew would still remain—powerful in localities of infinite harm—but the nation had repudiated anti-Masonry, and had elected as President Andrew Jackson, an acknowledged, out-spoken, well-known Freemason; so well known that on the 23d of May, 1833, John Quincy Adams, in a published letter to Edward Livingston, then Secretary of State, paid a merited compliment to the Past Grand Master of Tennessee, in words intended to be severe and censurable.

“The President of the United States,” said Adams, “is a brother of the Craft, bound by its oaths, obligations, and penalties, to the exclusive favors, be they more or less, of which they give the mutual pledge. That in the troubles and difficulties which, within the last seven years, have befallen the Craft, they have availed themselves of his name, and authority, and influence, to sustain their drooping fortunes, as far as it has been in their power, has been matter of public notoriety. A sense of justice has restrained him from joining in their processions, as he has been importunately urged by their invitations to do, but he has not withheld from them his support.”

Almost forty years have passed away since the National Grand Bodies have assembled in Triennial Session, in the city of Baltimore. Behold the change! Those fourteen brave Knights have gone to their reward—not one of them now lives to rejoice at this triumphant return to Baltimore. They sleep peacefully and serenely the last great sleep; peace to their ashes; honor to their names. The railroad and telegraph now traverse populous States, then scarcely known. The union stretches from ocean to ocean, and holds in its fast embrace great States, whose territory was then unexplored.

From all parts of this wide, extended country—from the Atlantic and Pacific—from the great rivers, with their fertile valleys—from the mountain ranges, with their verdant slopes—from the rugged North and sunny South—from the great West, whither the star of empire is taking its course, and from the sea-girt populous East—come up here to Baltimore, to this Eighteenth Triennial Session of the Grand Encampment of the United States, in companies, in battalions, in regiments, thousands of true Knights, bearing the banners of the Cross, living witnesses of the truth of the resolutions passed by the General Grand Encampment, in 1832, that “political parties, in assailing the orders of Knighthood, aim a blow at all the free institutions of the country.”

The institution which, in 1832, was abused and maligned, its members insulted and degraded, and which could then gather in its National Convention but fourteen tried souls, has survived the abuse, the malignity, the insults, the degradation, and stands before you today in its wisdom, strength, and beauty.

In 1832, those fourteen Knights did not disturb the usual tranquillity of Baltimore, and their presence here was unrecognized. Quiet in demeanor, unobtrusive in manner, they came with a firm determination to fully perform their *devoirs* to Temple Masonry.

In 1871, the authorities of Baltimore, with a liberality of sentiment and a heartiness of greeting which will be gratefully appreciated

by every Templar of the United States, welcome us as guests of their municipality. The Templar Knights throng the city—its houses, streets, squares—and are received by brethren and citizens with a warmth of fraternal, generous hospitality unbounded and catholic as the principles of Freemasonry.

Knights Companions: To all the pleasures of this reunion—to this General Assembly called to a festival of rejoicing, where the hearts of thousands beat in unison; to this universal jubilee of Templars, and to the labors of our Triennial Session, I give you most hearty greeting. I welcome you to the responsibilities and duties of this meeting.

God has, indeed, dealt kindly with us hitherto, and brought us out of the net which our enemies had spread for us. It is meet and becoming, as well as it is our unfeigned pleasure and delight, to acknowledge the goodness of God toward us. His outstretched arm has protected and preserved us. Founded upon the Christian religion—a religion which dates its origin back to Bethlehem stable, when the heavenly chant, “Glory to God and peace to man,” first burst upon the ears of mortals—and founded also upon the practice of the Christian virtues, this Order of Knighthood is especially ennobled. Let this religion be to us, and to each of us, the morning star of hope, the evening star of peace, imparting celestial influences, and lighting every countenance with gladness.

Among the “Lays of the Crusades” is one bearing the name “Song of the Restored,” and which was sung by the Ancient Templars in the year of Grace 1244. Of its beautiful verses the following are not inappropriate, as we come back to the city of Baltimore after an absence of nearly forty years:

All hail! O, Holy Temple!
Once more thy cross of gold
Gleams glorious to the Eastern sun,
As it was wont of old.

Sound now thy loudest trumpet,
Herman de Perrigord,
Thy banner of the Beauseans
Floats proudly as before.

O, scene of joy and triumph,
Sing it with solemn voice;
Let Harp and Tabor swell the strain,
Let all the world rejoice.

Thursday was devoted to the long-expected parade of the Templars. We copy the following general description from the *Baltimore Evening Journal*:

The sun arose like a large ball of fire, and bathed the city in a bright halo of glory; and the streets presented a scene of great animation. Every expectation of a beautiful day by the people appeared to have been gratified, and they were present upon the streets, selecting every Knight that went by on his way to headquarters as a slight gratification of the enormous degree of curiosity, mingled with excitement, that they possessed. The additions to the display of bunting have been very large, and the house-tops and fronts of many houses in the city, along the line of parade, are clothed in the gayest colors.

As the morning grew on, the streets were alive with humanity, apparently in pursuit of no particular object, as they stood idly about in a listless mood, but merely to gratify a restless spirit and undefined sense of excitement. Soon the Knights, in all the glittering paraphernalia of their Order, made their appearance among the throng, and greatly intensified its interest. The sound of music swelled upon the air, and the greatest state of fermentation prevailed. The people rushed wildly to the place from which it proceeded, tumbling over each other, and offering a confusion beyond depiction. Riders galloped to and fro, and people ran in every direction, seeking some new sight.

The different Commanderies, headed by their fine music, took up their march to the place of forming on Broadway, and were followed by throngs of people. Here the greatest scenes of excitement enacted during the day were offered. The whole length of the street was black with a dense mass of humanity; from the house-tops, and suspended in the middle of the street, with the hospitable inscripion, "Welcome, Visitors," nearly touched the heads of the crowd. Windows, porticos, and housetops were thronged with people, and as they rent the air with admiration, and the waving of thousands of handkerchiefs, dotted the space like to the fluttering of so many butterflies, the scene was almost wild. The Knights, dressed in their gay colors, and marching with an admirable elasticity of step and fine regularity, were constantly arriving, and bringing with them fresh additions to the crowd. The sun shone with a soft, mellow light, and the temperature of the weather was refreshing. The day offered an unequalled Masonic success, and the grand pageant was but another evidence of the power of the Order in America, its magnitude and glorious beneficence.

By the time the parade was formed the greatest eagerness was felt along the line of march, and every eye was turned to the eastward to catch the first sight at the coming banners of the Knights. When they came in view, a burst of admiration and even enthusiastic applause greeted them. They looked neither to the right nor left. Like

veterans, they marched straight on with steady and regular tramp in line as straight as that of the Fifth Regiment, and with their plumes waving, their bright equipments flashing in the sunlight, their swords glittering, and the whole presenting as brilliant a pageant as that which rode forth many a bright morning ago to the Field of Cloth of Gold.

It was a sore temptation to Sir Knights, no doubt, the knowledge that to the right and left of them were numerous beautiful faces, smiling with pleasure upon them and saluting them with the waving of handkerchiefs and with the applause of their white and beautiful hands. But not one look, but onward in beautiful and regular phalanx, marched the well trained Knights behind their beautiful, silken and golden banners bearing the device, "*In hoc signo vincis.*"

This motto has a strange birth in the traditions of the past. When Constantine rode forth at the head of his dispirited army, anxious as to the result of the campaign which was to enroll his name among the great, suddenly he saw a great light in the heavens, and a cross of immortal brightness gleamed before his startled vision. He adopted the cross as his standard, just as the great Napoleon adopted the eagle; and he inscribed upon his standard the motto that is inscribed upon the banners of the gallant gentlemen who have, in this far distant century, gathered in the streets of fair Baltimore. •

Their banners to-day are unfurled in the cause of peace. They wave not over ruined cities, devastated castles, or smoking mounds, but over bright hearts banded together in the great cause of religion and morality. They are the charity, glowing, to be sure, with the recollections of a thousand gallant deeds, with the memory of many a just cause upheld, but more beautiful as they are the emblems of "Peace on earth, good will to man."

After the line was formed it was reviewed by Sir W. Sewell Gardner, Most Eminent Grand Master, and others of the Grand Encampment. The review was conducted according to the Templar's drill, which differs much from Hardee and Upton—in fact is a distinct drill of its own, promising many attractive features. The ranks were open, and officers were to the front, the music and colors saluting the high officials as they passed.

The following are the officers elected: Josiah H. Drummond, Maine, G. G. H. P.; E. H. English, Ark., D. G. G. H. P.; Chas. H. Ohr, Md., G. G. K.; Charles Marsh, Cal., G. G. S.; John McLellan, Boston, G. G. Treas.; C. G. Fox, New York, G. G. Sec'y; Joseph Yeates, Ill., G. G. C. of H.; Dewitt C. Dawkins, Fla., G. G. R. A. C.

LEGISLATION.

The legislation of the National Bodies recently in the City of Baltimore has been the subject of much prophecy, not a few of the

prophets exultingly proclaiming that the Grand General Chapter would never meet again. It is sufficient to say in this connection that the subject of dissolving the body was not even mooted, and that it comes out of this triennial convocation stronger and with greater promise of long life than ever before. Among the subjects first disposed of was the proposition to drop the Past Master Degree from the Royal Arch series. The arguments presented to this end do not seem to have been very convincing, for the motion was refused by a vote nearly approaching to unanimity. We apprehend, however, that this refusal came not so much from the suspicion that it was but the entering wedge to a process of disintegration, expected to culminate in the destruction of the body, and hence the unanimous refusal to strike out, was, at the same time and in the same ratio, a determination to maintain and preserve the national front and organization of Royal Arch Masonry, according to the American system. Viewed in this light, we are free to say that we rejoice at the result, because we have felt more solicitous for the National Body than for the success of any particular measure at this time. Nevertheless we do not take back any part of the opinions in relation to the P. M. degree heretofore expressed by us, and believe as heartily now as we did before the meeting that all Chapters and the system in general would largely benefit by the success of the now defeated proposition. It is a work, therefore, that remains to be done, and which will ultimately be accomplished—as other great labors have been brought to a successful termination—by time and the exercise of patience and perseverance. The friends of the measure are not then to lay down their arms and consider themselves as hopelessly beaten, but on the contrary, they should continue to agitate it until the public mind has been so educated that at last the excision will take place with the same unanimity that now marks its refusal. Another topic of legislation was the question of the employment of substitutes. The representatives of several State Grand Chapters called attention to the fact that the law in their jurisdictions forbade the use of substitutes; but, on the other hand, it was demonstrated by the published returns of exaltations, that whatever the law might have been, the practice shows substitutes have been employed. The General Grand Chapter, therefore, declared that henceforth they may be lawfully used. A very learned and interesting discussion took place in regard to a portion of the secret work, and amendments, which will be promulgated in due season to all Royal Arch Masons.

An amendment to the Constitution was adopted which makes Past Grand High Priests of States permanent members of the General Grand Chapter,

The address of the General Grand High Priest, James M. Austin, M. D., of New York, (which will appear in our next issue,) election and installation of officers, and routine business, filled up the remainder of the session, and on Friday, at noon, the General Grand Chapter closed, to meet on the last Tuesday of November, 1874, at Nashville, Tenn.

In the Grand Encampment of the United States, business commenced in earnest by the presentation of the address of Grand Master Gardner. This is a voluminous document, requiring over three hundred pages of manuscript, and exhaustively treating every possible topic in which Templar Masons are interested. We of course cannot give even a *resume*. The Grand Encampment, by unanimous vote, elected Sir Wm. Stuart, M. E. and Supreme Grand Master of the Grand Conclave of the Religious and Military Order of Knights Templar for England and Wales, an honorary member; with the rank and title of Past Grand Master; and a committee, consisting of Wm. Sewall Gardner, of Massachusetts, John W. Simons, of New York, and George S. Blackie, of Tennessee, was appointed to enter into correspondence and negotiate treaties of amity and concord with the authorities of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The decision of the Grand Master, approving and recognizing Knights of the Red Cross, made under authority of the Provincial Grand Conclave of Canada, in councils of Royal and Select Masters, was agreed to.

The jurisdiction of the Grand Commandery of Virginia over the Commanderies in West Virginia was recognized, so that there are now two Grand Commanderies holding jurisdiction over two States each.

The petition of Virginia to be allowed to withdraw from the jurisdiction of the Grand Encampment, was, after a lengthy and able debate, courteously but firmly refused.

It was decided that a Grand Commander, during the recess of his Grand Commandery, has power to suspend the commanding officer of a subordinate from the functions of his office and to arrest the warrant of a commandery, but in neither case can such action be held to affect the Templar relations or standing of an individual Knight.

This is not specially new, but as there has been some difference of opinion on the effect of such action by a Grand Commander, we regard it as of great importance that the correct law should have been promulgated by the National Body.

It was also decided that a Subordinate Commandery, traveling in a body beyond the State in which it is located, does not by that act escape the fealty and allegiance it owes to its superiors, but is bound to

obey the lawful commands of its Grand Commandery or Grand Commander, abroad as well as home.

Two reports on uniform were presented, but as they involved more or less change and the temper and instructions of the representatives were decidedly averse to any change, the documents were tabled.

The same thing happened to the proposition to adopt and promulgate a system of tactics and drill. We may remark on this subject that as all the systems thus far published have been based upon that of Sir Orrin Welch, of New York, and differ from it only in some minor details, it will be safe to adopt the New York system.

Perhaps the most important act of the Session, and indeed of the Grand Encampment, was the assessment of a per capita tax on the affiliated Templars of the Union, to be collected from the several Grand Commanderies annually. The Revenue of the Grand Encampment has hitherto been derived from dispensations to form new Commanderies in territories where no Grand Commandery is established and from a tax on the Knights created in such subordinations, but the formation of Grand Commanderies has been so rapid of late years and promises so to continue, that the receipts fall below the current expenditures. It was therefore an absolute necessity that some new source of revenue should be devised, and this was happily met in an amendment to the constitution having the effect above stated. The amount of the tax is only five cents annually per man; but as there are already about thirty thousand Templars, with an annual increase of four thousand, it follows that the triennial receipt will be from four to six thousand dollars, a sum sufficient for all needed expenses, while its payment cannot be considered in any degree onerous. We believe that, on the contrary, this proceeding will do more to consolidate and strengthen the Grand Encampment than any other that could be devised, and that the National Body will stand higher in the future than it has in the past.

Various amendments to the Constitution were discussed and adopted, one of which involves a slight change in the style, not title of Grand officers. A large amount of routine business was transacted, and the Grand Encampment was closed to meet in the city of New Orleans on the first Tuesday of December, 1774.

We repeat here what we said in relation to the General Grand Chapter, that the Grand Encampment comes out of this convocation stronger, more united, and its powers and usefulness better understood than ever before.

We may here be pardoned a word in relation to the festivities which of late years have accompanied the meetings of these organizations. Some are inclined to blame them, others to regard them as having a

strong tendency to promote good feeling, and cement the bonds of union between the different parts of the country.

One thing is certain. They are very expensive, and rest heavily, not only on the entertainers, but the guests, some of whom, as in this instance, traveled more than a thousand miles to be present. It seems quite clear that they might be diminished in extent, without affecting the objects sought to be attained, and the heavy burden of expense be thus diminished. As things are now arranged, it seems certain that the coming meetings will be considerably more quiet than their immediate predecessors. The distance to be traveled, and the less number of commanderies in the Southern States, will make the New Orleans meeting considerably more tranquil than that at Baltimore, while the General Grand Chapter at Nashville will escape the confusion altogether; but then when the bodies come together again in some Northern or Western city, the smothered enthusiasm of six years will find vent in a jubilee equal to, if not surpassing, anything that has yet been done. Personally, we would be in favor of a much more modest style of welcome and entertainment, but we do not assume to be the custodian of other people's acts, and presume that when the time comes around we shall see what we shall see.—*Dispatch.*

ANCIENT RUINS.

Ancient Egypt, Palestine, and the East.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

CHAPTER VI.

PRIOR to the conquest of Egypt by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1798, and ere the labors of his commission in the tombs and amid the ruins of ancient cities along the Nile had been consummated, most men supposed the Hebrew historical and religious writings were the most ancient literature extant. Thousands of intelligent men in Europe and America are totally ignorant of the result of the discoveries of this learned commission, and of the contents of the exhumed books of Papyrus and the translations of the mural inscriptions found among these ruins. It was a long time before these translations were made, and found their way into the English language. We are indebted to the labors of E. De Rougé and his coadjutors for much of the knowl-

edge we now possess of these remarkable treasures of ancient history. To every one who seeks a knowledge of the origin of human society, its religious and political character, as far back as it is possible to trace them, the researches of De Rougé, and the testimony of the books of Papyrus, are unspeakably interesting. From all that can be gathered, the ancient Egyptians modeled their religious and social compact after that of the Hindoos. If they were not identical, they were very similar. The immense Hindoo temples, cut out of the hardest rocks—excavated from *one* vast rock—exhibit, perhaps, a higher antiquity than those of Egypt or Syria.

It is equally evident that the Hebrew hierarchy (for such it was) erected by Moses, and Jethro, his father-in-law, was quite similar to both of the establishments just mentioned. *Truth*, that celestial angel, the representative of God on earth, shunned by superstitious bigots as the messenger of death—Truth smiles approvingly upon our lines when we assert that the Hindoos were the first of mankind, who moulded the wandering tribes of man into a monarchy, founded on religion. Ere Homer or Virgil wrote in ecstatic verse, or Troy, Carthage, Greece or Rome came into being, or Abraham and Lot wandered into Egypt, or Abraham, for fear of assassination, passed off his wife for his sister, (Gen. xii), was Egypt a mighty empire. The system of polity at this time in Egypt, like that of the Hindoos, was a monarchy subject to an omnipotent hierarchy. The people were divided into hereditary *castes*; the first of which consisted of the priests, who were the officers of state, expounders of the laws, and of the mysteries of religion. Then followed the soldiers and agriculturists. The priests monopolized the learned professions, and were superior to the king until he was initiated into their religious mysteries. They held a portion of the land, and were not subject to taxation. We have already (in Chapter V.) given their practices and manners of life. It is remarked by those who have not had the means necessary to the acquirement of the facts, that the Egyptians did not believe in the "*true* God," and their priests were not, therefore, the true priests of religion, nor were there any true priests before the giving of the law of Moses. The writings of our Holy Scriptures dissipate this conceit. We shall show that the Hebrew priests were in the priesthood *before* the law, and that the law never changed their religious supremacy over the people.

Abraham lived four hundred years before the law of Sinai; and when he returned from a victorious campaign, (Gen. xiv. 18), "Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine, and he was the priest of the Most High God; and he blessed him and said,

Blessed be Abraham of the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth. * * * And Abraham said to the king of Sodom (verse 22), I have lifted up my hand to the Most High God."

The Most High God is the *true* God, and this is He in whom Melchizedek and Abraham believed, and whom they adored. And this Melchizedek was king of Salem, one of the "heathen" nations, as they are termed!

If the Most High God is not the "*true* God," then where are we to find such a Being?

This Melchizedek was a *priest*, a priest of the "true" God, an officer of the state, and of religion, before Abraham had any posterity, and therefore was not a priest under the law, which was given four hundred years after this date. The Hebrews had priests and elders before the law was given. "Jethro, the priest of Midian, Moses's father-in-law, took a burnt-offering and sacrifices for God, and Aaron came, and all the elders of Israel, to eat bread with Moses's father-in-law before God." (Exod. xviii. 12.) Midian was a country east of the Red Sea, in Arabia Petræ. Now here appears another priest, Jethro, the priest of Midian, who, in the presence of Aaron and the elders of Israel, sacrificed to God. This was the God Moses worshipped—the "true God." He was the father-in-law of Moses, who kept his flocks for years. After Moses was educated in Egypt, he fled, and spent forty years with the priest of Midian, and married his daughter; and before the giving of the law, or as soon as the Israelites had passed the Red Sea, Jethro met him, and acting as priest for Moses, he there sacrifices to God, and they did eat together before God, with Aaron (afterwards priest) and the elders. So we find priests and elders before the law, and consequently not so created by the law.

Before the giving of the law, (Exod. xix. 22,) the priests were commanded not to approach the base of Mount Sinai. So again in the 24th verse: "Let not the priests break through to come up unto the Lord."

Again. Jethro, the priest of Midian, arranged the government of the Israelites for Moses before the law, and said to him, "Be thou to the people God-ward, and thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws. (Exod. xviii.)

The "elders of Israel" are mentioned twice in the 17th chapter of Exodus. They are mentioned while the Hebrews were still in Egypt. (Exod. xii. 24.) "Then Moses called for the elders of Israel."

Moses instituted the *Sabbath* (Exod. xvi. 23) several months before the enunciation of the law.

We have mentioned these facts for the purpose of showing that all the ancient nations embraced religion, and that the Israelites were organized into a national compact, having elders and priests, and a prophet (Moses), before the law was given. The elders were *rulers*, and the priests officiated in religious matters, offering up sacrifices to God, just as did the priests of other nations, especially the Egyptians. Religion has ever been an universal sentiment among mankind.

Masonry thus unites men, believing in God the great Creator, and Source of all life, blessed forevermore. Masonry, thanks be to God, unites in friendly ties the fur-clad Greenlander and the sun-tanned Moor, without any "Act of Conformity" in the minor matters of their religion. Bigotry is ever intolerant. Truth never was created for bigots. They never investigate. Masonry never says to a Brother, "I believe in the true God, and you trust a false deity, and ought to expiate your crime at the stake."

When John Huss saw an old lady toiling and sweating to drag a heavy faggot to his stake, he exclaimed, "O sancta simplicitas."

Bigotry, by means of the "Holy Inquisition," has destroyed about one million of heretics; in Europe over *thirty thousand* of them by the tortures of the flames. All this, because these persons were honest enough to refuse assent to that which they did not believe.

That the Hebrews recognized the same God the Egyptians did, is evident from their sacrifices, priests, and prayers. In proof, we copy the prayer of Rameses, (Pharaoh,) as translated from the *Sallier Papyrus*, written before the law of Moses was given, and exhumed in 1798. It was made on the occasion of his great battle with the Chetas: "What, then, is the intent of my Father, Ammon? Is it a Father who would deny his son? Or have I trusted to my own thoughts? Have I not walked according to Thy word? Has not Thy mouth guided my goings forth? and Thy counsels, have they not directed me? * * * I invoke Thee, O my Father! I am in the midst of a throng of unknown tribes, and I am alone before Thee. No one is with me. * * * But I prefer Ammon to thousands of archers, to millions of horsemen, and to myriads of young men, arrayed in phalanx. * * * Have I not obeyed the order of Thy lips, and Thy counsels have they not guided me? Have I not given glory to Thee, to the ends of the earth?"

This prayer, or the prayer of which this is a part, was written five or six hundred years before the prayers of David; and in his prayers we find the same style, and even sentences which are *verbatim*. There is nothing in the name addressed. If it be objected that the name *Ammon* is mentioned in the prayers of Pharaoh, and consequently he

addressed a false deity, (a thing that has no existence,) it might with equal justice be affirmed that *we* do not address the true Deity when we say *God*, because the Hebrews used the word Jove, or Jehovah, or Jah, and theirs was the true One. Mahomet, in his Al Koran, has repeated one truth hundreds of times, when he says, "There is no god but God." There is no such a being in the universe as a false god. God is the true God, and there is none other, no odds what name we call him.

But it is objected that the Hindoos and Egyptians believed in *more than one God*. We answer, they believed in only ONE Supreme Being. And if this objection is of any weight against Hindoos and Egyptians, it must also overthrow the worship of the Hebrews. "God said, let us make man." "The man is become as one of us." "Let us go down and confound their language." The first time the name of God is used in the Hebrew Bible, it occurs in the plural number. "In the beginning, ELOHIM created." EL is God, in the singular number, and *Elohim* in the plural. The phrase, BARA-ELOHIM—the Gods created—occurs more than thirty times in the short history of the creation. (Tomlin's Theology and Hebrew Bible.)

The term, JEHOVAH ELOHIM,—*the Lord Gods*,—occurs at least one hundred and thirty times in the law of Moses. It is true that the word Jehovah is not used in the first chapter of Genesis, as Bishop Colenso has recently shown in his very literary works. The Hebrews recognized but one Supreme Deity, and He was *their* God.

They applied the word God to a superior being, to an angel, or a man.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, I have made thee a God unto Pharaoh." (Exod. vii. 1.)

"Thou shalt not revile the Gods." (Exod. xxii. 8.)

"The Lord judgeth among the Gods." (Ps. lxxxii. 2.)

While the Hebrews believed in but one God, the same is equally true of the Hindoos and Egyptians. The VEDAS of the Hindoos, in the narration of the creation of the world, begin thus: "In the beginning there was an *only* God, self-created and self-sustaining. After passing an eternity in the contemplation of his being, he desired to exhibit his perfections beyond himself, and created the matter of the world," etc. Here is a recognition of *only one* God. Now by what means have bigots learned that the God of the *Vedas* is not the true God? That the God of *Melchisedek* and of *Jethro* was any other than He?

Prior to the exhumation of the Egyptian books of the Papyrus by the French commission, in 1798, and subsequently, the Hebrew writings, sacred and historical, were considered the oldest writings extant.

BRETHREN IN DISTRESS.

NEVER in the history of our country, if indeed in the history of the world, has there been a parallel to the devastating fires which have swept over the Northwest like a besom of destruction since our last issue. But a few weeks ago and our people were rejoicing over one of the most productive harvests that was ever gathered, and the demand for the products of the soil, which gave promise of brisk trade and plenty of money. Chicago then stood forth in all her glory, the most prominent city, the center of trade and wealth. No city could boast such a growth. It was the pride of the west, and indeed of the entire country. Within the easy recollection of people not yet advanced in years, Chicago was a comparatively small village, situated on low, marshy grounds, and remarkable only for its exceedingly muddy streets and extravagant hotel charges. The writer can well remember those days. When he visited Chicago the first time it was a large village of mushroom growth, nearly made up of shanties. At that time the marshy grounds south of the city, within plain sight of the court house square, could have been purchased at government price. And few who visited the place had confidence that it would ever amount to much; much less that it would ever become one of the first cities of the nation. But at length railroads were constructed, connecting it with eastern cities, and also with the rich prairies surrounding it. From that time the growth of Chicago was without a parallel. The muddy village soon gave place to one of the most beautiful and wealthy cities of modern times. Its massive, business blocks, its palatial residences, its mammoth hotels, its printing houses, railroad depots, schools, churches, lodge halls, all these bore testimony to the superior taste and enterprise of its people.

But alas, alas! The Chicago of a few days ago is no more. Its majestic business blocks and palatial residences, in a few brief hours have been all consumed, and this beautiful proud city lies in smouldering ruins, and her independent wealthy people are driven out from their beautiful homes into the chill autumnal blasts without a roof to shelter them, or clothing or food except as they are sent them by the generous and charitable of more favored portions of our country.

An adequate description of the city in flames will probably never be so written as to impress the reader with the awful reality. We have read several accounts which were truly appalling, but are told by those who witnessed the awful scene, that it beggars all description. We subjoin the following given by an eye-witness:

CHICAGO, October 9, 1871—4 P. M.

This city has been visited with one of the most awful and devastating conflagrations which has occurred in the history of the world since the great fire of London. It was but yesterday that Chicago stood proud and erect, the great commercial emporium of the west, with railroads centering here from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and from Lake Superior and the Gulf of Mexico, filling her storehouses and granaries with the products and wealth of a continent. To-day the entire city is absolutely and literally obliterated from the face of the earth, and nothing remains of this great, proud and prosperous city but a fringe of scattering dwelling houses in the suburbs of the city. It is utterly impossible to particularize or give the names of places burnt, as to do so, would be to give the entire business directory of the city.

The fire which occurred here on Saturday night, and which has been previously reported, burnt over an area of about twenty acres, principally covered with tenement houses, machine shops, and wood and coal yards. The total loss was about \$500,000. One woman was also burned to death.

This fire had been subdued and no apprehensions of further danger had been felt until 9:30 Sunday night, when a fire broke out at the corner of Canalport avenue and Halsted streets, in the southwestern part of the city, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the court house square, and half a mile south of the fire of the previous night. As this was an extensive pork-packing and lumber district, and the wind was blowing strong directly towards the court house square and the centre of the city, the devouring element soon got beyond the control of the firemen, who were promptly on the spot and battled heroically, but were obliged to retreat from square to square rapidly. In less than one hour the flames had spread over half a mile and crossed the canal into the extensive lumber-yards and storehouses near Polk street. Here the flames spread with fearful rapidity, and the wind, increasing with the flames, threatened the destruction of the entire city, as all efforts of every fire engine of the city were absolutely powerless. The water thrown on on the flames seemed only to add to their fury. By this time the streets became blocked with thousands fleeing before the fiery element, unable to save anything, vast numbers with bare feet and with nothing but their night clothes on, filling the air with cries and wailings for children and friends whom they feared were burnt in the flames. The fiery fiend spread rapidly over the southern part of the city, and by 1:30 Monday morning, the new court house and the immense blocks of marble buildings surrounding it on the west and south sides, including the chamber of commerce, were one mass of flames. Here the scene

presented was the most awful that the imagination can picture. The unfortunate inhabitants of over a square mile of the most densely populated part of the city, over which the fire had passed, were rushing in every direction in a frenzied state of bewilderment. In a few moments the roofs of the court house, Chamber of Commerce, Merchants' Insurance building and Coolbaugh's Bank fell in with a fearful crash. Here an attempt was made to stop the progress of the flames by blowing up some of the large buildings with gunpowder. Five kegs were exploded in Coolbaugh's Bank, but the shattered debris of the wreck only added fury to the flames. The scenes presented here were terrible, and it was now evident that the entire city was doomed to destruction. The flames rushed on with irresistible force and appeared like a huge monster of fire and smoke over a mile and a half long, with its head on court house square. Here huge flames would leap up among the clouds of smoke, illuminating the whole city as in the noonday for miles around. Presently, from a sudden gust of wind, they would dart down along the ground and along the walls of adjacent buildings, which would immediately burst out in flames. The Sherman House, on the north side of the court house square, next caught fire, the guests rushing out through the doors and jumping through the windows in every direction, many escaping without their clothing. Nothing whatever was saved in the hotel, and it is not known how many persons may have perished here and in the immense buildings surrounding, as no one can go within a mile of them as yet. But it is strongly to be hoped that sufficient warning was given, and that all escaped. From here the flames rapidly advanced to Lake street, burning the Tremont House and every building on Lake and Water streets to the Illinois Central Railroad depot and Illinois Central elevators. The whole southern part of the city, from where the fire crossed the canal at Polk street to the court house square, and from there to the Illinois Central Railroad depot—over a mile and a half in length—and from the canal to the lake shore, one mile wide, was one solid mass of flames. This comprises the wealth and principal business part of the city, containing the Court House, Postoffice, Sherman House, Tremont House, Palmer House, and the immense new Pacific Hotel, the Michigan Southern and Illinois Central Railroad depots, all the leading banks of the city, the *Tribune*, *Times*, and all the other newspaper offices of the city, the Chamber of Commerce, all the theatres and public libraries and halls, all the wholesale houses and large retail houses of the city, and the rich and fashionable residences on Wabash and Michigan avenues as far as Harrison street, one mile from the canal—everything is absolutely lost over this vast area of one mile and a half long and one mile wide of

the very heart of the city. Only here and there a wall or chimney remains standing as far as the eye can penetrate from the outside, but as yet no one can enter it, so intense is the heat.

From the immense elevators and storehouses along the canal, the flames shot across to the north side, burning all the vessels and canal boats in the canal, and rapidly spread over to the north side. Here the extent burnt over at the present writing is much greater than on the south side, and the flames are still raging. There is no hope whatever of resisting the fire till it spends its force on the prairies, five or six miles north from the court house. The north side, from the canal to Lincoln Park, along LaSalle and Dearborn streets and the lake shore, is the oldest part of the city, and occupied by many of the wealthiest citizens, while North Clark and Lake streets and along the line of the north branch of the canal, is principally occupied by the foreign elements, Germans, etc., and mostly poor. At the present writing, an area of three miles long and one and a half broad is one blackened, charred desert. Not even a tree or blade of grass is left living, and the flames are still advancing north. There is no hope of any portion of the North Division of the city being saved, which covers an area of about six miles long and an average width from the north branch of the canal to the lake shore of one and a half miles. The part of the North Side destroyed includes the water works, the Roman Catholic Cathedral and about forty fine churches of different denominations. The area burned on the South Side contained about twenty of the most beautiful and costly churches in the city, and many smaller ones.

It is utterly impossible to attempt an approximation of the entire loss. The part burnt contains nearly all the grain elevators, lumber yards, wood and coal yards, just filled with the winter supply, all the banks and public buildings, all the hotels, all the wholesale and principal retail houses, all the best churches, the theatres and the costliest and most fashionable private residences of the city. It is within bounds to say that three-fourths of the entire wealth of the city has been swept away in a few hours.

The loss of human life, it is feared by many, must be very large, and they put the figures at many hundreds at least, but the exact number can never be known. I myself do not share in these gloomy anticipations, and believe that nearly all had sufficient warning to escape.

The confusion on the North Side this morning and all day baffles description. People rushed round frantically, crying and bewailing the loss of friends. The means of escape from the North Side were over the draw-bridge and across the canal, and over these the poor people rushed, some carrying children, some bearing along fainting women

and children, and every one with pots, pans and bedding. Occasionally, a tug boat would come along towing a vessel from the flames, loaded with human beings, when the bridge would swing open to let her through. At such times there is ground for apprehension that many of those near the bridge may have been forced into the water by those in the rear, in their efforts to get away from the flames surrounding them. The screams, shrieks and imprecations at these bridges are utterly indescribable.

At least 100,000 souls are homeless to-night, and without shelter of any kind, having lost everything.

Thus has Chicago been turned into ruins. Blocks which were considered proof against fire, melted before the fierce flames like frost before a harvest sun, and not a single one on the twenty-five hundred acres of burnt district, withstood the scorching flames.

Among the most solid and ornamental of blocks destroyed were those containing Masonic Halls. One of these, *Oriental*, was furnished at an expense of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Others were nearly as expensive. But they are now crumbled down and lie among the smouldering ruins. Over ten thousand Masons are without halls in which to meet. But that is nought in comparison with their families destitute of homes to shelter them, and the numbers who have fallen in the vain struggle to resist the fierce attack of the fire demon.

We are glad to know that the whole country is aroused, and that trains are loaded with food, clothing and household goods in all parts of the east and west, and forwarded to the sufferers, and that money is raised in liberal amounts to replace, to some extent, the lost homes. This is a glorious work, and we rejoice to know that the Masonic brotherhood are moving, and doing a liberal share of this truly Masonic work. It is hoped that every brother will take part in this labor of charity. None are too poor to give at least the widow's mite.

Since preparing the above, the intelligence comes of the ravages of the fire in other places. The insatiate fire fiend is still at large, devastating cities of greater or less magnitude, and also many of the rural districts of Wisconsin, Kansas, and our own State. Thousands on thousands of people are fleeing for their lives, after battling heroically for their homes and household goods. Hundreds have met death in this awful struggle. Such a time was never known since the settlement of the west. Every paper we take up is full of the heart-rending accounts, so we need not occupy our space in the fearful details. The readers of our journal will know quite enough of the terrible history of destruction by fire. What we now most need is immediate and ener-

getic action. Brethren, remember that we are Masons, and as such we profess to be charitable to the unfortunate and suffering. No true Mason will shrink from his duty in this time of terrible visitation.

Already we read of the movements of the Craft, east and west. The Grand Master of New York is out with a stirring circular to the Lodges in his jurisdiction. We read of liberal gifts from the Sir Knights, and the Odd Fellows are also moving. A call for action comes from Bro. Look, and our Grand Master, in *our* judgment, should also issue a circular. If foreign countries, and other States, are up and doing, how much more should we be, whose near neighbors and brethren of our jurisdiction are among the greatest of the sufferers. Pleas of poverty from Lodges or members will not be received. Cold winter is almost here, and these poor sufferers *must be sheltered and fed*, and the man who will not heed the calls for aid which come up to us from every quarter, has lost his humanity, and is no Mason.

LOOK OUT FOR THE IMPOSTOR.

THE following letter has been received by us. It explains itself, and we hope Brethren will be on their guard :

SEVIERVILLE, TENN., Sept. 16, 1871.

Mr. F. G. Tisdall, Editor of Pomeroy's Democrat, N. Y. :

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed find statement of imposter, you will please publish for the benefit of the Craft. We have sent communications to the D. G. M. of Tennessee, and to the G. M. of California, and had it published in several papers, hoping that he (Fuller) may somewhere be caught.

I am, very truly, your friend and subscriber, and fraternally your
Brother and Companion,

J. B. EMERT,

J. W. Mt. Star Lodge, No. 197.

LOOK OUT.

ST. LOUIS, August 12, 1871.

Mr. R. H——, Knoxville :

DEAR SIR,—I transmit herewith a statement of all business done by me up to the time I left Tennessee. It becomes my duty to give you an explanation.

Some time since I had a difficulty with a man who was a "Freemason," and the unjust manner in which I was treated by his Lodge impelled me to seek redress by becoming acquainted with and pub-

lishing to the world the mysteries of the Order. For that purpose I insinuated myself into Lodges in different portions of the country, and became thoroughly acquainted with the work. The Lodge at Sevierville found me out, and it became necessary for personal safety that I should leave the country immediately, and circumstances compelled me to leave in debt to the Companion \$46. W. S. FULLER.

MOUNTAIN STAR LODGE, No. 197, F. A. M., }
SEVIERVILLE, TENN, Aug. 26, 1871. }

The above letter has come to the possession of this Lodge. Mr. Fuller was located at this place for four or five months as a life insurance agent. He professed to be a Mason, and a member of Chestnut Grove Lodge, Whitmell, Va. From that Lodge we learn that while there he attempted to impose himself upon them, accrediting himself to belong to Clay Lodge, Lexington, Ky. He attempted to impose himself upon the Lodge at this place, and was detected as an imposter, and left hastily and clandestinely to escape punishment, without paying his board bill and other debts.

The above letter is the only information received from him since his departure. He is believed to have gone west of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Fuller is about twenty-five years of age, medium height, rather slender, weighs 120 pounds; his complexion is dark, black hair and mustache, dresses well, talks fluently, claims to be of high origin, and when detected is impudent, and claims that he has two cousins in different parts of the country, of the same name and appearance as himself. Information of his whereabouts is desired and solicited. All papers friendly to the Institution please copy.

I certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the letter of W. S. Fuller, and of the proceedings of Mountain Star Lodge, No. 197, F. A. M., had at a special communication, held at Sevierville, Tenn., Aug. 26, 1871, and ordered to be published.

G. W. PICKLE, Secretary.

We take the above from *Pomeroy's Democrat*.

A VENERABLE CRAFTSMAN.

THE Fort Wayne *Republican* says:

"During the past week the Craftsmen of this city have found a strange workman in their midst, but one that is well worthy of a kindly reception and courteous treatment. The Brother to whom we refer is Felix Alexander Blohome, who arrived from Monroe, Michigan, on

last Monday. He was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1776, and is consequently 95 years of age. He has been a Freemason since 1805, and is now a member of Locklamount Amity Lodge, Paris, France. He was a soldier against Napoleon in his Russian campaign, and has been an extensive traveler. In this country he has been a resident of Savannah, Ga., and of Boston, Mass., leaving the latter city about six months ago. His intellect is perfect, and he is a most intelligent man—speaking six languages. As his health was not good, he was taken to the residence of Mr. Samuel Fletter, where he is receiving proper care and attention from the Brothers of this city.”

In the next issue of the same paper, we find the following:

“The venerable Craftsman who ventured among the workmen recently, and to whom we referred last week, has been called to the Grand Overseer, where his work will be inspected, and his wages will be meted out in full. He has labored long and faithfully in the rebuilding of the temple, and his work shall not be unrewarded. He was called from labor to refreshment early on Friday morning, and the cold form will be consigned to the tomb to-morrow (Sunday) at 10 A. M.

“The Eminent Commander of Fort Wayne Commandery No. 4, issues the following order:

“‘The Sir Knights of Fort Wayne Commandery No. 4, will assemble, in full uniform, at the Asylum, on Sunday morning, September 10th, at 9 o'clock.
By order of the E. C.’”

CAUTION TO MICHIGAN MASONS.

THE undersigned, a member of Cleveland Lodge and Washington Chapter, Chicago, Ill., and formerly joint proprietor of *The Mystic Star*, has learned that Mr. James Billings, purporting to be the sole proprietor of *The Mystic Star*, is negotiating with some party or parties in Michigan for the sale of one half of said magazine, he to retain the remaining half interest.

The said *Mystic Star* is represented as published in Chicago, which is not the case, but in Elgin, Ill.

Now, I herewith affirm, that the said James Billings having deliberately refused to fulfil the conditions upon which the undersigned was induced to transfer his half interest in said magazine to said James Billings, the latter has no legal, nor moral right to negotiate the sale of one half of said *Star*, he retaining the remaining half.

Legal and other proceedings have been in operation to compel

payment for my half of said *Star* or to have my joint possession of it restored.

Till some adjustment is made, no wise man will invest in said magazine as a prospective proprietor. JOHN S. HANNA,

Formerly of the firm Hanna & Billings, Editors and Proprietors of The Mystic Star.

NOTE :—We print the above with reluctance, and hope there is no foundation in the report that Brother Billings is negotiating to sell a part of the proprietorship of the *Star* to parties in this State. The project would be a bad one to all parties concerned.

Will Brother Billings please give us light in the premises?—[PUBLISHERS MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

“OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.”

IN reply to enquires regarding the above publication and its claims on the Masonic fraternity, we say after diligent enquiry among Brethren likely to be well informed, in Detroit, we cannot learn that its proprietor has ever even been seen in a lodge in that city.

As to its means of procuring Masonic information, likely to be of any use to the craft, it may be remarked that under its late “Masonic editor” (since expelled by Ashlar Lodge) it was noted for a violent attack upon our M. W. Grand Master, and that too, in regard to a step he took in the interest of the Craft to guard them from imposition, it had the appearance of being in the interest of a clandestine body. Now, either the proprietor knew, or he did not know, the Masonic character of his Masonic editor. Knowing, it would argue, to say the least, recklessness, not knowing it, is it not a blind guide?

With such facts before their eyes, all prudent craftsmen will give the claptrap offers as inducements to subscribe, by this institution, a wide berth.

COURTESIES RECEIVED.

THE editor is under obligations to the following hotel proprietors for courtesies received :

First, The Forbes House of Marshal, W. H. Witt, proprietor. This is the far-famed Eating House of the Michigan Central Railroad, with hotel accommodations attached. We know of no better Eating House, and the hotel accommodations are equally good.

At Battle Creek, we stop at the Potter House, a new, large and elegantly equipped hotel. C. E. Bruner, the gentlemanly proprietor, is a

member of the Craft, and is one of the best landlords in the State. Fraters who stop at this House will thank us for this notice.

At Niles we are always at home at the Pike House, whose gentlemanly proprietor is also a Mason.

At Goshen, Ind., we find a home at the Violet House, kept by Brother Childs, who knows just how to cater to the tastes of his guests.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

MACKEY'S NATIONAL FREEMASON is the title of a new Masonic journal hailing from Washington, D. C., the first number of which is before us. It looks well and reads well. We rejoice to welcome Dr. Mackey back again to the post editorial, a place he has filled in former years with so much ability. His prolific pen has done more for the cause of Masonry than that of any man living or dead, and it has lost none of its power. Here is our hand, good Brother; may great prosperity attend your enterprise. Terms \$3 per annum, in advance. Pp. 56 to each number.

BROTHER CHARLES W. MOORE, of the *Freemason's Monthly Magazine* has just closed up the *thirtieth volume*, which he dedicates "TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOLY SAINT JOHNS: IN RECOGNITION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIANITY IN FREEMASONRY." We trust this venerable magazine may continue many years, and always be as true to the noble principles of the Craft as during the past. We are sure that it will while it remains under the supervision of its present able editor.

We have an excellent original Masonic poem from Dr. Alfred for our next issue. His last was extensively copied and much praised. It was one of the very best Masonic poems that have appeared for many a day.

THE space given to the doings of the General Grand Bodies rules us out of this number which will be no loss to our readers. We make up our summary from the *New York Dispatch*, whose Masonic department is very ably edited by Sir Knight John W. Simons.

OUR present number is printed on new type from the foundry of MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan, Philadelphia, and we think will please the eyes of even the most fastidious of our readers.

BRO. Past Grand Master A. T. Metcalf is preparing an account of our Michigan Sir Knights trip to Baltimore and return, but did not get it ready for this number. We hope to give it in our next.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—NOVEMBER, A. L. 5871.—NO. V.

ADDRESS OF M. E. GRAND HIGH PRIEST JAMES M. AUSTIN.

WE give the address of the Most Eminent Grand High Priest, read before the Triennial Convocation of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, in Baltimore, Md. After the preliminary remarks the M. E. Grand High Priest said :—

At the last Triennial Convocation, in September, 1868, certain matters were entrusted to your General Grand High Priest, with power to determine the same. Among the first to demand my attention was, to examine into the condition of the Grand Chapter of Delaware, and, if found to be a legal Grand Chapter, to have the same enrolled under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter, as requested by the Companions of Delaware.

Having been solicited to visit Washington, for the purpose of instituting St. John's Chapter, which had been chartered by this body at its last Convocation, I did so on the 19th day of October, 1868, and having instituted said Chapter, embraced that opportunity to fully investigate the condition of Royal Arch Masonry in the State, and for that purpose I held interviews with some of the most prominent Royal Arch Masons in the jurisdiction. From those Companions, and from the records, I ascertained that there had existed in Delaware no regular Grand Chapter since the year 1856, at which time the original Grand Chapter ceased to meet and elect Grand Officers. I ascertained that there had been a "Convocation" of Royal Arch Masons at Dover, in 1859, at which meeting but one Chapter, of the three then existing in the State, was legally represented. At that irregular "Convocation" an election was had, Companion George W. Chaytor, being

elected Grand High Priest. No other Convocation of the (so-called) Grand Chapter was held until January, 1868, a period of nine years. During this time, Companion Chaytor claimed to be Grand High Priest, but he persistently refused to assemble the Craft in Grand Convocation. Some three or four years subsequent to the meeting of 1859, a difficulty having arisen between Companion Chaytor and the other members of Washington and Lafayette Chapter No. 1, of which he was then High Priest, he, in his capacity of Grand High Priest, declared the said Chapter suspended—thereby placing himself in the anomalous position of a self-suspended Royal Arch Mason; that is, provided he possessed any powers as Grand High Priest.

At the meeting in January, 1868, there was simply an assemblage of Royal Arch Masons, no one of whom claimed to act in a representative capacity. Companion Chaytor was present, but he refused to open a Grand Chapter, giving as a reason, that his Chapter was under suspension, and, therefore, there were but two Chapters left in the State. Thereupon the assemblage resolved itself into a "Royal Arch Convocation," and proceeded to elect Grand Officers and to adopt a Constitution. And this was the body which made application at the last Convocation of the General Grand Chapter, to be recognized as the "Grand Chapter of the State of Delaware."

With these facts before me, there was but one conclusion to which I could legitimately arrive. Accordingly, on the 20th of October, 1868, I issued an edict, declaring that any legal existence heretofore attaching to a Grand Royal Arch Chapter, of the State of Delaware, had ceased; that said State Grand Chapter no longer existed; and that the several Chapters heretofore holding under it, had become dormant from non-user and other reasons. And that, by the fact of the cessation of the Grand Chapter of the State of Delaware, all semblance of lawful governmental authority in the State had ceased, and the territory had become Masonically vacant; and therefore the authority of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, did, of right, obtain and was in full force and effect, in said State of Delaware. Thereupon, I did order and direct, that the three Chapters which had formerly held under the Grand Chapter of Delaware, should be received and recognized as Royal Arch Chapters, under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter, with authority to resume and continue work under the warrants then held by them, until the pleasure of the General Grand Chapter was made known, or a State Grand Chapter was formed.

On the 9th of January, 1869, upon application duly made, and under the power and authority vested in me by the Constitution of the

General Grand Chapter, I issued an edict granting permission for the formation of a Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons for the State of Delaware.

And upon the 20th day of January, 1869, the legal representatives of the four Chapters in said State assembled in Convocation at Dover, and proceeded to organize in due form a Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons for said State of Delaware, and to adopt a Constitution for the government thereof. I availed myself of an invitation to be present at said Convention, and had the honor of installing the newly-elected Grand Officers, and I did then and there receive and welcome the said Grand Body into the family of Grand Chapters. Subsequently, to wit: on the 30th of January, 1869, I did, by special edict, order and direct that said Grand Chapter of the State of Delaware, be enrolled under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and be hailed and recognized accordingly.

Another matter, referred to me at the last Convocation, was the appeal of M. F. Truett, from the action of Helena Chapter U. D., in expelling him from the rights and privileges of a "Past Master Mason."

From the documents placed in my hands, I became satisfied that there had been great irregularities committed in the proceedings during the trial of the accused, which would have warranted the setting aside of the verdict; but my decision was based upon the principle that a Chapter U. D. being but a "temporary and inchoate body," which exists only during the will and pleasure of the Grand Officer who brought it into being, and which he may dissolve at any time, it possesses no power to try or discipline its members. It was therefore ordered, that the proceedings of Helena Royal Arch Chapter U. D., in expelling M. F. Truett from his rights and privileges as a "Past Master Mason," be set aside as irregular, and be declared null and void; and that said Brother be restored to all his rights and privileges of a Past Master Mason, and to the position which he held in his said Chapter at the time said charges were preferred against him.

Still another duty was entrusted to this Grand Council, viz: to "open correspondence with the Grand Chapters of Vermont, Rhode Island, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Kentucky, and Iowa, and to induce, if possible, such acts on their part as would tend to restore harmonious and Fraternal relations as constituent members of this body." Upon consultation, it was decided that the correspondence should be commenced, by issuing a circular letter, addressed to the Officers and Companions of the several Grand Chapters of the above named States, and also to those Grand Chapters which had, up

to that time, never been connected with this General Grand Chapter, viz: Pennsylvania and Virginia. The preparation of said circular was intrusted to M. E. Companion Robert S. Burns, Deputy General Grand High Priest, and that it was well done, is doubtless known to you all. Said circular is hereto appended.

Your presiding Officer has, from time to time, corresponded with the Grand Officers of several of the above named Grand Chapters, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that his labors to bring about a better state of feeling toward this General Grand Body have not been unrewarded.

On the 14th of October, 1869, I received official notice that the Grand Chapter of Florida desired to place itself under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter, and had adopted a resolution whereby the Companions pledged themselves to hereafter bear true allegiance and support to the said Body. Immediately upon the receipt of said notice, I issued an edict, ordering and directing that the said Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Florida be received and enrolled under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and be hailed and recognized accordingly.

Upon the 26th of the same month, I received Official notice that the Grand Chapter of Iowa had rescinded the "act of secession," passed in 1860, and had directed that the O. B. of allegiance to the General Grand Chapter should be administered to all the then members of Chapters in that jurisdiction, and that thereafter it be administered to all receiving the R. A. degree.

I would respectfully suggest by way of parenthesis, whether it would not be well to try the experiment of re-administering the O. B. to Companions in some other Grand Chapter jurisdictions, to see what effect it would have upon their minds and conscience.

On the 16th day of June, 1871, I received a telegram announcing to me the intelligence that the Grand Chapter of Vermont had again "wheeled into line," and had rescinded the resolution of secession passed in 1860.

On the 29th of September, 1869, I attended, by special invitation, the celebration of the centennial of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter of Boston. The occasion was one of great interest, and will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to take part in the ceremonies incident thereto. It will be remembered that this Chapter was one of those which originally formed and organized the Grand Body, which subsequently became the "General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the United States of America."

On the 8th of November, 1869, I visited, by invitation the Grand

Chapter of Maryland. I was received with the greatest cordiality and kindness, and had the satisfaction of witnessing the truly fraternal spirit displayed by that Grand Chapter, in the unanimous recognition of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, which had so recently formed a component part of the Grand Chapter of Maryland. As a natural sequence of the recognition mentioned above, Potomac Chapter No. 8, of Georgetown, D. C., which had, since the Triennial Convocation preceding, been apparently under the immediate jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter, but actually forming a part of the Grand Chapter of Maryland, did, by my advice, apply to the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, to be received as a constituent member of that Grand Body. The application was favorably received and on the 27th of December following, I issued an order granting permission for said Chapter to place itself under the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of the District; and the Grand High Priest, M. E. Companion B. B. French, subsequently notified me officially, that said Potomac Chapter had been granted a warrant, and had been received and recognized as one of the Chapters, under that jurisdiction. And thus was happily settled a much vexed question, which had caused no little anxiety and trouble.

Very soon after the last Triennial Convocation, I granted Proxies authorizing the instituting, in due form, of Santa Fé Chapter, at Santa Fé, New Mexico; Virginia City Chapter, of Nevada, and Virginia City Chapter of Montana.

I have, from time to time, issued dispensations for the formation of the following Chapters:

On November 1st, 1869, to Daniel Bagley, as High Priest; Chas. F. Roberts, as King; Thomas M. Reed, as Scribe, and a constitutional number of Companions, to form and open a Chapter at Seattle, Washington Territory, under the name of Seattle Royal Arch Chapter No. 1.

On December 27th, 1869, to Geo. D. Foglesong, High Priest; Henry J. Rodgers, King; Jervis Joslin, Scribe, and the requisite number of Companions, to form and open a Chapter at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, under the name of Wyoming Royal Arch Chapter, No.—

On February 14th, 1870, to George Coe, High Priest; Richard T. Miller, King; David H. Fogus, Scribe, and the requisite number of Companions, to form and open a Chapter at Silver City, Idaho Territory, under the name of Cyrus Royal Arch Chapter, No. 2.

On March 30th, 1870, to Augustus J. Thibodo, High Priest; Augustus Haas, King; Henry C. Riggs, Scribe, and other Companions, to form and open a Chapter at Boise City, Idaho Territory, under the name of Boise Royal Arch Chapter, No. 3.

On July 22, 1870, I issued a dispensation authorizing Honolulu Royal Arch Chapter, at Honolulu, S. I., to resume their labors under the warrant granted by this Body in 1859, and the labors of which had been suspended since 1861, but under the following conditions:

First. That said Chapter should immediately upon the receipt of said dispensation, make due return to the General Grand Secretary of the present membership of the said Chapter. Second. That on or before the third Tuesday of September, 1871, the said Chapter should return to the General Grand Secretary the said dispensation, and make due return of its labors since the date of its report in August, 1859. And, third. That said Chapter should petition the General Grand Chapter at this Triennial Convocation for a revival of the said warrant.

On July 27th, 1870, I granted a dispensation to a number of Companions at Shanghai, in the Empire of China, to form and open a Chapter under the name and title of Keystone Royal Arch Chapter No. 1, with the following as the first three officers, viz: William Cadwallader Blanchard, first High Priest; James Oliver Pendleton, first King, and Joseph Leonard Hammond, first Scribe. A majority of the seventeen Companions petitioning for said dispensation are citizens of the United States, resident at Shanghai, and are members of the Ancient Landmark Lodge of that city, which Lodge is under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The petition was duly recommended by the two Chapters already established there; one under the English, and the other under the Scotch Constitutions. Subsequently, a vacancy having occurred in the office of King, by the resignation of Companion Pendleton, I appointed Companion J. L. Hammond to the office of King, and Companion T. W. Eckfeldt to the office of Scribe, in place of Companion Hammond promoted.

On January 10th, 1871, to Thomas P. Hawley, High Priest; Wm. Simpson King; Joseph Tyson, Scribe, and the required number of Companions, to form and open a Chapter, at Hamilton Nevada, under the name of White Pine Royal Arch Chapter No. 4.

February 13th, 1871, to Edward Smith Kearney, High Priest; James H. Blewett, King; Andrew B. Elmer, Scribe, and the Constitutional number of Companions, to form and open a Chapter at Walla Walla, Washington Territory, under the name of Walla Walla Royal Arch Chapter No. 2.

May 23d, 1871, to Samuel H. Bowman, High Priest; Charles H. Blake, King; Robert C. Carlton Scribe, and other Companions, to form and open a Chapter at Pueblo, Colorado Territory, under the name of Pueblo Royal Arch Chapter No. —.

These Chapters will, doubtless, apply at this session to be permanently organized under warrants. I cordially commend their petitions to your favorable consideration.

I have received applications for dispensations from Companions at Salt Lake, Utah Territory, and at Diamond City, Montana Territory, but not having been furnished with satisfactory evidence of the good standing of the applicants, I declined to issue dispensations.

I have been frequently applied to for my decision upon questions of Masonic Law and usage. I do not propose, however, to take up your time by rehearsing all these different interrogatories. Two only I deem of sufficient importance to be alluded to in this report. One of these refers to the mode of "Work" in a Chapter. And as it is made imperative upon this General Grand Chapter, by its constitution, "*To see that the Ancient Work of the Order is preserved in the several degrees,*" I submit the question, and my decision thereon—together with the correspondence upon the subject—for your action.

The other was presented by a Grand Officer of one of the Grand Chapters which had claimed to have withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter, and was as follows: "Is the General Grand Chapter, to which we owe allegiance, in existence, and has it had a legal existence since 1859?" The question was prompted by the supposition that the Convocation of this Body held on the 7th of September, 1865, was a "Special Convocation," and that there was no authority to act upon the amendments then adopted, and under which new provisions all subsequent Convocations have been held. This supposition was strengthened by the fact, that our Grand Secretary, in the printed Proceedings, had erroneously styled the Convocation of the 7th of September, 1865, a "Special Convocation."

My decision was, that said Convocation of the 7th of September, 1865, was *not* a "Special Convocation;" but that it was the Triennial Convocation which would have been held at Memphis in 1862, had not the late war intervened to prevent, and which Convocation was, in accordance with Art. 1, § 1, of General Grand Constitution, *postponed* by the General Grand High Priest to a "*subsequent time,*" and that therefore it was a "*regular,*" Convocation, and that it was perfectly legitimate to act upon the proposed amendments to the Constitution. And further, that the present legal existence of the General Grand Chapter could be maintained upon general principles; for, 1st. The very fact of an organized existence, carries with it the right of continuance, and the power to do such acts as may be required to maintain such existence. 2d. That the change of time and place for the meeting of 1862 was under stress of circumstances, for which the General Grand Chapter was in no wise

responsible, which it could not foresee, and had no power to prevent. It being an utter impossibility for the body to meet at Memphis at the time appointed, it was clearly the duty of the executive to make the best arrangements in his power to remedy the evil. This was done, and sanctioned by the General Grand Chapter itself, and all question as to its legality must cease. 3rd. The General Grand Chapter having since held two Triennial Convocations, without any question as to their legality, it is now too late to raise that point. 4th. To hold that the body ceased to exist, because it has neither the power nor the will to override the forces of the United States Government, and break its lines of defence, is to violate all the prescriptions of Masonry, which require our obedience to the regulations of the Government under which we live. 5th. A mere failure to hold a meeting, or a meeting held even irregularly, can not be held to work the dissolution of a Masonic Government. Hence, it must therefore be concluded, that the General Grand Chapter has never ceased to exist, and continues the existence it has always held.

In September, 1869, I received a communication from the High Priest of Austin, Chapter No. 3, at Austin, Nevada, asking permission to form a Grand Chapter for that State. I replied that I would willingly do so when I had received satisfactory information that all claims standing in the books of the General Grand Chapter against the three Chapters in said State had been fully paid, and that said Chapters all united in the petition for said permission. I soon ascertained, however, that Lewis Chapter No. 1, at Carson City, had not been instituted under the Charter granted in 1865, and that said Charter had been lost in the transmission. I thereupon ordered the General Grand Secretary to prepare and forward a duplicate warrant. Under these circumstances, no further action has been had in the matter of said application.

At the last Triennial Convocation two amendments to the Constitution were proposed, upon which you will be called upon to act.

The first, by M. E. Companion Ross, of Kansas, contemplates the idea of eliminating the Past Master's Degree from our series. The other, by M. E. Companion Carson, of New Jersey, proposes to make Past Grand High Priests members of this Grand Body.

Refraining, at this time, from any comments upon the merits of these proposed amendments, I bespeak for them your thoughtful and prudent consideration,

And now Companions, it appears to be my duty to call your attention to a well-known fact, that this meeting has been selected for the purpose of ending the existence of your honorable Body. The reasons

given are, that it has not the power that ought to be exercised by a governing body, and, on the other hand, that the necessary powers cannot be given it, lest it exercise them to the detriment of the privileges of the several State Grand Chapters. I very respectfully submit that neither argument is good. If this General Grand Chapter has not the power which it ought of right to have, the reason is that a majority of the representatives have not been willing to accord that power. What reason may have led to this determination is not for me to say; but certain it is that under the Constitution as we now read it, the State Grand Chapters have, by the acts of their own representatives, brought about the position we now occupy; and it follows, that if this Grand Body ought to exercise other powers than those defined in its present Constitution, then it only remains for its constituents to signify that fact by a proper amendment of the Constitution. If, on the other hand, it be seriously held that this General Grand Chapter can not be trusted with such an enlargement of its powers as will enable it to govern the Royal Craft and maintain its present *status* without detriment to the interests of the State Grand Bodies, then some other cause than a supposed disposition to do wrong ought to be advanced. Look over the history of the General Grand Chapter, and point out the instances when the Body has either been willing or has attempted to exercise any power not for the interest of the Craft. Look among yourselves, and see who of you is willing to tear down rather than build up the "House of the Lord." Consider for a moment the fact, that this Body is made up of the immediate representatives, of the State Grand Chapters, and ask yourselves whether one single man of you would willingly be recorded as so doing any act capable of being construed as in opposition to the interests you are sent here to protect. There is certainly no one, and whether you resolve to withhold or to accord such powers as ought rightfully to belong to the National organization, no argument and no sophistry will relieve you of the responsibility of your own acts.

Consider again, Companions, that the system we practice is purely of American origin; that it does not prevail elsewhere on the surface of the globe, save in those isolate instances where authority has been derived from the General Grand Chapter, and you will see at once that if we hope to extend our views of Royal Arch Masonry, it can only be through the means of a body, representing not a single State or a few bodies, but the whole united power of this vast and only successful Republic in the history of mankind. If you wish your system of work to prevail throughout the vast spaces of the earth where Royal Arch Masonry is yet unknown, you can only hope for it by the influence of an united National organization, which shall command a respect above

that which could be hoped for as the result of the labors of an isolate State jurisdiction.

If you can not trust yourselves in Triennial Convocation, how can you do so when separated and under the influence of your several State interests? If you cannot under this organization consider and act upon the interests of Royal Arch Masonry for the sake of the Royal Craft itself, and apart from all other considerations, how shall you, when disintegrated and resolved into separate elements, evade the jealousies and oppositions which will naturally grow out of your new position, when every State Grand Chapter will naturally be the antagonist of every other, when each will seek to exercise the powers now only operative as the will of the whole?

I do not, nay I will not believe that you will, after reflection, consent to give up the proud position, the increasing influence you now hold in the history of Masonic powers, and exchange a national front for the lesser power of individual States. I will not believe that the Companions who have come up to this gathering will go back to their constituents, and say to them: "We have no faith in Royal Arch Masonry, we dare not trust our Companions of the other States, and we have therefore preferred to undo the work of the Fathers; we have assisted to tear down the walls they have built; we have cast aside the hope of extending the system we practice to the uttermost ends of the earth, and we have preferred to walk by ourselves, and to leave to others the task in which we feel ourselves unequal." On the contrary, I believe that you will go forth from this Convocation with a more enlarged appreciation of the power and influence exercised by this National Body as the representative of Royal Arch Masonry in the United States, and as the medium through which our practice will become that of a majority of the nations of the earth; and that you will esteem it a duty to so labor in your several spheres, to so influence your several jurisdictions, that we shall all be drawn more closely together, and that instead of being reeds that bend before every blast, we shall by our firmer union become as a threefold cord that cannot be broken.

To this we need but firmly resolve to maintain and obey the fundamental law we made for ourselves; to understand that the covenants into which we have freely entered—each for himself—are ceaselessly binding and operative, and so we shall come to understand that we have failed to estimate our own powers, and the magnitude of the trust committed to our keeping. Resolve then, Companions, to be true yourselves, your vows, and to Royal Arch Masonry, and the existence of this Grand Body is firmly assured.

And so, Companions, may the Great Architect be with us in our

labors ; direct and guide you in the paths of wisdom, concord, and fraternal love, that the stability of this body may be increased, its just powers considered and established, the interests committed to our charge earnestly and unselfishly cared for, and the praise awarded, not to ourselves, but unto Him whose mercy endureth forever.

IS IGNORANCE A CRIME IN MASONRY ?

BY JOHN EDWIN MASON, M. D.

ALL Masons naturally seek for "more light." If they love the principles of Freemasonry, they cherish a desire to learn more of the history and literature of such a noble Order, and become acquainted with the law, usages and jurisprudence governing Freemasonry at the present day.

They desire to give information to their less informed brethern, who have just been obligated on its holy altars.

As "education makes the man," so it also makes the Mason. The obligation taken on the holy altar does not virtually make a man a Mason. The Masonic world acknowledges him as such, but if he has no knowledge of Masonry, and does not seek to obtain any, he is simply a fraud upon the Craft, and has no rights that Masons are bound to respect. He is a living monument of the folly, so common at the present day, of making Masons of all applicants, without regarding their mental qualifications. A wide distinction should be made between candidates for Masonry and the idiotic asylum.

Mr. Pointless makes application to be made a Mason, because he finds that Masonry is very popular, and he thinks he will be able to sell more cabbages in the market. A correct prognosis would make very little difference between his head and the cabbage heads he sells in the market. Both are harmless specimens of verdancy, unequalled in the vegetable kingdom

Mr. Pointless never had an idea above an oyster in all his life. Two distinct ideas never crept into that head at the same time, because it would cause an explosion. The boiler would burst, like any other boiler. It was a wise provision of nature that such boilers should burst.

He fully realizes that—

"The wise are happy, nature to explore;
The fool is happy that he knows no more."

The committee call upon Mr. Pointless, and find him an honest, truthful, upright man, with no bad habits, and an exemplary member

of Rev. Mr. Blowhard's church. The committee make a favorable report, and Mr. Pointless is made a Mason in due and ancient form.

No one could measure his appreciation of the degrees by the quart or gallon. As years roll by, his knowledge of Masonry is just about the same as that he possesses of the differential calculus of Socrates, or Hippocrates. He cannot be stimulated to learn anything, because he invariably says he "has no larnin'." He dies in good standing, without ever having been able to prove himself a Mason, or even give the passwords.

The question arises, when Mr. Pointless dies, did Masonry make him a better man, or make him serve his fellow-men as the Bible teaches? All must reply in the negative. Mr. Pointless did not profit by the valuable lessons taught in Masonry, because he knew nothing about them, and was too ignorant to learn them. But can he be blamed for his ignorance? Most assuredly; for in this country schools are free, and education flows like the mountain streamlet, and he who refuses to drink at its fountain is a criminal.

The ignorance of such a man casts a stain upon Masonry. No such person can be considered a worthy candidate. His life was not only a blank to Masonry, but an actual disgrace. The dangerous classes are always ignorant men. Mobs and riots originate among these classes. Ignorant men are dangerous to Masonry. They must be kept out. In the dark days of anti-masonry, it was the ignorant men in the Craft who rose up and took the life of our beloved Order. If dark days come again, the same class will do the same thing. We can only judge the future by the past. Anti-masonic conventions have been held the last year in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Syracuse, New York; Worcester, Massachusetts; and in various other places. The cloud is now no larger than a man's hand, but it may increase, until it bursts into a storm that will sweep all before it, as it did forty years ago. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

There are too many drones in the Masonic hive, whose negligence is only surpassed by their ignorance. They have passed through all the degrees, but never visit their Lodges, Chapters, Councils, or Commanderies. They howl once a year, when they pay their dues to the secretary, otherwise they do not disturb the harmony of the Craft. As they joined Masonry in order to benefit themselves, they never give a dollar for charity. They look upon Masonry as a popular Order, but should a storm arise and its popularity be shaken, these men would be the first to leave the ship. Then they would declare that they never had a good opinion of it. Such hypocrites are always ignorant men, and their ignorance is a crime in Masonry.

We have also a class of sincere and enthusiastic Masons, who are not ignorant in one sense, yet they are in another. They have committed to memory the ritual, so they can confer almost any degree, and yet they know so little of the history, literature, and jurisprudence of Masonry, that any profane would make them blush for shame if he asked them very common questions. Their senseless gabble over the ritual makes the Craft call them "Parrot Masons," because they learn Masonry as the parrot learns a language. Darwin would say that their origin could be traced back to a parrot. With contracted and narrow ideas about Masonry, they oppose the publication of anything on Masonry in newspapers or periodicals, and have a cold chill whenever they see a word in print about Masonry. They have an idea that Masonry is something like a black coal-hole, in which no light should enter. They foster ignorance, by opposing everybody in the Order whose ideas are not as narrow as their own. They oppose Masonic books and papers, because they educate Masons to know more than they ever hope to possess. All their long lives they have been

" Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

Some of the most ignorant even go so far as to oppose the calling of Masonic meetings through the daily newspapers, or the simple announcements what degrees would be worked. They can give no reason for such foolish and ridiculous assurances, and only refer to the fact, that King Solomon did not publish such notices, as no newspapers then existed! If they followed King Solomon in other things as closely as in this, they would each possess more wives than Brigham Young. Would that be Masonic also?

" Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

All the above-named classes need "more light," in accordance with the strict meaning of that term in Masonry. This light is simply more knowledge. The great question to meet now, face to face, is how this Masonic information can be imparted. It is, perhaps, the most important question now discussed by learned Masons all over the world.

A diagnosis of this disease in Masonry has been made, the prognosis given, and now the remedy must be applied. There is a specific that stands ready to cure ignorance in any form, no matter how virulent. It is reading, study and *thinking*. If masons will only do their own thinking, and not hire it, done by the job, there will be a radical change. If they will study Masonry as a science, they will glean rich gems from her precious mines. If they will read the history and literature of Masonry, they will be astonished to find so rich a harvest.

Well-informed Masons often say that Masonry has no literature. The proceedings of Grand Lodges, Chapters, Councils, and Commanderies all over the world, the different Masonic events that are celebrated by addresses, orations, poems, etc., all furnish a rich current literature of Freemasonry.

The reports on foreign correspondence, in all the Grand Bodies in the United States, compare favorably with our best magazine literature. Here is a rich field, in which to gather information, and to obtain all the Masonic news in every State. And yet how few Masons carefully peruse them! The writer reads annually over three thousand pages of proceedings of Grand Bodies, and two thousand pages of Masonic addresses, poems, and newly-published books on Masonry, and yet feels ashamed that he only has time to read these five thousand pages.

The other sources of Masonic information are all good, but cannot compare with a monthly magazine. This is unquestionably the best. Such varied information is obtained, that any Mason who takes a monthly or weekly Masonic publication, and reads it carefully, is generally the best educated on all Masonic subjects, and knows also what is being done by his fraters abroad. He finds answers to all the questions that naturally occur to an inquiring mind, and finds it his best Masonic companion.

Such a magazine as "MACKEY'S NATIONAL FREEMASON" will do more to educate the ignorant than the Craft can at first realize. It will dispense light to the needy, and refresh every thirsty Mason who is seeking truth. It is a fountain of knowledge, where all can slack their thirst. As it breaks the dark clouds of ignorance, it also dries up the corrupting influences that make crime in Masonry. Ignorance and crime are synonymous terms. It lays them both in one grave, side by side. *Requiescant in pace.*

There are three thousand Masons in the city of Washington, who ought to hail the appearance of this new light in Masonry as the traveler hails the first purple tints of dawn that gild the eastern horizon. As it unfolds monthly such a storehouse of knowledge, they will all finally exclaim, that "ignorance is a crime in Masonry."—*Mackey's National Freemason.*

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander the Great said to his courtiers, "What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer, starting up, said, "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The king was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid, and increased his salary.

THE WAY TO DO WORK.

BY BRO. ROUNSEVILLE.

NO OFFICER can do his work well who does not thoroughly understand it; hence the necessity of "studying" it. It is not enough that he can repeat it, parrot-like. We do not agree with those who think that an uneducated man makes the best officer, because he is more likely to get it exact. It may readily be conceded that an ignorant man will be more likely to use the exact language of the work than one who is educated. It is undoubtedly the fact, and for this reason: The man who does not think has no words but those he finds in the work to express the idea which that work contains. He gets the idea from the work, and expresses it in its own language, because he has no other. With the educated, thinking man, the case is different. He has half a dozen terms that express the same, or similar idea, and he will frequently have one at hand, when the term that is orthodox escapes his memory.

Now it is doubtless desirable that there should be uniformity in the work, but we submit that there are other things more desirable. One of these is a forcible and impressive manner of delivering the lectures. The change of a single word for one of the same, or a similar signification, mars the work less than the false pronunciation or accentuation of the word laid down in the ritual. Suppose the candidate is told in the true work that he has "exemplified" an event in history, would it detract from the impression of the work should he use the word "illustrated" instead? We give this as a specimen of the principle for which we contend, that there are worse errors than the substitution of a strange word of similar meaning. The sentence in which the word "exemplified" occurs, badly delivered, would be less forcible and impressive, and subserve the interest of Masonry less than the interpolation of "illustrated" in a well and forcibly spoken sentence. If this be true it is better to make the manner of delivering a study, as well as the text of the work.

This brings us back to our starting point, that a good officer will endeavor to understand—thoroughly understand the work. And by this we do not mean that we should go through it without missing a word or misplacing a syllable. Some do that and yet know very little about the words. The ritual of Masonry, will bear study. It is terse, simple and expressive, and in nine cases out of ten when an officer is at a loss to construe a passage in it, if he will express the idea in the most

forcible, direct and simple language that he can command, he will get it correctly. There is no verbiage, no rhetorical periods, no high-sounding epithets, no rounded sentences in Masonry. It is like the three pillars; it combines wisdom, strength, and beauty, without a display of tawdry finery. Then it follows that the officer who shall attempt to deliver his charges and lecture in grandiloquent, or what is generally called an eloquent manner, will most surely fail.

But this is not all. The officer must strive to accommodate his manner to the particular subject on which he is engaged. It would be simply and only ridiculous, to assume the same bearing and manner in delivering the historical lectures that would be proper and desirable in the most thrilling portions of the second section of the third degree. Should a man design to commit an outrage on a public highway, at mid-day, where persons would be constantly passing, he would not likely be long or very noisy about it. If he said anything it would not be in a loud tone of voice that might bring the neighborhood upon him. But nature would be his indicator and he would speak in a low, earnest key, that would not attract attention from passers by, but which would be audible to those to whom it was addressed. We give this illustration as a specimen which may be applied to a great number of points in the work of Masonry.

The work should always be performed in a manner that would be appropriate to the subject were the transactions delineated real. Hence, anything incongruous introduced in the ceremony, detracts from its influence and impression. Masonry is essentially dramatic. Thus we must not only observe the "unities" of the play, but the "proprieties" also. What would we think of a murderer, who after he had throttled his victim, should carry his body to the hastily-scooped grave by torchlight? And yet we have witnessed scenes in the Lodge-room quite as incongruous, not to say ridiculous, as this. Such Lodges are wise above the traditions of Masonry. They sacrifice sense to effect, and then spoil the effect, by the perfect absurdity of the proprieties. "A jewel in a swine's snout" is a scriptural figure to illustrate a lack of discretion. There are many beautiful things and pretty ceremonies intrinsically, that are wholly out of place in the work of a Lodge of Masons.

To prevent falling into these follies we must study the work. The accomplished actor does something more than commit his lines to memory. He studies the meaning of the author; he strives to ascertain and enter into the train of thought that led to the expression of the beautiful ideas which it is his duty and pleasure to render in the best possible manner. The good Lodge officer is, in a degree, an accom-

plished actor. He must strive to comprehend the thoughts which passed through the brain of those ancient worthies when the present work of Freemasonry was embodied into a perfect system. And he who most thoroughly studies these old forms and expressions, these old symbols and emblems, these ancient ceremonies and rites, will be the best qualified to administer them. He who applies himself the closest to the study will discover the most beauties and the most good in the Institution, and will be the best able to perform the duties of his station.

In choosing men to do the work of the Lodge, we must never forget that there are countless numbers of good Masons who can by no means make good officers. We must look beyond the mere tenets of a Mason's profession—brotherly love, relief, and truth. These the good officer must have, but he must have more. One of the great obstacles in the way of Masonic progress is to be found right here. We elect those to office that we love without regard to capability. The result is that we often have good Masons who are very bad officers in the chairs of the Lodge. The work is ill-done, the interest in Masonry flags, the attendance becomes small, the Lodge dwindles down to a determined few, and well for it, if that few do not become weary.

We close this paper with a remark that ought to be an axiom: No Lodge was ever prosperous when the work was ill-done; no Lodge long declines when the work is well performed. From this fact the importance to Masonry of good work may be inferred.—*Masonic Trowel*.

LAYING CORNER-STONES OF MASONIC AND PUBLIC EDIFICES.

It seems to be not well settled as to what kind of buildings it is proper for Masons to honor by laying the corner-stones with the impressive ceremonies of our Order. Having been invited to perform these ceremonies in a case in which we deemed them inappropriate, and were consequently compelled to decline the invitation, we have been requested to specify where we draw the dividing line between public and private edifices.

In investigating what has been written upon this subject, together with the Ancient Charges, History, and Landmarks of Masonry, we have been able to gain but little information. It seems to be conceded that it is proper for Grand Lodges to lay the corner-stones of Masonic and public buildings. In the former we would class all buildings erected by Lodges, or other Masonic bodies, where the whole, or a part of it, is to be used exclusively for Masonic purposes.

The question: "What are public buildings?" is not so easily

decided. In the sense in which the word is here used, we think it should include : 1. All buildings erected by the government, State or municipal authorities, with the money of the people, and for the use of the people ; such as capitols, State houses, and court houses. 2. All buildings erected by the State, by corporations, or individuals, as eleemosynary institutions, such as hospitals, asylums for the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the idiotic, and the inebriate. 3. All buildings devoted to purposes of education, such as colleges, universities, and other public schools. 4. All buildings erected for the public worship of the G. A. O. T. U., such as churches, temples, and synagogues. 5. All monuments erected by the people to perpetuate the memory of great events, or of great and good men.

In short, this definition embraces all buildings erected for the purpose of carrying into practical effect the great tenets and principles of Masonry, as explained in the Entered Apprentice and Fellow Crafts degrees. This does not include buildings erected for the purpose of speculation or profit, however public they may be. It would not be proper to lay Masonically the corner-stone of a dwelling, hotel, store, depot, warehouse, or manufacturing establishment.

The origin of the custom of laying corner-stones with certain ceremonies, is lost in the twilight of remote antiquity. In that most ancient and beautiful poem of Job, the sweet singer says speaking of the foundation of the earth : " Who laid the corner-stone thereof." Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians, says to his followers : " You are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone."

From the history of the ancient Masonic builders, we learn the class of buildings erected by the Fraternity. A knowledge of the structures erected by operative Masons in the past, may help us to judge what kind of buildings speculative Masons should be interested in, so far as to lay the corner-stones.

Every well informed Mason is familiar with the story of the erection of the first temple at Jerusalem, under the supervision of the Master Builder of Tyre, and the subsequent dispersion of the builders to various countries ; while the Royal Arch Mason has a vivid recollection of the destruction of this temple by the army of Nebuchadnezzar,—the carrying away of the Giblemites to Babylon,—the labors of their descendants in building the palaces of that great city,—their liberation by the proclamation of Cyrus,—their return to Jerusalem, and the rebuilding of the temple under Zerubbabel in the sixth century B. C.

From this period the fraternity of traveling Masons were scattered over the countries of southern Europe.

The College of Constructors had already been founded by Numa Pompilius at Rome. This was a secret organization, governed by Masters and Wardens, and using the symbolry of the utensils of their profession. It endured for more than a thousand years. Most of the great buildings erected in Europe during this period, were built by this Fraternity. The following are among the most celebrated of these buildings, and give us an idea of their general character: Under Numa the temples to Faith and Fidelity, to Romulus and James were built at Rome; under the elder Tarquin, temples were erected to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. In the following centuries temples were erected to Vesta, Hercules, Pallas, and other Pagan gods; also, to Health, Concord, Honor, and Virtue. These builders traveled with the Roman legions, carrying with them civilization, art, and literature, founding cities and building temples. Under Julius Cæsar temples were erected to Liberty, Concord, Happiness, and Mercy.

The Parthenon was completed a little before the Christian era, and the palace of the Cæsars, the Coliseum, and the famous Circus at Rome, capable of holding 260,000 persons, were built in the first century, much of the labor being performed by the Jewish captives. Architecture had now reached its culminating point, and with the spread of Christianity, it, with Grecian art and literature, began to decay in the second century. Many of the members of the Colleges at Rome embraced Christianity, were persecuted by the emperor Aurelius, and forced to seek refuge in Gaul and Britain. During the next six centuries, a few great churches were erected that have withstood the ravages of time; among these were the cathedrals at Canterbury and Rochester, and St. Paul's at London. In the eleventh century Europe began to arise from her superstition and lethargy, and modern civilization began.

In the thirteenth century those grand monuments of architecture and Christianity, the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasbourg, Paris, Rheims Rouen, and Amiens were projected, and Westminster Abbey was completed.

From this time Masonry and architecture steadily progressed, till almost every city in Europe contained magnificent cathedrals, churches, capitols, and other public buildings, erected by the Fraternity.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Masonry began to assume more of a speculative character, and received into its Lodges many who were not builders.

From this hasty sketch of the great buildings erected by Masonry in ancient times, we see that they were of a character similar to those of which we now, as speculative Masons, lay the foundation or corner-stones, and it is not improbable that the custom might be traced to this fact.—*Indianapolis Masonic Advocate.*

MASONIC ADVANCEMENT.

BY M. W. ALFRED.

I.

I SAW him enter the inner door,
 And near to the Altar he came;
 Where low we knelt on the checkered floor,
 Our Heavenly Father's aid to implore,
 And call upon His name.

His hand I grasped within my own—
 "In whom dost thou believe?"
 In God he said, in Him alone;
 He who my hopes and fears have known,
 And who will me receive.

To him were Gauge and Gavel given,
 Which taught him to prepare
 For that bright temple built in Heaven,
 Where friendship's ties no more are riven
 Those high delights to share.

In north-east corner of the room,
 An upright man he stood;
 Was taught while journeying to the tomb,
 Though darkness cloud his path with gloom,
 To trust alone in God.

I I.

With badge of double tie again,
 The inner door he finds,
 And seeks permission to obtain
 A place with those where friendships reign,
 And love each votary binds.

He stands beneath the Omnific G,
 In attitude of prayer,
 To Him whose presence none can flee,—
 Who all the heart doth plainly see—
 And makes the good his care.

With Level, Square, and Plumb in hand,
 He now is taught to learn
 Of that far undiscovered land,
 From whose remote, unbounded strand
 No one shall e'er return,

As he the winding stairs ascends,
 Each step new light displays;
 And fellowship of dearer friends
 With each bright scene that round him blends
 More than his toil repays.

III.

A third time at the inner door
 Admission still he seeks,
 To learn that pure Masonic lore,
 And in his mind those precepts store,
 Which WISDOM only speaks.

Remember thy Creator, God,
 (To him we gently said)
 Ere thou life's path hast farther trod,
 Or thou be called from hence abroad,
 And numbered with the dead.

Again we knelt, and humbly prayed—
 O, God, thou knowest all
 Our sittings down, and all we've said,
 Our risings up, the lives we've led,
 Since on this earthly ball.

Shield us from all our earthly foes,
 Defend us from their rage;
 Be thou our strength till life shall close,
 Then may we in thy Love repose,
 Thou hope of every age."

He rose as rising from a grave,
 To live his life anew;
 Was taught, though earth's night-storm should rave,
 That Judah's Lion strong to save.
 Would safe conduct him through.

IN 1813, Pope Pius VII issued an edict against Freemasons, pronouncing against them death, and confiscation. In 1822, the King of Portugal ditto. In 1826, the Pope repeated the edict. In 1828, the King of Spain proclaimed in the same strain.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, in 1561, sent a detachment of troops to break up the assembly of Freemasons at York. The officers reported so favorably, that the Queen revoked her order, and, after investigation, became the patroness of the Fraternity.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MONTH had elapsed since Eda Wilson's return from the country. Her cow, Old Brindle, had been fairly installed in her new home and had habituated herself to life in the city.

Mr. Wilson was proud of his daughter, when she presented him with her first churning of butter after her return. During her absence in the country he was depressed and melancholy, but after her return he became more cheerful, and more deeply interested in the domestic household and its management by his daughter.

On the morning after her return, she presented a parcel to the millionaire with the following explanation :

"Papa, you would not believe that I could go to the country and content myself to learn the various household duties, a knowledge of which is so necessary to a judicious management of domestic concerns. I told you I would do it. I have kept my word. As soon as Old Brindle is sufficiently rested I will show you a specimen of butter that I will not be ashamed to present before you, and that you need not be afraid to eat. That is not all. Open this package. It contains a pair of sheets and pillow slips. I spun all the yarn, wove the web, bleached the linen, and made up, with my own fingers, the sheets and pillow slips. I present them to you."

The millionaire opened the package, and unrolled the snow white linen. He kissed his daughter, laid the linen articles upon the table, and, seating himself by the window, looked out upon the lawn thoughtfully, and in silence. At last he turned to his daughter and said :

"My child, I can not consent to accept this earnest of your affection. It is the result of your own toil and labor. These articles are above price, and are too sacred, in such a view, for any thing but one purpose."

"And what purpose is this, papa ?

"Your nuptial sheets," replied the father.

"Say, rather my winding sheets," replied the daughter

"Why speak thus, my child ?"

"Because I will never marry."

"Eda, my daughter, what do you mean ? You have arrived at an

age, when you ought to become a wife, and fill the highest and most sacred position to which a true woman can aspire."

"Papa, can you expect me to fill such a position without a high and a pure affection to sanctify it?"

"No, I can not, I would not have you marry a man you do not love."

"Then do not expect me to marry."

"It is strange, that at your age, with the advantage of an association in the highest and most finished circles of society, you are incapable of selecting a companion from the young gentlemen of your acquaintance for whom you have a tender partiality."

"Papa, my resolution is taken. My life shall be devoted to celibacy."

"But, you may yet meet some one that may induce you to change that resolution."

"No, never, I must spend my life alone or marry a man I do not love. The latter I can not do."

"You may yet meet some young man you have never seen whom you can love."

"No, never. My destiny is settled."

"Have you met with any disappointment?"

"Papa, pray do not ask me any questions. If I have met any disappointment I can keep my secret. I have a reason for my resolution."

"Eda, I am pained by this information. I had hoped, ere long, to have a son-in-law with whom to share a portion of the fruits of my life of toil. But, your language announces a disappointment of this long cherished hope."

A servant entered and interrupted the conversation. Eda Wilson and Charles Preston had not met since her return to the city.

Once or twice, she had seen him mounted on his fine horse, riding along the street with the young Countess Mont Martre. She had several times heard it mentioned among her young associates that a marriage was expected between them.

During the absence of Eda Wilson from the city, Charles Preston had made a visit to his mother, and, had spent a week amidst the haunts of his childhood. He had been at his place at the bank but a few days, when, one morning he was thus addressed by Twinkle:

"Did you know that Miss Wilson had returned to the city?"

"I did not; when did she return?"

"A few days ago. I have not seen her, but Henry Leddington says she is very much improved in her appearance. He hinted that he was soon to lead her to the altar."

Preston colored deeply ; his hand trembled ; he laid down the pen with which he was writing, and looked out of the window for several minutes in silence, which was at length broken by Twinkle with the remark :

“I think it a shame that such a calf’s head as Leddington should carry off such a prize as Eda Wilson.”

“One can not account for the caprices of a woman,” replied Preston with an affected indifference.

“That is true,” replied Twinkle. “It is plain that the fellow is a fool, and every one but Eda Wilson appears to know it.”

Preston took his hat and left the office. He felt a sickness at his heart, as he thought of the sacrifice that such an event as a marriage between Eda Wilson and Henry Leddington involved.

He had walked to the corner of the square, when, upon turning into another street he met Colonel Perrault, Madam Mont Martre, and Mademoiselle Bouchardon.

“Ah !” said both the ladies simultaneously, “we are well met.”

“Indeed !” said Charles.

“We started out shopping,” said the Countess, “and have taxed the gallantry of Monsieur the Colonel in order to avail ourselves of the little English he can command, to aid us in our purchases ; for, you know that without an interpreter we could not purchase even a pin. We are fortunate in meeting you. You will join us in our enterprise, and that will be so much better ; for, Monsieur the Colonel, since we started, has had his mind so occupied in framing English sentences, to indicate our wishes to the merchants, that, we regret to say, his company has not been very interesting, and has led us to almost doubt his gallantry.”

The Colonel smiled and bowed to the Countess as he and Mademoiselle Bouchardon turned and led the way up the sidewalk.

“I am so delighted with walking,” said the Countess. “It was so seldom that the Sisters permitted such an indulgence, when I was under the surveillance of the cloisters, and, then only, in secluded promenades and quiet Boulevards.”

“I love to pass along busy thoroughfares, and to study the countenances of the various individuals as they struggle through the crowded passages. I can then note and study the anxiety expressed in one countenance, the joy, sadness, hope, or expectation in another. But, what strikes my mind as remarkable in this country is, that all appear to be in a hurry. Every one appears to have no time to lose. No one appears to walk for pleasure, and every one to make labor of what might be a pleasure, were they not in so great a hurry. It always tires

me to see your people on the streets on that account. Why do they go so fast?"

Preston was about to answer, when, on looking up, as they were just about turning into a fancy store, Eda Wilson and Henry Leddington passed by them. As they passed, Preston bowed to Miss Wilson. Their eyes met. Eda blushed deeply as she returned Preston's salutation.

"That was the banker's daughter," said the Countess after they had entered the store. "In the full light of day she is more beautiful than as seen at night, her complexion is so clear and pure."

"I think," said Charles with an effort, "that she has been much improved by her residence in the country since June. I had not seen her since her return to the city until now."

"Naughty man that you are!" said the Countess, playfully, "you ought to have met her on the way and welcomed her to her father's home."

Preston made no reply, but remained thoughtful and reserved until the party returned to the boarding house at the regular dinner hour.

A day or two after Eda Wilson had arrived at her father's house, Henry Leddington was announced one afternoon, presented his compliments through a servant, and begged the favor of an interview, and was informed that under no circumstances would Miss Wilson consent to see him.

On the next day he again presented himself with a like result.

On the afternoon of the same day a neat *billet deaux* from him was brought by a servant to Eda, and returned by her unopened.

Eda had fully resolved to rid herself of the importunities of the young millionaire, he being a person for whom she could entertain no sentiment of respect.

On the morning above alluded to, when she met Charles and the Countess Mont Martre, she had started out to make a call upon a friend, a young lady with whom she had been intimate from her childhood, and with whom she had regularly corresponded during her residence at Mrs. Ramsdale's. She had arrived in one of the principal business streets of the city when she was unexpectedly joined by Henry Leddington, who addressed her, and said :

"Miss Wilson, I am glad of this opportunity of making an explanation, which justice to me requires. I know that I deserted you at the theatre under circumstances that, perhaps, demand an explanation; but my excuse——"

"Mr. Leddington," said Eda interrupting him, "no circumstan-

ces you may be able to offer, can excuse your most ungentlemanly conduct on that occasion, nor, excuse your present ungentlemanly conduct, in forcing your presence upon me under circumstances which leave me no alternative ; with a knowledge on your part, that your presence is not only not acceptable to me, but very unpleasant."

"Hear me, Miss Eda," continued Leddington, still walking by her side, "I love you ; I am rich ; I am the only child of my father, and will inherit all his vast fortune, and, I assure you it counts by the million ; I have the means of indulging you in luxury to the fullest extent——"

"Sir," said Miss Wilson again interrupting him, "sir your conduct amounts to a species of insult ; what do I care for luxuries ? Am I a beggar ? Am I a mercenary ? Do you suppose, that I would put myself in market, and offer myself for sale ? You will do me a favor by leaving me, and I request you to do so, and, to accompany me no farther upon the street."

"No, you can not suspect me of so ungentlemanly an act as to leave a young lady unattended upon the street——"

"I command you to leave me at once sir," said Eda, as they had at this stage of the conversation just passed Preston and the Countess.

"Do you really mean what you say?" said Leddington.

Miss Wilson made no reply, but suddenly turning her back upon the young man, motioned to a hack driver, who dismounted and opened the door of his vehicle which she entered.

Leddington approached the hack as if to enter, as the driver was closing the door. The driver observing his intention reopened the hack door

"Do not let that fellow come in here," said Eda, "but drive me to the residence of Edward Wilson.

The driver closed the door, mounted his seat, and drove her home.

On the afternoon of that day Charles Preston sat at his desk in the rear office of the bank. His mind recurred to the events of the forenoon, and particularly to the circumstance of having seen Eda Wilson and Henry Leddington together upon the street. As he reflected upon this circumstance he grew melancholy and uneasy.

"Why should I remain here, to have every moment of my life embittered ? If I must be tortured with poisonous thorns and arrows, I can at least close my eyes and shut out their daily and hourly anticipation. I can leave Baltimore, and travel in foreign countries ; my means are adequate to this indulgence over and above a competency for my mother and sister. If I can not forget, I can at least place dis-

tance between me and the cause of my unhappiness. I can place myself under circumstances where, while I brood in sorrow over my disappointed life, the keenest sting of that disappointment will not be renewed every hour of my existence."

"I will notify Mr. Wilson to find another chief clerk, and I will sail for England. I have already remained here too long, within the Bohun Upas of my being."

Mr. Wilson entered and was seated.

"Mr. Preston," said the banker, leaning back in his chair, "I desire you to join me and my daughter at tea to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock."

"Mr. Wilson," commenced Charles, "permit me to beg——"

"No, no, Mr. Preston," interrupted Mr. Wilson, "you will very much disappoint me by declining this invitation, and will also, deprive me of a particular pleasure, or, I might say rather, the gratification of a little vanity I expect to enjoy in your acceptance."

"Have others been invited?"

"Not any others," replied the banker. "I have intended this little treat as a private entertainment for us three only. My daughter is not even apprised of it."

Preston looked at Mr. Wilson in surprise. At length he said:

"I can deny you nothing Mr. Wilson, that will contribute to your pleasure, and, in accepting your invitation acknowledge the honor, and the flattering courtesy you confer upon me by your invitation."

"Thank you!" said the banker, "We all have our little vanities, and as an excuse for mine, you will be good enough to remember, that I am a lone old man without a relative except my daughter. I am proud of every little achievement of hers and have no one to share my pride or sympathize with my vanity."

"Life is tolerable, and, may be regarded even as a boon, during the excitements of youth and the activities of middle age, while there yet remain incentives to action; but, when a course of life has been consummated, and its ultimate objects attained, and we find ourselves alone in our old age; with none to share our triumphs—no tender and dear connections to whom we may whisper our sorrows and our heart aches, life becomes a burden instead of a blessing. Sad, sad, indeed is the lot of him who has no children's children to rise up and call him blessed! It were better that he had not lived, than to have lived to so little purpose."

"Do you forget your daughter, who clings to you to bless your old age?" said Preston.

"Ah! Mr. Preston, I do not forget Eda," said Mr. Wilson, and

continued, "She is a dear and affectionate child. My life has been a lonely passage across a parched and desolate desert. I have looked forward to an oasis in the dim distance with hope. But, alas! I can not reach it. As I approach, it recedes and proves a mirage."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Wilson," said Charles. "I am too young, and have seen too little of life to comprehend its mysteries, perhaps, even with the most lucid explanations that age and experience can render."

"Fancy old age in a palace without the prattle of childhood, and the cheerful voice of infancy. What a solitude?" said the millionaire. "What a mockery its empty halls and echoing corridors? Think of it Mr. Preston."

"But why should you be effected by such a picture as you describe? You are soon to give your daughter away, and to have your home made cheerful by adding a son-in-law to your domestic family."

"You surprise me, Mr. Preston, by your remark; for this is the first intimation I have had of such an event," replied Mr. Wilson.

"I have been so informed," said Preston.

"You have been misinformed, Mr. Preston," replied the banker. "So far from this being the case, my daughter has expressed a determination to remain single."

"It is most singular," returned Preston, "that such a false impression should prevail, especially when it originated in significations from the young gentleman who expects to become your son-in-law."

"Who is the young gentleman? may I know, inquired Mr. Wilson.

"Mr. Henry Leddington," answered Charles.

"Let me confide to you, Mr. Preston, what I would not allow myself to hint to any other person, that this silly fellow, young Leddington, has been a source of great annoyance to my daughter. In fact his importunities have become so persistently obtrusive that it became necessary for her to appeal to me for my personal interference. She started this morning to call upon a young female friend, and accidentally meeting this young Leddington upon the street, it became necessary for her to take a hack and return home to rid herself of his company. I have just now returned from Mr. Leddington's bank, where I had gone to invoke his father's interference."

"It is singular," said Preston thoughtfully laying his head upon his hand; at last he enquired, "Is your daughter a Romanist? Does she intend to take the veil?"

"She is not, and therefore can have no such intention. I can not account for her singular resolution. I regard the self sovereignty

of every individual as of too sacred a character to become the subject of question by others. I have not, therefore, permitted myself to ask her for a reason for this determination of her own destiny in life by this unexpected resolution."

"Mr. Preston, I am communicating to you a secret, that I would consider imprudent to hint to any other person. In confiding it to you I find a satisfactory relief of considerable anxiety. It becomes a necessity, to some minds, in matters of great moment, to communicate the subject of anxiety to a confidential friend, to sympathize with, if not to divide the burden of such an anxiety. When such a friend is not to be found in our own family circle, we must look abroad among strangers for him or bear it alone."

"I feel myself honored, Mr. Wilson, by this assurance of your confidence," said Preston.

"Mr. Preston, I have come to such a period in my life when I feel that I can not get along any farther without the aid of such a friend, such an intimate confidant as I hope to find in you—one to whom I can open my bosom, who can compassionate my weaknesses, and sympathize in my sorrows. I feel deeply impressed with the sentiment of a couple of stanzas recently written and handed to me by an old poetical friend; they run thus:"

Faded autumn leaves are slowly falling,
 Calling are the mournful autumn winds,
 Sadly to the soul, the heart appalling
 With chilling frost and glistening ice that binds
 Dead nature in her winding sheet,
 While sleet and storm do dash and beat.
 Slowly falling—
 Sadly calling—
 Heart appalling—
 Falling—
 Calling!

Year by year man's life is fleetly flying,
 Sighing sadly o'er each closing day;
 Each swift hour he lives he's slowly dying;
 Each breath he breathes, he gasps his life away;
 When youth, and joy, and hope have fled,
 His head is bow'd and, Lo! he's dead!
 Fleetly flying—
 Sadly sighing—
 Slowly dying—
 Sighing—
 Dying!

“John Gimlett was a just and an upright man,” continued Mr. Wilson. “He was circumspect in thought and action. He cherished the warmest friendships and nursed the bitterest hatreds. While he was naturally kind of heart, and possessed the most tender sympathies, his mind was soured, and he was cynical in his judgments. His physical misfortunes had imbued his character with an acrimonious impatience that disqualified him for that affectionate confidence which we must place in the friend to whom we may open our bosoms and expose the secrets of the heart.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of some one on business. Mr. Wilson withdrew after again reminding the chief clerk of the engagement for the afternoon of the next day.

Sometimes clouds that arise in the west and portend storm, never approach; they are dissipated, and dissolve in the blue sunny skies; they disappear and do not pass over our heads.

Preston breathed more freely, and felt more cheerful, after his recent interview with the banker, notwithstanding the question which was constantly arising in his mind in relation to any benefit or enhancement of his happiness, that might arise from the fact that Henry Leddington was not to become the husband of Eda Wilson. He could not forget that Miss Wilson had deliberately resolved to remain single. Still, to see her single would not pain him in the manner that it would to see her the wife of another, and especially such a man as the peevish and frivolous young man who claimed publicly, that he was the accepted suitor for her hand. As he still sat engaged in these reflections, he was interrupted by the entrance of Henry Leddington, who thus accosted him, with the commencement of the following conversation:

“Where’s old Wilson?”

“I am not acquainted with any such a person.”

“Why sir, old Edward Wilson, the proprietor of this establishment.”

“I presume you mean Mr. Wilson.”

“I mean the proprietor.”

“Ah! sir, that is Mr. Wilson.”

“I don’t know any difference between old Wilson and Mr. Wilson.”

“Gentlemen do, however. The proprietor of this establishment is known to gentlemen as Mr. Wilson.”

“The deuce you say. I suppose your name is Preston?”

“No sir, Mr. Preston. What business have you with Mr. Wilson that I can transact?”

“Not any that concerns you; and let me hint to you that my bus-

iness with the old gent is of a nature that none but he himself can consummate, and such as an upstart like you has no right to enquire into."

"If Mr. Wilson's business were to kick a blackguard out of doors, as I suspect it would be, were he present, permit me to inform you that I should be an expert as his proxy."

"Well, I swear if that is'n't cool, to say the least of it. Mr. What's your name, do you know that I am to be the son-in-law of your old governor?"

"No sir, I do not so understand; but I understand upon the other hand, and that very decisively too, that you are *not* to be the son-in-law of Mr. Wilson."

"Never mind Preston; I will be even with you for this. You have aroused a lion. My father is worth a million dollars."

"And his son not worth a second thought," quickly rejoined Preston."

"Do you mean to insult me?" said Leddington.

"I did mean to insult you," said Preston smiling, "but I perceive that you are either too great a blockhead, or too great a coward to accept an insult."

"You shall smart for this. I am a rich man, and I shall set my father after you."

"I am a gentleman, and shall set my servant's puppy after you," said Charles laughing, in sheer good nature.

"What is the difficulty?" asked Twinkle as he entered the office.

"None at all," said Preston.

"I say there is, though, and that very serious too, and may end in blood!" rejoined Leddington.

"All but the blood!" said Twinkle laughing, "all but the blood as Bob Nickerson said when he tweaked Hugh Pratt's nose."

"I never knew my servant's puppy to draw blood yet, in all his recontres," said Charles, who had relaxed into a sportive mood unusual to him.

"Did you not inform me, Mr. Leddington," asked Twinkle, "that you expected to become the husband of Miss Wilson?"

"I may have so informed you, for such is my expectation," replied the party addressed.

"And I have been informed by reliable authority, that she has very decisively declined such an honor," said Preston.

"So she has," replied Leddington, "several times, but the governor, my father says, that is nothing; he says she is playing off. He says the girls used always to act just so down in the Bay State, where

he was born and brought up. He says I must stick to her, and she'll give up after a while."

"Let me hint to you," said Twinkle, as Preston resumed his pen and gave his attention to the business upon which he was engaged when Leddington entered, "let me hint to you that the governor, your father, is not a good adviser in the premises; for I can assure you that you will gain nothing but Miss Wilson's increased contempt by sticking to her, as you call it. That may do in the Bay State, where the governor, your father, was born and brought up, but you will find matters a little different in the state of Maryland, where the governor, your father, was *not* born and brought up."

"Who do you take me for, Mr. Twinkle?" asked Leddington.

"I take you for a coward, and the son of a *tory*, who, while my father, with the true patriots of the colonies, was fighting for independence, was giving aid to the mercenary soldiery of the British crown, and amassing a fortune by speculating upon the industry of his countrymen, and selling the product of their labors upon contract to the commissariat department of the British army. I have had the history of your father, the governor, from a source upon which I can rely."

Twinkle waxed warm as he spoke. He walked to the door, and pointing to it, closed his remarks with the following indignant outburst:

"There is the door. Do you see it? Pass that shadow of yours through it for you are nothing but a shadow. Use your limbs, sir, and leave, before you are kicked out. Go to the governor, your father, and tell him that if his contemptible son ever presumes again to claim the hand of Miss Wilson, that both father and son will be aided out of the city of Baltimore with a coat of tar and feathers, for we Baltimoreans have no particular respect for tories and their progeny."

Mr. Leddington departed without another word.

"Well done, Twinkle!" said Preston. "But, tell me, is it true that the elder Leddington was a tory?"

"There is no doubt of it," replied Twinkle, "at least the information comes so directly, that in consideration of the meanness of both father and son, no reason for doubt remains. I am so cussed mad, I have half a notion to follow him yet and pull his nose."

"I would not do such a thing Mr. Paletier, for the fellow is beneath your contempt?" said Charles.

Mr. Preston entered his boarding house that evening with a lighter step and a more cheerful countenance than he had worn for many days.

The Countess Mont Martre met him and asked him what had happened to make such a change for the better in his appearance.

"Nothing that I am aware of," he replied.

"Ah! but you look so much better than you did," replied the Countess. "Your eye is brighter than usual, and your cheek has more color than it generally has."

"In truth, Charles had reconsidered his resolution to quit the employment of the banker, and to travel in Europe; and still, he had not even taken into consideration the possibility of a change in the relation in which he stood to Miss Wilson. All he thought of that had so changed his general bearing, was, that she was not to be the wife of Henry Leddington; an event he was determined not to witness, and a mortification he was unwilling to subject himself to by remaining in the city of Baltimore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VISIT OF THE MICHIGAN KNIGHTS TEMPLAR TO BALTIMORE.

IN the October number of this magazine, appeared an interesting account of the meetings of the General Grand Masonic Bodies in Baltimore in September last. That meeting of the Grand Encampment was its thirteenth triennial conclave, and without doubt the greatest event in the history of the Order of Knights Templar ever known in this country. It was made the occasion for the assembling of members of the Order from all our States and territories; and as our Michigan Knights bore a prominent part in the great demonstration which took place on the last day of the session, we now give an account of their pilgrimage, and make a record of their achievement.

We shall not attempt to enumerate the number of Knights Templar that were present from each of the several States, neither shall we attempt to give the name, or the number of Commanderies that took part in the great parade. It is sufficient for our present purpose to state the fact that the procession was composed of nearly six thousand Knights, fully equipped in the beautiful regalia of the Order, and keeping step to the music of more than fifty of the largest and best bands to be found in the country. The Order in this State was represented by the following commanderies: Detroit No. 1, of Detroit, Sir John A. Barnes, E. C.; Adrian No. 4, of Adrian, Sir J. W. Finch, E. C., and St. Bernard No. 16, of East Saginaw, Sir W. L. S. Lenheim, E. C., numbering in all 320 Knights, which, with Bishop's Opera House

Band, formed a magnificent escort to the Grand Commandery. It being impossible to engage suitable accommodations at any one hotel in Baltimore for so large a number, the National Hotel at Washington, was secured for the purpose. The trip thither, with but a single exception, was a route of perfect enjoyment; made so by the admirable arrangements of those having the affair in charge, the luxurious coaches placed at our disposal, the polite attentions of railroad officials, and the numerous courtesies extended to us upon every hand. Indeed, it will never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to engage in the pilgrimage.

"Special Orders No. 1," required all Sir Knights in this Grand Jurisdiction who were to accompany the Grand Commandery to Baltimore, to report at the headquarters of the Grand Commander, Right Eminent I. M. Smith, at the Russell House, Detroit, at 9 A. M., on Saturday, the 15th.

At 7 P. M., the lines were formed and the Grand Commandery escorted to the depot of the Great Western Railway, where a special train of sleeping cars was ready to convey the party to Niagara Falls. Here we take an early breakfast at the "International," and thence *via* Erie Railroad to Elmira, where dinner awaits us. An hour and a half is taken for dinner, and then on we go to Waverly, where we "switch off," and take the Lehigh Valley road, passing through some of the finest scenery on this continent. At 8:30 we reach Mauch Chunk, and are met at the depot by a delegation of prominent citizens and Knights, who extend to us a right courteous welcome to this niche in the mountains—"The Switzerland of America." Here we are sumptuously entertained until 10:30, when the whistle of the locomotive signals "all aboard," and we hurriedly leave our entertainers with a promise to make a longer stop on our return. At 2 A. M. we reach the depot in Philadelphia, and find an almost endless train of horse-cars to convey us to the "Continental," where rooms and breakfast have been engaged. In former days we had been luxuriously entertained at this hotel, and of course, were anticipating a good room, an excellent bed, and a "square" meal; but being sadly disappointed in all these particular comforts on this occasion, we find no pleasure in dwelling on this point, and will, therefore, pass on to the welcome call of "fall in," which is sounded from the bugle at 8 o'clock. A few minutes to "dress," and "count off," and then the order of "threes, right forward, march," and away we go to the tune of a good quick-step, shaking the dust of the "Continental" from our feet as we march through the streets of the Quaker City to the depot of the Philadelphia

and Baltimore Railroad.* Passed through Baltimore at 2 P. M., and arrived at Washington about 6:30. Here we were received by Washington Commandery No. 1, Sir C. F. Stransbury, E. C., and Columbia Commandery No. 2, Sir J. W. Griffin, E. C., headed by the Marine Band, (forty pieces,) and escorted to the National Hotel. The appearance of the Washington Commanderies was superb, and as our Michigan Commanderies passed in review, we could not refrain from an inward confession that at this first parade, scarcely the initial of what was to follow during the succeeding four days, Michigan was already eclipsed; but such expressions as the following, from Sir H. J. Alvord, (formerly of this State, and whose familiar countenance was the first to greet us): "What a magnificent turnout! What a splendid body of men!! I'm proud of Michigan!!!" Afforded a truly comforting assurance, and one much needed just at this time.

Tuesday and Wednesday were mostly spent in trips to Mt. Vernon, and in "doing" the Capital, and other places of interest in the vicinity. At the War and Navy Departments, the Patent Office, Smithsonian Institute, Capitol, Navy Yard, Treasury Department, and in short, wherever the Knights visited, they were very cordially received by the officials in charge, and courteously escorted through the many places of interest. At the latter Department, an especial favor was accorded us in being allowed to visit the Engraving and Printing Bureau, and in being admitted to a view of the great money vaults of the Treasurer's office. The marble cash-room of the Department, however, appeared to attract the greatest share of attention. Here the Knights seemed to linger in a maze of wonder at the great variety of fine and beautifully molded and polished marble which panel the room. At the Executive Mansion we were politely received and shown through all the public rooms. Here occurred one of the pleasantest little episodes of the day, and as some of our readers may be as curious as Mrs. G.," we copy for their benefit the following account taken from *The Washington Daily Patriot*, of an impromptu Grand Reception at the White House:

"On arriving at the Executive Mansion, our Washington Sir Knight conducted the party through the East and Green Rooms into

*This is the *single exception* heretofore alluded to in this article, and the only instance where the arrangements were not perfectly satisfactory. Why the proprietors of this hotel undertook to stow us away into little, unventilated rooms, just underneath the roof—and *three or four in a bed*, at that—we have had no satisfactory explanation. A large number of the Knights stepped across the street to the Girard House, and secured handsome accommodations.

the Blue Room, which he informed the party are the rooms in which the President and lady hold their grand receptions. Mrs. G., the wife of one of the Michigan Sir Knights, remarked that she had read and heard a great deal of these receptions, but did not quite understand how the thing was done, and, therefore, requested our Washington Sir Knight, whom we will call Sir Knight A., to explain to her exactly how the President and Mrs. President do receive. Willing to oblige, Sir Knight A. told the lady that he could best explain the matter by a practical illustration.

Accordingly he placed Mrs. G. in the position usually occupied by the President's lady on the occasions of receptions, and informed her that for the time being she was Mrs. President of the United States. He then placed a Sir Knight by her side, informing him that he represented General Babcock, Commissioner of Public Buildings, and, as such, by a time-honored custom, it was his province to present the guests to Mrs. President. Sir Knight then placed himself in position, saying, "I stand here as President, or rather acting President of the United States, in the *absence* of General Grant." He then drew a Sir Knight to his side, saying, "You, sir, stand here, as Marshal Sharpe, my brother-in-law, and, as Marshal of the District of Columbia, it is your place to introduce the guests to me, and being a man of quick discernment you will be able to detect such as may want office, to whom you should hint in a delicate manner that presents will be acceptable to the President."

The presentation then commenced, amidst roars of laughter. The first gentleman introduced offering the Acting President a cigar, which, of course, was accepted, otherwise he would not be acting President. Some twenty or more were introduced, and presents were numerous, and all sorts of offices were promised. The hilarity became so great as to attract the ushers of the White House to the Blue Room, who looked with utter astonishment at the scene going on before them, which had quite the appearance of reality. Seeing the phiz of General Dent, *always dark*, but now blacker than a thunder cloud, obtruding itself through one of the doors, the acting President concluded that the play might not be altogether agreeable to the head usher, and he therefore broke up the reception, finding himself just six cigars, one tobacco pouch, (quite old,) and seven street-car tickets ahead."

Thursday being the day for the grand parade at Baltimore, our Knights were in line promptly at 7:30, and at 8, aboard the train *en route* for that city, where we arrived about 10 o'clock. The clouds which for the previous twenty-four hours had dampened the arder of

many by their threatening aspect, now broke away and vanished from sight, leaving a bright and beautiful sky and a bracing atmosphere. The day was perfectly suited to the occasion. From the depot in Baltimore to Bank street, the place assigned for the formation of the fifth division, to which the Michigan Knights belonged, was a lengthy prelude to the regular route of march, and had it not been for an excellent lunch furnished by a private citizen, the day's tramp would have told heavily on many of us. While here it was rumored that Baltimore Commandery No. 2, would present a beautiful libation service to the Commandery making the best appearance in the grand parade, and exhibiting the most perfect proficiency in tactics and drill. Although only a rumor, it was sufficient to imbue every individual Knight with the necessity of attending strictly to the orders of his Commander, and how well Michigan performed her part on this occasion, we refer the reader to the report of the military gentlemen to whom the award was referred.

The procession was made up of twelve divisions, and perhaps we cannot give any better idea of the number of Commanderies (without enumerating them,) in that grand demonstration, than to name those composing this single division, commanded by Sir E. R. Roberts, Chief, and Sir George Lockley, Aid.

Cyrene No. 23, Centralia, Illinois.

Hospitaller No. 31, Jacksonville, Illinois, with band.

Almoner No. 32, Augusta, Illinois.

Elwood No. 6, Springfield, Illinois, with band.

Apollo No. 1, Chicago, Illinois, with band.

Grand Commandery of Illinois.

St. Bernard No. 16, East Saginaw.

Adrian No. 4, Adrian.

Detroit No. 1, Detroit, with band.

Grand Commandery of Michigan.

According to programme the procession was to take up the line of march at ten, but the city clock chimed the hour of high twelve just as the fifth division turned into Broadway, and took its position for the Grand Review.

For an account of this feature of the parade, we copy the following from the Baltimore *Sun*:

"The scene on Broadway was one of the grandest ever witnessed in this city, and perhaps has never been excelled by a similar demonstration anywhere. Broadway is peculiarly adapted for marshaling the elements of a grand pageant, and is the only thoroughfare in the city that would have accommodated so great a throng as there gathered with

any degree of comfort. Across the street, near Pratt, two large American flags were suspended, attached to the bottom of each of which were the words, "Welcome, Sir Knights." From many of the windows of the residences flags of various colors floated, prominent among which was the national ensign, with a number bearing words of welcome.

By the time for the procession to move had arrived, Broadway from a point about a square north of Baltimore street to Canton avenue, nearly a mile, was one mass of human beings. The windows, balconies and almost every available point in front of the houses were thronged with spectators. Mounted police officers rode up and down the street, and endeavored in vain to keep the crowd back to the curbstones. The attractiveness of the scene was enlivened by the riding up and down the street of officers in brilliant regalia, on richly caparisoned steeds, bearing orders from the chief marshal.

The review was conducted, as prescribed, in the Templar's drill, with open ranks, officers to the front, bands playing and colors saluting. This was the grandest sight and most impressive event of all. The two long, unbroken and uniform lines of elegantly dressed men, with brilliant and yet tasty regalia, rich banners and various colored uniforms of the bands, extending nearly a mile in length, formed a panorama view, as one looked down upon it from the corner of Broadway and Baltimore streets, almost indescribable."

The review is hastily performed, and before one o'clock the order "into column, march," is shouted from command to command down through the long lines, and the procession starts amidst a crash of sounding brass, the waving of innumerable banners and the huzzas of the multitude. All along the route of march the city was decorated with national flags and Knights Templar banners in great profusion. Men, women and children anxious to catch a glimpse of the passing column, blockaded the streets, balconies and windows, and even the roofs were lined with eager spectators. Demonstrations of approval were continuous, and by their inspiring effect, the otherwise long and weary march, was made short and enjoyable.

At 3 o'clock we "break ranks," and at 8:30 are at the depot standing at "parade rest," ready for the train in which to return to Washington. While here a committee from Baltimore Commandery inform us that the prize has been awarded to Detroit Commandery, and the pleasure of their company is requested at the new assembly rooms at 9 o'clock to receive it. This was indeed a happy surprise, and an invitation not to be neglected. Though "tired now and sleepy too," and longing for our "little bed," a pressing invitation induced

us to accompany the victors and share the honors in receiving the spoils. The speeches at the presentation were brief, but to the point. We omit them to give room for an extract from the report of the judges:

“Having been invited to review the parade and examine the different Commanderies, they have, after careful consideration, performed their duty, having seen the parade at different points. They found it most difficult to discriminate, as all Commanderies had done their part admirably. As worthy of special mention they note the following Commanderies: Columbia Commandery, of Washington; Cyrene Commandery, of Camden, N. J.; Adrian Commandery, of Michigan; Cour de Lion, of New Brunswick, N. J.; Terre Haute Commandery, of Indiana; St. John Commandery, of Philadelphia; St. Mary Commandery, of Philadelphia; Mount Olivet Commandery, of Erie, Pa.; Kadosh Commandery, of Philadelphia; Baldwin Commandery, of Williamsport; Alleghany Commandery, of Pittsburg; Louisville Commandery, of Kentucky; Hanselmann Commandery, of Cincinnati; Portsmouth Commandery, of Virginia; Manhattan Commandery, of New Jersey; St. Omer’s Commandery, of New York; Morton Commandery, of New York; Sturdy Commandery, of New Jersey. But for precision of drill, and military discipline, they unanimously award the prize to Detroit Commandery, of Detroit, Michigan. The report is signed by General A. W. Denson, Colonel James R. Herbert, Col. Albert Ritchie, General John W. Horn, and General Adam E. King.”

To us this was a happy termination of the demonstration in Baltimore; but to the multitude of Knights this was not the end. While we, laden with honors and the trophies of the contest were returning to Washington, Baltimore was all ablaze with festivity. Gaily plumed Knights were leading the fairest and most beautiful daughters of our land through the mazes of the dance, attending “receptions,” or giving ear to concerts provided for their entertainment.

Two o’clock Friday morning we reach our headquarters, when the order, “every Knight will be ready to fall in at 8 o’clock,” hurried all to bed without even the usual parting salutation, and with astonishing indifference to the bodily comfort of a “night-cap.”

The grand parade in Washington! though not so large as on the day previous at Baltimore, was in some respects quite superior. The broad avenues and the clean Nicholson pavement afforded such tempting facilities for display, that each Commandery was put to its mettle and did its “level best.” Without a single exception, every Commandery appeared splendidly, marched perfectly, and manœvered well.

Crosses, single, double, and triple, and triangles were formed and dissolved with the greatest ease and without the slightest appearance of confusion. Where all appeared and performed so well we would forbear making any distinction were it not for the wonderful perfection exhibited by Detroit Commandery in marching "by company front" down Pennsylvania avenue, the line extending from curb to curb, a movement not attempted by any other Commandery. It was a beautiful sight, and as the plaudits of the throng exhibited a due appreciation, we confess that our Michigan heart exulted in pride at this *chef d'oeuvre* of the parade by a Michigan Commandery.

At 2 o'clock the parade is dismissed. A hasty dinner, packing up, a general hand shaking with our never-to-be-forgotten Washington Knights, and at 4:30 we are aboard the cars, homeward bound. The "play is over," the band discourses "Home, Sweet Home," each Knight doffs his regalia and settles down in his seat; the long strained nerves relax, his head finds a resting place, and with pleasant anticipations of his welcome home, he is soon lost in the embraces of the "sweet restorer."

At noon Saturday, again at Mauch Chunk, where we find a splendid dinner awaiting us. After dinner, an hour or so is pleasantly spent in strolling about the place and climbing the mountains. Its situation is novel and picturesque in the extreme. Viewed from the verandah of the Mansion House, it is completely surrounded by mountains. The Lehigh River which passes just at our feet can be seen but a short distance, coming into view but a few rods above, and soon out of sight by an abrupt turn below. The long trains of coal cars as they pass through the village attract no little attention. From this point, their whole length is not in view at any one time, and as they move along they appear like huge serpents winding around the base of the mountain. We are most hospitably entertained here, and both Knights and their ladies are loth to leave so charming a spot; but tomorrow comes the Sabbath, and we must reach Niagara in time to get rested and in readiness to attend church.

We leave Niagara at 10 o'clock Sunday evening, by special train of sleeping cars, and arrive in Detroit at 8 A. M. Monday. Landing from the ferry at the Central depot, Detroit Commandery is received by the "home guard" of their Commandery in full regalia, and a number of prominent citizens, and headed by the First Infantry band, escorted to the Russell House, where they all sat down to such a breakfast as only Witbeck & Chittenden know *exactly* how to prepare for Knights Templar. The breakfast over, George F. Bagley, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Reception, delivered the following words of welcome:

Eminent Commander and Sir Knights of Detroit Commandery :

Your brother Knights, friends and citizens were desirous of tendering to you a slight public recognition of their appreciation of the gentlemanly bearing and knightly deportment that has characterized your pilgrimage to and from the east in attendance upon the meeting of the General Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States, at the City of Baltimore, and they have delegated to me the honor in their behalf to express to you their warmest congratulations upon your safe return, and to extend a most cordial welcome to your homes, friends and city, and to the officers of the Grand Commandery of the State, and brother Sir Knights who honor us with their presence this morning. I extend to them the hospitalities of the citizens of Detroit as long as they may find it pleasant and convenient to remain with us.

And, Sir Eminent Commander, I can assure you that your brother Sir Knights and friends who were prevented from accompanying you upon this pleasant, and, to your Commandery, ever memorable pilgrimage, that although they were absent in person, they were present in spirit, and marched side by side with you in your victorious journey, and rejoiced with you in every additional honor you achieved and added to your already well-earned national reputation. [Cheers.] And, Sir Eminent Commander, I cannot help but allude to a fact—and you must pardon me if it partakes of a personal character—when I state that a large share of the city, State and national glory which you have attained in the proficiency of your drill, and by which you were enabled to bring home with you the prize awarded in the national contest at Baltimore, is justly due to the indefatigable exertions and energy of Sir Knight Garfield, [tremendous cheers,] and I am satisfied that your record to-day is full compensation to him and his brother Sir Knights for all their efforts in that direction. And, Sir Eminent Commander, I am informed that the committee who were delegated by the Baltimore Commandery to award this prize which you have brought home did not remain at any one point, but were, I might say, omnipresent on the whole line of march, which makes your victory doubly great. And I trust that every Sir Knight, in both the public and private walks of life, will always conduct himself as though he was on dress parade, so as to reflect credit and honor on himself, his city, State and nation.

Gov. Baldwin, Mayor Wheaton, Hon. M. I. Mills and others, followed, complimenting the Knights Templar of the State on the good record they had made, and congratulating Detroit Commandery on its achievement. Sir Knight Hibbard, (in his ever humorous and in-

imitable style,) "would make a few remarks," in which he hinted at the folly of Baltimoreans in "leaving silver-ware *laying around loose* when Detroit Commandery was in their city,—if they had known the number of that body as well as he did, and how *naturally* they 'go for' that kind of ware, the Baltimore Knights might have saved some expense, and Detroit Commandery saved considerable anxiety about that particular piece of baggage."

The reception and banquet were well conceived and afforded a happy conclusion of the ten days' pilgrimage. Detroit may well feel proud of her Commandery of Knights Templar, for, beside the distinction she has so well earned, her members are from the intelligence, the energy and the wealth of the city. While this is true of Detroit, the other Commanderies in the State are made up mostly of equally good and prominent men. At Washington and Baltimore, St. Bernard and Adrian Commanderies attracted their full share of attention. In fact, previous to the award of the prize, they were the recipients of the most flattering mention by the daily press.

In concluding this hastily prepared article, we should be guilty of great injustice should we omit an expression of thanks to those magnanimous Knights who sacrificed no little time and a great amount of personal comfort and enjoyment in perfecting the arrangements by which the excursion was made so pleasant and satisfactory to all. Sir John S. Patten, as Quartermaster, and Sir M. S. Smith, as Treasurer, by their indefatigable exertions and constant attention won the love of every individual Knight, and placed them under obligations that will ever be remembered.

To the officers of the Great Western Railway we are indebted for the special train so generously placed at our disposal, and the liberal supply of luxurious coaches. To the Erie road, and the Lehigh Valley road we are also indebted for similar favors, and the polite attentions of conductors having the trains in charge.

Persons having a taste for beautiful scenery will find this route to Philadelphia an excellent one. The roads are smooth, the cars clean and comfortable, and the scenery *en route* by far the grandest that can be found within the same number of miles in any direction from Michigan.

WE clip the following from the *Mauch Chunk Gazette* of Sept. 29 "Never have we seen any where a finer body of men, every one of whom is a gentleman in every acceptation of the term, than the members of the Michigan Commanderies of Knights Templar, who honored Mauch Chunk with their presence last Saturday."

GIFT ENTERPRISES.

THE *Masonic Trowel* for October gives a Michigan Gift Enterprise the following first class notice :

“ Charles R. Munger, of Lawton, Mich., sent advertisements of a gift enterprise to secretaries of Lodges, to one of which a brother responds as follows : ”

“ ‘ MESSRS. MUNGER & BRO. :—Yours, with circular enclosed, received. If you think that I will interest myself in your gift enterprises, you mistake your man. I have a very poor opinion of gift enterprises, and not a very flattering one of those who engage in them. I place all gift enterprises on the same platform and call them swindles, and those who engage in them swindlers.

“ ‘ Yours &c.,

“ ‘ Wm. P. ASKINS,

“ ‘ Secy. Hope Lodge, No. 162. ’ ”

We quote the above to say that Legislatures, courts, experience and common sense unite in regarding the so-called “ Gift Enterprises ” of the day as so many *lotteries*.

Lotteries, however speciously they may be disguised, are found to be demoralizing in their tendency and, in their effects, akin to gambling. This being true, discreet and good men, everywhere, look disapprovingly upon all enterprises which seek to connect or identify a really good thing with that which is, at best, of very questionable propriety.

If this be a true statement of the views of prudent and good men, (both in and out of the Order of Freemasonry,) in regard to these gift enterprises does it not behoove those among the brotherhood, who are jealous of the reputation and honor of the Craft, to frown upon all attempts to connect Masonry or so-called Masonic journals with practices of such questionable propriety. Masonry is good—well conducted Masonic journals are good also ; but if the latter can not obtain currency and a living subscription list without offering a chance in a lottery as a part of the inducement to subscribe, we submit that the journal undertaking the business not only confesses, by the act, its unworthiness of support, but also proclaims its purpose to damage the reputation of an Order of which it aspires to be an organ and exponent,

We make these remarks for the purpose of applying them to the policy adopted and advertised by the journal published by C. W. Armstrong & Co. at Detroit entitled “ *Our Mutual Friend*.”

It started with Czar Jones as its Masonic editor—a disgraced Mason—It, after a while, dropped him, professing to be ignorant of his character—a character that has been a stench in the Lodges of Detroit for years, and of which they are even now barely disinfected. *Now* this journal *has no responsible editor*, and, for aught its readers may know, Czar Jones still continues (sub rosa) his editorial labors on “*Our Mutual Friend*.” We hope this may not be so; but we call upon the proprietors of the “*Friend*” to give us the name of some *individual Mason* as the responsible editor of its columns.

Last though not least it is seeking to secure a circulation by a resort to the gift lottery business, by which we must understand that they expect somebody to be fooled into a subscription that, otherwise, would not be given. By such means its publishers seek to get more for their publication than it is worth, indirectly, if not directly, injuring the individual Masonic subscriber, and damaging the reputation of the Craft by which it hopes to be supported. This is not Masonry.

THE SACRED TEMPLE.

CONSTANTINE, MICH., November, 1871.

Editors of Michigan Freemason :—GENTLEMEN,—I notice in the last *Mystic Star* an article ascribing to Mrs. Hazlett the authorship of the Order of the Sacred Temple. This is a great mistake. The Order of the Sacred Temple was composed, instituted, and founded by Hon. S. C. Coffinberry of this place. He composed all the beautiful rituals, ceremonies, lectures, and songs, and, as well the beautiful music set to them; he devised all the expressive symbols, wardrobe, and ceremonies, and conferred the second degree upon a large number of ladies in this place before Mrs. Hazlett saw it or knew any thing about it. All Mrs. Hazlett had to do with it was to introduce it in Michigan.

Mr. Coffinberry designed this Order for the benefit of the female relations of Masons. After he became satisfied that Mrs. Hazlett was not a proper person to introduce it, and after she refused to surrender the authority he had given, he so changed the ground work as to admit any lady who might be found worthy without any respect to Masonic relations.

We understand that, Mrs. Hazlett established her society upon the two degrees she had obtained from Mr. Coffinberry, and something she inserted herself in place of the other two degrees which Mr. C. refused to give and which she never saw.

The true Society, and the only authorized Temple, is the one of

which Mrs. Laura Wells of Kalamazoo is Supreme Matron, and Mrs. E. Bandholtz, of Constantine, Grand Secretary.

There is no human institution so well calculated to invite our sex into a sacred sisterhood, and at the same time to elevate and strengthen her womanhood as this Order of the Sacred Temple. It was devised by one of the best of men, experienced in moral science, a deep thinker, an experienced ritualist, a refined sentimentalist, and an exalted moralist. I have no doubt he avoided the defects of other secret orders, if there be any, for the highest knowledge is attributed to him in these as I understand, and that he has made Freemasonry a subject of special study and investigation. Our sex owe him a debt of deep gratitude for this new and great Order.

The principles of this Order can be more fully explained, by addressing Mrs. Laura Wells, Kalamazoo, or Mrs. Artie Coffinberry, Constantine, Mich.

A SISTER OF THE SACRED TEMPLE.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT TO THE EDITOR.—On Tuesday, the 31st ult., Bro. Chaplin, the Editor of this magazine, met with a serious accident at the International Hotel in Kalamazoo. While at the head of the first flight of stairs in the large hall of that Hotel, he made a misstep which precipitated him a distance of eleven feet to the floor below, striking upon his head and shoulders. It does not seem possible that any one falling so far and striking as he did, especially a person of his corporeal dimensions (weighing about two hundred and forty pounds) without almost instant death, or at least sustaining some permanent injury. He was picked up more dead than alive, but prompt and skillful medical treatment has placed him once more on his feet, though incapacitated at present for mental labor of any kind. In this emergency we have come to his assistance in preparing the present number of this magazine. Our time being limited by duties which are difficult to postpone, and the chair editorial being entirely new to us, it is hoped that our readers will "have mercy upon us," overlook the delay in issue, and any lack of usual interest in its pages. It is confidently hoped that in a few days Bro. C. will be able to resume his duties, and make up in the future number whatever it may fall short in this.

CUSPIDATUS.

DIED.—At his residence in Schoolcraft, on Wednesday, the 15th inst. Bro. Charles T. Wheeler, W. Master of Schoolcraft Lodge No. 118.

THE MICHIGAN KNIGHTS TEMPLAR TACTICS AND DRILL.—“The author of this new system of tactics is Sir Ellery Irving Garfield, E. G. C. G. of the Grand Commandery of Michigan, and the work was adopted at the last Annual Conclave of that Grand Commandery, and ordered to be published for the instruction of all subordinate Commanderies in that State. It has also been adopted for use in many other jurisdictions of the country, and is designed to come into universal use by all the Commanderies of the United States.

“The inducement to its conception by the author, grew out of the fact that at the Annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery of Michigan, in 1869, it was found, upon discussion, that no two Commanderies in the State used the same system of tactics, and that upon occasions of public drill there was sometimes a want of uniformity. Accordingly a committee was appointed, with the author as chairman, to report a system for adoption throughout the State. Sir Garfield having had considerable military experience and being a practical business man, with a clear comprehension of the value of time in all the occupations of life, set himself at once to the task of composing a system of drill, which should be at once adequate for all the purposes of an attractive parade, and so simple in its details as to be comprehended without too great a demand upon the time of the brethren at the drill rehearsals. The result was the work referred to, which proves to be in all respects just what the Commanderies of the whole country have long been in need of, and the peculiar advantages of which will hereafter be seen on occasions like that in which the brethren are participating in, from different sections of the United States, in Baltimore.

“The advantages of the system are, in the brevity of the commands which in all cases express in full the movement to be executed, the readiness with which the principles may be acquired; and the additional advantage that the handsome and intricate movements peculiar to the Order, are rendered much handsomer, and less difficult of execution.”—*Washington Daily Patriot*.

THE Lodges in the State of New York have responded promptly and in the most liberal manner to the relief of sufferers by fire in Chicago, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The amount of money received, as reported by *Pomeroy's Democrat*, of the 11th inst., amounted to nearly \$40,000. Stella Lodge No. 485, of Brooklyn, J. H. Rhodes W. Master, donated the handsome sum of \$1,500.

ST. JOHNS COMMANDERY No. 4, of Philadelphia, contributed the princely donation of \$1,800 to the sufferers by the late fires.—*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

WE are very much gratified to notice the promptness and liberality of our brethren in other Grand Jurisdictions in responding to the relief of those (whether Masons or not) whom the recent fires have reduced to want. Among the numerous donations of money, two were received by Past Grand Master Metcalf, W. B., Gregory Satterlee, of N. Y. City, (of the firm of Satterlee, Blackwell, & Co., wholesale dealers in hats, caps, fur and straw goods, 313 & 325, Broadway. One of \$59, from Republic Lodge, No. 590, and one of \$78, contributed by its members. Republic Lodge previously contributed \$250 to the Chicago relief fund. The money received by Bro. Metcalf was forwarded to Grand Master Champlin.

WE were pleased to meet the other day in Kalamazoo (his former home) Bro. Geo. L. Trask, of New York City, Bro T. has a genial countenance—in fact, that quality is not *confined* to his face, he's genial "clear through"—and just such a man as we are always glad to strike hands with. It is rumored that the leather trade he made with U. S. turned out well, and that he's been getting *healthy* ever since. We are glad of it for he walks the earth *just the same*. While in K— he received \$2,000 from the "Shoe & Leather Board of Trade" of N. Y. City, for the relief of Michigan sufferers, which he passed over to the proper committee.

THE accident which befell Bro. Chaplin, the Editor and Senior Publisher of this Magazine, came near being a very serious affair. If Bro. C. had consulted *us* in time he might have avoided the accident. We never did approve of editorial summersaults; and as for the flying trapeze, Bro. C. in our estimation is not exactly the man. He may have the *agility* but he's a *little heavy*—say a *couple of hundred pounds too much*. His recent experience will no doubt convince him that the "down grade is not always easy."

"THE *Fort Wayne Republican*," published at Fort Wayne, Ind., is one of the best weekly papers in the whole West. Its editorials are well written, its locals are sharp and witty, and its typographical appearance unsurpassed in newspaperdom. It has a Masonic Department of three or four columns which is well conducted. Bro. Steele—one of the proprietors—is a live man, a live Mason, and a live editor. In short, Steel(e) is good stuff, sharp featured, well tempered, and cuts both ways. May he always avoid a *wire edge*.

"ANCIENT RUINS" and a large amount of editorial matter is crowded out of this number, on account of the great length of the article describing the visit of the Michigan Knights Templar to Baltimore.

AMONG the guests at a Grand Banquet given in Baltimore on the evening of the 20th of September last, by the members of the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction, to the members of the Northern Jurisdiction, we notice the name of our Past Grand Master, Dr. A. T. Metcalf, of Kalamazoo. From all accounts of the affair, we judge that "the feast of reason and flow of soul" was of the "Rite" (*ly*) "Ancient and Accepted."

By invitation of R. W. Bro. Look, Grand Visitor and Lecturer, we accompanied him on Saturday, the 21st ult., on his official visit to Brady Lodge, No. 208 at Brady. There was only a fair turnout, many being prevented from attendance by the necessity of fighting fire in order to save their homes and other property. The W. M. Br. E. G. Deming, we found unusually bright in the esoteric work, and the Lodge in a fairly prosperous condition.

ON his return from Baltimore, Rt. Em. Sir Geo. L. Otis of St. Paul (formerly a resident of Kalamazoo) and Grand Commander of Minnesota, paid us the honor of a flying visit. Sir Otis is a gentleman of fine legal ability, and of the strictest integrity. We are glad to know that his sterling qualities have made for him an excellent reputation throughout the State, as well as in the city where he resides.

PENINSULAR COMMANDERY No. 8, of Kalamazoo, by donating money from its treasury, and by private contributions from its members has done nobly in aiding the sufferers by the late fires. We are not permitted to name the amount given, but we will say that, it was sufficient to demonstrate a very creditable liberality on the part of both Commandery and members.

THE October number of *The Freemason* comes to us well filled with interesting matter, both original and selected. The leader "Sit Lux" is an excellent article, from which we may present extracts in our next number. *The Freemason* is edited by Br. Geo. Frank Gaulty, and published by Gaulty & Bysington, St. Louis, Mo. Terms \$2 per year.

THE Grand Lodge of Illinois held its annual communication at Chicago on the 3rd of October, at which 626 Lodges were represented. M. W. De Witt C. Creiger, of Chicago, was elected Grand Master, and R. W. O. H. Miner, of Springfield, Grand Secretary.

THE Supreme Council for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, convened at Masonic Temple in the City of Boston, on Tuesday, the 14th inst.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—DECEMBER, A. L. 5871.—NO. VI.

RELATIONS OF FREEMASONRY TO CHRISTIANITY.

THE COMMITTEE charged by the Grand Lodge to consider the petition of Bro. Samuel Evans and two hundred and twenty-nine others, stating that certain portions, or features of a theological, or sectarian character, contrary to the letter as well as the spirit of Freemasonry, exist in the ritual and work of the Order and desiring an investigation whether the universality of Freemasonry has been overthrown or disregarded; and seeking a remedy; as is more fully set forth in the said petition:

REPORT.

The investigation of the subjects referred to your Committee has been made with the aid of all the available light, which the learning and acuteness of those who represented the petitioners, and those charged to search on the part of the Committee, could procure. It is known to this Grand Lodge that Masonic historians are divided into two schools, supporting with research and ingenuity contrary opinions of the origin of our Craft; the one, following the traditions, believe Masonry to have had its ancient landmarks handed down to our day, and its secrets preserved by unwritten traditions; but the other disclaims faith in the existence of speculative Masonry before the organization of a Grand Lodge in London, in 1717, and ascribes the origin of our traditions and landmarks to that body. If they could truly lift the veil of time, and show our mysteries to be the invention of those men of 1717, our rites would lose much of the reverence we now attach to them because of their antiquity. As a consequence of this theory of modern origin, some of its supporters draw from the London constitution of 1721, a

theory that true Masonry should banish not merely religious disputes from the Lodge, but all traces of religion, in which by possibility men of all creeds of the world may not actually agree. In this light it has been represented to your Committee that usages, allusions and symbols, which can be connected in interpretation with any of the creeds of Christianity, are sectarian, and ought to be extirpated from the Craft: but it has not been claimed that those which may be so connected with Jewish or Pagan creeds should also be extirpated; and no reason has been offered your Committee why Christianity alone should be discriminated against in the proposed reform.

It has also been suggested that the Craft have in this jurisdiction departed from the ancient landmarks, and introduced various symbols and allusions of a strictly sectarian Christian character. The objects specially instanced are, the use of the Bible in Lodges; that one of the three dedications of a Lodge is to Saint John; that in the prayers the aid of Christ is often invoked by the Chaplain; that the Cross should be taken off Masonic certificates and out of the Lodge; and that of the parallel lines a sectarian explanation is given. The first proposition goes to the fundamental organization of Freemasonry; the last ones require only an examination and collation of the authority for the charge, with the traditions preserved by the Craft.

In conducting investigations in science, advantage is found in assuming theories for the temporary purpose of examining and abandoning them when it is found that they are not reconcilable with ascertained facts. In the process of test, old facts are viewed under new lights, and often new ones are discovered. So that science gains even should the theory fail in the test. Thus may Masonry gain by the labors of investigators, even should their theories fail; and investigation courteously conducted is creditable to the participants and the Fraternity. It is not to be expected of a Grand Lodge, any more than of a Scientific Society, that it should sanction, by adoption, any of these new theories, before the proof of their truth has amounted to a demonstration. The Grand Lodge is the conservator of Freemasonry as it has been received by its constituency; and must, by its duty, adhere thereto until the new theory shall have successfully passed beyond the stages of possibilities and probabilities, and demonstrated not only that many, but that all facts are reconciled to it.

As a historical question, it can not longer be contended that the institution of Freemasonry is due to the London Grand Lodge. Important and valuable to the future prosperity of the Craft as were some of the modifications they made in its organization, yet the substantial characteristics remained as they had received them from those who went be-

fore them. Uncontroverted evidence shows the existence in England and Scotland, during more than a century preceding A. D. 1717, of numerous active Lodges of Freemasons; and many manuscripts have been brought to light from public as well as private archives, containing sketches of the history of the Craft, and the ancient charges. These manuscripts seem to have been written at different dates, in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and appear to be distinct, corrupted variations of some preceding older original works on the same subject. The Grand Lodge of England was formed of several Lodges already existing under old Constitutions; and a collation of the lately published manuscripts with the first publication by the Grand Lodge of London (1722-3), shows the latter embodies a large part of the ancient histories, and that a very considerable part of the ancient charges was adopted; and also distinctly claims great antiquity for the Craft. Some eight or nine of these manuscripts have been unearthed by the labor of students, among whom the historian of Old York Masonry, Bro. Hughan, has been eminently successful in rescuing, from the archives of that early and celebrated Lodge, several of considerable importance.

Notwithstanding there are considerable variations in the language, some differences in the matter, and many corruptions in these manuscripts, there is a marked similarity of substance among them; showing that the Craft in the different shires whence the manuscripts were drawn, was moulded on the same general principles.

These manuscripts agree that the first charge to a Craftsman was, "To be true to God and to holy church, and use neither heresy or error, according to your own understanding," &c. The most of them begin by an invocation to the Holy Trinity; and the sacramental oath to adhere to the charges is directed to be taken on a "book," which some are careful to designate as the Holy Scriptures. At the era when the originals of these manuscripts were composed, there can not be a doubt that Freemasonry lived in accord with the established Christian religion of England. In the sixteenth century began the era of religious wars in England. The Episcopal schism of Henry VIII, from the church of Rome, led the way. The rise of the Presbyterian Church, toppling over Romanism and Episcopacy, followed; and then the restoration of Episcopacy. From 1540 till the passage of the Toleration Act, 1688, there was no peace between the conflicting schisms and sects; and whichever in its turn was uppermost, persecuted the others with relentless severity. It was in 1721, or nearly a generation later, that the Constitution of the London Grand Lodge was adopted. We find this old charge to be true to God and

holy church, and use no heresy, is not in the London Constitution. At some time during the religious wars, it had dropped out of Masonry, probably very early; the dates of the manuscript copies collated, as already stated, do not indicate the date of the originals from which they were transcribed.

An examination of the London Constitution of 1722, and of the history published in connection therewith,—Payne's Constitution, as it is called—will throw some light on the inquiry why the charge to be true to Holy Church has been omitted. It will at the same time show the true exoteric characteristics of Freemasonry.

In the London Constitution, published in 1722, the first charge concerning God and Religion, is—

“A Mason is obliged by his tenure to obey the moral law; and if he rightly understand his art he will never be a stupid atheist, nor an irreligious libertine. But although in ancient times *Masons* were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country, or nation, whatever it was, yet 'tis now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular opinions to themselves; that is, to be good men and true, or men of honor and honesty, by whatever denominations or persuasions they may be distinguished; whereby Masonry becomes the centre of union, and the means of conciliating true friendship among persons that must have remained at a distance.”

At page 50 is found Rule Second,—“*For Behavior after Lodge is over.*” “You may enjoy yourselves with innocent mirth, treating one another according to ability, but avoiding all excess, or forcing any brother to eat or drink beyond his inclination, or hindering him from going when his occasions call him; or doing, or saying any thing offensive, or that may forbid a free and easy conversation; for that would blast our harmony, and defeat our laudable purposes. Therefore, no private pique, or quarrels, must be brought within the doors of the Lodge; far less any quarrels about religion, or nations, or state policy; we being *Masons* of the Catholic religion above mentioned; we are also of all nations, tongues, kindreds and languages, and are resolved against all politics, as what never yet conduced to the welfare of the Lodge, nor ever will. *This charge has always been strictly enjoined and observed but especially ever since the Reformation in Britain, or the dissent and secession of these nations from the Communion of Rome.*”

Thus it is distinctly stated that their departure from the old Masonic charge to adhere to Holy Church, &c., was a matter of expediency only; political considerations, the necessity of being in accord with the government of the country, seemed to have compelled the English

Masons to seek a safer corner-stone than the mutable ascendancy of any particular creed in Great Britain would give at that time. Fortunately, by the conjunction of a new political toleration in the government, and a wisdom in the Craft, the rock of a tolerant spirit, always inclined to by them, proved a safe expedient to protect the Craft in the enjoyment of its ancient ritual and its devout practice of the mysteries of the royal art. How and when this change in the first charge began, we have little information. From the second rule, one would infer it had been formed as early as the Reformation, tempore Henry VIII. The numerous flourishing Lodges we glean accounts of in the seventeenth century, at York, London Lancashire, Staffordshire, &c., could hardly have been tenable without the change. The rule to abjure religious discussion in the Lodge, logically grows from the first charge, and would seem the consequence of bringing persons of different denominations and persuasions into the Lodge, or of new differences growing up within the Craft. The Act of Toleration by Parliament, in 1688, excludes from its benefits and forbids religious assemblies with doors locked, barred, or bolted; as well as all assemblies of Catholics. This may have influenced the expediency of the change; but rule second, of the Constitution of 1722, seems to give the weightier reason. It has also been suggested, that after the exile of James the II, this old charge favored his use of Masonry as a political lever against the government; and that the change in the first and second charges separated it from exclusive adherence to the Catholic Church, and the old line of the Stuarts, and made it to adhere to the existing government. These causes may have come into operation in the days of the Commonwealth, or on the accession of William and Mary, A. D. 1688, as well as thirty years thereafter. The London Grand Lodge seems, however, to prefer the Reformation as the cause, rather than the Revolution. However, or whenever this change took place, it not only illustrates the power of Freemasonry to accommodate itself to the political circumstances around it, but it shows the spirit of toleration with which, amid religious wars, the Craft entered on a mission of peace and good will among sects, that has since led the way wherever a diversity of tolerated religions exist, in softening the asperities of fanaticism, by providing a neutral ground where the honest and true of various sects can meet on the same level, and become better acquainted with each other's virtues and sterling qualities. The Freemasons did not pretend to have founded any new or universal religion, but to open a comprehensive toleration of sects for the common practice of certain virtues, without asking of them the surrender of any particular opinions or creed. They imagined, not unreasonably, that

with good and true men, the cultivation of virtue, friendship, equality, and reverence for God, was catholic in all creeds. We also conclude that the declaration in the London charges, of their desire to make men of different denominations and persuasions better acquainted, notwithstanding their creeds and politics, meant what it said—not a war on creeds but the comprehensive toleration of each other's creeds. This would not exclude any Christian sect from equality within the Lodge, whether it was then favored or oppressed by the State. The "stupid atheist," and the "irreligious libertine," are denounced in the charge which some erroneously assume as "deistic."

Among the leading spirits of that Grand Lodge are found the protestant clergymen Desaguliers and Dr. Anderson, of the Presbyterian Church; and soon the complement was filled by a Grand Master, Viscount Montague, of a leading Catholic family,—rather a comprehensive array of Christian creeds, not exactly "deistic." The new charge involved, then, no departing from the Christian faith, but a wider spirit of toleration.

The usages and rituals in use in England, at the era when we received Freemasonry, 1733, or for the few years preceding, since 1723, could they be examined, would conclude all other evidence. The English, like ourselves, are forbidden to preserve rituals other than orally, and but few written means of enlightened conjecture exist. We know that our rituals are deeply religious, and our moral rules are strictly enforced. The ordeals of our Craft can only be passed by a reverential spirit. Has there been a time since the Charges were published in 1723, or since we took them in 1733, when the usages complained of as sectarian, had no existence in Lodges; and if so, were they introduced by competent authority? It will be conceded, that, at no modern time, has Freemasonry been practiced in this country, or in England, without a ritual of a religious character, reverential to the Grand Architect of the Universe. To adhere to it as we received it, is to keep our faith with the fathers, and maintain the landmark. The petitioners formally ask only this, but a considerable body of French and other writers, insist that all references to Christianity should be excluded, whether they are ancient or not. The field of argument includes both positions:

The evidence that Freemasonry, after 1717, did continue many Christian symbols and usages, is very strong; and nothing offered to your Committee has weakened the faith to our traditions. We shall return to this again. Conceding then that some Christian usages are found among our Craft in our traditions, ought we to stamp them as un-masonic and expel them? It has been distinctly put to us by an

acute and learned Israelite brother, that as they are offensive to him as an Israelite, we ought to exclude them. If that is a sufficient reason, what will become of our Society? A Christian may ask that allusion to King Solomon shall be expunged, because he was a Jew. Another may ask all allusions to Hiram be effaced, because he was a Pagan. The Trinitarian may ask that the Grand Architect of the Universe shall only be addressed in his triune character. The resurrection from the dead stands no better. Every particle of our religious ritual and symbols must fall under the same axe, and the Masonry we have received be extinguished. Religious men can meet in a society where all religion is forbidden, lest the sectarian feelings of one might be shocked, but they would not be very likely to do so. Some good men are too fanatical to come now to the Lodge. Freemasonry was not built on this plan, but the contrary. So far as we learn, it always brought men together under religious services. It never sought to banish the symbols of faith, but it did declare every one present was free to hold his own faith. Having by preliminary process purged itself from the atheist and the libertine, it left its good men and true to their own creeds and equality. But it also morally asked what it accorded, namely, that each should tolerate his neighbor's creed, but not his assent to it. It is no place for intolerance. The brother must see that he himself is tolerant. If that worthy Mason, Saint John, is to be excluded from our mouths because he was a Christian, Solomon should be in that he was a Jew, and Hiram in that he was a Pagan. If the argument of exclusion were sound, none competent by his faith to be a Mason, could be tolerated ritually,—a dilemma surely that shows this was not the spirit of the Constitutions on this point. There is another way that a tolerant spirit can be shown besides exclusion. We have it in all our American Legislatures and Congress, where the Chaplains elected usually by the people not of their creed, pray for a house, three-fourths of which are not of their creed. So it is in our Army and Navy. There is entire freedom and toleration of private opinion. The deference is a social courtesy usual in a country of many tolerated creeds; and so understood, it is exactly similar in Masonry with us. Thus also we think it was intended after the Reformation in England. Their ritual was not of any particular sect, exclusively: As we have it, each Mason of every admitted creed finds something in it that he reverences, and can interpret for himself all he pleases to, being positively assured of his religious freedom. Thus only did our predecessors think to make honest and honorable men of different persuasions better acquainted. None have shown that in our rituals an unjust superiority is given to one tolerated sect among us, over another. Certainly the Israelite can not

say that his creed is belittled in any way. In the scale of equality and justice, the Christian's share, notwithstanding their superiority of numbers, is small compared to the race of the actual worshippers in the Temple; and it is hardly a tolerant spirit that begrudges to Christians the consolation of learning that one of their religious worthies was also an eminent Mason. We can have no Hebrew, no Episcopal, no Presbyterian Lodges, because one of our objects is the social mingling of good men of various sects. The orthodox and the heterodox must meet in the Lodge on the same level and learn mutual esteem through good Masonry. In this diversity of creeds lies one important field of our labor, and we should deplore the alienation of any respectable sect from among us.

THE DEDICATION TO SAINT JOHN was represented to your Committee as a sectarian innovation. After patient search we conclude that it is not so. While the old First Charge, to be true to God and Holy Church, was in use, such a dedication could not be held as a sectarian innovation; it was surely in the import of the charge. At the time of the reorganization at London, and for some unknown earlier time, the Saints John were regarded as the Patron Saints of Masonry; and agreeably to ancient custom, their festivals were kept by the Craft. Lodges also, in England and Scotland, were named after them. The London Grand Lodge itself first met on Saint John's day. York Masons also celebrated on that day, before and after the London Grand Lodge was instituted.

The Sloane manuscript, whose date Bro. Hughan gives as A. D. 1650 to 1700, has this interrogatory,—“Whence came you?” Answer, “From a Lodge of the holy Saint John.” In Scotland, Ireland, and England, a peculiar observance by Masons, of these days existed. We have no rituals of dedications earlier than the Duke of Wharton's revision of the mode in 1722; and that Grand Lodge never printed or published the invocations of dedication, nor did any profane writer that we are aware of, prior to their authentic publication by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in 1798. No evidence of a change of dedication appears in Massachusetts from 1733 to the present time. Saint John has been one of our patrons from the first. The London Grand Lodge did dedicate to Saint John until a change was made by them somewhere between 1813 and 1823, for reasons unknown to us. The weight of evidence, as well as our traditions, confirms us in believing that the London Grand Lodge always before dedicated to Saint John. Our own practice; the notoriety of their recent English change; the consensual celebration of St. John's days heretofore in the three kingdoms; the certainty that as the “Ancient” and “York” maintained rivalry

with the London to the close of the last century, a departure from ancient landmarks in dedicating would have attracted Masonic notice and discussion, combine to confirm us in this belief.

It was alleged, in behalf of the petitioners, that the ancient manuscripts referred to, say nothing of Saint John, except the Sloane, No. 3329 ; but it is to be observed that they say nothing about the ceremonial of dedication of a Lodge at all, nor do they treat of rituals ; and that they are full of invocations to Christian worthies, and the Trinity, and the Blessed Virgin. The numerous pretended exposes of Masonry in England, during the last century, were referred to, and all of them have been examined ; not that their evidence, if profane, would be of any mental or moral weight in showing the traditions of our Craft, nor that any proof of their truth, or authority was adduced. In every one of them, though printed at various dates, with exception of Pritchard's, was found a declaration that the Lodge was dedicated to Saint John ; and in his were found several questions and answers, stating that the Apprentice came from the Holy Lodge of Saint John, with greetings, &c., which resembles the Sloane manuscripts referred to. *Neither Pritchard, nor any of them, discussed the mode of dedicating a Lodge at all*; their ambition was not that of the charlatan, selling false keys to the vulgar, which would not open the Masonic doors. There has not been brought a record, nor a circumstance, in a tradition, symbol, or elder contemporary writer, which raises a doubt in our minds, of the fact that in this State, in New Hampshire, in the London Grand Lodge prior to 1813, Lodges were always dedicated to Saint John.

Bro. Hughan gives an account of " Saint John's Lodge " meeting at York, in Christmas, 1716, and making Masons. Dr. Drake's address to the Grand Lodge of York was delivered on Saint John's day, 1726. He concludes,—“ But let us so behave ourselves here and elsewhere that the distinguished characteristics of the whole Brotherhood may be *to be called good Christians, loyal subjects, true Britons, as well as Freemasons.*

The London Grand Lodge adopted its first general Regulations on Saint John the Baptist's day, 1721. Rule 22 required an annual communication and feast on one of the Saint John's day ; and the election of officers was to be on Saint John's day, unless it fell on Sunday. Ireland in 1735, and probably from the first, had like provisions as to Saint John's day. In Scotland, in 1736, of the fifteen Lodges which came together to form a Grand Lodge, five were named after Saint John ; and the circular calling them together provided that future elections should be on Saint John the Baptist's day. The Aberdeen Lodge records, lately brought to light by the learned labor of Bro. William P.

Buchan, contains statutes bearing date December 27, 1670, (Saint John's day). The seventh statute is, "We ordain lykways that everie entered printise and fellow craft within this our Lodge, and all our successors in the meason craft, that they shall pay in every year, at Saint John's day, twelve shillings Scots, to the Maister meason or his Warden" &c., &c.,—"and all this money is to be spent and disposed upon as the company shal think fit for the honor of that day, and ordaines all our successors in the meason trade, to observe and keep that day, as a day of rejoicing and feasting with one another; only those who are measons; and if any of our number be absent that day from our public meeting place, he is to be fyned, as the will of the company think fit; and ordaines these our laws to be read at the entering of everie entered printise, that none declare ignorance."

The Grand Lodge of Scotland usually styled their Craft "Saint John's Masonry." Laurie, Edition 1859 p. 162. They did so when asking King William IV to become their patron, and in other official correspondence. See Laurie, pp. 195, 210, 211, and 223, Edition of 1859.

In Massachusetts, the Provincial Grand Lodge, organized in 1733, was called "Saint John's Grand Lodge." See Harris Constitution, 1798.

The first Lodge in New Hampshire, 1734, was called the "Holy Lodge of Saint John."

In London Grand Lodge, the form of dedication in constituting a new Lodge is concealed in the editions of Constitutions of 1723, of 1767—1769, and 1784 as "expressions that are proper and useful on the occasion, but not proper to be written."

The feast of Saint John's day was kept in 1717—18—19—21—23—24, on Saint John the Baptist's day. In 1720, for a private reason, it was not kept. In 1726 it was postponed, because the new Grand Master (the Earl of Inchiquin), was out of town and could not be installed. In 1725—27—28,—it was on Saint John the Evangelist's day.

Dr. Anderson, edition of 1737, says as to the feast (p. 170), that in ancient times the Masons met on Saint John's day, either in a Monastery, or on the top of the highest hills by peep of day, and chose their new Grand Officers, and then went to their feast, &c.

According to Brother Evans there are 117 Lodges in England named after Saints, of which 31 on the register are named "Saint John."

Findel's Second Edition, p. 677, gives part of the dialogue of the

Sloane manuscript, often referred to, to which Hughan assigns the date of between A. D. 1650 and 1700.

Interrogation. "Who on earth is greater than a Freemason?" Answer. "He that was carried to the highest pinnacle in the Temple of Jerusalem." Interrogation. "Where did they first call their Lodges?" Answer. "At the holy chapel of Saint John."

Payne's Constitutions, 1723, p. 46, in the approved History of the Craft, says "Nay, if it was expedient, it would be made to appear, that from this ancient Fraternity, the Societies, or Orders of the warlike Knights, and of the religious too, in process of time did borrow many solemn usages," &c.

Saint John in Massachusetts. We find a connection from the origin of Freemasonry in this Commonwealth. The Charter to Henry Price to form a Grand Lodge, April 30, 1733, states,—“Lastly we will and require that the said Provincial Grand Master of New England annually cause the Brethren to keep the feast of Saint John the Evangelist, and dine together on that day, (or in case of accident preventing meeting on that day), on any other day near the time, as he himself shall judge most fit.”

The Grand Lodge he formed was called “Saint John’s Grand Lodge.” See Harris Constitutions, 1798. The record shows they kept the feast of Saint John the Evangelist that Christmas week, 1733, and of Saint John the Baptist, the ensuing June 24, and so forth, year by year. A note to the record for 1750, states,—“The several intervening festivals of Saint John Evangelist, and Saint John Baptist, have been all celebrated in due manner and form, although proper records have not been kept thereof.” There are very few which are not separately recorded.

On Saint John the Evangelist’s day, 1733, the Massachusetts and the Saint John’s Grand Lodges, dining separately, exchanged healths with great courtesies. The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, emanating from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, appears to have kept one, and more frequently both, of these feasts yearly, from their organization onward; and their records show that in 1768, at a special meeting, the Grand Lodge voted to omit the feast of Saint John the Evangelist; but that at the regular meeting early in December, after sage debate, the vote was *reconsidered*, the feast ordered and afterwards kept with great satisfaction and decency.

Tomlinson’s Commission as Provincial Grand Master directed him to cause the feasts of Saint John the Evangelist and Saint John the Baptist to be kept. And Oxnard’s in 1743, directed him to hold a quarterly meeting on Saint John the Evangelist’s day. And Gridley’s Com-

mission, in 1755, directed that one quarterly meeting should be on Saint John the Baptist's day, or as near thereto as conveniently may be."

The records of the Saint John's Grand Lodge show that the Craft during the last century were very careful to hold both these feasts in observance. We have no ritual of constituting a Lodge preserved that is older than the Edition of 1792, prepared by order of the Grand Lodge. This refers to the invocations which are given when proceeding to constitute a Lodge prior to the Grand Master's final consecration of the work. And in the edition of 1798, of Harris, solemnly approved by the Grand Lodge prior to its issue, we find the first publication of part of these invocations which precede the constituting, at p. 82. "The Grand Chaplain then dedicates the Lodge in the following terms,—'To the memory of the Holy Saint John we dedicate this Lodge. May every brother revere his character and emulate his virtues. Glory be to God on high.'"

In dedicating, each of the Grand Officers makes a separate dedication to a distinct object or person. The one quoted is one of the several made at the same time.

In New Hampshire, the records of Saint John's Lodge have been searched from 1736 to the end of the century; and show, not only the most commendable regularity in celebrating the festivals of these saints with decorum and mirth, but on one occasion they pushed their loyalty to the patron saint so far as to censure severely a distinguished physician of the last century, for giving a private dinner party at his farm on that day, and absenting himself from the Lodge feast.

The Bible in the Lodge. We are not left in doubt as to the use of the Bible in Massachusetts Lodges. When Prov. Gr. Master Rowe was installed, in 1768, the ceremony was recorded and at one stage is thus described: "The Grand Master standing before Solomon's chair, Past Grand Master Price at his right hand, the Bible open at the gospel of Saint John, the compasses open and * * * * * laid thereon, all laid on the * * * * * before the Grand Master, he, (Price), proceeded to give the following charge to the new Grand Master." We extract only a sentence,—"The Bible, Sir, which is that sacred history called the Scriptures, delivered to us by Moses, the inspired writer of God's Commands and Grand Master of the Lodge of Israel, together with the writings of the prophets and apostles, is the grand archive of Masonry, and all the most eminent virtues, moral and divine, relative thereto." After a few eloquent remarks on its aid to enable us to "square our principles, level our desires, and plumb our actions," &c., he adds: "Here, Sir, is the Bible, the * * * * *, the * * * * *, the * * * * *, * * * * *, the symbols of Masonry." As

the Past Grand Master Price had assisted at every installation of a Provincial Grand Master since the introduction of Masonry into Massachusetts, having been the only living Past Grand Master during that epoch, and compelled by Masonic usage, at each death of the incumbent, to assume the chair, and install the new appointée, there seems to be no reason to doubt that this was the correct form.

In the promulgated forms of 1798, the Holy Writings are stated to be carried in every public procession. That great light in Freemasonry, the source whence so many creeds draw inspiration, seems to have been used in Scotch and English Lodges before the Constitutions of 1723. Of the old Masonic manuscripts, hitherto referred to, of whose distinctly Christian character there can be no doubt, that of 1704, (Hughan, Am. Ed. p. 99), directs the oath of the candidate to be taken on "the holy scriptures." Another cited by him, p. 157, of A. D. 1693, says the same. Six others of these manuscripts, using the ordinary magisterial phrase, direct him or them to put his or their hands on "a book" held by one of the seniors, while the charges are read to him. In four of them the closing adjuration is, "so help you God and the contents of this book." In another, "so help you God and your halydom." In each and all of them the candidate is cautioned, "that it would be a great peril for a man to forswear himself on a book." The sacramental character of this formula in each manuscript agrees with the description of the book in two of them, as the holy scriptures. It would be unreasonable to suppose a secular book to be implied, and on such, an oath would be impious and desecrating of holy subjects. There are some who appear to think the book of Constitutions is intended, but more careful examination of the text will show them that the charges are to be read to the candidate from the book of Constitutions, while the Senior holds the other book on which the candidate has placed his hands to attest the solemnity of his promise. The Master could not read the charges from the book held by the Senior while the candidate's hands are upon it. The ordinary form of a judicial oath is described in each manuscript, and the holy scriptures are clearly the book intended. In those of the copies where the Latin is used for these directions, it has been slightly corrupted by some transcribers, which has led to several curious doubts of another description, but the means of correction are ample and positive.

Without multiplying references to authorities, we will say that what has been adduced either before or since the date of the London Grand Lodge does not compel the presumption that there was a time in England when the Bible had no place in the Lodge. In the earliest

Masonic poem extant, (the Halliwell,) supposed to be of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, we have the abjuration,

"Pray we now to God Almighty,
And to his moder, Mary bright,

That we may keep these artycules (articles) here," &c.

See, also, Fol. 64o,

"Now then for thine holy name
Shulde me from sin and shame." &c., &c.

It might be of doubtful propriety to open the mysteries of our Craft, but the organization of the Master and Wardens, and their symbolic reference to three high attributes, Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, as well as the pillars of the Temple, will satisfy the initiate in the deep mysteries, that the organization of a Lodge is absolutely based upon, and drawn from, the mysteries of the Bible. The earliest plates we have picturing a Lodge room, show the Bible on the altar, often with crossed swords, as well as Masonic implements upon them.

It will also be borne in mind, that in the history of the Craftas officially published by the London Grand Lodge in 1723,—even more copiously than in the old manuscripts heretofore cited,—are given numerous references to the Bible, for illustration of the Temple in Freemasonry. There is nothing in Masonry as it has been practiced heretofore in this country, or, so far as we are aware, in England, to require an inference against the presence of the Bible in the Lodge. It may be suggested, what will be done with a Brahmin if he applies, and objects to obligate on a Bible. We reply, that when such a case actually arises it will be acted on, no doubt, justly and tolerantly.

Parallel Lines. It is said that these are a late innovation on Freemasonry. On the authority of Dr. Oliver, (The Johanite Masons. 1848,) it was urged these were introduced by Dunklee, about 1760. No authority was produced for his statement. In Pritchard's Book,—original, 1730, and two later editions,—referred to for another purpose, each has a reference to Saint John laying the first parallel. Your Committee feel an entire want of evidence other than our own ritual on the subject, and, not having investigated further, express no opinion. In this connection we may say for all these subjects, that at present there is in England, and to some extent here, a spirit of enquiry into early Masonic history, that is new to the Craft. The mysteries of Freemasonry are not thoroughly understood even by the initiates. A symbol, a word, a number, or a form frequently, includes an explanation, or reconciliation of some part of the service to another, through some occult and mystic tie, not apparent to ordinary observers, nor to be attained through the literature of a single tongue, or of a single age in

history. It has been said by several of our most learned Masons, that they regret every revision, as thereby some valuable link may be obliterated. And our Grand Master said to one of your Committee, that he enquired and noted carefully every variation of work in different places to see if some clue to a lost harmony, or obscure teaching, did not exist. It was but the other day, that the highest Mason in another jurisdiction communicated to one of your Committee, a Hebrew clue to the lost Masonic word now existing in a grip used in the Craft. The purpose of the symbols and ritual is to conceal rather than to reveal, and the process of translation, or re-discovery is slow. There is danger from precipitation in acting on isolated discoveries by historians, or by students in its metaphysics; and true judgment bids us wait till the evidence is all in, and the sifting process completed, by which reliable theories can be obtained. There is more in Masonry than any one man at present knows.

Masonic Prayers. It also has been objected that the tolerant spirit of our institution has been abused by a frequent voluntary invocation of Christ, the Saviour according to Christian faith, that gives an air of sectarianism to the Lodge. This complaint is made in other States also, and has been much discussed in Masonic Periodicals. The prevailing predominance of Christian faith in the whole country, among the people both in and out of the Lodges, is well known; but that fact should induce us more carefully to respect the feelings of those who are not of our creed, in a place devoted, among other things, to removing the prejudices engendered by differences of creed. The candidate knows at his application, how the Lodge is erected and dedicated; and he is told that nothing injurious to his own faith will be demanded of him, nor should it be. He already has a religious creed, or he can not enter. The candidate does not enter to revolutionize ancient and established forms, or to proselyte to his creed; but on the contrary promises to maintain the landmarks; the two are equivalents of each other. He enters knowing there is a dedication to Saint John, and that he is neither to proselyte, nor to be proselyted. We have already stated that the plan of Masonic toleration does not demand that one should attach the same value, or faith, to any particular symbol, or ceremony that another does. The assent of his conscience is not asked to another's belief within the prescribed creed limits. Masonry is of all the creeds that its members are. Because a symbol is not dear to one, he has no right to attack it, if it is dear to another. His duty is to tolerate it, knowing also that he is not asked to believe as to what his neighbor does, and that quarrels about religion are forbidden in the Lodge. *This is the only ground on which peace and harmony can reign in a Lodge of va-*

rious creeds, or religious toleration exist. It is the ground on which it has existed heretofore; the plan of our landmarks. Both the Jewish and the Christian holy books lay on our altar, and no man is asked on which he pins his faith, nor how much he admits or rejects.

In examining the records, it appears that Christian prayers have been in use more or less, probably at all times in English and American Lodges. The Lodges have usually had Christian Chaplains, sometimes probably those who were not. They have officially attended Christian churches to hear Christian sermons preached to them on their own invitation. A copious American literature of this character exists of the last and the present centuries. It is right for an institution of various creeds to do this. It would equally be right to attend divine service with any creed that puts its trust in God. This is tolerance. Some prayers in our ritual are absolutely Jewish in style of invocation as some are Christian. If the Lodge can not as respectfully listen to to one as the other, it has not true Masonic toleration. As a body we are unitarian as well as trinitarian. The reasons that would cut away one class of prayers, would cut away the other. Consequently we do not recommend interfering with the present ritual, fearing lest *all prayers* would suffer.

Voluntary Prayers are often requested in the Lodge. What rule should be adopted as to these?

The invitation is given for the benefit of Masons of the several creeds in the Lodge, and asks that the spirit of the utterer frame the best prayer suited to their condition. His judgment is therefore solicited rather than his peculiarities of opinion. We think confidence in such case must be reposed in the Chaplain, that he will not offend, or excite prejudices among his hearers. If he does, do not ask him again. He is not a mere praying machine, like the water wheel of the Buddhist, but a Mason, obligated to promote harmony by a tolerant spirit. If he proves destitute of it, Masonry has not perfected him; and those having its true spirit will soon regulate the evil. Our Lodges contain most respectable representatives of both Trinitarian and Unitarian creeds and so long as they mutually respect each other's feelings of devotion, we shall prosper and be happy. When either becomes too fanatical to do so, then our harmony will be lost. Those who are too fanatical for religious toleration, usually decline to seek our Lodges. We certainly are the gainers thereby, but we by no means think they are so. Your Committee think that a Masonic Lodge, consistently with its profession of religious liberty, could listen to the prayer of any creed, capable of admission to the mysteries of Freemasonry; and sooner than give up all prayer, or confine prayer to a single creed, it

would be better that tolerant prayers of all creeds were embodied in the ritual. As regards Unitarians, both Jew and Christian, as well as Trinitarians, the ritual, as already said, does meet their cases sufficiently. To the question, whether either shall be turned out, or dropped, we answer, no! No evidence has been given us that any particular Chaplain has, in this jurisdiction, exceeded the limits of courtesy towards his brethren of other creeds; but in this and other jurisdictions, some little cause for anxiety has arisen, which the good of Masonry requires we should allay by re-stating the true grounds and mode of Masonic religious toleration, as well as we could without a particular case before us for consideration.

Conclusion. Your Committee, in stating the general views on the early history of Freemasonry in England, do not ask their adoption as the standard views of the Grand Lodge. It is rare that a historical question is ever set at rest; and the mind should be left free to receive with candor, and weigh with fairness, every new light and new discovery, which hereafter may arise on the subject, and assign it its proper place among the links of proofs. It certainly cannot now be said that the means of evidence have all been explored or exhausted. We know of many mines now being worked by earnest brethren.

The code of this Grand Lodge furnishes means for the disposal of this subject. Your Committee, in relation to Masonic law, are merely seekers after a light, only possessed in its fullness by the Grand Lodge itself. It has not been usual for this body to declare constructions, except so far as is needful in deciding on infringements of general regulations, or on cases where all the facts are before them. The major portion of the matters which were brought to the notice of any of us hung upon the abstract proposition that Freemasonry in its original form was "deistic," and devoid of religious color; and hence, that its present usages should be reformed where they varied from, and be made to conform to what we should find to be the original usages, &c.. We have stated enough of the pertinent facts which have come to our knowledge, to show why we do not think that at present the pregnant proposition has been proved to be true. There has therefore been no necessity for us to examine further than we here report.

These main questions about the extremely ancient usages of the Craft in a foreign country, belong to the domain of history: where, as matters of interesting investigation and ingenious speculation, they will long hold their place. A vote upon them by this Grand Lodge would not settle a single fact, or delay a single investigator, in continuing the search for more facts and more light, now in energetic process and long:

likely to continue. The Grand Lodge is not the forum to decide historical questions.

It is only within the past year that we have received the valuable contributions of Bro. Hughan, and the promise of further publication of manuscripts is dependent on the avidity shown by the public for those now given us. Until a complete reconciliation of all known facts can be made, or historical investigation is exhausted, the subject is not ripe for decision as a historical question addressed to its legislative discretion. We agree that it is the duty of the Grand Lodge to the Craft, to stand by and adhere to the ancient landmarks as we have received them; and to hold them in trust for the Craft unmoved, until a case of proof beyond a doubt shall be made against them. So far as relates to a comparison of the practice of our art by this Grand Lodge and its predecessors in Massachusetts, your Committee, after careful search, are satisfied that no innovations of a sectarian nature have crept in. The conservation has been faithful.

Your Committee recommend the petitioners have leave to withdraw.

Chas. Levi Woodbury, John A. Goodwin, Henry Chickering, Ezra Palmer. Committee.

The report was adopted by the Grand Lodge with but one dissenting note; the Brother who headed the petition having declared himself to be neither *Christian* nor *Jew*, requested to have his name recorded in the negative. The request was granted.—*Freemason's Monthly Magazine*.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE family of boarders met at the breakfast table of Madam Druilliard on the ensuing morning. Charles Preston sat at the table between the Countess Mont Martre and Mademoiselle Bouchardon. Across the table, and immediately opposite Charles, sat Colonel Perrault.

"You are looking extremely well this morning, Madame Mont Martre," said Colonel Perrault.

"I am feeling extremely well," replied the Countess, "for I received a letter from my father last evening, in which he informs me

that he will be in the City of Baltimore within three months. Is not that a sufficient reason for feeling well?"

"I think it is," replied the Colonel.

"That is not the best of it, however," continued the Countess. "He assures me that he will make this city his home for the remainder of his days."

"But would he persist in that resolution, were the Bourbons to be restored to the throne of France?" enquired the Marquis.

"I think he would," replied Madame Mont Martre.

"And could you content yourself to remain?" enquired Made-moiselle Bouchardon.

"Certainly, I shall not return to France in any event," the Countess replied. "I like this city; I like the people of this country—I love to breathe its pure air, and to enjoy the privilege of thinking and acting independently."

"Sometimes," interposed the widow Brotier, "people act so independently as to call out the censure of their best friends," at the same time casting significant glances at the Marquis.

"Yes," replied the Countess, "I have heard of such things, but my friend, Monsieur Preston, has taken me under his especial charge and I am quite sure he will not allow me to carry the privilege of freedom to such an extent. Will you Monsieur?"

"I think no care of mine will become necessary to save you from such a misfortune," replied Charles.

Madame Brotier exchanged glances with some of the boarders, as she added to the conversation by remarking:

"Are we then to understand that there is an engagement between you?"

Preston let his knife and fork drop upon his plate, and stared in wonder at the widow. The Countess raised both hands in surprise, and looking at her said:

"What do you mean, Madame Brotier?"

"I mean that the declaration of Monsieur Preston's guardianship leads to such a conclusion, unless you have exercised your freedom so largely as to betray your conduct into too great an independence."

"Madame Brotier," interposed Charles, "let me assure you that there is no arrangement of the kind, hinted at by you, between Madame, the Countess, and me; nor can I perceive how such a thought could enter the mind of any one, whose concern for others was limited to that exercise of freedom which they recommend to their friends. There are others who would be more benefited, perhaps, than Madame, the Countess, by such a guardianship as she has seen proper to choose."

"Your remarks are quite pointed and quite significant, Monsieur," replied the widow Brotier.

"Quite as pointed and significant as the suspicion and question of yours which called them out," interposed Mademoiselle Bouchardon, who secretly encouraged an increasing dislike to the widow Brotier, who, through a maternal anxiety to see her own daughters well matched, manifested a jealousy of all other unmarried young ladies.

"Colonel Perrault," said the Marquis, "we must not permit the harmony of our family to be broken by these tilts of reparté. Madame Brotier's question was one which she had no right to ask in public, and, having asked it, it is the privilege of Madame, the Countess, either to evade or decline an answer. The question was one which only the most intimate friendship can presume upon to ask, therefore, an answer thus publicly is not expected, and would be incompatible with true etiquette, inasmuch as an answer, either in the affirmative or negative, might be mortifying to those most interested."

Both Madame Mont Martre and Preston laughed heartily.

"Will you answer, Madame Mont Martre, or shall I?" said Charles, looking at the Countess.

"No, do you answer, Monsieur; it better becomes you to explain the intimate relation that exists between us."

"I know it," interrupted Madame Brotier.

"There is no marriage engagement between us; is there Madame Mont Martre?"

"No, Monsieur," replied she with a smile.

"There never will be a marriage between us; will there Madame?"

"No, Monsieur," still smiling.

"We have neither of us regarded the other, at any time, with a view to such a relation; have we Madame?"

"No, Monsieur. We only desire to be brother and sister," returned the Countess, smiling affectionately, looking into Charles's eyes.

"I have agreed to act as brother to Madame, the Countess, during the absence of her father; when he arrives in Baltimore I expect to surrender my charge into his care. This is all."

"Indeed, I commend the arrangement," said the Marquis.

"And I," said the Colonel.

"And I," said each one at the table, in turn, except the widow Brotier. She remained silent.

At length she arose and left the table in company with her two daughters.

The company smiled and looked at each other, but said nothing, for some time.

"Where did your father write from, Madame Mont Martre," asked Colonel Perrault.

"From Pesth," replied the Countess. "He will sail from Liverpool for this country as soon as he can arrange his business in such a manner as never to require his return to Europe."

The party soon arose from the table, and retired to their apartments, except Preston, who repaired to the bank of Mr. Wilson, where he entered upon the duties of the day.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Charles was shown into the library of the millionaire, he having repaired to the mansion of that worthy, pursuant to the engagement of the day previous.

"You are welcome, Mr. Preston," said the banker, rising and extending his hand to his clerk. "You are punctual," continued he. "There is nothing I dislike more than irregularity and uncertainty in the fulfilment of appointments."

"It is easier to be exact in this respect," said Charles, "than otherwise."

"I have found it so," said Mr. Wilson, "in fact punctuality, in this particular, is an essential qualification for a good business man, and, without it, no good business habits can be established."

"Here is a curious incident," said Mr. Wilson, handing a note to Preston; he read as follows:

"Enclosed find a draft on Leddington's bank for three hundred and nine dollars and seventeen cents, being the amount of a sum, and the interest thereof, which I wronged you out of, twelve years ago. My conscience will not let me keep it. Slow justice is better than no justice.—To Edward Wilson. B."

"How true it is," said Preston, "that justice will sooner or later overtake the evil doer. It matters not whether the criminal be arraigned before his fellow men in a temple of justice, or before the throne of Nemesis erected in his own bosom; the retribution may be as great though the ignominy may be less."

"True," said the banker. "The anguish of self-condemnation is not mitigated by being born in secret. Its keenest sting is its self-consciousness. That is the scorpion that hides itself from public view, but gnaws while it conceals itself in the heart."

"The lessons of Themis are not difficult to understand," remarked Charles, "but the certainty of ultimate retribution is one that is apt to be ignored and not counted upon by the evil doer. Men write upon ethics, and define morals to little purpose, after all, when they attempt

to set boundaries to other men's consciences, by establishing their own as a standard of right and a measure of justice."

"Explain, I do not understand you," said Mr. Wilson.

"Every man's conscience is a guide for his own conduct. There are certain things which it would be wrong for Mr. Paley to do, which it would not be wrong for me to do."

"Why not wrong for you, if wrong for Mr. Paley?" enquired the millionaire.

"Because," answered Charles, "Mr. Paley believes it would be wrong, I do not."

"Then, do you hold that there is no conscience, or that it is simply a knowledge of right or wrong?"

"Neither," answered Charles, "I hold that conscience is our individual comprehension of right and wrong. As self-reprehension is the penalty of an evil deed, it can not reach us unless we know, or at heart believe, the deed to be evil. I saw a man a few days since suffering the bitterest compunction of conscience, for what he termed a most sinful act; I was equally guilty with him, if there was sin in the commission of the act, yet I suffered no compunction."

"What sin did he accuse himself of in which you could see no moral offense?"

"Eating a roast of lamb," replied Preston laughing. "It was Friday; he was a Romanist—a good Catholic; I was not. He believed it to be wrong, because his confessor told him it was wrong, and consequently suffered the penalty of transgression. I knew it was not wrong, and therefore suffered nothing."

"Now, what is conscience?" continued Charles. "If we do sin and do not know it, we suffer no penalty; if we believe we have sinned and have not, self-condemnation, the penalty of transgression, follows; Men conceive dogmas, and write them down as axioms in ethics, in their books of moral philosophy, and thus attempt to establish their own moral conceptions, from a particular standpoint, as the true measure of moral thought for the whole human family. This results in many inharmonies and inconveniencies in the social arrangements, and really leaves, after all, each one to pursue what he may think is right."

A servant entered and announced tea. Preston followed Mr. Wilson into a small family dining room. Eda was seated at the table, in a plain white dress without ornament.

She sprang to her feet as Preston entered, blushed deeply, and appeared much confused as she said,

"Why papa, I did not know that any one but our own family

was expected to tea. Why did you not tell me that Mr. Preston would be at the table?"

"Indeed, Eda, excuse me, but I now remember that I did not mention it to you. But it is no matter. It's just as well. Mr. Preston will excuse our plain and simple supper."

The three were seated at the table. Eda was not only embarrassed but mortified to find Charles at her father's table without having made the proper preparation for such an event.

Preston scarcely trusted himself to meet the daughter of the banker under any circumstances, but especially when he knew that his presence was unexpected by her, and probably from that fact rendered unpleasant to her. Still he could not perceive what apology to offer that could change the circumstances or obviate the misfortune, or the effect it might produce in her mind toward him. He was soon relieved however, to some extent, from his unpleasant suspense, by Miss Wilson remarking,

"It is such a pity, papa, that you did not let me know you were to have company to tea, that I might have been better prepared. Especially to bring Mr. Preston, to whom we are so deeply indebted, to one of our simple country suppers."

"Why not Mr. Preston?" asked the father, "who can better enjoy a plain supper than Mr. Preston?"

"Why then did you not let me know that he was coming?" asked the daughter.

"Because, in that case I fear we would not have had the kind of supper that I as an especial treat, wished him to partake of."

Mr. Wilson put some butter on Preston's plate, and at the same time remarked,

"There is such butter as you do not get every day in this city, and I am proud to say it was made by my daughter."

"Excuse my papa, Mr. Preston," said Eda. "Because I had the ambition to learn the art of making butter, in order that we might indulge in a better quality of that article than we can get in the city market, he is so proud of my success that he will not be content, I fear, until all his friends are acquainted with the fact."

Charles looked at Eda in surprise illy concealed, and asked,

"Is it really so that this butter is of your manufacturing?"

"Yes sir," Eda replied.

"Then, indeed, I am not surprised that your father should take a pride in making it known to his friends; for the people of the city, who depend upon the market to supply their tables with butter, know but little of the luxury of the pure sweet butter of the country."

"It was that consideration that induced me to qualify myself for supplying our own table with a better quality than we could find in the city," said Eda.

"You know, Mr. Preston," said Mr. Wilson, "that my daughter made a visit to the country last summer."

"Yes sir, I was apprised of that fact," said Charles, and turning to Eda continued, "I hope your visit was a pleasant one."

"As pleasant as it could be, considering the amount of labor I performed," returned Eda.

"I do not understand you," said Charles, again turning in surprise to her.

"The truth is," said the father, "my daughter, with a most commendable resolution to make herself useful, and to learn the habits and hardships of country life, exiled herself from the city, entered a simple but honest farmer's family, and apprenticed herself to his wife, to learn all the arts and mysteries of housewifery. She returns accomplished in them all; but of course, these accomplishments were only attained by the hardest labor on her part. I am proud of the accomplishments in this respect, of the good sense of my child which prompted the resolution, and the perseverance and self-will which bore her through the sacrifice she imposed upon herself in carrying out her resolution."

"I said yesterday," continued the banker, "that we all have, or ought to have our little vanities, and that we ought to be permitted to indulge in them without complaint from others. This is my vanity, I wish to be indulged in it. The accomplishments of my daughter as a housewife."

"And now Eda," continued the millionaire, as they arose from the table, "I wish you to show Mr. Preston the linen you made; come now do not be so modest; let us look at that and then we will all take a walk through our grounds."

"I beg you to excuse me, Papa," said Eda, "the indulgence of your vanity, as you are pleased to call it, I beg you to remember it is at the expense of my mortification."

"Well, then," said the father, putting on his hat and giving Preston his, at the same time bringing Eda's hat and shawl to her, "some other time we will look at your ten hundred web of linen."

So saying, they all three passed out into the ornamented grounds in the rear of the mansion. They pursued a winding avenue overshadowed by lofty elms, bordered with flowering shrubs and creeping vines. Beneath the elms, in the lawn were thick copses of hazel overrun with woodbine and clematis. In this dense grouping of shrubbery they soon lost sight of the mansion, and of the domes and spires

of the city. They entered an arbor and were seated on a rustic seat, in front of which gushed a pure spring of water that sent a rill bubbling along at their feet, among trailing vines and flowers. "How quiet and secluded?" said Preston, as they entered this little bower.

"This is a favorite retreat of mine," said Eda, as she took a silver cup from beneath the seat, and filling it with water from the fountain, offered it to Charles. Preston took the cup and drank.

"This reminds me of the country," said Preston, except that in drinking from the natural spring, we were wont to use a leaf."

"A leaf?" said Eda, "In what manner?"

"You have offered me fresh water from nature's pure fountain, in a silver vessel upon which art has inscribed his skillful handiwork; I will offer you from the same fountain in a vessel fresh from the hand of nature."

Thus saying, Charles plucked a large green leaf from the overhanging bough of a Linden tree, which he formed into a tunnel shaped cup, filled it with water at the spring and presented it to the daughter of the millionaire. She smiled, took the cup, and drank the water. Mr. Wilson smiled, and looked on in silence.

"How primitive?" said Eda, and continued: "How few, indeed would be our wants, if we could only content ourselves with the absolute necessities of life."

"True," replied Preston, "but, society is a tyrant that rules with an iron will and a golden sceptre; and, woe unto him who refuses to submit to his sway, or, is condemned to servile offices, because he has not the means of conforming to the conventional demands of the tyrant."

A servant came and informed Mr. Wilson that Mr. Leddington, the banker, was in the library and wished to see him on pressing and important business.

Mr. Wilson excused himself to Charles and left Eda and him alone.

Charles sat in silence. He was alone with the object of his love. He was the victim of conflicting impulses. He shrank from his situation, and yet, was impelled to throw himself at her feet, and open the great secret of his bosom before her. He remembered the counsels of his mother, and the suggestions the Countess Mont Martre, to disclose his secret, confess his love, and offer his hand.

"You can but be rejected," the language of his mother, then rung in his ears, and he became irresolute. Then like far-off music came to his memory the dying words of John Gimlett, "Eda Wilson, she loves you, I know she does." But, he reflected again, and a cloud

came across his mind as he remembered her resolution to remain single.

Neither had spoken since the departure of Mr. Wilson. Preston looked at Eda for the first time since they were left alone. She sat upon the other end of the rustic seat. The leaf from which she had quaffed the water a few minutes before, still lay in her lap, partially covered with petals of the clematis flowers which she was picking to pieces and letting fall upon it. Her head was bowed, and her blonde ringlets hung in rich clusters about her neck and cheeks.

Preston studied the picture before him several minutes before he spoke. At last a ray of the setting sun stole through the umbrage, illuminating her cheek and forehead with a transparent rosy tint, and bathing her flowing hair with a golden richness.

"You are destroying a beautiful flower, Miss Wilson," said Preston, as Eda plucked another clematis from the vine beside her, and commenced to pick the delicate azure petals from it.

Eda suddenly started as Preston spoke, and recalled her from that mental absence into which she had fallen, and replied to his remark by saying :

"Many a beautiful thing is thoughtlessly destroyed in this mysterious journey of life in which we find ourselves. But, I will repent now, and destroy no more of these flowers."

"No, we should bind up and not destroy. Everything is worth saving. The odor of these crushed flowers cannot be recalled, or gathered together again."

"What becomes of the perfume of flowers, Mr. Preston? do they die, like mortal things? or are they dissolved and mingled in the atmospheric elements?"

"Your questions elicits a thought that can only be answered in eternity, for, it strikes me, that the perfume of flowers is like the hearts pure young affection; they cannot be recalled when once scattered and wasted, but live on though unrequited. In tracing our being, from the shadows of a divine nature which we find in ourselves, with our tender emotions and affections, back to the infinite source of that being, we meet with many problems beyond our solution and above our comprehension. When we regard pure love as the odor of the heart, the perfume of our natures, the divine essence of our being, we appear to ourselves but a little lower than the angels; but without this sanctifying essence, we at once sink to a degree but a little above the clouds."

Eda made no reply. Preston noticed that her face was flushed, and that her hand trembled as she attempted to re-form the cup from the leaf she had taken from her lap.

"It seems to me," continued Charles, "that that eternity which no one's comprehension can embrace nor reason grasp, commences with us here, and that in this life we shape ourselves and adapt our natures for our eternal destiny."

"It cannot be otherwise, Mr. Preston," said Eda, in a low and tremulous voice.

"Then," continued Charles, "if we drag a miserable existence of disappointed affections, and unrequited love through our three-score and ten years of mundane life, or rather through the morning of eternity, what hope can we have of felicity and beatitude at its celestial noon tide? will our love be reciprocated up there? or are we to mingle the bitterness of its disappointments in the cup of eternal progressions? Will the heart that cannot respond to our emotions of love in the morning of being change its nature and its tender impulses in eternity, wed itself to our being and mingle its destiny with ours?"

Charles again looked at Eda, a tear stood on either cheek, while her fingers were nervously crimping into form the serrated edges of the linden leaf.

"Miss Wilson," said Charles, "pardon me, I did not intend to give you pain."

Eda dropped the leaf from his fingers, and burst into tears, as she arose to her feet in deep confusion, and, in broken sentences, replied:

"Pardon me, Mr. Preston, for allowing my feelings to be betrayed into this weakness—but your picture of the future, your eternity without love, your—your—life without—your—"

"Eda Wilson!" said Preston, approaching her.

"Charles Preston!" said Eda, as he took her hand and raised it to his lips. Eda's head was bowed, her tears ceased to fall, she trembled as Charles placed his lips to her ear and whispered,

"Will you requite my love, and bless my life and my eternity, that I have so long regarded as hopeless?"

Eda looked up into his face with a smile of affection, and, as she dropped her head upon his bosom, said:

"Charles, I am yours for life and eternity."

A warm embrace followed.

It was quite dark when Charles and Eda reëntered the mansion of Mr. Wilson. Eda retired to her chamber. Preston entered the library just as Mr. Leddington was shown out.

Preston was seated. The banker was thoughtful. Both sat in silence some minutes. At length Charles spoke. He commenced by saying:

“Mr. Wilson, I desire a few confidential words with you upon a subject of the greatest importance to me.”

Mr. Wilson turned to Charles in surprise at his undecided and hesitating manner so different from his usual habit of conversation.

“Proceed Mr. Preston, I am ready to hear you,” returned Mr. Wilson.

“The events of an hour may change one’s purposes of life. Yesterday I had resolved to quit your employment and travel in Europe. My purposes are changed this evening. I am about to place my destiny in your hand and make you its arbiter.”

The banker sat forward in the easy chair in which he had been reclining, and stared at Preston in undisguised astonishment. Preston hesitated and returned the look with one of enquiry.

“Proceed Mr. Preston,” said the banker.

“I have loved your daughter ever since my first acquaintance with her, without even presuming to expect a reciprocation of my affection, and with the intention to keep my secret and live a life of celibacy. Within the last hour my sentiments of affection have forced themselves into expression, and I find that your daughter most affectionally responds to them; I have, therefore, presented myself before you to —”

“To ask her hand,” said the millionaire, springing to his feet, throwing his arms around Preston and embracing him.

“God bless you my son!” said Mr. Wilson, “take her, she shall be yours and make you happy. Take her. You have saved me from the fire, and now you come to bless me, and to crown my old age with happiness. Thank God! after all, I have lived to some purpose,—to some good purpose!”

Mr. Wilson resumed his seat and wept like a child. At a moment when least expected to him, a life that had been burdened with sapless boughs and withered leaves, suddenly bloomed and fructified. When he expected a harvest of bitter apples in his old age, he plucked rich golden fruit. His life of disappointments had proved so fruitless of joys that the realization of this first fruit of his golden harvest which was but the earnest of an abundant harvest home, was more than he was prepared to receive and quite overcame him.

Like as a tender mother does her child, he took Charles’s hand in his and pressed it affectionately. He sat near him and leaned his head against his shoulder.

When Mr. Wilson entered his library, after having left his daughter and Preston in the arbor, he found the elder Leddington awaiting him.

"How d'ye do, Wilson?" said Leddington.

Mr. Wilson bowed in return without opening his lips, or removing his hat.

"Come be seated," said his visitor, without rising, at the same time pushing a chair towards his host.

"I thank you, sir," said Mr. Wilson, bowing, and continued: "If you have any business with me at this unusual hour, Mr. Leddington, I will thank you to announce it without further ceremony."

"I have come, sir, for a final answer to the proposition with which I honored you in the early part of the season. Is my son to marry your daughter.

"He is not, sir. You have a final answer," said Mr. Wilson, again bowing.

"Why not? I would like to know," interrogated Leddington.

"Mr. Leddington you have received your final answer, and allow me to say that this is a subject which admits of no argument, and which I will not discuss with you."

"Wilson hear me," said Leddington, rising to his feet, "by this decision you doom me to ruin and disgrace."

"In what manner?"

"I will confess to you that I am on the eve of bankruptcy," replied Leddington, "and were you to consent to this marriage and advance twenty-five thousand dollars of the girl's dowry, that sum might be made available in meeting certain liabilities which must, otherwise, involve me in ruin.

"Mercenary villain!" rejoined Mr. Wilson, "Is this the proposition with which you have *seen proper to honor me*? Were I to order you to leave my house, the rudeness would be excusable, after such an insult."

"Wilson, if you are determined to reject this proposition, then lend me twenty-five thousand dollars until I can make some turn to my advantage."

"How can it be possible," asked Mr. Wilson, "that you should fail so suddenly? It was claimed by you recently that you were worth a million. What has become of this vast sum?"

"To you I confess the truth. I never had half of it. I made some money during the war, and I also contracted some liabilities in Boston and New York, which I had the indiscretion to ignore, they being with parties whose opposition to the Colonial government would not permit them to make a claim against me as I supposed, I came to this city to get out of their way. They now present their claims with

interest, and threaten arrest if they are not paid. I could compound all the claims for twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Why do you not compound then?"

"I can not, without applying the last shilling I am worth."

"So you prefer that you shall keep your money and let my money pay this contracted debt of yours, do you? It certainly strikes me that your proposition contains neither modesty nor merit."

"Wilson, there is an unpleasant feature about this whole matter, that I would prefer to conceal, but, believing that you will pity and forgive a poor old man, whose life has been one devoted to the accumulation of money, regardless of the means, I will disclose to you, that during the recent struggle for independence, it was my misfortune to remain loyal to the crown, not that I cared much which side won, but because better inducements, in a pecuniary point of view, were presented in espousing the cause of the crown. These parties who present these claims threaten to expose this matter, also, if I do not pay. In that event my doom is sealed; my means, what little I have, will be seized and divided among the rabble that will carry me out of the city under a coat of tar and feathers. I beg you, Wilson, to save me this misfortune and this disgrace. My poor boy Henry——"

"You have said enough, villain! traitor! get out of my house, while I can restrain my indignation. Scoundrel! marauder! enemy to your country! 'scape gallows, that could sell your birth-right for filthy lucre! Away with you! stop not another moment under my roof!"

Leddington departed. The banker had but partially composed his feelings and suppressed his indignation, when Charles Preston entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANCIENT RUINS.

Egypt, Its Arts and Architecture Thirty-four Hundred Years Ago.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

CHAPTER VII.

ANCIENT THEBES may be looked upon as the inmost envelope of the mysterious soul of this mighty nation.

In order to show the high state to which the Arts and Architecture had arrived in Egypt *thirty-four hundred* years ago, we need only examine the exhumed ruins of ancient *Thebes*. So in demonstrating the design and skill of the Supreme Artificer of the universe, we need

not seize upon the universe, but take simply the human eye. This is truly an optical instrument of great perfection. The fact that it adjusts itself to objects, near or remote, so as to produce a correct image of them on the expansion of the optic nerve, whether at one yard, ten or a hundred yards distance, demonstrates an infinite skill in optical inventions. The contracting pupil, the arrangement of the crystalline lens in the aqueous humor of the anterior chamber of the eye, and in fine, the whole instrument is a most wonderful and useful production. That the eyes are the results of *design* is manifest in this, they are formed and adapted to the light *before we see*.

An examination of the ruins of *Thebes*, that once great and beautiful city, whose smouldering ashes inspire the beholder with astonishment, demonstrates the fact, that the Arts, especially the mechanical arts, were in a state of great perfection. There lie thousands of the most valuable "monuments of antiquity, upon which the utmost exertion of human genius have been employed." Those massive columns so beautifully designed, from base to capital, and whose rich architecture and entire entablature were replete with grandeur, no age has ever excelled. This great city displayed in its works of sandstone, marble, red porphyry, and rosy granite, erected into mighty temples more of the genius of Egypt *thirty-four hundred* years ago, than any, if not all its other cities. The sculpture of her vast sphynxes, and the greatness of her carved obelisks, attest her superiority. Here stood the Temple of Kavnac. The Central Nave of its hypostylic hall, as restored by the Egyptian commission of Napoleon Bonaparte, is most exquisitely grand and beautiful. And the long avenue of rams-carved and resting on vast blocks of marble, forming the boundaries of the passage to the Temple, and ending where many a beautiful caryatid supported the rich projections looking down upon this entrance; all together possess a sublimity which Art has never excelled.

"At Essebouah stood a Temple palace, the avenue of which was formed by a double row of lions, emblematic of courage, ever on the alert." This avenue terminated in a double magnificent pylon, which was supported by "eight gigantic statues of Rameses." He ordered subterranean temples (*speos*) cut in the rocks, which contain his image, seated at the remote extremity of the sanctuary.

An *artesian well* was constructed by his command, some three thousand years before that at *Artois*, in France, from which the name is derived.

From a monumental *stela*, or stone of testimony, on which the orders of the King were reproduced for the benefit of his subjects, we learn, by the translation of the orientalist *Birch*, of England, and

Lenormant, of France, the facts relating to this well, which we transcribe. "When he, (Rameses,) had subdued the land of Ethiopia, trodden the Libyans beneath his sandals, and rooted his sceptre among them, after terror had overwhelmed Wentnour and the Akars, the living and life-bestowing god, the representative of Seth and Ammon, the guardian of truth approved by Phrah, the dictator and defender of the land of Kemi, the child of the gods, the beloved one of Ammon, Rameses, the eternal life-giver, descended at Memphis to accomplish toward the divine *Triad* of that city ceremonies of thanksgiving. On the twenty-fourth day of the month, *Paoni*, in the third year of his reign, as he was seated on his throne of purest gold, and with his head adorned with two ostrich plumes, emblematic of justice, was causing the names of the regions from which gold was obtained to be registered in his presence, and was giving orders that the roads leading to them and unprovided with water, should be supplied with fountains, there was mentioned among others, the county of Okaou, where gold abounded, but the route to which was utterly destitute of springs. His Majesty was informed of the distress of the workmen employed in the extraction and preparatory washing of the precious metal, many of whom had perished of thirst on the way thither. At this moment, the officer of the palace whose business it was to lead visitors to the foot of the throne, breaking silence, announced to Rameses that the leading personages of the Okaou country were present, and humbly awaited the favor of an audience. Behold them, O King, with their arms uplifted toward thy throne, and drawing nigh with reverence to look upon thy sacred features, in order that they may unfold to thee the deplorable condition of their country, and beseech thy limitless power to remedy it.

Permission to speak having been accorded to the chiefs of Okaou, they said: Thy power has no bounds; it is like the power of Mandou and of Ammon, whose depository thou art here below. If thou wert to give orders to the night, the light would instantly appear. We come then in all haste to implore thy Majesty to do something in behalf of these gold mines, since thou art he who dost shine, at present on the throne of the world. Thou wilt not reject our prayers, thou who hast but to say to the mountains *spring*, and they leap forth. In order to behold the abyss of the waters, the heavens fly open at the sound of thy voice, *for thou art the sun made flesh*, all of whose orders are obeyed, all of whose words are made good, O thou, our lord and master." * * * * * Rameses replied: "Your request is just, as you have declared, there has been no well dug near this road since the reign of the gods, and *it is my will* that a well be made there to yield water

without ceasing, as though it sprung from the exhaustless bosom of the Nile. The gods who have heaped favors upon me, and who have flooded my heart with joy, will help me in this circumstance. Under their protecting auspices, I proclaim then an order to pierce a living well at one of the intermediate stations of the road that leads from the Nile to Okaou. Let this order, copied by the Scribes on duty, be reproduced and published by the aid of the chief of the transcribing bureau in my double dwelling of light, and let a copy of the order be sent to the royal son of my land of Koush, who continues charged with its execution." * * * * * The waters spouted four cubits above the soil, and afterward twelve cubits, according to the word of Rameses: "The king of waters has hearkened to the king of the earth, and the well has been fortunately terminated, and abundant waters leap from its mouth and pass on to a distance to fertilize the surface of the desert, and to quench the thirst of the parched traveler."

This transpired early in the reign of Pharaoh, and before Moses fled from Egypt to the Priest of Midian, and was inscribed on this *stèle* full half a century before the ten commandments were engraved on the two "Tables of stone," which Moses hewed out. (Deut. 31, 9). These quotations also show, (not only that *artesian* wells were produced by the Egyptians whenever needed 4300 years ago, or while the Jews were in Egypt,) that the art of writing, and the engraving of laws on tables of stone, was a common practice in Egypt.

About 1500 years B. C. the Egyptian Empire arose to its highest condition in arts, sciences, and prosperity. I have myself seen an *autography* written in those palmy days, as has been previously stated. Some five hundred years after this, the Hebrew people attained their highest strength and dignity as a nation. The revolt of *ten* of the twelve tribes immediately after the death of Solomon, crippled its energies, and struck a blow from which it never recovered.

The Hebrew nation, however, *never* acquired so distinguished eminence in the arts, and in architecture, as the Egyptians acquired five hundred years before, the zenith of Hebrew prosperity in the days of Solomon.

How childish is the notion that Moses first *wrote*, that he first *wrote laws*, that the two "tables of stone" he "hewed out," were the first on which words and laws were engraved. We are forced by the developments in Egypt to reconstruct our history, and our knowledge of the origin of the arts. This with many will take a long time. There are many who believe the sun flies around this *great* earth of ours once a day—that it is a prodigious torch used exclusively for our benefit. They affirm that geology is not a

science, only the opinion of a few fanatics who wish to render themselves conspicuous by their hardihood, and temerity in tampering with our chronology of the creation.

To such ones truth is lighter than eider-down, while ignorant tradition, stories about goblins and witches, and the vomiting of snakes and crows, exceeds the weight of "Holy Writ."

Diodorus, who wrote a history of *Egypt, Persia, Syria, Media, Greece, Rome, and Carthage*, before Christ forty-four years, has left us the description of a monument which was first deciphered by Champollion, who proved it identical with the Ramesum at *Thebes*. He says: "At the distance of ten *stadia** from the first tombs, where according to tradition the Queens of *Thebes* are buried, there stood the tomb of Osymandyas. At its entrance rose a floor in marble stone, its breadth was two *plethra*, and its height forty-five cubits. After passing it one entered a square peristyle each side of which measured four *plethra*. It was not sustained by columns, but by animals carved in solid blocks of stone, sixteen cubits in height, and carved in the ancient style. The entire ceiling consisting of one single stone, was studded with golden stars upon a field of azure. At the end of this peristyle there was a second entrance and a pylon like the former one, but adorned with variegated carvings of perfect workmanship. Beside this second portico there were three statues each chiseled from a single block of the hard and tinted stone of Syene. One representing a person in a sitting posture, was the largest of all the statues in Egypt. * * * Upon it could be read the following inscription: "*I am Osymandyas, King of the Kings. If any should wish to know who I am, and where I repose, let him surpass one of my works.*" There was also another monolithic statue representing the mother of this King separately. It was twenty cubits in height, with three diadems on its head to indicate that the personage commemorated had been the daughter, wife, and mother of "Kings." * * * CHAMPOLLION, applying the description of *Diodorus* to the ruins of the *Ramesum* put together from its fragments shattered as they were the pretended tomb of Osymandyas. Excepting the dimensions, exaggerated as ever by classical antiquity, he rediscovered every particular; the double pylons, the court of the *colussus*, which must have measured thirteen yards in height, the hall of the caryatides, the galleries, the colonnades, giving access into the interior apartments, and even the library with its ultra marine blue vault, studded with golden stars, and

* A Stadium is 606 $\frac{1}{4}$ feet. The distance was about a mile and forty-three rods.

decorated with an astronomical picture. Moreover, he was enabled to detect in the mural paintings a majestic concordance with the Poem of *Penta—our*, and to decipher in several legends dedicated to the great Deity, Ammon—Ra, these characteristic words, “The habitation of *Rameses Mei Ammon* in the Oph of Thebes.”

From all these great historical facts, entombed for more than 3000 years, and providentially recovered from the misty grasp of oblivion, and spread out before us, under the auspicious beams of the glorious orb of day, heightened by the intelligence and progress of the nineteenth century, shall we learn nothing? Shall we like the whippowil, bat, or owl, prefer darkness to light, and night to day? If faith is the soul's organ of light, *truth* is her only source of illumination.

Our Spiritual Heavenly Father never requires us to lay violent and murderous hands on the *reason* he has so munificently given us, for fear it will lead us to know something of Him and of ourselves. He did not create the light, and these *eyes* of ours that we should keep them shut or tear them out, but open them on the bright scenes of glory and majesty which surround us, and through which he makes himself known to us. “For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness* and unrighteousness, BECAUSE THAT WHICH MAY BE KNOWN OF KOD is manifest *in them*; for *God hath showed it unto them*. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made even His eternal power and godhead.” (Rom. I.)

Truly did Paul say: “That which may be known of God is manifest in man,” as well as in the universe. How closely is that man related to the lower order of beings, who beholds the many manifestations of the Deity, in and around himself, and still entertains no emotions of veneration toward him. Intelligent men have ever held the Supreme Being in reverence, though scattered over every land, and every isle of the swelling sea. Though they have differed in *forms* of worship, their devotion has been much the same. No one will call in question the sincerity of devotion, even among the rude, and barbarous men of our race.

We oppose the limited idea that all who differ with us are idolators and ignorant of God. To discard this narrow theology *Freemasonry* admonishes us. We are charged with the guilt of acknowledging a Mahometan to be a brother! Does he not believe in the god of the

* Greek *δοξάζειν*—From *A. negative*, and *ΣΕΒΩ* to venerate, literally *irreverent*. No appellation of Deity is found in the word, as it is in the English.

Hebrews? Do not we who call ourselves Christians, also adore the god of Abraham? Is there not as wide a difference between our *forms* of worship and those of the Hebrews, as there was between theirs and those of the Egyptians or Hindoos? Still we believe in the god of the Hebrews. Perhaps if we knew all we should find that we believe in the same supreme power which the Egyptians and Hindoos worshipped. Who knows but what their God is our God?

Where is the man whose penetrating eye can look down deep into the soul of the Hindoo, and ascertain that in that soul there exists no reverence, no affection for the Deity? Omniscience alone can scrutinize the heart. Who shall presume to know that that spirit has no fellowship, no sympathy with the father of spirits? Who? The man who asserts his knowledge in this regard, sits in judgment on the soul of a fellow being. More than this, he pretends to scan the operations of the Divine Spirit, and trace its mysterious influences. Charity, and humanity, broad and deep as the race of man, are far better qualities of mind than proscription and condemnation.

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

More love and less bigotry would much improve the world.

To accomplish this desideratum so devoutly to be wished, Freemasonry extends her limitless and kindly aid. She, the venerable herald of peace and concord among men, unites in indissoluble ties of friendship, men of every language and clime, and religion, upon the firm foundation of human fraternity, and God's paternity. To Him, therefore, we all with reverence most humbly bow.

LODGE JURISDICTION.

“HAS a subordinate Lodge the right to prefer charges and try a member, who is also a member of the Grand Lodge; or has the Grand Lodge *exclusive* original jurisdiction?”

This question has been asked by the Grand Lodge of a sister State, and has been referred to its Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence for a reply at its next annual communication.

The question is one of much importance and demands a thorough and careful examination. If such right exist in the subordinate Lodges without restriction or exception, then it is evident that it may occur that the Grand Master may be tried and expelled from all the rights of Masonry, while in the exercise of the duties of his office, or he may be suspended as the case may be, for the non-payment of dues, or other

offense not involving moral obliquity. But if it should occur that the Grand Master should be guilty of gross unmasonic conduct why may not the Lodge of which he is a member try him, and if found guilty administer Masonic discipline?

It will be seen at a glance that the question divides itself into these two considerations:

1st. Has a subordinate Lodge the right to prefer charges and try a member who is also the Grand Master?

2d. Has such subordinate Lodge the right to prefer charges and try a member who is also a member of the Grand Lodge, but who is not the Grand Master?

There is no principle of Masonic law better settled than that a Lodge can not try its own Master. All the reasons which apply to the law, that a Lodge can not try its Master, apply with much stronger force to the case of the trial of the Grand Master by a subordinate Lodge. He has the right to preside over the Lodge when present, to order what work shall be brought before it; and in case he should not choose to be present and preside at the trial of himself, he could appeal from the judgment and sentence of the Lodge to himself and set the same aside.

Such an anomaly in our jurisprudence does not exist. A subordinate Lodge has no power to prefer charges and try the Grand Master. It is self evident that he who has power to preside over the Lodge, to order its work, to set aside its decisions, and who holds in his hands the power to arrest its charter until the next Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge, cannot be put upon trial by such a body. He does not hold his office during the will and pleasure of a subordinate Lodge. Experience teaches us that subordinate Lodges, (in common with all human organizations,) are liable to err, in the trial of offenses. Hence the provisions for appeal to the Grand Lodge, or Grand Master for the time being.

Are the Fraternity then left remediless? By Art. 19 of the "Old Regulations" it is provided: "If the Grand Master should abuse his power, and render himself unworthy of the obedience and subjection of the Lodges, he shall be treated in a way and manner to be agreed upon in a new Regulation; because hitherto the Ancient Fraternity have had no occasion for it, their former Grand Masters having all behaved themselves worthy of that honorable office.

So that the power to deal with the Grand Master was reserved by the Grand Lodge of England to itself.

The question when applied to other members of the Grand Lodge admits of a wider range of discussion. The reasons why the Grand

Master can not be disciplined by his Lodge arise from the nature and prerogatives of his office; they do not apply to any other member of the Grand Lodge.

From what sources do the particular or subordinate Lodges derive their power of discipline over their own members?

By the "Old Charges," sometimes called the Ancient Constitutions of Free and Accepted Masons, it is provided by Art. VI, "Of behaviour in the Lodge while constituted," "If any complaint be brought, the brother found guilty shall stand to the award and determination of the Lodge, who are the proper and competent judges of all such controversies (unless you carry it by appeal to the Grand Lodge) and to whom they ought to be referred," &c. And again in the final charge, "If any brother do you injury, you must apply to your own or his Lodge, and from thence you may appeal to the Grand Lodge, as has been the ancient laudable conduct of our forefathers in every nation."

This is the fundamental law, from which it appears that subordinate Lodges have always of right exercised disciplinary control over their members, those same members being also members of the Grand Lodge. For it must be remembered that at the time when these "Ancient Constitutions" were first published in 1722, by Anderson, all Masons, even the youngest entered apprentice, were members of the Grand Lodge, and entitled to a seat and vote therein. The Grand Lodge then, as now, had appellate jurisdiction.

There is nothing in the "Ancient Constitutions" which indicate that the Grand Lodge has original jurisdiction to try even their own members—indeed it is expressly stated that "*you must apply to your own, or his Lodge, and from thence you may appeal to the Grand Lodge.*"

This shows that the Grand Lodge did not assume original jurisdiction much less *exclusive* jurisdiction. The law quoted above from the "Ancient Constitutions" or "Old Charges," is not the language of the Grand Lodge directing the proper course, but is a landmark of the order which the Grand Lodge itself can not alter.

As before stated in the nature of things, the Grand Master could not be tried by a subordinate Lodge and hence we see that by the "Old Regulations," of 1721, the Grand Lodge of England expressed themselves in reference to the Grand Master. In a certain contingency they proposed to assume jurisdiction, original and exclusive, founded upon the necessities of the case. Nowhere else in the "Regulations" old or new, is there any assumption of the power to exercise original jurisdiction by the Grand Lodge of England, with respect to Masonic offenses. And if the "Ancient Constitutions," above referred to, do express the ancient landmarks of our Order, which no Grand Lodge

has a right to alter, change, or modify, it is plain that a Grand Lodge has no *original* jurisdiction whatever, and for the punishment of Masonic offenses you must apply to your own, or his Lodge in the first instance.

A Grand Lodge is said to be the highest Masonic authority within its own jurisdiction. It has also been thought that, as a Grand Lodge is possessed of certain legislative, executive and judicial powers, which are supreme within its own jurisdiction, it has power to prefer charges and try its own members for Masonic offenses. The Grand Lodge of Michigan at its last session resolved "That this Grand Lodge has original jurisdiction of Masonic offenses committed by its members, and may make complaint and try the offender. Yet the Grand Lodge of Michigan did not resolve that it had *exclusive* jurisdiction over its own members. On the contrary this Grand Lodge, with reference to a complaint against one of its own members, declined to proceed with the complaint, because the member complained of was then being tried by the subordinate Lodge of which he was a member. From which it may be inferred that in this State, the Grand Lodge exercises original and concurrent jurisdiction with its subordinate Lodges, over members of the Grand Lodge.

No case has however occurred where the Grand Lodge of Michigan has exercised original jurisdiction over its own members to *charge and try* them in the formal manner contemplated by this resolution, and I apprehend that when this question comes more fully to be considered by them, they will rescind the foregoing resolution, and refer all cases of Masonic trial to the proper subordinate Lodge in the first instance, as was the ancient usage of the Fraternity.

It seems to me that the question proposed at the head of this article must be answered in the affirmative as to the first clause, and in the negative as to the latter clause ; except as to the Grand Master.

C.

Without the time to quote authorities or to enter into elaborate argument, we give, very succinctly, our opinions on the subject discussed in this article.

We agree, with our correspondent "C," that a Lodge can not try a member who, for the time being, is the Grand Master of the jurisdiction. When, however, he ceases to be Grand Master, and as P. G. M. is (so to speak) an *emeritus* member of the Grand Lodge, the jurisdiction over him is original and concurrent in both Lodge and Grand Lodge ; that is, he may be tried for certain offenses in his Lodge in the usual way, with the right of appeal to Grand Lodge ; or, for certain

other offenses, Grand Lodge itself may originate and complete the trial.

This latter principle of concurrent jurisdiction applies, also, to all Grand Lodge offenses, (except the Grand Master,) and to all others who, by the Constitution, are members of the Grand Lodge with or without the right to vote, with one notable exception.

The W. Master of a Lodge is a member of Grand Lodge, and can not be tried by his own Lodge, not, however, because he is a member of Grand Lodge but because he is Worshipful Master of the Lodge. He, like the Grand Master, can only be tried by Grand Lodge. But when he becomes a Past Master, with a constitutional right to sit in Grand Lodge, (but not to vote,) the original jurisdiction over him becomes concurrent; and whether proceedings against him shall be instituted by the Lodge or by the Grand Lodge will depend upon the nature of the offense.

For instance; if a Past Master be guilty, in his daily life, of any gross immorality or other unmasonic conduct, whereby dishonor is brought upon the Craft, his *Lodge* should deal with him; but if the same individual appear on the floor of Grand Lodge in a state of intoxication, or if he outrage, in any way, its dignity, or violate its rules and edicts, *Grand Lodge*, in such a case, has undoubted power, in the protection of its dignity and the vindication of its authority, to inaugurate and complete the trial of the offender.

The whole question of jurisdiction may be briefly stated thus: In the trial of a Grand Master, a W. Master, or a Lodge, the jurisdiction of Grand Lodge is original and exclusive; but in the trial of all other officers or constitutional members of Grand Lodge, the jurisdiction is original and concurrent in both Lodge and Grand Lodge; while in the trial of all who are not members of Grand Lodge the jurisdiction of the Lodge is original, and that of the Grand Lodge is appellate.

In this statement of our opinions on the concurrent original jurisdiction of Grand Lodge over its officers and members, we wish it to be borne in mind that we confine ourselves exclusively to the question of *power*. The frequent exercise of original jurisdiction by Grand Lodge (except in the case of W. M. or M. W. G. M.) may be deprecated as *bad policy*; but when, from any cause, Grand Lodge is satisfied that the interests of Masonry require its action in a case of aggravated offense, by one of its own members or inferior officers, its *power* so to act can not, we think, be successfully questioned.

ATTENTION CRAFTSMEN.

As the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge is drawing near, and as the usual amount of business, important and unimportant, will probably come before it for action, it would be well to call the attention of the Craft at large, and especially those who may be representatives at the ensuing meeting, to the inconsiderate and hasty manner in which business is usually transacted in our Grand Lodge. It must be apparent to any one of even limited experience in the one Grand Lodge, that the most important measures are frequently passed upon with the least possible consideration on the part of the members.

This want of consideration arises from two causes:

1st, The practice of considering all important matters in committees of three each. These committees hold their meetings in rooms separate from the Grand Lodge hall, and the masses of the members have as little knowledge of the facts and arguments from which the committees deduce their conclusions, as the man in the moon. The committees usually report their conclusions, and not the facts upon which they are based.

2d, The almost superstitious veneration entertained by the members for these august committees, some of whom I fear are appointed on account of their eminent abilities in some other department, more than for their accurate knowledge of the Landmarks, Constitutional Rules and Regulations of Masonry.

These committees report upon such matters as have been referred to them, and the report is put upon its adoption, and the members of the Grand Lodge are called upon to vote immediately, without any knowledge, or means of acquiring any knowledge, except such as the committee has reported. It is not uncommon to hear whispered objections in different parts of the hall; but a kind of superstitious dread of the fiery zeal of Brother Mitchell, the withering sarcasms of Brother Jaycokes, the logical deductions of Brothers McCurdy and Webber, or the slippery jokes of Brother Cudworth, deters most of the members from making serious, open objection, and for want of moral courage on the part of the members to oppose a report, even when their judgment dictated that course, has been the cause of our Grand Lodge adopting some great absurdities.

There is another cause of this ill considered legislation, and that is the multiplicity of business usually coming before the Grand Lodge, and the great anxiety to do a great amount of business in an incredibly short time. We usually have a heterogeneous mass of complicated re-

ports, resolutions, edicts, &c., in which there is but little if any thing that is really needed for the good of the Craft, that it is enough to confound the inexperienced. If the Craft could maintain an existence against the bigotry and superstition of the dark and middle ages for the space of three thousand years, as we are told, being often called upon to pass through the most trying scenes, and all this time governed by the ancient Landmarks, with a few simple rules and regulations, why is it that in this latter half of the nineteenth century, when all the appliances for the moral, social, and intellectual culture of man have been called into requisition to better the condition of the human family, that the institution of Masonry needs to be governed so much? Has the eternal foundation upon which our institution was founded crumbled away into original atoms? Have the God-like principles which we claim as the essential elements of our Order become inefficient or obsolete? Have the simple rules that governed our ancient Brethren so many years lost their influence? Or has the institution in the day of its greatest prosperity degenerated into weakness and effeminacy that requires continual bolstering up? Brethren, think of these things; and let us have less legislation, and of a better quality. Let us have fewer laws, and be more careful to live up to them. Let us spend one session of our Grand Lodge in reviewing our past proceedings. Let us compare our statutes and edicts with the ancient Landmarks and constitutions, and especially with the constitution of our Grand Lodge, and wherever we find any thing superfluous, or in conflict with those venerable regulations, let it be cast to the four winds, that no more remembrance may be had of our legislative vanity.

I. A. SHINGLEDECKER.

CASSOPOLIS, Nov. 27, A. L. 5871.

GRAND LODGE.

BEFORE the next number of our Magazine can reach its readers, the Annual Communication of our Grand Lodge will have been held. We therefore take occasion, in this issue, to remind our readers and the representatives of Lodges of the change in time and place of meeting, and of some business that will require careful consideration by Grand Lodge.

First. An amendment of the Constitution, adopted last winter, requires the Grand Lodge to meet on "the second Tuesday of January at high Twelve."

Second. For a score or more of years, the Grand Lodge sessions have been generally held in the Masonic Hall of Peninsular Chapter,

Detroit. Those who have attended Grand Lodge, for five or six years past, need not be reminded of the uncomfortable crowding and imperfect ventilation to which they have been subjected by the insufficient size of the Hall. It will be borne in mind, that the next annual communication is to be held in Young Men's Hall, or in the Opera House—probably the former—where there will be abundance of room and every convenience for the comfortable transaction of business.

Third. An amendment of Art. VI, Sec. 2, of Grand Lodge Constitution is also pending, to be adopted or rejected at the approaching Grand Communication. The question involved is of an importance which will justify a full explanation of its nature and effect.

Section 2 of Art. VI, of G. L. Constitution, formerly provided, that "for initiation or advancement one black ball rejects; *for membership three.*" Last winter, this was changed so as to read, "for initiation, advancement *or membership* one black ball rejects." This amendment was adopted by an almost unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge. But some, who preferred the old rule, presented a resolution in the usual manner, to so amend the Constitution as to restore the original provision relative to membership. It is this proposition which is now to be considered and acted on. Briefly, the question stands thus: the Constitution now provides, that *one black ball* rejects an application for membership; and G. L. is asked to change "*one*" black ball to "*three.*"

We are free to say, that we hope the change will not be made. The proposition to change originates in sympathy for individual Masons, who, it is supposed, will, under the rule as it stands, be refused membership in the Lodge of their vicinage. We admit that it is easy to imagine cases of hardship that may arise, or, possibly, to cite those that have arisen—cases, in which worthy brethren may, by a bare possibility, be improperly excluded from a Lodge, and denied the right of affiliation. But it is difficult to conceive of much trouble from such a cause. Natural and honorable as this sympathy for a rejected brother undoubtedly is, we must be careful that Masonic sympathy does not run away with our Masonic prudence and judgment. We must constantly bear in mind that the interests of every Lodge in this jurisdiction, and, to a certain extent, of the Craft in general, are favorably or unfavorably influenced when we exact Constitutional provisions of this nature. We should be very careful that sympathy, for a brother who is worthy, does not prompt us to inflict on a harmonious Lodge one who is not worthy.

We hold that the interests of a Lodge are paramount to those of any individual Mason—that the harmony of the Lodge is its chief strength—and that when personal considerations induce legislation

which tends to disturb the very foundations of the Lodge we act unwisely.

Our landmarks and our experience unite to teach the wisdom of our constitutional rules relative to membership. If the ancient Constitutions and Landmarks teach any thing clearly, it is *this* thing—that all additions to the material or membership of the Lodge shall be made by the *unanimous* voice of its members. No one will question that experience teaches the wisdom of a rigid observance of the rule, so far as it relates to initiation and advancement. Now if harmony *be* the chief strength of the Lodge, we are unable to discover why that harmony shall not be as zealously and rigidly guarded at the *inner* as at the *outer* door.

We are unable to discover sound reasons to fear any unwholesome or unfortunate effects from the operation of the rule under consideration, just because we are unable to discover any reason to question the ability of each individual member of a Lodge to cast a black ball as intelligently and Masonically on an application for membership, as on an application for degrees.

Another argument in favor of retaining the rule as it is, is found in the fact, that it establishes one *uniform* rule for the regulation of the ballot. Under the old rule *mistakes* were constantly reported to the Grand Lodge—mistakes by Masters in announcing the *result* of the ballot. Under this rule there can be no such mistake.

We hope Grand Lodge will reject the proposed amendment, and keep the rule of ballot the same for membership as for degrees.

GRAND COUNCIL OF INDIANA.

BRO. CHAPLIN:—The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of the State of Indiana convened at Logansport on the 17th inst., and the Grand Chapter on the 18th. Both were well attended, and their proceedings were characterized by the true Masonic spirit. Companion Martin H. Rice was elected Grand Puissant of the Council, and Companion R. J. Chesnutwood, Grand High Priest of the Chapter. honors well and worthily bestowed.

Two ancient and venerable Companions were present, bearing testimony of their devotion to the Order. These were Companion John B. Rose, of Wabash, who was made a Mason in 1818, and participated in the organization of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, and Companion Nicholas D. Grove, of Logansport, who became a Mason in 1819. Both are strong in body and mind, full of years and full of honors.

The Grand Council appropriated two hundred dollars for the re-

lief of suffering brethren in Chicago. The Grand Chapter gave two hundred dollars to Chicago, two hundred to the destitute in Manistee, Mich., and two hundred to those in Wisconsin.

The condition of the Craft in Indiana may be inferred from the following pleasing report of the Committee on Grievances in the Council.

“The Committee on Grievances take pleasure in reporting that no case of grievance or complaint has been presented for their action. Peace reigns throughout our borders, harmony dwells in our Councils. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’ So may it ever be—Amen!”

Both Bodies determined to meet hereafter permanently in Indianapolis, their itinerating experience being neither pleasant nor profitable to any body. E.

GOSHEN, Oct. 25, 1871.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.

At the Grand Communication of 1870, Grand Lodge appointed a committee consisting of R. W. Wm. M. Fenton, R. G. M., (now dead) and M. W. Henry Chamberlin (now D. G. M.) to report a plan by which title to real estate could be held by the Fraternity in a manner that would not endanger Masonic interests. This committee reported, at last Grand communication, a *bill*, with the recommendation that a committee consisting of the G. M.; G. V. and L.; G. S. and G. T. be instructed to lay the bill before the Legislature and secure the necessary legislation. This report was unanimously adopted by Grand Lodge; the committee was appointed, as recommended, and instructed to proceed to carry out the plan proposed.

For some reason the legislation has not been procured, at least in looking carefully over both volumes of the Session Arts. of '71 we can not find any evidence that the required legislation was obtained.

We very much regret the delay which has occurred in this business, because we can not see how the Craft can hold secure title to its property, (except as provided in this bill,) without being in constant danger of having its Lodge records called into courts of justice as evidence of certain transactions.

We commend to our readers for careful perusal, the discussion of this question by P. G. M. Metcalf in his annual address of '70; and also the report of committee, page 80, transactions of '71.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

The winter winds shrieked and the storm whistled by,
 As a beggar girl stood at the gate;
 With a shiv'ring form and a tear in her eye—
 With cold blue lips and a piteous cry,
 She begg'd for a morsel to eat.

The lord of the mansion came hurrying home,
 All muffled in wool and fur,
 Plunging through snow drifts towards his dome,
 His steed all covered with frost and foam,
 Urged on by the whip and the spur.

"Oh hear, my kind sir!" the beggar girl cried,
 "Pray, give me a crust of bread,
 In exchange for this gem, 'twas my dear father's pride,
 On his bosom he wore it, to the day that he died;
 For, Alas! my poor father is dead."

"Great God!" said the lord of that princely dome,
 And clasped the poor child to his breast;
 "No more shall a brother's poor orphan child roam,
 She shall share of my bounty and dwell in my home,
 In my mansion the weary find rest."

What magical charm that jewel possessing,
 Could have melted that proud man there,
 To breathe on the orphan beggar girl a blessing,
 And to carry her in with fond caressing,
 Out of the freezing air?

Full well did that proud man recognize
 That jewel so precious and rare;
 Full well did its import bring to his eyes
 The bright tears 'midst the tender sighs—
 'Twas the mystic *compass and square*.

MASONS SHOULD READ.

WE fully endorse the following remark of Brother Leon Hyneman, editor and publisher of the *Mason's Home Book*, Philadelphia. He says:

"Every Freemason, if he would be true to his obligations and to the Masonic Institution, ought to avail himself of every opportunity to acquire a knowledge of its history, its principles, its laws and its symbolic teachings. That knowledge he can only acquire by reading

the publications in the interest of Freemasonry. Freemasonry as a science has a literature peculiar to its mystic teaching; men of the highest culture among its membership are exercising their pens and brains in every range of thought, to inform and instruct those who will avail themselves of the opportunity. There is and can be no excuse for any Freemason remaining in ignorance on any subject of Freemasonry. The Masonic periodicals published in this country and elsewhere are of a high standard, and are generally as ably conducted as in any field of literature; and the Freemason who will not give his support to at least one publication, evinces an unwillingness to acquire Masonic information, and a most reprehensible degree of selfishness.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE HEALTH OF THE EDITOR.—The Editor of this Journal, though greatly improved, is not yet so far restored that he can fully resume his labors. His health is fast improving, and it is confidently hoped that the injury sustained will not prove permanent.

He has no language by which he can fully express his gratitude to those kind friends who have come forward so cheerfully to aid him in getting out the November and December numbers of the FREEMASON. This kindness will never be forgotten, and will be cherished among the dearest memories of our life's experience.

We hope our patrons will remember us as well. In our time of need, we trust that those who owe for the magazine will not wait for an agent to call, but remit at once. And let all aid in extending our circulation. Cannot each of our subscribers procure a new one, as a New Year's gift?

OUR losses occasioned by the recent fires prove to be considerable. Our Chicago list was nearly all in the burnt district, but was small compared with our lists in the villages and cities along the eastern and western shores of the State. In many of these places we had long lists of subscribers, of whom we had not collected during the past year, and who were therefore due us for the current volume. But by personal exertion and the aid of our brethren, we hope to regain our losses.

THE BEST BOOK IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. What is It? Aside from the Great Light of Masonry, the best book in our language is Webster's Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary. It costs \$12 at the Publisher's in Springfield, Mass., but we will present it to the Brother who will procure us twenty subscribers, and remit the funds (\$2 each) with the names. We hope to give away 100 of these truly valuable books.

WE take pride in commending the present number to the Craft. Its articles are all important, and worthy the consideration of the Brethren everywhere, especially in Michigan. We make our Journal the special organ of this jurisdiction, and it has the commendation of the Grand Lodge. If the Brethren will stand by us, and support us as they should, we shall soon be able to give them a Journal second to none devoted to Masonry. Now is the time to raise clubs. Send for terms.

THE annual election of W. Masters, Wardens, &c., is near at hand. We can only say, Brothers, be careful of your choice of officers. Choose only such as are competent and worthy. The prosperity of the Lodge depends almost entirely on the competency and moral worth of the officers. Remember the importance of these annual elections, and let each do his duty.

THE best *Masonic* book, for a Michigan Mason, is MASONIC TRIALS AND MICHIGAN DIGEST, by our R. W. Grand Visitor, H. M. Look. Its price is \$1.50, but we will give it to the Brother who will procure us three new subscribers, and send us the funds with the names.

THE *Michigan Exchange* is a first-class hotel in all respects, and Brothers who stop there will be made to feel at home. Though giving our preference to the *Exchange*, we can also commend the *Biddle* and *Russel* as first-class Hotels.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON is the only Masonic Journal published in Michigan. It alone is recognized by our Grand Lodge. It is *reliable*, and should be in every Masonic family that would be up with the times, subscribe, and ask your neighbor to do the same.

OUR subscribers who have not remitted their subscriptions before, can send them direct to us at the Grand Lodge by their W. Masters. We shall be ready to give receipts to all who thus remit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The recent accident which befel the Editor disqualified him for several weeks from all mental labor. This will account for any failure on his part to answer letters, &c.

THE Editor has engaged rooms at the Michigan Exchange where he will make his head-quarters during the approaching session of Grand Lodge.

SPECIAL TO OUR PATRONS.—All knowing themselves to be in arrears with this office, are most earnestly requested to forward their dues without delay. It is a time of special need with the publishers, and we trust our patrons will remember us. We are doing all we can to give you a good Masonic Journal; please give us fraternal aid, and we will remember your kindness.

CHAPLIN & IHLING BROTHERS.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—JANUARY, A. L. 5872.—NO. VII.

ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

BY BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY.

A GREAT many theories have been advanced by Masonic writers as to the real origin of the Institution, as to the time when, and the place where it first took its birth. It has been traced to the Mysteries of the ancient pagan world, to the Temple of King Solomon, to the Roman colleges of artificers, to the Crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land, to the guilds of the middle ages, to the Stone Masons of Strasburg and Cologne, and even to the revolutionary struggle of England in the time of the commonwealth, and to the secret efforts of the adherents of the House of Stuart to recover the throne. But whatever the theory may be selected, and wheresoever and whensoever it may be supposed to have received its birth, one thing is certain, namely, that for generations past, and yet within the records of history, it has, unlike other mundane things, presented to the world an unchanged organization. Take, for instance, the theory which traces it back to one of the most recent periods that, namely, which places the organization of the Order of Freemasons at the building of the Cathedral of Strasburg, in the year 1275. During all the time that has since elapsed, full six hundred years, how has Freemasonry presented itself? Why, as a brotherhood organized and controlled by a secret discipline, engaged in important architectural labor and combining with its operative tasks, speculations of great religious import. If we seek any change it is simply this, that when the necessity no longer existed, the operative element was laid aside, and the speculative only was retained, but with a scrupulous pres-

ervation (as if for the purpose of identification) of the technical language, the rules and regulations, the working tools and the discipline of the operative art. The material only on which they are wrought was changed. The disciples and followers of Erwin, of Steinbach, the Master Builder of Strasburg, were engaged, under the influence of a profoundly religious sentiment, in the construction of a material edifice to the Glory of God. The more modern workers in Freemasonry are under the same religious influence, engaged in the construction of a spiritual temple. Does not this long continuance of a brotherhood employed in the long pursuit, or changing it only from a material to a spiritual character, but retaining its identity of organization, demand for itself some respect, and, if nothing else, at least for its antiquity, some share of veneration?

But this is not all. This society, or brotherhood, or fraternity as it might more appropriately be called, is distinguished from all other associations by the possession of certain symbols, myths, and above all else a Golden Legend, all of which are directed to the purification of the heart, to the elevation of the mind, to the development of the great doctrine of immortality. Did the Masons of Strasburg and Cologne invent these symbols, these myths and this legend? Certainly not, for they are found in similar organizations that existed ages previously. The Greeks and Eleusis taught the same dogma of immortal of many, and their legend, if it differed from the Masonic in its accidence, was precisely identical in its substance. For Hiram there was Dionysus, for the acacia, the myrtle, but there were the same mourning, the same discovery, the same rejoicing, because what had been lost was found, and the same sacred teaching of the name of God and the soul's immortality. And so an ancient orator who had passed through one of these old Greek Lodges, for such without much violence they may well be called, declared that those who have endured the initiation into the mysteries entertain better hopes both of life and of the eternal future. Is not this the very object and design of the Master's degree? And this same peculiar form of symbolic initiation is to be found among the old Egyptians and in the island of Samothracia, thousands of years before the light of Christianity dawned upon the world to give the seal of its Master and founder to the divine truth of the resurrection.

This will not, it is true, prove the descent of Freemasonry, as now organized from the religious mysteries of antiquity, although this is one of the theories of its origin entertained and defended by scholars of no mean pretensions. But it will prove no identity of design in the moral and intellectual organization of all these institutions, and it will give the Masonic student subjects for profound study when he asks the

interesting questions: Whence came these symbols, myths and legends? Who invented them? How and why have they been preserved? Looking back into the remotest days of recorded history, we find a priesthood in an island of Greece, and another on the banks of the Nile, teaching the existence in a future life by symbols and legends, which convey the lesson in a peculiar mode. And now, after thousands of years have elapsed, we find the same symbolic and legendary method of instruction, for the same purpose, preserved in the depository of what is comparatively a modern institution. And between these two extremes of the long past and the present now, we find the intervening period occupied by similar associations, succeeding each other from time to time, and spreading over different countries, but all engaged in the same symbolic instruction, with substantially the same symbols and the same mythical history.—*Tidings*.

SIT LUX!

“LET there be light!” was the grand fiat of the Almighty at the creation of the world, and he demonstrated the practical use of it by clothing ignorance and death in darkness.

“Let there be light” is the omnific word of Freemasonry announced at initiation and re-echoed through the porticos of Masonic progression, and it never dies away till it accompanies the representation of the immortal soul winging its way to the realms where God is the light of the universe.

“Let there be light,” is the undying voice of all nature, struggling for recognition by the intelligence of man, who is placed in the world as the appreciative representative of Nature's God.

“Let there be light,” is the password of Eternal Truth, as she seeks to demonstrate her existence and establish her divine mission.

With such sublime reflections at our initiation forcing themselves upon the Mason's mind, it is natural that the intelligent Freemason should be an ardent advocate of universal education, and it is equally natural that those belonging to all societies of whatever name, who owe their influence and power to bigotry, should be opposed to the march of intellect by throwing over it the pale of ignorance.

As Masons we are not confined to any particular system of education, only so it be free from all the entangling alliances of a faction which tends to bend and warp the mind of the young to a narrow view of things, instead of lifting it up to the broad sunlight of investigated and demonstrated truth.

Any system that cannot stand the truth had better die ; the sooner it dies the better for the human race.

Ignorance is the giant enemy of mankind, presenting a herculean front, and backed up by the myrmidons of intolerance. A free education of the masses is the death-blow to persecutions, for by 'education,' we do not mean merely enabling the mind to grasp the power of letters and figures, whereby one only reads and calculates in an elementary point of view, but we mean that more emphatic education which touches the heart as well as the brain. This need not and should not be confined to ecclesiastic schools, for the reason that eight-tenths of the children who receive education do not find their way to the latter. therefore, the public system of education should look well to the textbooks. They should not be confined to bloody histories ; but the kind and gentle amenities which should exist between man and man—the law of love and forgiveness—the principles of justice affecting both public and private relations—the high sense of honor and truthfulness which every child should be taught to appreciate and carry into life—the development of the reasoning faculties whereby even the infant mind learns to judge between right and wrong, and thus understand the necessity and beneficence of a rebuke—the relationship between the creature and creator, whereby the conscience is brought to a realizing sense of the accountability of man to a higher power, in all his actions : these lessons are as important in the advance of civilization as any other part of the public system, and can be effectually executed without interfering with the religious or political feelings of the parents. as the teaching of mathematics.

There are, however, unfortunately, those who cannot appreciate the value of education unless it advances their peculiar dogmas, hence they oppose all taxation for public schools that looks to a grand and universal plan of education, where the mind may be lifted to an attitude looking forward as well as backward over the vast field of intellectual and scientific research. They seem afraid that some heretofore undiscovered secret may be brought to light which will conflict in some way with set ideas which they have believed and taught from time immemorial.

Again we say any idea which will not bear the refining fires of Truth, proves itself to be an Error, and as such, the sooner it is exploded the better. The propagators of erroneous ideas are, however, the bitter enemies of a thorough education, and they shrink from the light which God commanded to shine forth.

But, thank God, the day of intolerance and ignorance has passed by for this age. The war between light and darkness has been going

silently on for the past half century, and light is the victor. To be sure it has not yet claimed its universal wreath of triumph, but its enemies are disheartened and demoralized. They must give way before that grand reserve force which to-day are laying in their ammunition in every school-house of the land. In the coming half century they and others will go forth to the good fight, and in this free Republic, founded only on the intelligence of the ballot, they will vote down the ignorant horde who have for so many centuries shackled the mind, and ruled the people with an iron sceptre.

On the first dawn of victory, is the time to organize and utilize the result. We are opposed to all extremes. One is as dangerous as the other. A law which would take children from their parents and compel education, would be almost as dangerous as the one which would abolish the schools altogether. We are perfectly willing to leave the result to be determined by the vast superiority of education over ignorance. Let there be universal taxation sufficient to educate *every child*, and let there be no division of the school fund for sectarian purposes, but let every parent send his child where he pleases, and the result will demonstrate that those who take advantage of the facilities afforded, will rise to the top not only in the social, but in the public spheres of life, and those who reject will go to the bottom, where they properly belong. Let those who oppose public education on the ground that it is dangerous for the masses, and "leads them to aspire to positions above the necessary status of laborers," hug their delusion, and we will look to them for supplies in that line. They can hoodwink their followers, and the intelligent boy will grow up and by his superior brain advantages, will give those blinded followers the employment they are fit for.

We believe in the empire of blood and brains, and that is an empire which is not determined by accident of birth or wealth.

If certain nations we could name had not have perpetuated an almost superstitious opposition to general education, they might have stood forward in the world, with representatives in all the great advancements of the age, instead of furnishing as they do, the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the rest of mankind.

It has been clearly demonstrated that Providence supplies the world with a sufficient number of minds capable only for certain duties, and the supply will always be equal to the demand. At present, it is too great, owing to the fact that hundreds of thousands of bright intellects which have been crushed down by this fanatical opposition to a system of education which should allow a boy to develop all the powers of mind which God has given him. There is scarcely a limit

to the power of mental development, as the wonderful inventions of the century demonstrate, hence there could always be scales of difference in the status of mankind and which explodes the bauble theory that "if all are educated, who will do the work?" Ignorance of palpable facts could alone suggest such a question. Give the mind its fulcrum of education and it will lift the veil of ignorance and let in the broad sunlight of God's intelligence, wisdom and goodness, and then the world will be happier and better.

We are in favor of children being educated as much as possible in the mechanic arts, whereby they will become thinkers and inventors and be prepared for usefulness in the industrial activities of life. Also in physiology, whereby they may learn to appreciate and understand their own nature and construction, thus avoiding the thousand ills flesh is heir to, and help them to improve the mental and physical stamina of their race. In short, the word "education" compasses a world of thought, radiating its light into the thousand avenues of life; it is the signet of the soul which opens the portals of heaven when properly understood and carried into execution.

That which is good cannot be too universally enjoyed, and as the Masonic institution was established for the elevation of man and the amelioration of his condition, it is proper that it should be the firm ally and support of public schools.—*The Freemason*.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was the sober autumn. The shadowy Indian-summer haze hung like a curtain of gauze above the venerable forest, reminding one of the peace and quiet that crowns the brow of active manhood in the afternoon of life. How beautiful is nature in its uniformity! How majestic in the sovereignty of its certainties! Though the winter snows may shroud the earth to-day, there can be no suppositions, no speculations, no contentious discussions as to what the future may bring forth. All know, relying upon the truth of nature's divine revelations, that the vernal season, with its song birds, its odors and its garlands of flowers, will come again and pass away—that the rich summer months will come, with their cornucopias, and pour into the lap of the harvest-time their tribute of golden sheaves and mellow fruit, and then

open the gateway to the nut-brown autumn, with her crown of juicy clusters, and scarlet, pink and yellow leaves.

It is very beautiful! Age, with his crown of silver hair—the forest, with her sere and yellow leaf—the one an emblem of peace—of rest—of sleep—of an awaking to eternal joy and a crown of celestial glory;—the other, of rest—of sleep—of concentrating force, and a revival to a new life, a new crown, a new grandeur, under the genial sun of a new spring-time. Yes, it is beautiful! Nature does not leave us to guess at her ordinances, but inscribes them in letters of gold throughout her universal domain. Can we doubt the deep meaning written in her regularities? Shall we contend with each other as to the palpable solutions of her divine inscriptions? Shall we question the necessity of her uniformity? Shall we attempt to individualize her infinite attributes? In our thankfulness for her providences, and our gratitude for her munificence, shall we arraign her justice for the consequences of a breach of her inflexible laws, and charge her with inexorable, vindictive vengeance? No! no! That would mar the beauty of the whole divine arrangement—that would introduce the serpent into the Eden of nature, and cause the angels to look down and weep tears of sorrow. That would not do. It is not so—it shall not be. Bigotry shall not slander nature. We will not have it so. There shall be no serpent in our Eden. It is all beauty—all peace—all good. Nature will not permit it; if she do, then we will not own her for our mother; if she permit it, then she is not a good mother, but a bad old stepmother that deals grudgingly with her children.

It was autumn. It was an afternoon in the latter part of October. Mrs. Preston sat on the piazza which ran along the eastern front of her time-beaten cottage.

There was a marked change in the appearance of this lady since the period at which she was first introduced to the reader. The deep lines of care had disappeared from her features. An expression of sunny cheerfulness gave a passive beauty to her handsome lineaments, and a vivacity to her womanly and dignified countenance. The clouds of anxiety had ceased to cast their shadows upon her brow, which was lit up by the sunlight of peace. Health was imprinted upon her cheek, and contentment crowned her. These had rejuvenated her, and had restored a richness and a fullness of beauty which presented her, in appearance, as ten years younger than when last seen. She sat there a graceful, a beautiful, a sweet woman, in the acme of her womanhood and the full glory of her beauty.

Where she sat, she could hear, across the little house, the ripe nuts fall in the forest, on the mountain side beyond; she could note

the barking of the squirrel, and the clucking of the ground-squirrel, that active little striped animal known in more northern regions as the "chipmonk."

Where she sat, she could look down upon the quiet little hamlet below, and beyond it, where, on the thither side, arose the mountain-slope, draped in the scarlet, golden and brown autumn umbrage. Beyond this swell or mountain-spur, she could trace the dim outline of the distant Alleghany upon the one hand, and the clouds of mist that hung above the Chesapeake, upon the other.

Although the glory of the summer had passed away, there still remained a solemn grandeur in the scene—a sublimity imbued with the spirit of an invisible presence, to which one cannot but bow in homage, and in acknowledgment of its unity and its divinity.

She did not sit alone. On her left, and a little in the rear of where she sat, in an old splint-bottomed arm-chair, sat Cudgie, the old colored dependent of the family. Notwithstanding the presence of the faithful old African, she felt herself alone, for Cudgie, as he sat in the old arm-chair, had fallen into a deep slumber.

Ah! sleep so resembles death, in its unconsciousness, its helplessness, and, above all, in its unpretending innocence, that we are wont to turn to the unconscious slumberer with emotions of pity, and impulses of protective guardianship.

A wild, shrill whistle startled Mrs. Preston; she looked, just as Ella crossed the stile and bounded along the foot-path which led from the stile to the steps of the piazza.

Ella presented a letter to her mother, saying: "There is a fresh, brent new and sprent new *billy doo* from your son—my brother, Cudgie's idol—Charles Preston, Esquire, *alias* Charley boy, *alias* Massa Charles."

She caught the woolly foretop of the sleeping Cudgie, whose head had sunk until his chin rested on his breast, and, with a sudden jerk, erected it, crying, at the same time:

"Arouse from your slumbers, old snow-flake! Awake from your apathy; your country calls, your chief commands, old honey-dew. Arise and shine, for here is a letter from Massa Charles."

"De Lor!" said Cudgie, rubbing his eyes, and straightening himself in his chair.

"Come, come! Ella, dear, do let poor Cudgie be. Why do you want to disturb him? Pray be quiet, and let me read," said Mrs. Preston.

"Yes, missus, read about Massa Charles, God bless de boy, but

never mind little missus, bress de chile, she don't 'sturb ole Cudgie. Jes read on."

Ella was seated, and the matron read as follows :

"BALTIMORE, Oct. 26th, 17—.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—My life has undergone a sudden change. Its uncertainties are beginning to assume definite forms. The outlines of my destiny are becoming more and more comprehensible to my understanding. If I am unable to look through the dark vista before me, I can at least perceive the entrance which leads to it, partially un-veiled, under a light which illumines the darkness that lies beyond that entrance.

"At the very moment when I felt myself sinking under the disappointments that I thought awaited me, and was mustering my manhood, to bear with philosophy a hopeless and fruitless destiny, an angel descended and delivered me from ——"

Mrs. Preston, after having commenced the last sentence, permitted her voice to fall, and to become more and more indistinct, until it ceased entirely, and she continued to peruse in silence the remainder of the letter, which continued in these words :

"—— from all I dreaded and shrunk in life—its solitude, and its weary pathway over desolate places, without the companionship of a loving heart. The angel came, blessed me with consolation, and baptized me with the spirit of pure love. I am very happy. I would not have anything in life different from what, at last, I have found it.

"My heart found a voice, after all, and whispered its notes of affection. They were responded to. Everything has been arranged in my future course of life. On the second day of December next I will become a husband, and you will hail Eda Wilson as a daughter.

"It is strange what sorrows and what disappointments may grow out of mutual misunderstandings. Miss Wilson and I were sedulously endeavoring, ever since our acquaintance commenced, to conceal from each other manifestations of that love which, when discovered, crowns both our lives with happiness. But, at last, we have discovered each other's secret, and, after both had taken a vow of celibacy, we each absolve the other from that vow, and unite our hands, our hearts and our future destinies.

"I have purchased a handsome residence in the city, for my dear mother and little Ella. The upholsterers are now preparing it for your reception. The furniture is sumptuous, but not foolishly extravagant. I have selected everything with a view to your peculiar taste. There

is a complete suit of apartments for Ella, independent of yours and the suits of public apartments and corridors. I know you will be pleased with your new home. Your apartments are upon the ground floor, Ella's on the second, and those of the servants in the basement.

"I have incurred the expense of this new home for you, without the slightest pecuniary embarrassment or inconvenience.

"I will send a carriage for you early in November. I wish you to bring old Cudgie and Aunt Sukey with you, for they must live with us the remainder of their days, not as servants, but as privileged commoners. They shall have servants to wait upon them when they can no longer wait upon themselves. I have had a convenient and comfortable lodge added to the buildings, for their especial benefit, and a place in the rear grounds for Cudgie's favorite bees.

"Before your arrival, you will find the house under the management of a skillful, middle-aged housekeeper, who has been many years in the employment of Mr. Wilson, and is entirely trustworthy and a great domestic economist.

"You will also find an experienced mantua-maker and milliner in the house, to make up you and Ella; so do not concern yourself upon the matter of what you shall wear, or how you will appear in the city.

"Mr. Wilson is very anxious to be introduced to his daughter's future mother-in-law, and looks forward to that event with anticipations of pleasure. Of course this is natural, and I hope you may be satisfied with each other. But I cannot see how it could be otherwise, for Mr. Wilson is unexceptionable in every respect, and as every one likes him, you cannot help but be pleased with him.

"I think it would be well to get some trustworthy colored family to take charge of the home place. They can take charge of Cudgie's bees and Ella's sheep. We must not part with our home. My heart goes back to it as the dearest spot of earth. My present ambition is to improve it. Although there are but a few acres of it, and of a very rough and sterile surface, still the prospect from it is so picturesque and grand, that it only requires a fine villa to make one of the finest country retreats in the State. So, my dear mother, we will save it.

"You need not answer this letter, for it will be but a few days until I send for you. When I see you I will explain many things which I now omit in view of meeting you so soon.

"Mother, I ask your blessing.

"Farewell. Your son, CHARLES."

A new page was opened in the life of Mrs. Preston. She was at a loss to determine how to accept the new circumstances which were

presented in this important event of Charles's life. She was reluctant to leave her secluded home, poor and unpretending as it was ; and still more reluctant to cast herself into the current of society, such as she must encounter by a removal to the city. Charles's new position, however, and the relations it must necessarily establish for him, required the sacrifice of her own preferences as to her own future course. The little Ella, too, as wild and as volatile as a fawn, was rapidly approaching an age when, like a wild flower, she must be transplanted from the shadows of the mountain-side to the sunlight of society. Ella's future demanded it. It was time that her juvenile, hoydenish habits should tone down to the more sedate habits of the woman. There were no hopes of such a change under her present circumstances. Her old guitar must be exchanged for a harp or a harpsichord, and her freedom of thought and action must be subjected to severe restraint and rigid discipline.

Mrs. Preston sat nearly an hour absorbed in these and kindred reflections. She turned to Cudgie, as he sat in his old arm-chair. He was in a profound sleep. His arms rested across the arms of his chair. His long hands, from the wrists dropping downwards, with the finger ends resting in his lap. His head was bowed forward, his chin resting on his breast, and his large nether lip protruding in a manner as if it had monopolized the principal proportions of his wrinkled cheeks.

Ella was seated on a low hassock, beside the old mulatto. As Mrs. Preston turned to Cudgie, Ella was just in the act of drawing a branch of mignonette across Cudgie's nether lip. Mrs. Preston smiled, and awaited the result. Presently Cudgie's large right hand swept across the lower part of his face with a force almost sufficient to deprive his face of a part of the large lip with which it was so abundantly provided, at the same time, without opening his eyes, exclaiming :

“ Bress my soul, how bad de flies is.”

Ella swung from side to side upon her hassock, her eyes sparkling with hilarity, her whole body quivering with risible convulsions, but without a sound or an utterance passing her lips.

Again she applied the mignonette to Cudgie's ear. Mrs. Preston shook her head at Ella, and in an undertone said :

“ Come now, Ella, why do you want to trouble the poor old fellow ?”

“ Just this once, mamma !” said Ella, “ and then I won't bother him any more ; you see it's so funny.”

Again the mignonette was drawn across old Cudgie's ear, and again his broad hand was slapped upon his ear with an explosive report, which again threw Ella into convulsions, and brought a smile upon the features of the mother.

"Just once more, mamma," said Ella, extending her hand toward the old mulatto, and looking at the mother for permission.

"No, Ella, not once more. You shall not tease the poor old fellow. You may be old yourself sometime, perhaps," said Mrs. Preston.

"Well, when I get old," said Ella, "if my lip is as big as Cudgie's, the children may get all the fun out of it they can. Cudgie's lip was only made for fun, or else there wouldn't have been stuff enough in it for two or three lips. Do you suppose they would waste material for no purpose?"

"No more, Ella!" said the matron. "You shall not tease him. You do not know how deeply we are indebted to him. Had it not been for his self-denial, his industry and economy, and his fidelity to us, you would not have been here to tease him. So, now have done."

Ella pouted her lips in affected chagrin, stuck the sprig of mignonette in the white wool of the sleeping Cudgie, and went into the house.

Mrs. Preston sat an hour longer in silence and alone, except the sleeping mulatto. At last Cudgie awoke, and after several times yawning and stretching his long arms, he exclaimed :

"De Lor' bress us, missus, I'se been sleepen hea dis two bressed hours! An' I dremp all dat drefful right ober agin—an' dis ole chile an' Massa Charles ——"

"Hist, Cudgie! Ella may hear! Say no more. I have news for you. We are all going to Baltimore to live."

"De Lor' bress you, missus, but what'll come of dis ole darkie when yous all go to live in Baltimore, an' leaves ole Cudgie an' Sukey alone? It'll jes be all done gone wid us pretty soon."

"Yes, but you do not understand; you and Sukey are to go along and live with us," said Mrs. Preston.

"Ki—yi—yi—yi!" shouted Cudgie, springing to his feet, stumbling over the hassock recently occupied by Ella, and overturning the old chair from which he leaped. "Bress de Lor'!" continued he, "den I can see Massa Charles ebery day. Won't dis ole chile jis fatten! Won't dis ole darkie be a city gemman, after all! Who-o-p! Ki—yi—yi—yi! Dese country niggas 'd betta take kae den!"

"What a sensation!" cried Ella, at the top of her voice, laughing, and hopping to and fro, in imitation of the happy old colored

man, and continued: "What has happened to the old *Camard**? Come, now, old *perex-neige*,† relate—disclose. If there is any fun, I must have my share."

Cudgie leaned his shoulders against the wall, and extending his right foot, commenced whistling and patting Juba with an alacrity and an energy which, while it testified the extent of his joy, almost startled Mrs. Preston and Ella, as he laid back his head, rolled his eyes, and rapidly turned his head from side to side. At last he ceased with a leap, a wriggling motion of shoulders and hips, and by bringing his right foot to the floor with a sudden slap that shook the whole house, and, at the same time, exclaiming:

"Bress de Lor', dis ole chile's young agin, dat is, dis chile! Wha' for you don't dance, Miss Ella? Doesn't ye know we's all gwine to lib in de great city, wid Massa Charles?"

"Mamma, is that so?" asked Ella, in an undertone.

"Yes, my child, it is so," replied the mother.

"Ki—yi—yi—yi!" shouted Ella, in imitation of the old blackamore, and placing her back against the wall, and extending her foot, she looked at Cudgie and exclaimed: "Come, old *pelote de neige*,‡ whistle, and I'll sing, and we'll finish this job together. Cudgie resumed his whistling and patting, accompanied by Ella in the latter, while she sung in an undertone, in time with the action—

"Juba up, Juba down,
Juba all around de town," &c.,

until her breath failed her, when, exhausted, she sank upon the hassock.

Cudgie left in a few minutes, and hastened to his own hut, to communicate his new fortunes to Aunt Sukey.

After the evening meal, Mrs. Preston and Ella considered and discussed all the circumstances of the important event of a change from rural to metropolitan life. Ella had never been beyond her mountain home, and the prospect of distances which it presented. Sleepy Creek and Cherry Run were the largest bodies of water she had ever seen. To her mother her speculations in relation to city life were curious and interesting.

At last Ella sought her pillow, and was soon wrapped in slumber. Not so with Mrs. Preston. She sat several hours, thoughtful and wakeful. She was about to leave a spot which for years had proved an asylum, if not a home, to her. Although many reminiscences of sorrow and of suffering were associated with her residence at the mountain cottage, yet it had its endearing memories. She could not sleep.

* Flat-nose. † Snow-drop. ‡ Snow-ball.

She threw a shawl over her shoulders, and softly stole into the open air.

Although the full moon was obscured by clouds, still, the gauzy haze of the Indian summer rendered the moonlight dim and uncertain. She wandered from the piazza to the walnut tree, where she seated herself in the rustic seat at its base, and, leaning her head against the tall trunk, counted the notes of the solitary *katydid* in its branches, as it lazily responded to like notes from the forest trees beyond the stile.

She paced back and forth, between the walnut tree and the stile, the stile and the piazza, the piazza and the walnut tree.

As she approached the stile the last time, she thought she saw in the uncertain light, between her and the dark back-ground of forest, the dim outline of a human form. She stood still, and watched it several minutes. She advanced; it receded. At first a shudder of alarm manifested her concern for her safety, as she was reminded of the lateness of the hour and her defenseless situation. She returned to the stile, and was seated upon it. The form disappeared, and she found herself alone again, in the silent night.

There is a deep solemnity in the solitude of night. We stand and gaze around us, and wonder at its silence. The busy sounds of day are hushed. The hammer lies still, and the hand that wielded it lies as powerless as an infant's, and as helpless as the hammer itself. The dwellings are silent, the doors are closed, "and those that look out of the windows are darkened." We are oppressed with the sense of our own loneliness, and yet we cannot feel ourselves entirely alone. It seems that there are invisible presences crowding around us, and pressing their individuality upon us; and the effort of our fancy is to give them definite form. Is it only fancy? or are we, in the silent night, when alone to all external objects and surroundings, still standing face to face with intelligent presences who are endeavoring to impress their presence upon us? However this may be, we never do, under any circumstances, feel ourselves entirely alone. We are awaiting something that we expect; we know not what. Ever and anon we raise our eyes and look abroad. Now we turn and look behind us. Now we turn our heads and look over our shoulders. What do we turn to see? What do we expect to discover? Who is it that we look back to see? Who is it our inner spirit expects to follow us? No one, say you? Then why look? Why the spirit constantly on the look-out, if it does not feel a presence?

Mrs. Preston started, as the midnight clarion of the distant cock reverberated and echoed up the mountain gorges. She did not recog-

nize the strange, protracted, melancholy note in the still midnight, until its challenge was responded to, in several directions, by other midnight messengers.

She still sat upon the stile. She cast her eyes down the pathway that approached the stile from the deep wooded ravine. Now she was not mistaken; there was a form slowly approaching the stile. Now it slowly advanced. Now it stopped—again it advanced.

Mrs. Preston arose, and descended from the stile. She walked rapidly towards the cottage. As her foot was upon the step of the piazza, she turned. The figure had ascended the stile, and was seated upon it.

“Who is there?” demanded the matron.

“No one you need to fear, madam; it is I, Major Austin,” was answered from the figure on the stile.

“Oh, Major! is it you?” returned Mrs. Preston, retracing her steps, and meeting the new-comer with an extended hand, as he descended and met her upon the little lawn.

“You caused me quite a fright,” said she, shaking hands with Major Austin.

“Indeed, I owe you an apology,” said the Major, and resumed: “You see I have my flute in my hand. I left Hagarstown early this morning, and arrived at the hamlet below late this evening, with the intention of calling upon you early to-morrow. I could not sleep, and the night being so soft and balmy; the thought struck me that I would walk up to your cottage, and play a tune on my flute under your window. Upon seeing you, my first impulse was to retreat. Upon reflection, however, knowing you had discovered me, and fearing you might be unnecessarily alarmed, I determined to return and explain. I hope my explanation and apology may be acceptable to you, madam.”

“Certainly, Major,” replied Mrs. Preston. “I feel honored by your intention, although I was a little disconcerted by discovering your presence.”

They walked to the rustic seat beneath the spreading walnut, where they were seated.

“To what circumstance am I indebted for your intended visit of to-morrow, Major Austin?” inquired Mrs. Preston.

“There has been a change in my fortunes,” replied Major Austin, and continued: “The suit at law, involving the title to all my real estate, which has so long kept me under pecuniary embarrassment, I may say poverty, has at last been decided in my favor, and has made

me a rich man. Under this favorable change in my pecuniary affairs, I come to renew my suit for your hand."

"Major Austin," commenced Mrs. Preston, "I am pained by the renewal of your proposition. I had hoped that you would have received and have treated my last answer to that proposition as final."

"Mrs. Preston," resumed Major Austin, "when that proposition was last made, I was a beggar; I had nothing, and was inviting you to a home of want and indigence. Now it is different; a home of, not only abundance, but of affluence, awaits you."

"Major Austin," answered Mrs. Preston, "no circumstance of life could induce me to change my purpose, or to alter my resolution in this particular. I shall ever cherish for you a high respect, and shall ever feel myself particularly honored by the high esteem in which you have been pleased to hold me, and the propositions you have condescended to present for my consideration; yet, as I have told you that I could not bring the affections of my heart to the nuptial altar, I must decline your generous proposition."

"True," replied the Major. "I have considered all this, and have endeavored to prepare my mind for this answer. Although I knew of no reason for a change of your mind in this respect, yet I did not know what changes time may have brought about. I felt that it was a duty I owed myself to again renew my suit."

"Of course you would not expect me to give you my hand unless my heart accompanied it."

"Indeed I would not," said the Major; "nor could I accept it under any such circumstances, much as my happiness depends upon your being my wife."

"We can love but once," said Mrs. Preston, solemnly, "and, instead of affection dulling by time, and fading into a melancholy remembrance, as by some it is claimed it does, my experience teaches me that time intensifies and sanctifies true love. The widowed heart looks forward with hope and fond anxiety to a reunion up above where there will be no parting."

"So long a widow, and still so fondly cherishing the first love! Thus to be loved, to me would be worth all earth beside!" rejoined the Major. "How long have you been a widow?"

"It matters not. I hold my first love sacred, and its obligations inviolable. I am approaching fifty years in age. I am now entering my forty-seventh year. You are not yet fifty. A bachelor of your age and circumstances may make life pleasant with a companion who has never loved, though she be your junior by many years. Let me beg you, then, to think no more of me, but throw yourself into the

current of fashionable life, where, I hope, it will not be long until you form an attachment that may lead to your perpetual happiness."

"No, Mrs. Preston," returned Major Austin, "you are mistaken in me. I am not one to cherish a boyish romance, or to be mistaken in the impulses of my own heart. My regard for you is a sentiment, a deep and eternal homage to your womanhood—a sentiment that has been increasing, intensifying, purifying and exalting itself for many years. Though unrequited, it will still live. The fires upon the altar of my heart will send up their daily incense, until that heart shall cease to throb. Your answer decides my destiny. I will leave the United States as soon as I can convert my property into money. I will join the wars in Europe. Should I fall in battle, my bootless life will, happily, be too short to distill many bitter drops, and its gall and wormwood will soon be ended. Should I survive to old age, my prayers for your happiness shall ascend daily."

"Major Austin," said Mrs. Preston, "as I said before, I shall ever cherish for you, and for your name, a sense of the highest respect. I have known you long and intimately. I know you as a gentleman of high honor. Everything, all I know of you, commands my highest esteem, and most profound respect. With all this, I do not love you. I cannot be your wife. I am bound by the most solemn vows to another; and although that other may have been resting for years in the peaceful grave, those vows are as sacred as when first spoken, and are as fondly cherished as then. Although the object of my first love has passed out of my sight, the bonds of my affection are strengthened by his absence. I see him in my dreams—and I——"

She dropped her forehead into her hand, and wept aloud.

"Pardon me, madam!" said Major Austin, rising. "I feel that I have been rude and unjust to penetrate to this Holy of Holies of your heart. I feel that I have done wrong in thus, although inadvertently, putting your love to such a test."

"Major," replied Mrs. Preston, "you are not chargeable with it; it was no fault of yours that led my mind back to the tenderest recollections, the bitterest disappointments, and the keenest anguish. It was not necessary for me to have betrayed myself into these, as responsive to anything you may have sought."

"I am but too happy to find that you do not blame me," rejoined the Major, and then continued: "Within three months I will sail for Europe, and will never return. I see how it is with you. I cannot expect a different decision. My happiness could not be augmented by being your husband, under the circumstances it would place you, if I were so void of honor as to accept your hand without your love. Mad-

am, I honor you—I love you with an undying love; but it matters not. I shall never meet you again. I —— ”

He stopped a moment, as his voice trembled, but immediately resumed :

“ I bid you a long farewell. We may meet above, if not here. Farewell.”

Mrs. Preston took his hand, and in a tremulous voice said :

“ Major Austin, God bless you! Farewell!”

Her eyes filled with tears, as they followed the erect military form of the Major to the stile.

It was long past midnight, and still she kept her seat beneath the old walnut tree. Just as she was about to arise and retire to the house, the silvery notes of a flute arose in the ravine below, and floated about in broken echoes among the cragged rocks. It swelled, and quivered, and softly died away again, in a plaintive melody, as the Major slowly descended the dark ravine which led from the cottage to the hamlet below. At last it died away in the distance, so softly and gently that the boldest crags could not catch even an echo to send back again.

Mrs. Preston entered the house, retired to her room, and slept.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANCIENT RUINS.

WHY THEY WERE RUINED.

IN the October number of the FREEMASON I read with interest an article by one Doctor Altred, on “ Ancient Ruins.” The learning and research of the good Doctor is worthy of all praise, and it is gratifying that we have a home Masonic periodical which occupies itself with matters of so much interest as well to the Craft as to the general reader. Although admitting much that the Doctor says of the existence of the knowledge of the true God among the Egyptians and other nations of remote antiquity, I have wondered not that they knew so much, as to be surprised that they should have forgotten so much. Their knowledge as set forth in “ Ancient Ruins ” would seem to be but the husk of former and better knowledge; and if you would not think me presumptuous I will give succinctly what seems to be the true theory of the state of facts.

To begin with it must be remarked that religion, the divinely appointed means of man’s reconciliation, and its ordinances have been the same from the beginning, both under the Patriarchal and Jewish

Dispensations, the new being only the matured development of the law first promulgated, the first teaching spiritual things by material images, the last appealing to reason and teaching abstract morality.

Adam in the garden before his fall had daily intercourse with the "Voice of the Lord," the personal WORD. After his expulsion he knew not where to find God, but at the east of the Garden was placed Cherubim and a flaming sword to keep the way of the Tree of Life. Here was the place where God was to be found and where sacrifice was to be offered. Note that the origin of sacrifice is not recorded, it is always alluded to as if well known.

Cherubim (called Beasts in Revelations) are always introduced as accompanying the Divine personal presence, so we find a representation of them on the Mercy Seat (the cover of the ark of the covenant) in the tabernacle, and afterwards in the decorations of the Holy of Holies of the Temple, where also we find carvings of olive trees, all doubtless to perpetuate the Paradaisaical original. In the presence of God who dwelt between Cherubim before the mercy seat, the Priest under the Mosaic Dispensation offered the sacrifice; under the Patriarchial Dispensation it was the same—the head of the tribe was *ex-officio* priest, and the knowledge of God and his worship was once known to all the tribes. When tribes and families aggregated into a larger community the king or political head was still *ex-officio* Priest.

From what we are told of the Cherubim they were figures compounded of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle.

That the Egyptians, the dwellers in Nineveh and others had in the earlier periods of their history the knowledge of the true God and his own appointed mode of worship and sacrifice, and had fallen away from it we have the authority of Scripture which declares: when they knew God they glorified him not as God, professing to be wise they became fools and changed the glory of an incorruptible God into an image, made like to corruptible man, and to birds and to four-footed beasts and creeping things. Look now at the Egyptian Sphinx, with its head of a woman and body of a lion, placed before the doors of their Temple, here is a falling away from the Paradaisaical original. They had begun to change, and the change went on until they became such "fools" as to worship a living Bull, Apis, one of the components of the Cherub, and give to him the worship due only to the true God.

Layard has placed in the British Museum, two-winged Bulls, exhumed from the Temple-Palace of Nineveh; in them we see again a corruption of the Paradaisaical emblems.

When Solomon was building his temple many Tyrian workmen (themselves descendants of Egyptians) wrought upon it, they were

heathen from Tyre, they had forgotten the true worship, and were worshippers, of Dagon, they had degraded the Paradaical Cherub into that compound figure of man and fish. Solomon to do his heathen workmen good, to teach them their forgotten true knowledge, erected a religious and moral symbolism, made the very tools they used to teach lessons of the strictest morality.

I visited one of our Lodges, an elegant hall ; on its walls, among other emblems were the square and compass resting on the Holy Bible. I asked its meaning and was told that Egyptian art was in ruins, the Scriptures of Nineveh had been overthrown and buried in the rubbish for thousands of years, the rock-hewn Temples of India were decayed, for those nations had forgotten the Lord and corrupted his worship, but that one art was founded on the Scriptures and would endure forever. So I mused, Tyre is blotted out, the architecture of Egypt is in utter ruin, the Temple of the Hebrews is destroyed, for all these nations have wilfully gone astray, and traditions teach us that we have received our tools and implements with their moral symbolism from the Hebrews. We acknowledge our art to be founded on the Holy Scriptures, we preserve the sacred symbols and Free Masonry still survives. It is built upon the Word of Truth. The nations corrupted it and their work perished. Let us be faithful to our trusts and our future is secure.

J. F.

THE VOICES OF MY HOME.

How softly 'round me fall the shades of eventide,
 The days' clear brightness and its sunshine, all are gone.
 The mirth and laughter of the morning hours have died,
 And with her mellow shades, slow steals the twilight on.

Slowly, and side by side, the bright stars take their way,
 Like shining worlds, along the blue and arching dome,
 And as a wing of light, the moon's clear, mellow ray
 Rests lightly o'er the roof-tree of our pleasant home.

Down in his wild-wood nest, the lonely whippowill
 Gives forth his sad farewell unto departing day ;
 And not far from me, sweetly sings a silver rill,
 To the meek violets watching where its wavelets stray.

Ah ! nature hath sweet voices in her twilight hours—
 Sweet tones and dear, that will be heard when time grows old,
 And they need never fear, who love the trees and flowers,
 For these prove true, when trusted, human hearts grow cold.

But there were sweeter sounds that fell upon my ear,
 In the old hours of grief, or pleasantness, or pain;
 Low, household voices, we shall wait to hear.
 Yet waiting for, perchance, may never hear again.

The ringing laughter of a little, merry child,
 With large, blue eyes, and golden clustering hair,
 And dimpled feet, that roamed through meadow and through wild,
 And loving heart, that mirrored all things bright and fair.

And the gay tones of one, who now, with toil-worn feet,
 Far from the home that knew his boyhood's play,
 Treads day by day, the city's crowded street,
 And shares the jostle of life's dusty way.

And the low voice of her's—the young and girlish bride,
 Who vanished from the circle round our old hearth-stone,
 Sits now at twilight by her husband's side,
 Where gleams the fire-light on a hearth-stone of her own.

And thus the beings we have loved and watched depart,
 Thus life's varying pathways will be ever trod,
 Thus goes our fond heart's joy to gladden other hearts;
 And thus the chain is lengthened, linking all to God.

The old sweet voices of my home! when shall I hear
 Blending in well known tones, that make my heart rejoice,
 The old familiar voices of my early years?
 And faith, bright angel, whispers in her own sweet voice—

“Ah! yet again—when sin, and pain, and grief are o'er,
 Beyond the sea of death—the shadow of the tomb—
 Where meet the loved and blest upon the spirit-shore—
 There shalt thou hear the old, sweet voices of thy home.”

MRS. FIDELIA WOOLLEY GILLETTE.

ADDRESS BY GRAND MASTER J. W. CHAMPLIN.

BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE,—Having assembled together in our annual communication, let each one of us, before entering upon the important concerns of this meeting, implore from the Most High His blessing upon our labors, and His assistance in the discharge of our duties, that everything may be established upon the surest foundations and redound to His glory. Having had, as Grand Master for the past year, the Craft especially under my care, I am happy to report that in every part of this grand jurisdiction peace and harmony prevail, that our altar lights are brightly burning, and the lessons which they teach are bringing forth good fruits. There is, however, in some quarters, and I fear too generally, a desire to make Masonry too common; an inclination to disregard the landmarks, and

admit a wider range of candidates to our mysteries. This tendency is a dangerous one, and entirely at variance with the best interests of our institution.

Masonry seeks to elevate and refine those who enter her sacred portals; her code is an exalted morality; her object, fraternity, and her type, perfection. As the temple at Jerusalem was perfect in all its parts, so we aim to have the moral temple which we are building. It will not do to place in this moral temple any imperfect material. We are each and all inspectors of the material and work of which it is being constructed, and if it cannot pass the square of each and all, let it be rejected.

Masonry was never intended to be universal, save in the application by its votaries of its benign principles. It always selects its materials. It is exclusive in its essential nature. It has always had a high standard by which it measures applicants for its favors, morally and physically. Its grand objects are harmony and fraternity. Fraternity is the life-giving spirit of Freemasonry. It is the subtle essence which pervades all, and as with a sort of magnetic attraction brings its members closer together. It is at once the strength and foundation of the whole fabric. It follows that no one should be admitted to our numbers, no matter how high his moral standing, how great his ability, or what his qualifications, unless each and all of the members of the Lodge can fellowship him; unless each and all can feel glad and eager to discharge toward him every duty and every obligation which Masonry imposes. We should feel that our Masonic ties are reciprocal, and realize that in each member of our Lodge we have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. If any member should say, during the advancement of a candidate, "I do not want him to become one of us," then each member should also be ready to say, "then neither do I want him." In a Lodge thus constituted harmony and fraternity would prevail to their fullest extent, and the choicest fruit which the tree of Masonry bears would yield its blessings to us. There would be no discordant element within our Lodges to mar their harmony; there would be no strife within our bosoms between our Masonic duty and the exercise of brotherly love.

The great source of danger is in the desire for the increase of numbers. Numerical strength is not Masonic strength. Masonic strength does not consist in numbers, but in unanimity.

Brethren, let us make our Order what it was intended to be, and it once was, a fraternity, and it may then defy the persecution of the world, and amid the mutations of time it will stand firm as the everlasting hills.

OBITUARY.

Since we last assembled the Messenger of Death has entered the sacred precincts of our Grand Lodge, and summoned two of its members to the Celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the universe presides. It is my mournful duty to announce to you the melancholy intelligence that our M. W. Brother, William M. Fenton, has been called from the scenes of this transitory existence to a state of endless duration. He died at Flint, on the 11th day of May last, at the age of sixty-three years. He was a man of marked ability and sterling integrity of character. He was held in high estimation in the community where he resided, for his Chris-

tian virtues, and for his manly worth as a private citizen. He exemplified in his daily walk and conversation the practice of those generous principles which Masonry teaches. We looked up to him for counsel and advice, but we shall hear his voice in these halls no more forever. But we will treasure in our hearts a memory of his virtues, and endeavor to imitate him in living an unselfish, virtuous life, that we too may die the death of the righteous, and that our last end may be like his.

I did not receive information of his death until after his funeral had occurred, and for that reason was not present. I am glad to know, however, that the fraternity paid proper respect to the memory of our worthy Brother by being present and attending his funeral obsequies.

The second instance of mortality was that of R. W. Bro. Carlos G. Curtis, Junior Grand Warden of this Grand Lodge. Brother Curtis died at Rochester, N. Y., on the 30th day of July, 1871, in the fortieth year of his age. Unable to be present myself at the funeral, I authorized Bro. A. G. Hibbard to act as my proxy. The funeral was attended by quite a number of the members of Oriental Lodge, of which he was a member. They were escorted from Detroit by the Detroit Commandery of Knights Templar, to which he also belonged. I did not have the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with our Brother now deceased, but one who knew him well said to me that every one who thoroughly knew Bro. Curtis loved and respected him.

THE RECENT FIRES.

Hardly had we recovered from the shock occasioned by the information of the burning of Chicago, before we received the news that many portions of our own State had shared the same fate. Holland, a young but flourishing city, situated upon Black Lake, in Ottawa county, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the 8th day of October last. The citizens put forth every effort to confine its ravages to the forests, in which it appears to have originated, but with no avail; with the rapidity of the wind and the terror of the whirlwind, it overrode their greatest efforts, and in an instant the whole city was enveloped in flames. A very few dwellings in the suburbs, which lay out of the direct course of the wind, only remained. So quick was the work of destruction that in less than half an hour more than three-fourths of the people of that city were homeless and houseless, and all their worldly goods consumed, and those who but a few minutes previously were opulent or in comfortable circumstances, were reduced to beggary and want. The hall of Unity Lodge, with its charter and furniture, was consumed, and the property of more than half of the members of the Lodge were embraced in the general ruin. By the same wide-spread conflagration, Manistee Lodge, with its charter and furniture, was burned. A large portion of the village was also consumed, and twenty-four members of the Lodge lost everything they possessed, including their dwellings and places of business. On the eastern slope of our beautiful peninsula the fire-fiend, fanned by the winds, swept across farms and villages, leaving desolation and ruin in its track. Here too the members of our Order suffered from its ravages. Cato Lodge No. 215, lost their Lodge-room, charter and furniture; about one-third of the members lost their homes and all their furniture and wearing apparel.

The October fires were indeed awful calamities, overwhelming whole communities in a common ruin; from amid the slumbering embers there arose the wail of anguish and the cry of despair.

Painful as this picture is, I cannot but feel that it is in some measure compensated by demonstrating to the world the humanity of the age. Its darker spots are gilded over with those benignant and God-like rays of sympathy and benevolence which emanated from the universal heart of our fellow-man. The occasion displayed and brought to light that exalted charity without which all our professions are but "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

We feel ennobled as we gaze upon the sublime spectacle of a world's sympathy reaching forth to succor and help the distressed and needy.

It is the voice of the herald proclaiming in silver tones the near approach of the great brotherhood of man.

Confined to no sect, society or creed, the hand of charity dispensed its gifts by men of no sect or creed, and by men of all sects, societies and creeds.

It was the spontaneous outburst of the universal heart.

It is this that gives it its significance, showing that throughout the whole civilized world there is abroad in the land a feeling, a spirit lifting us up above the common plane of selfish motives and sordid desires, and drawing us closer together in the bonds of true brotherly love.

Brethren, the tenets of our profession are brotherly love, relief and truth. To relieve the distressed is a duty incumbent upon all men, but more especially upon Masons, who are linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection. And I am happy to inform you that our noble Order did not, in the instances I have just alluded to, fail to fulfill the tenets of their profession. They not only discharged their duty as men, but in addition they discharged their duty as Masons. Instances of the latter have come under my personal observation, and, to some extent, supervision, and of which I will now speak. As soon as the news of the burning of Holland reached Muskegon, which was the next day, the Lodge there immediately donated \$500 toward their relief.

On the 18th of October I received from Most Worshipful J. H. Anthon, Grand Master of Masons in New York, \$50, being donations from Tuscan and Poughkeepsie Lodges, for the relief of Masons and their families who were sufferers by the recent fires. I subsequently received from the same source other and additional donations. The total amount of relief received from our brethren in the State of New York is \$3,547—contributions from forty Lodges, and two individual donations. I acknowledged the receipt of these donations to M. W. J. H. Anthon, and to the two Lodges contributing. I have received from Oriental Holy Royal Arch Chapter at Philadelphia, \$100; from Grand River Lodge No. 34, Michigan, \$100; from Warren Lodge No. 51, Portland, Connecticut, \$35; from Union Lodge No. 82, New London, Connecticut, \$50; from Keystone Holy Royal Arch Chapter No 175, Pennsylvania, \$25; from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, \$266.66; from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, \$300; from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, (contributions from several Lodges), \$510; from St. Peter's Lodge No. 20, Connecticut, \$100. For the receipts of all

such sums I have made due acknowledgement, making a total relief which has been received by me of \$5,363 66.

As there was no relief committee of this Grand Lodge, I took upon myself the task of distributing the funds received by me as above stated. To this end I opened correspondence with the brethren residing in the burnt districts, and ascertained the extent of the loss to the fraternity in those districts and their need of assistance, and have advised the appointment of relief committees by them to take charge of the fund and attend to its proper distribution. I have distributed, at different times and to different parties, \$4,602.15. A detailed statement of receipts and expenditures is herewith submitted. I have remaining in my hands, undistributed, \$761.54. M. W. Brother A. T. Metcalf advises me that he is authorized to draw upon the Grand Master of Maryland for \$1,152.21.

I am also in receipt of the following letter :

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS,
FROM THE OFFICE OF THE
RECORDING GRAND SECRETARY,
BOSTON, December 30, 1871. }

John W. Champlin, Esq, Grand Master, etc:

I left to-day at the office of the Christian Association a box of clothing directed to you. It comes from Quinebaug Lodge, Mass.

You are authorized to draw on John McClellan, Grand Treasurer, for \$100.

Most fraternally yours,

CHAS. H. TITUS,

Grand Secretary.

As we have just entered upon the term of a rigorous winter, and there will be much assistance needed and rendered. I recommend that a relief committee be appointed as a standing committee of this Grand Lodge, to take charge of the contributions now in my hands and see them properly distributed, and also such other sums as may be placed in their hands for that purpose. I have no knowledge of the relief contributed to the sufferers by the recent fires, by the subordinate Lodges in this Grand Jurisdiction, except the instances here given, but I presume it has been considerable. I invite your attention to the subject, that you may take such action toward the relief of suffering Masons in this Jurisdiction and elsewhere, on account of the disastrous fires of October, as your wisdom shall dictate.

I also recommend that duplicate charters be issued to Unity, Manistee and Cato Lodges free of charge, and that their dues to this Grand Lodge be remitted.

CONSTITUTION OF LODGES.

By the action of this body at our last annual Communication, there were fifteen Lodges to whom charters were granted.

These have been constituted and consecrated, and the officers thereof installed, by myself or proxies, as follows :

February 4. Ada Lodge, No. 280, by myself personally.

January 23, Pomona Lodge, No. 281. by R.W. H. Chamberlain, D. G. M.

January 23, Charlevoix Lodge, No. 282, by W. W. Landon.

February 22, Cheboygan Lodge, No. 283, by P. R. Woodard.

January 16, Springport Lodge, No. 284, by F. W. Sheldon.

February 17, Mt. Gilead Lodge, No. 285, by A. J. Utley.
 January 30, Wash-te-Nong Lodge, No. 286, by Levi Taylor.
 January 16, Bailey Lodge, No. 287, by L. H. Bailey.
 February 22, Salt River Lodge, No. 288, by T. Bamborough.
 June 9, Benona Lodge, No. 289, by M. W. L. Moore, P. G. M.
 February 4, Vandalia Lodge, No. 290, by S. S. Chapman.
 February 3, Marcellus Lodge, No. 291, by Thos. G. Green.
 May 7, Alcona Lodge, No. 292, by C. Deitz.
 March 6, Hanover Lodge, No. 293, by A. J. Paddock.
 January 25, Marshall Lodge, No. 294, by A. G. Bull.

Out of the fifteen Lodges chartered by you at your last Communication. I regret to say that four set to work without being constituted and consecrated.

As soon as I ascertained the facts I called upon them to explain the reason of such illegal proceedings, and upon investigation I was satisfied that no intentional wrong was committed, but that it had occurred through want of a knowledge of what was requisite.

The brethren were zealous in the cause of Masonry; they had at considerable expense procured suitable lodge rooms, and were located in communities where the honor and welfare of the Craft might be promoted.

I therefore caused the Lodges to be constituted and consecrated according to ancient usage, and healed the irregular and illegal work already done by them.

DEDICATION OF MASONIC HALLS, ETC.

On the 25th of January, a Masonic Hall was dedicated at Saginaw City. Worshipful Brother Wm. L. Webber acting as my proxy. The ceremonies were public. An interesting address was delivered by Bro. J. G. Sutherland, and the occasion was one that reflected much credit upon the Fraternity.

On the 16th of March, M. W. Bro. Lovell Moore, as my proxy, dedicated a Masonic Hall at Grand Ledge.

On the 23d of May, I dedicated a Masonic Hall at Holly. We were honored with the presence of the Fenton Commandery of K. T.'s. Bro. A. G. Hibbard delivered an entertaining address.

On December 27, I dedicated a Masonic Hall at Big Rapids.

On the 10th of May, W. Bro. S. Steele, acting as my proxy, laid the corner-stone of the M. E. Church at Northport.

On the 16th day of August, 1868, the Grand Lodge laid the corner-stone of the new City Hall, in Detroit.

The edifice having been completed under the care and management of the Grand Architect, by request of the public authorities the Grand Lodge, on the 4th of July, formally delivered over the completed building to the Mayor of the city. I take this opportunity to express to the Detroit Commandery of Knights Templar my acknowledgements for their courtesy in escorting the Grand Lodge on that occasion; and also to M. W. Bro. S. C. Coffinberry for the kind assistance rendered me during the ceremonies. I also here express my obligations to the Brethren of Detroit who, by their presence and assistance, added much to make the ceremonies at once solemn and impressive.

On this occasion the Grand Lodge were the guests of the citizens of Detroit, and I will add that the kindness and hospitality extended by them to us will long be remembered with pleasure by the recipients.

DISPENSATIONS TO FORM NEW LODGES.

I have granted dispensations to form new Lodges as follows :

January 14—In obedience to the recommendation of this Grand Lodge, to Bradley Lodge, at Bradley.

February 18—Kilwinning Lodge, at Detroit.

April 5—Lake Shore Lodge, at Benton Harbor.

April 12—Pere Marquette Lodge, Ludington.

April 18—Champlin Lodge, Newport, Monroe County.

May 3—Napoleon Lodge, Jackson County.

June 8—Tawas City Lodge, at Tawas City, Iosco County.

June 19—Ancient Landmark Lodge, at East Saginaw.

August 1—Woodland Lodge, at Woodland, Barry County.

August 4—Wabon Lodge, Mt. Pleasant, Isabella County.

October 27—Carson City Lodge, Montcalm County.

The dispensation of Attica Lodge was continued at the last session of the Grand Lodge. They have succeeded in procuring a suitable place to hold their Lodge meetings, and will doubtless bring up their work for inspection.

On the 3d of March last I received, through the Grand Secretary, a petition purporting to be signed by seven Master Masons, praying me to revive Mackinac Lodge No. 71, and to remit its dues to the Grand Lodge, for reasons fully set forth in the petition. They claim to be in possession of the *original dispensation*, the original charter, the seal, and the returns of Mackinac Lodge to December 27, A. L. 5859. I herewith submit the petition for your consideration.

SPECIAL DISPENSATIONS.

I have granted three dispensations to confer degrees as follows :

February 1—To St. John's Lodge, No. 105, to confer first degree.

August 4—To Port Hope Lodge, to confer first degree.

October 17—To Bridgeport Lodge, No. 258, to confer the three degrees.

Also the following dispensations :

October 27—To Manistee Lodge, No. 228, who had lost their charter by fire.

October 16—Union Lodge of Strict Observance, authorizing them to hold their annual meeting on Monday evening, November 20.

December 2—To Charlotte Lodge, No. 120, authorizing them to hold their election on the 8th of December.

December 5—To Humanity Lodge, No. 29, to allow them to receive the petition of Brother Thomas Dorsey, and dispensing with the usual time.

December 12—To Unity Lodge, No. 191, who had lost their charter by fire.

I gave permission to Kilwinning Lodge, U. D., the privilege of using the jewels and furniture of the late Charity Lodge, subject to the order of the Grand Lodge.

NORTHERN STAR LODGE, NO. 277.

About the 1st of October I received intelligence from the Secretary of Northern Star Lodge, No. 277, located at Unionville, Tuscola County, that on the 26th of September their lodge room, together with furniture and charter, was consumed by fire; stating also that the Lodge was in debt for funds borrowed at the organization of their Lodge; that the majority of the Brethren were poor, and not able to get even lodge furniture, and asking for advice. I replied October 3d, offering to grant them a dispensation until the present Communication of the Grand Lodge, if they could get a safe place to meet in.

On the 15th of December I received another letter from their Worshipful Master, setting forth their necessitous condition, and asking my permission for them to call upon neighboring Lodges for assistance. I replied that I would present their case to the Grand Lodge, but could not authorize them to call on adjoining Lodges; that there was no objection to their receiving aid from any source. I commend them to your favorable consideration.

GRIEVANCES.

Grievances of a grave character have been presented to me during the year, being no less than the deliberate violation of the Constitution of this Grand Lodge. That instrument provides that the jurisdiction of Lodges extends to the geographical center between contiguous Lodges, and also that no Lodge shall initiate a candidate who does not reside, and has not resided, within its jurisdiction at least six months. Nothing is more likely to produce discord and embittered feelings between the Brethren of adjoining Lodges than for one Lodge to deliberately infringe upon the jurisdiction of another. Certainly there could not be a more palpable violation of Masonic obligations than such a violation of the Constitution. Yet complaint has been made to me that not only has this been done, but that the offending Lodge has actually taken the rejected candidates of the aggrieved Lodge within its jurisdiction, and initiated them into Masonry.

Complaint was made to me by Orion Lodge, No. 46, against Rochester Lodge, No. 5, of this character, in the month of December. I felt that the charge was so grave, and it was received so near the sitting of the Grand Lodge, that it ought to be passed upon by you. I therefore ordered a copy of the complaint to be served upon the W. M. of Rochester Lodge, and citing him to appear and in behalf of Rochester Lodge answer the complaint before you at this session. In his absence it was served upon the Senior Warden.

The papers are herewith submitted.

Of exactly similar character is the complaint of Western Star Lodge, No. 39, against Dowagiac Lodge, No. 10. This complaint was filed with me in April last. My first impulse was to proceed at once in the matter, and I made out a citation and copy of complaint to be served on Dowagiac Lodge, but on more mature deliberation I concluded to refer the whole matter to the Grand Lodge for your determination.

EXPULSIONS AND APPEALS.

When this Grand Lodge was in session a year ago, one of its committees reported that Brother C. Jones had, as appeared to them from papers

accompanying the Grand Master's address, undoubtedly incurred the severest Masonic penalty the power of this Grand Lodge might inflict, but as he was then under charges for u. m. c. in his Lodge, the committee recommended that the Grand Lodge refrain from taking action on his case until after his trial by his Lodge.

Ashlar Lodge proceeded to the trial of the offending Brother, and, upon a vote as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, found and declared him innocent, the ballot standing thirty for not guilty and twenty-six for guilty.

Worshipful Brother William Saxby informed me of the result, and I, in view of what had transpired, ordered him to cause a copy of the proceedings to be filed with the Grand Secretary, and notify Brother Jones of the fact.

Later in the season I became advised that there was a disturbing element in Ashlar Lodge, No. 91, which threatened its harmony and impaired its work, and that Brother Czar Jones was the cause; that he was using his influence to bring into contempt the dignity and authority of this Grand Lodge. I ordered Brother Saxby, the Worshipful Master of Ashlar Lodge, to cause the charges to be preferred against Brother Czar Jones for violating the resolution of this Grand Lodge in forbidding Masonic intercourse with any Mason whose allegiance is due to the Grand Orient of France, or any of its subordinate bodies, found on page 88 of the printed proceedings of 1870.

In obedience to such order charges were preferred against Czar Jones in Ashlar Lodge, No. 91, and after a fair and impartial trial he was found guilty and expelled from all the rights and benefits of Masonry, on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1871.

Thus Ashlar Lodge vindicated the dignity and authority of this Grand Lodge, and demonstrated her zeal for and fealty to the principles of Free Masonry.

An appeal was taken to me by Brother J. B. Owen from the decision of Commerce Lodge, by which he was suspended from all the rights and benefits of Masonry for the term of two years. The charges were: 1, gambling; 2, abusing his wife. He was found not guilty of the first charge, but was convicted of the second. I examined the proceedings in the case, and found them regular so far as affected the merits. The only irregularity committed was: After the conviction and sentence were determined by the Lodge in the proper manner, and he declared suspended, Brother Owen was then conducted within the Lodge, and the sentence was passed upon him by the Worshipful Master. I affirmed the action of the Lodge in suspending Brother Owen.

Brother W. C. Iddings presented charges and specifications in Mt. Hermon Lodge, No. 24, against Brother Wm. Frankish for unmasonic conduct, with two specifications. The Worshipful Master considered them too uncertain and indefinite, and refused to entertain them, and Brother Iddings appealed to me. Upon examination I was satisfied that the specifications were too uncertain and indefinite to apprise the accused of what he would be called upon to defend, and I sustained the decision of the W. M., but without prejudice to the right of Brother Iddings to file new and more definite charges and specifications.

I was notified in April last that Brother A. J. Roberts had appealed to

me from the determination of St. Louis Lodge, No. —, by which he was expelled. I notified the W. M. of that Lodge to send or cause his Secretary to send a copy of all the proceedings to me. I was answered that no appeal had been taken. Proof was furnished me that an appeal had been duly taken and notice thereof given to the Secretary of St. Louis Lodge, of which fact I advised the W. M. of that Lodge. He then informed me that copies of the proceedings had been forwarded to the Grand Secretary; that they were very lengthy, but if I required it he would have another copy made and forwarded to me. I then addressed the Grand Secretary, and learned that no papers had been received by him in the case. I then gave a peremptory order to the W. M. of St. Louis Lodge to cause copies of all the proceedings in said matter to be made and forwarded to me at once, since which time I have heard nothing from him, and have failed to receive the proceedings. I present the whole matter for your consideration.

The first of February last I received an appeal from the Senior Warden, Junior Warden and Senior Deacon of Memphis Lodge, No. 142, from the decision of the Worshipful Master of that Lodge, in refusing to entertain certain charges and specifications presented by Brother J. D. Trumbull. Upon an examination of the papers, I was satisfied* that the W. M. had decided rightly, and dismissed the appeal. The papers are herewith submitted.

DECISIONS ON QUESTIONS OF MASONIC LAW.

During the year there have been presented for my decision over eighty questions upon the subject of Masonic law. The greater number of these have already been settled in this Grand Jurisdiction, and I do not therefore report them.

I have made the following decisions, which I present for your consideration:

1. Relative to the physical qualifications of candidates, I have held them to be disqualified in the following instances:

a. A man totally blind in one eye, the other being good.
b. A man who has lost three fingers and part of the fourth of the right hand.

c. One who has a knee-joint which is only partially moveable, and who is not able to form a right angle therewith.

d. One who has a stiff left knee.

e. A man whose left arm is stiff at the elbow.

2. A Brother who petitions to be admitted to membership in a Lodge, deposits his dimit, and is elected, becomes a member of that Lodge without any further act, and he is bound to render obedience to its by-laws, although he has omitted to sign his name to them. He is liable to pay the dues prescribed, and may be suspended for the non-payment thereof as in other cases.

3. A concurrence of two-thirds of all the members present is required to fix the term of definite suspension. If more than one period is proposed, the vote should be on the longest term first, and if that should fail of the required majority, then on the next, and so on until the term is fixed.

4. When charges are preferred by order of the Lodge, and the Junior Warden is directed to take charge of the prosecution, he is not the *accuser*,

in the sense of the rule that requires both the *accuser* and the *accused* to retire when the vote is taken as to the guilt of the accused. That rule only applies to the case of an accusation made by an individual Brother who is personally aggrieved or injured by the act of the person charged.

5. Article 5, section 12, of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, provides: "Nor shall any member *be permitted* to withdraw from his Lodge, until all his dues to the same are paid or remitted." A member desiring a dimit must first pay all his dues, unless they are remitted.

The payment of his dues is a *condition precedent* to the right or authority of the Lodge to grant permission for him to withdraw from membership. Conditional permission to withdraw from membership *cannot be granted by a Lodge* to take effect on payment of dues, for this would be to make the payment of dues a condition *subsequent* to the authority of the Lodge to grant the permission, instead of a condition precedent, as required by the Constitution.

6. A candidate who has been elected to receive the degrees of Masonry in a subordinate Lodge of a sister Grand Jurisdiction, and before receiving the first degree removes to this State, can not have the degrees conferred on him here, on the ground of finishing the work of another Lodge. He must proceed here as if never elected there.

7. Article 5, section 2, of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, prescribes of what a subordinate Lodge shall consist. To authorize a Lodge to work or transact business, there must be a constitutional number present. It follows that there must be at least eight members present to legally open a Lodge, and proceed to do work or business.

8. A member of a Lodge has the right at any time during the progress of a candidate, from the time he petitions the Lodge until he receives the third degree, to object to his further advancement. Such objection may be taken in two ways. First, if the objecting member be present at the time of balloting, by depositing the black ball; second, by objecting to the advancement of the candidate, either in open Lodge, or by filing objections with the Worshipful Master.

He need not state his reasons. He need not prefer charges. He is answerable only to his own sense of duty; and the candidate can go no further until the objection is withdrawn or waived, or in some way removed.

An objection made in writing and filed with the W. M., or stated in open Lodge, has a more extended effect than the black ball. For if the ballots are not clear, the candidate who has received the first degree may apply again at any regular communication and another ballot taken, and if found clear he can then be advanced. But when an objection is stated or filed, it stops the further progress of the candidate until it is withdrawn, waived, or is removed.

The charter of a Lodge should always be present in the Lodge-room when the Lodge is convened for work or business. Its presence is as essential as a constitutional number of Masons, or the three great lights.

AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION.

It is a well settled principle of our Masonic institution that a candidate rejected by one Lodge cannot apply to be made a Mason to any other Lodge than the one in which he was rejected.

This principle has its foundation in the fact that the great body of the Masonic family is a unit, and that when material is once rejected by the workmen as unfit for our Masonic temple, none but those who inspected it and pronounced it defective are competent to apply the working tools to it when again presented. When presented to others, the defects might be covered up or concealed so as not to be discerned, and hence it has ever been held that those who rejected it are best qualified to say whether the defect longer exists. Experience has proved that when a candidate who has been rejected in one Lodge has been made a Mason in another Lodge, without the unanimous consent of the Lodge rejecting him, he has proved a turbulent or troublesome member among us.

I make these remarks for the purpose of calling your attention to article 5, sec. 6, of the Constitution, which provides that "No Lodge shall initiate a candidate who does not reside, and has not resided, six months within the jurisdiction of said Lodge, or who has been within one year previously rejected by another Lodge, unless recommended by vote of the Lodge in which he was rejected, or from whose jurisdiction he shall hail."

This apparent departure from the true principle was noticed by this Grand Body, and instead of amending the section, they gave it a legislative construction, clearly inconsistent with its terms.

Standing resolution No. 38, of this Grand Lodge, provides "that sec. 6, of art. 5, of the Constitution does not permit a Lodge to recommend the initiation of a rejected candidate in another jurisdiction, but only permits a Lodge to reject such candidate to another Lodge having concurrent or the same jurisdiction." Thus we have the Constitution providing for and permitting one thing, and the edict of this Body another and diametrically opposite thing.

I have been permitted to examine the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Maine on this subject. It provides: "No candidate whose application may be rejected by a Lodge shall be initiated in any Lodge under this jurisdiction other than the Lodge which rejected him, unless the Lodge recommend him to another Lodge by a unanimous vote—the vote to be taken by the secret ballot. And if any Mason knowingly assist, or recommend for initiation, to any Lodge whatever any candidate rejected as aforesaid, except as aforesaid, such Mason shall be expelled from the institution."

The Grand Lodge of New York, at its last session, amended her Constitution so as to require unanimous consent.

I recommend that sec. 6, of art. 5, be amended so as to read as follows: "No Lodge shall initiate a candidate who does not reside and has not resided six months within the jurisdiction of said Lodge, or who has been rejected by another Lodge, unless recommended by the unanimous vote of the Lodge in which he was rejected, or from whose jurisdiction he shall hail, such vote to be taken by the secret ballot, and at a regular meeting."

MASONIC LITERATURE.

The importance of a Masonic journal which shall be the organ of the Grand Lodge and its officers, is apparent. The Masonic Digest, by R. W. Brother H. M. Look, has justly come to be appreciated in this and other jurisdictions, and has become a text-book upon the subject of Masonic trials.

It ought to be not only in the possession of every Lodge, but in the hands of every well informed Mason.

I recommend that the whole subject of Masonic literature be referred to a committee.

TENURE OF REAL ESTATE.

At our last communication the Grand Master, Grand Visitor and Lecturer, Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer, were appointed a committee to present to the Legislature a bill for passage amending the act of incorporation of this Grand Lodge, to enable it to hold the estate of subordinate Lodges in trust, and to effect insurance thereon.

Soon after the closing of our last annual meeting, I addressed a line to each of the other members of the committee, requesting them to meet me in Lansing for the purpose for which we were appointed. At the time named I repaired to the capital, but for good reasons the balance of the committee failed to meet me. I received letters from a majority of them, advising me of their inability to attend, and wishing me to proceed in their absence.

Accordingly I drafted a bill amending the act of incorporation and embodying the features reported by the committee who had the matter under consideration at our last communication.

This bill was presented to the Legislature by Brother Romeyn, Senator from this city, and was passed, and has become a law.

To carry into effect the object of this law, necessary books for records and convenient blanks should be obtained. The committee have prepared a code of by-laws and regulations to govern the affairs of the corporation, and its action to be had in connection with the business interests of subordinate Lodges, which will be presented to the Grand Lodge for their consideration.

DUES.

There is one regulation in our subordinate bodies that has been the source of fruitful trouble. I allude to the subject of dues. Of comparatively recent origin, it has been adopted as a necessary means of raising funds to meet the contingent expenses of the Lodge.

Each Lodge fixes the amount which its members are required to pay annually, ranging from one to five dollars. The result is, either from absence, or carelessness, many of the Brethren neglect to pay their dues promptly, and often two, three, and even seven years pass without payment, thus affecting the resources of the Lodge, and increasing the liability of the Brother, and finally, as a last resort, charges are preferred, and the Brother is expelled. The question that presents itself is this: Can there be no plan devised by which this onerous burthen, often so unhappy in its results, can be avoided? I think a solution of the whole difficulty can be found in the plan adopted by Kilwinning Lodge, U. D., of Detroit. In this Lodge no dues are exacted. Their fees for conferring the degrees are forty dollars. Ten dollars of this sum are set aside for a fund for permanent investment, which at ten per cent. produces one dollar annually as interest. This interest is used in paying the contingent expenses.

I recommend the subordinate Lodges in this jurisdiction to adopt a by-law: First, that any member who is clear of the books shall be, on paying

to the Lodge the sum of ten dollars, forever thereafter exempt from paying dues to the Lodge; second, that where the fees charged for dues are fixed at twenty-one dollars, they be changed to thirty-one, and that, on receiving the third degree, a certificate be given each Brother to the effect that he, having paid to the Lodge ten dollars, is forever exempt from the payment of dues.

Their by-laws should further provide for the investment of the funds thus received, so that it should be both safe and productive. The amount to be paid would of course be fixed by each Lodge, having regard to the sum necessary to be raised for contingent expenses.

In pursuing this course, the money once paid continues to earn the annual sum in lieu of dues, for all time, even after the Brother who paid it has passed to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," thus producing to the Lodge a lasting benefit.

As this plan, if adopted by the subordinate Lodges, would involve certain business transactions in the matter of investing the funds, and as Lodges have no legal existence as persons competent to contract, it would be necessary that it should be done through certain individuals, members of the Lodge, and chosen by it as trustees.

Should the recommendation here made meet the approval of the Grand Lodge, then I advise that a committee be appointed to prepare the proper instructions to subordinate Lodges, with forms for appointment of trustees, to invest the funds, etc., to enable them properly to carry these recommendations into effect.

GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.

The visit of the Right Honorable the Earl De Grey and Ripon, Grand Master of Masons in England, at the City of Washington, was made the occasion by the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia of tendering to the M. W. Grand Master of England a banquet. Invitations were extended to the Grand Masters of the several States. Owing to business engagements, I was unable to attend.

The welcome given to the distinguished guest was calculated to awaken a warm feeling of friendship between the Fraternity of the two countries. I herewith present to you a communication from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, inclosing the resolution passed by the Grand Lodge of England, and request that a committee be appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of your sentiments in response thereto.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY OF THE GRAND LODGE }
OF F. & A. M. OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, }
WASHINGTON, July 1, 1871. }

To the Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons of the State of Michigan:

M. W. SIR AND BROTHER.—I am directed by the Grand Master of Masons of the District of Columbia to forward to you the accompanying letters and resolution, recently received by him from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England, and to request that you will lay them before your Grand Lodge.

Fraternally yours, NOBLE D. LARNER,

Grand Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREE MASONS' HALL, LONDON, W. C., }
 June 10, 1871. }

Chas. F. Stansbury, Esq., Most Worshipful Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of the District of Columbia :

M. W. GRAND MASTER.—I am commanded by the M. W. Grand Master of England, the Right Honorable the Earl de Grey and Ripon, K. G., to inform you that at the Quarterly Communication of the Grand Lodge of England, holden on Wednesday, the 7th of June, it was resolved to offer the sincere thanks of the members of that Grand Lodge to the Masons of the District of Columbia and of the United States, for their cordial reception of Lord de Grey, as Grand Master of England.

By the next mail I hope to have the pleasure of transmitting the resolution in due form. In the meantime I have the honor to be, M. W. Grand Master,

Yours truly and fraternally,

JOHN HERVEY, G. S.

FREE MASONS' HALL, LONDON, W. C., }
 July 13, 1871. }

Chas. F. Stansbury, M. W. Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of the District of Columbia :

M. W. GRAND MASTER.—By Book Post I have the pleasure to forward to your address, by command of the Earl de Grey and Ripon, K. G., M. W. Grand Master of England, the resolution alluded to in my letter of the 10th instant, and shall feel extremely obliged if you will lay the same before your Grand Lodge.

I have the honor to be, M. W. Grand Master,

Your very obedient servant and Brother,

JOHN HERVEY, G. S.

RESOLUTION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

At a Quarterly Communication of the United Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of England, holden at Free Masons' Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 7th day of June, 1871, the Right Honorable the Earl de Grey and Ripon, Most Worshipful Grand Master on the Throne, it was proposed by the V. W. Brother Aeneas I. McIntyre, Grand Registrar, seconded by the R. W. Brother Henry Robert Lewis, Acting Deputy Grand Master, and

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of England, having heard from the Most Worshipful Grand Master a gratifying account of the cordial and fraternal welcome given to him by the Freemasons of the United States of America, seizes the earliest opportunity of tendering its most sincere and heartfelt thanks to the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and to the other Grand Lodges and Brethren of the United States, for their very hearty and enthusiastic reception of the Earl de Grey and Ripon, Most Worshipful Grand Master, as representing the Grand Lodge and Free Masons of England.

DE GREY & RIPON, G. M.
 JOHN HERVEY, G. S.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS.

Notwithstanding the adverse action of this Grand Body taken last year upon the appointment of District Deputies, I take the liberty of again pressing the subject upon your consideration, and ask that it be further considered by you.

There are now about three hundred Lodges. It is impossible for the Grand Visitor to visit each of these Lodges annually, even though he should devote his whole time to that purpose. Yet, on account of the changing of nearly all of the offices annually, nearly every Lodge should be visited each year. The system of District Deputy Grand Masters has been adopted by a number of our sister grand jurisdictions, and has been found to work well, and those evils which the committee who had this subject under consideration at our last meeting have not been realized through the workings of the systems there. I bespeak for this subject a careful investigation.

And now, Brethren, as my term of office is about expiring, I take this opportunity to express to you my heartfelt thanks for the great honor your partiality has conferred upon me. As the honor is indeed great, so also great is the responsibility which the position imposes. If my ability has been commensurate with my zeal for the cause of Masonry, you will have no cause for complaint. I have given to the discharge of my official duties my best endeavors. The work I have done I submit for your inspection. To the officers of this Grand Lodge, the Past Grand officers and the members of the Fraternity, who have so kindly assisted me in the discharge of my various duties, I owe a debt of gratitude. My official relation with you must cease at the close of this session. I have no desire to retain this position longer. We have many among us who would adorn the station, and, as it is one solely of honor, it should be enjoyed by as many as possible.

If my actions shall meet with your approval, I shall be but too glad. The honors you have been pleased to bestow upon me I shall ever cherish and seek to preserve among my dearest treasures.

J. W. CHAMPLIN,
Grand Master.

SECTARIANISM.

THE most sectarian people we have ever met have been those who prated most against sectarianism, as the most dogmatic of the sects, are the ones who profess to have *no* creed, because, forsooth, they have no written articles of association. And we are sorry indeed that among the Masonic Fraternity this rule has no exception. The individual who seeks admittance to the columns of every Masonic publication in the land to give vent to his pent-up spirit of hostility against every sect save his own, is the most dogmatic sectarist of our times, and writes with the least of that charity which thinketh no evil. His spirit toward those who chance to differ with him is as acrid as sulphuric acid, and as explosive as nitro-glycerine!

We need hardly inform our readers that we allude to Mr. Jacob

Norton of Boston, some of whose communications we printed about a year since, but a majority of which we refused, and sent back to their author. The readers of our journals can form no just conception of the bitterness of this writer toward his opponents, from the fact that only the mildest of his productions are printed. Having some ability as a writer and always complaining of persecution from the leading Masons in and about Boston, he appeals to Masonic publishers for opportunity of defence of himself and his down-trodden principles. As Masonry is tolerant, and knows no man by his wealth or honors, our Masonic editors and publishers are apt to heed the importunities of Mr. Norton, and consent to print at least a few of his articles; but as a rule a few only, and experience teaches us that the fewer the better, as the influence of these compositions is always to stir up discord among brethren.

We are led to write thus because one of our ablest Masonic editors is at this very time permitting Jacob Norton to publish in the columns of his paper a series of *very sectarian* articles against sectarianism. Four of these articles have already appeared, the last of which is before us, in which the writer labors hard to make it appear that the early Christians were rascals, and lying and deceiving the sanctioned maxims of the Christian Church for some ages past! The manner in which this absurd argument is conducted, would make Thomas Paine blush, and yield up the palm to Norton. Mosheim in his ecclesiastical history has been frank enough to concede that professed Christians, or rather the monks of the Catholic church, had deceived and lied in their "enthusiastic frenzy" to aid the church, therefore the Christian religion teaches her votaries to deceive and lie! What an astounding argument! What a rational, logical conclusion! Of course it could not be turned against the Jews? Let us see. Moses, the Jewish Law-giver, in recording the history of the Hebrew patriarchs, gives it impartially, and in so doing notes how Rachel, the most esteemed wife of Jacob, stole the images of Laban, and secreted them when pursued, and *deceived*, and shall we say *lied* unto her own father, when he was searching for them? (See Gen. Chapt. xxxi; verse 34. And as we peruse the history a little further do we not read of the inhumanity of the brothers of Joseph in selling him into captivity, and of their *deceiving* and *lying* unto their father, when exhibiting the coat of Joseph, stained with blood, saying, "*This have we found*: know thou whether it be thy son's coat or no." If such was the scandalous conduct of the earlier Jews, and if their favorite historian and prophet has given us *such* a record of the acts of the Jewish patriarchs, how is it possible that Jacob Norton, the immaculate truth-loving Jacob Norton

can tolerate either Jews or Judaism ! Why should he, when he writes down the whole system of Christianity as false, because some monks, in the dark ages, are represented as holding that it was admissible to lie in behalf of their church.

In the article before us Jacob Norton assails bitterly the persecutions which Jews receive, even now, at the hands of Christians. He represents that children are taught to call Jews "*Christ Killers,*" and that pettifoggers before juries constantly prejudice the cause of justice, by harping on the fact that the opponent is a *Jew*, etc., etc. To this we can reply, from our own experience, that it is utterly untrue. We number among our best friends quite a number of Hebrews. For twenty years we have dealt extensively with houses the proprietors of which were Jews. Among the patrons of this journal are many of the Jewish Faith. Many of the most wealthy merchants in every village and city of the West are Jews. They are neither persecuted nor dishonored on account of their religion. And these wholesale charges against Christians are both false and unmasonic, and should not be allowed to mar the pages of a journal or paper devoted to the interests of the Craft. And we wonder that so able and judicious an editor as is our worthy Brother John-W. Simons, should permit such scurrilous articles to appear from week to week in his paper. It is refreshing to receive lessons on toleration from a man so full of bitterness toward his Christian neighbors that in his every article against sectarianism and in favor of toleration, Christian ministers are denominated "*Rev. Man-worms !*"

After becoming more acquainted with Jacob Norton we do not wonder that he finds himself in unpleasant company with our leading Masons. We do not wonder that he absents himself from Masonic Lodges, and calls Grand Masters and Masonic editors the worst names he can find in the vocabulary of Billingsgate. We do not wonder that he would remove the Bible from Lodges, and quench the Great Light of Masonry. But we do wonder that he cherishes any love for the Order, and that he is eternally writing about it. And we wonder most of all that those who know him well, will impose on their Masonic readers, especially those who entertain any respect for the Christian religion, by publishing an article so full of vituperation and calumny as the one before us, headed "*WHAT IS SECTARIANISM? AND WHAT IS TOLERANCE?*" Can our Worthy Sir Knight of the *New York Dispatch* give a reason for publishing such scurrilous attacks upon the Christian religion? As for us we would not mar the pages of this journal by printing an article that would call a Jewish Rabbi, a Mahometan priest, or even a Pagan priest, a *Rev. Man-worm*.

THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

THE United States, upon its geographical surface, presents a complete net work of railroads, which sends the traveler from point to point, and from extremity to extremity with almost lightning speed. But the traveler knows nothing of the luxury of travel until he strikes the line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. Many circumstances combine to render this road the most comfortable and commodious channel of travel in the United States, as well as a favorite road with habitual travelers.

The first of these circumstances is, that the principle length of the road runs over a surface naturally adapted to the purpose of railroad construction, being a level route through the most fertile and beautiful district of the northwest, which has been brought to the highest state of agricultural perfection by the scientific skill and industry of the farmer, and marked by beautiful villages and prosperous cities, by the enterprise and wealth which the natural resources have invited and stimulated into active operation. Hence, from Cleveland to Chicago by the route of the old line, and the air line from Toledo, including the Kalamazoo branch to Grand Rapids, there is not the same length of railroad in the United States that can claim equal advantages, of the kind mentioned above, with this road.

Another circumstance is that this road so well constructed, from the beginning, through the experience of its managers for so great a length of time that it has been in operation, has been, in its management, brought to the most perfect system of discipline. This system embraces what may be properly divided into fiscal, dynamical and moral discipline. The first of these embraces simply its financial economy; the second, every department of its mechanical operations, from the supply of pens and pencils to employés, to the running of its massive trains of freight and superb palatial passenger coaches; while the last relates entirely to the moral conduct of the employés. No person need to apply for employment on this road who cannot present some recommendation of sobriety and integrity. Inebriation not only forfeits the place of the employé, but the confidence of the company.

Another circumstance is the system of promotion of employés adopted by this company, which comes under the head of its moral management. This system respects only the merits, good conduct, and peculiar qualifications of the subject of promotion. While this

rule is constantly presenting incentives to sobriety, morality, fidelity and industry to the employés, it is, at the same time, educating and qualifying those in the lower grades of employment for higher and more responsible positions.

It is a fact that those who now fill the highest positions and discharge the most onerous and responsible duties of this company, commenced at the foot of the ladder, and have gradually, with the highest aims and most earnest purposes, worked their ways, by merit, to the highest round.

Another reason for the great success of this company is the system it has adopted of dividing its management into a general and subordinate superintendencies. The general superintending being under the supervision of Mr. Hatch, who, from his office at Cleveland, overlooks the management of the entire road, while Mr. Curtis, with his office at Adrian, has charge from Toledo to Chicago, and Mr. Charlesworth, whose office is at Kalamazoo, has the management of the branch from White Pigeon to Grand Rapids.

Either of these gentlemen, especially Mr. Hatch, the General Superintendent, are capable of taking charge of the most complicated railroad management in the United States, for there is not a piece of machinery, an incident, an accident, an emergency or a circumstance in any department of railroading that they are not, from their own experience, familiar with.

Another circumstance in favor of this company is the sumptuous passenger cars, with every provision for comfort and safety, gently swaying over the smooth and well kept iron rails. The traveler leaving the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio road, and striking the Lake Shore road, feels as if he were rocked in a cradle, and wonders at the change, the ease, the speed, the ventilation, the cleanliness, the splendid cars, the pure air, the polite, the well dressed and cheerful conductors and brakemen. Yes, there is a marked change when the passenger feels himself once more at home on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern cars.

Another circumstance, and one of great importance in giving character to this road is the class of men to whom it commits the conduct of its passenger cars. No traveler entering the cars, for the first time, can overlook the fact that those conductors are no ordinary men, and must be deeply impressed with the fact that they are capable of filling positions of high responsibility. Men whose high characters are deeply impressed upon their countenances.

Who that takes his seat at Toledo, in the Michigan Southern cars for Chicago, gets fairly under way, and sees Sears with his pleasant but

thoughtful countenance, or Bennet with his cheerful and benevolent expression, or Smith with his polite and gentlemanly face, or Clark with his smiling business-like aspect approaching him for his ticket, that does not at once perceive, not only the gentleman, but the man of deep thought, high purposes, and noble impulses?

Such men impress themselves upon the traveler not only as railroad conductors, but as friends, friends of such marked individuality that one feels a regret at leaving them. Their genial presence, their general courtesy, their kindness and humanity in particular instances, and their broad whole-souled character which speaks in every word and action, go far in making the road upon which they are employed a favorite among travelers.

Upon this road there is not a conductor employed that is not entitled to as high commendation as either of those above mentioned. The writer would not be insidious in mentioning the above to the exclusion of others, but while he knows every conductor, and feels himself indebted to each for some especial kindness or courtesy, he is ignorant of their names, though not of their countenances.

Would that all railroads employed only such men!

On the Kalamazoo Division of this excellent road, we find Morrison, Cole and Marshall as conductors, who are so well known for their courtesy and kindness, their stability and probity, and their spirit of politeness and accommodation as to require no commendation. In the short time this branch of the road has been in operation, they have now the favor of the traveling public.

GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN.

THE annual communication of the Grand Lodge of this Jurisdiction was held at the Opera House, Detroit, convening on Tuesday, January 9th, and closing on Friday, the 12th inst. Its sessions were most harmonious, and the results of its deliberations will prove to be in our judgment, highly beneficial and satisfactory to the Craft.

M. W. J. W. Champlin presided in the E. with dignity and ability.

We propose to notice only the more important proceedings.

In the matter of tenure of real estate and other property by subordinate Lodges, the committee appointed by the last Grand Lodge reported that the necessary legislation had been secured; and reported, also, a complete set of By-Laws, Rules and Forms to aid and regulate the Lodges in this most important matter. It will be understood by the Craft, that under this new law, whenever Lodges see fit, their titles

to property, real and personal, and the insurance on the same, may be vested in the Grand Lodge, as *Trustee*, for the use and benefit of the subordinate. The Grand Lodge, being incorporated, can sue and be sued, and do all else that may be necessary to protect the legal rights of its subordinate without, in any way, endangering the interests of Masonry.

In our last number we expressed the fear that this legislation had not been secured, but in this we were mistaken. Our mistake was owing to the fact that the amended act of incorporation of Grand Lodge was contained in volume 3 of the Session Acts, which, at the time of our writing, had not been published.

We congratulate the Craft on the successful inauguration of this plan in this Jurisdiction, and also on the fact that the Grand Lodge of Michigan is the first to devise a plan which protects, at once, the interests of Masonry and the property rights of Lodges.

The M. W. Grand Master reported the receipt, by himself and others, of \$6615.87 contributed by the Craft, at home and abroad, for the relief of Brethren, in this Jurisdiction, who suffered from the late fires. Of this sum, \$4602.15 was expended under direction of the Grand Master, leaving \$2013.72 unexpended. To this unexpended balance the Grand Lodge voted to add a contribution of not more than \$2000, the expenditure of which was entrusted to a special relief committee, of which M. W. P. G. M. Lovell Moore, of Grand Rapids, is chairman. The contribution of Grand Lodge would have been made larger, but for the fact that very many of the subordinate Lodges had already contributed liberally for this purpose. The heartfelt thanks of the Grand Lodge were unanimously voted to the Grand and subordinate Lodges and Brethren of other Grand Jurisdictions for their fraternal and liberal assistance to our needy Brethren in Michigan.

A committee on the revision of Grand Lodge constitution was appointed, whose work will be reported by circular to the Lodges during the coming autumn, so that final action on the revision can be taken by the next Grand Lodge. The committee to whom this important business was entrusted, consists of W. Bro. Dr. Foster Pratt, of Kalamazoo, chairman; R. W. H. M. Look, of Pontiac, and W. Bro. A. G. Hibbard, of Detroit. Such of the Craft as are acquainted with the high qualifications of the Brothers composing this committee need no assurance that their work will be well done.

The proposed amendment of the Grand Lodge constitution to require *three* black-balls to reject a candidate for membership, was lost—lost by a nearly unanimous vote.

Several proposed amendments of the constitution were referred to the Committee on Revision.

For the decisions of the Grand Master, on questions of Masonic jurisprudence, we refer our readers to his very able address, (printed in this number,) with this remark—they were all sustained by the Grand Lodge.

The visit of Earl de Grey and Ripon, Grand Master of England to the United States, during the past summer, received the notice that a Masonic event, of such importance, demanded; proper action also being taken by Grand Lodge in response to the fraternal recognition by the Grand Lodge of England of the courtesies tendered by American Masons to the English Grand Master.

The M. W. Grand Master and R. W. Grand Orator of Ohio, visited the Grand Lodge, were received with the grand honors, and remained throughout the entire session.

We are proud to be able to say that the MICHIGAN FREEMASON was, by an almost unanimous vote, made the organ of the Grand Lodge, and the medium through which all the grand officers will communicate with the body of the Craft in this grand jurisdiction. For this favorable consideration we tender our heartfelt thanks to the officers and brethren composing the Grand Lodge, and pledge renewed zeal and untiring efforts to make our journal worthy to be the organ of the 20,000 Masons of Michigan.

Henry Chamberlain, of Three Oaks, was elected M. W. Grand Master, and Hugh McCurdy, of Corunna, R. W. D. G. M.

Our new Grand Master is too well known as a man and a Mason to need any introduction or recommendation. His administration of the Masonic affairs of this jurisdiction will be marked by prudence, wisdom and zeal. We are also glad to be able to say that he is ably seconded and assisted in all the subordinate stations.

In conclusion we repeat the remark of an old and intelligent Mason: "It was the most pleasant meeting of the Grand Lodge I ever attended."

ENDORSEMENT BY GRAND LODGE.

THE Grand Lodge, at its recent session at Detroit, gave THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON the following hearty endorsement:

To the M. W. G. M. of Grand Lodge of F. & A. M. of the State of Michigan:

Your Committee would respectfully report that they have had under consideration that portion of the Grand Master's address relat-

ing to the subject of Masonic Literature, and concur in the wish expressed that there should be some ably conducted journal which should serve as well as an organ of this Grand Lodge, and as a means of intimate communication between the Grand Officers and the subordinate Lodges throughout the State.

“THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON” has heretofore received the approval of this Grand Body, and your Committee would recommend it to the patronage of all Masons. We are assured that the publishers will use every effort to improve its character and make it a credit to the Fraternity.

The establishment of this journal was attended with difficulties which would by many have been regarded as insurmountable, and at present nothing but constant effort and personal sacrifice enables the enterprise to be carried forward. Such a support as the Fraternity in this jurisdiction can give such a journal, would enable the publishers to send out a publication that would be at once our credit and pride. We would urge upon our Brethren to give it a cordial support, and would recommend that the G. M. make it the organ of his public communications to the Craft.

(Signed) A. T. METCALF, }
 A. G. HIBBARD, } COM.
 J. W. FRENCH, }

This had a tendency to stir up the bad blood of James Billings & Co., the present managers of *The Mystic Star*, who resented the action of the Grand Lodge by printing the following scurrilous slip, pasting on the cover of their publication, and strewing the seats of the Opera Hall therewith :

TRUTH IS A CARDINAL PRINCIPLE IN MASONRY.

In the December issue of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, on page 288, it is asserted that : “ it is the only Masonic Journal published in Michigan.” The proprietors declare that “ it is *reliable*, and should be in every Masonic family.”

Now for the truth. *The Mystic Star* has been published in the city of Detroit since October last. And one of the proprietors of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON was in our office and learned that fact. If falsehood “ *is reliable*,” and is what Masonic families need, we have nothing to say.

In the October number of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON we find “ *A Caution to Michigan Freemasons.*” It called for a reply, and one

was sent ; but the conductors of that journal have chosen to cover up their wanderings from the truth by silence.

The Mystic Star was purchased of Bro. Chaplin, when a large proportion of subscribers were in Michigan ; and its claim is first, and not second, to the Brotherhood of Michigan ; and it is hoped that they will be slow to believe all that jealousy prompts the proprietors of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON to publish, until both sides are presented. In due time *more light* may be forthcoming for the candid consideration of the Michigan Fraternity.

This soon produced a feeling of the most profound indignation, and called out the following RESOLUTION OF CENSURE :

Resolved, That the slip attached to the December number of *The Mystic Star* is contumacious, and insulting the dignity of this Grand Lodge.

We here note a few facts which we *can prove* beyond dispute.

1st. When the December number of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON was issued, its publishers knew nothing whatever of *The Mystic Star* being printed in Detroit.

2d. No publisher of this Journal was ever in the office of *The Mystic Star* in Detroit, knowing that fact.

3d. The publishers of this Journal received a Caution to Michigan Freemasons, sent by the former publisher and proprietor of the *Star* to Bro. Ihling, with a request that it be printed, as an act of justice to him, and safety to Masons in this Jurisdiction. It was printed in the love of justice and truth.

4th. The publishers of this Journal have received nothing worthy the name reply to said Caution.

5th. When *The Mystic Star* was purchased of Bro. Chaplin, it had not a thousand subscribers, all told, and nearly all these were in Indiana and Illinois.

6th. When this Journal was started, James Billings was not the proprietor of the *Star*, having sold his interest therein to Rev. Gentlemen McLish & Hanna, of Chicago.

7th. Brother Chaplin never sold the State of Michigan to any one, nor did he ever pledge himself in any way not to revive *The Ashlar*, or start THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON. No such pledge was ever made or implied.

8th. The publishers of this Journal have too much regard for the cardinal principles of Masonry to pen such false and slanderous paragraphs as those appended to *The Mystic Star* and rebuked by the Grand Lodge.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT U. S.

OFFICIAL ORDER NO. 2.—*Grand Encampment of Knights Templar, for the United States of America.*

SIR J. Q. A. FELLOWS, M. E. GRAND MASTER.—*To all our Grand Officers, the Grand Commanders of our State Grand Commanderies, and the Commanders of Commanderies holding Charters immediately from our Grand Encampment—Greeting :*

WHEREAS, At a stated meeting of our Grand Encampment, held at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1871, the following amendments to the constitution of the Grand Encampment having received the concurrence of three-fourths of the members present, were declared adopted, and proclaimed as a part of the constitution, and are now officially promulgated as in force for your government and the Sir Knights under your respective jurisdictions.

Done at New Orleans, this 10th day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.

BY THE GRAND MASTER.



Attest my hand and the seal of our Grand Encampment, at Iowa City, Iowa, this 10th day of November, A. O. 753.

THEODORE SUTTON PARVIN,
Grand Recorder.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

I. To modify the second paragraph of Division 1, Section 5, Art. I. (specifying the duties of the Grand Master,) so as to read, after the word "following," thus :

"To appoint a Grand Prelate, Grand Standard Bearer, Grand Sword Bearer, Grand Warder, Grand Captain of the Guard, to serve during the term of the office of the Grand Master making the appointment."

Adopted September 21, 1871.

II. Add to Sec. 1. Art. II. (of the Constitution of State Grand Commanderies) as paragraph third, following the word "members," in the eighth line, the following :

"The first nine of whom shall be elected by ballot, and the remaining four officers, tenth and thirteenth inclusive, shall be elected or appointed as the Grand Commandery may direct."

Adopted September 21, 1871.

III. Add to Sec. 5. Art. II. (specifying the duties of the Grand Commander) as paragraph five, next immediately before the last, the following :

“ During the recess of his Grand Commandery he may suspend from the functions of his office any officer of the Grand or Subordinate Commandery, or arrest the Charter or Warrant of a Commandery ; but, in neither case shall such suspension affect the standing in the Order of such officer, or his membership in the Commandery. And he shall report his action in full therein to the next Conclave of the Grand Commandery for its final action.”

Adopted September 21, 1871.

IV. Add to Sec. 1. Art. IV. (specifying the “ Fees, Dues, and Finances,” as paragraph first, the following :

“ The State Grand Commanderies, in such manner as they may respectively determine, shall annually collect, and pay to the Grand Recorder of the Grand Encampment, an amount equal to five cents for each Sir Knight returned as a member of their respective Subordinate Commanderies, at the meeting of the Grand Commandery preceding August the first in each year. This fund with the returns of the Grand Commandery as required in Art. II., Sec. 5, Division 4, shall be forwarded to the Grand Recorder of the Grand Encampment, on or before the first day of August in each year.”

Adopted September 21, 1871.

NOTE.—The delay in issuing this Order arose from the fact that I submitted it to several officers, and past officers, as well as the authors of the several amendments, for their revision, as the minutes were of such a character that I could not determine satisfactorily whether I had deciphered them correctly or not. They are published as corrected by the board of revision.

December 15, 1871.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AGENTS WANTED.—The publishers of this journal are desirous of having a good, efficient local agent in every Lodge in Michigan. The W. M. of each Lodge is requested to act, and to them our circulars will be addressed. But in case the W. Master of a Lodge cannot accept the agency, will he please turn over the circulars to such Brother as he may commend to represent us? THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON is made by the Grand Lodge the official organ of Masonry in this Grand Jurisdiction, and should be in the hands of every Mason who

would be posted in the doings of the Craft. No journal can equal in interest a home one. We hope to have the active coöperation of our Brethren to such an extent that our patronage may be increased to five or six thousand. Then we shall have the means necessary to make our publication what it should be, by employing the best talent in the country, at a fair compensation. Brethren, now is the time to act. Let us speedily have clubs of from ten to twenty forwarded from each Lodge in the State.

WHILE at Grand Lodge we made our home with Brothers E. & F. Lyon, the gentlemanly proprietors of the Michigan Exchange, and from personal observation as well as "lawful information," we can vouch for this excellent hotel. It was filled to overflowing throughout the session, and large numbers had to be turned off for want of room. As this is the largest hotel in the State, the reader may judge that Masons were numerous at the Exchange during the recent session of our Grand Bodies at Detroit. Among the notables we may mention Grand Master Champlin, of Grand Rapids; J. Eastman Johnson, P. G. M., of Centreville; Grand Master Newcomb, of Ohio, and Dr. W. A. Alfred, G. S. W., of Galesburg. We heartily commend the Exchange to the public. And in this connection we would also name the Gregory House, at Ann Arbor, kept by our worthy Brother E. M. Gregory, as a first-class hotel in all its appointments.

WE are glad to hear of the prosperity of Brother Reynolds, of the Masonic *Trowel*, who recently lost his office and everything pertaining thereto in a devastating fire. He is at work again, and the *Trowel* is even more attractive than formerly. It is one of our very best publications.

THE *Voice of Masonry* we have not seen since the great Chicago fire. We understand that it is out again, and we should be glad to receive it in exchange. Brother Bailey lost very heavily, and is entitled to the sympathy of Masons everywhere, especially in Illinois.

A LARGE amount of editorial matter is crowded out of this number of the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, on account of the great length of Grand Master Champlin's excellent address, which we hope every Mason in Michigan will read and profit thereby.

WE hope every brother who is indebted to us for subscription to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, will pay immediately, as we need the money, and are bound to make our journal one of the best in the United States.

THE *Mystic Star* was published, or rather *printed*, at Elgin, and lost nothing in the fire.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—FEBRUARY, A. L. 5872.—NO. VIII.

SQUARE THE YARDS.

BY JOHN W. SIMMONS, P. G. M.

WE have now fairly entered upon the New Year, and it may be presumed, are buoyed by the hope that its events may be of a more cheerful and satisfactory character than those of its immediate predecessor. We are like the persons on board a ship which—just leaving port—find themselves out upon the broad ocean; the land sinks from view and there is nothing about them but sky and the restless billows of the sea. They know that they have a destined port in view, but whether they will ever reach it is a question. Whether they will have fair winds and a prosperous voyage, or whether they will encounter storms and dangers they can not tell. In the protecting care of Heaven, and in the sagacious attention of their captain and crew, lies their hope of safety during the journey. So with us. We have all professed our belief in God, and in the wisdom of his Providence, and to be consistent, we must be prepared to accept in the spirit of submission to his will, the adverse as well as the prosperous, the bitter as well as the sweet, and to agree that this will, not ours, shall be done. Nevertheless it does not follow that we are to sit down with folded hands, and quietly await what Providence may send us, for, if we do, we may be tolerably sure that our little ones may want bread, and we ourselves be clothed in much less splendid style than the lillies of the field.

The obligation to labor has rested upon man ever since the garden was closed upon Adam, and as he went forth to get his bread by the sweat of his brow, so to-day the obligation rests upon us all high and low, rich and poor, to acknowledge our humanity by participating in the duty of the time, and doing our share each according to his means

in the great work which is before us. Like the householder in the parable, humanity has work to do not only in the earlier hours of the day, not only at the sixth and ninth hour, but even at the eleventh, and not one of us may be justified in standing all the day idle because no man hath hired him. We have been hired from the very moment of our birth, and our task has been allotted to us though we knew it not.

Always and ever the Lord of the Vineyard has waited for us to engage in the work. and when the hour of final rest arrives, we shall be entitled to wages in the proportion that we have faithfully and earnestly borne the heat and burden of the day.

We have now finished the work of the year which has just been added to the long, long past; we have chosen the brethren who by our will are to be our office bearers and representatives in the year now current; we have saluted our Masters with the honors due their station, and entered into an obligation to faithfully work and cheerfully obey their direction, and the question presents itself: "Shall we endeavor to fulfill this pledge, or shall we suffer the work to do itself as best it may, and our Masters to carry out the designs on their trestleboards by their own energies, and without our assistance?" The progress of our lodges and of Masonry in general, will very much depend on the answers we may give to this question. Many brethren, to judge them by their acts, seem to think that when they have cast their votes and exhausted their influence in favor of the candidates deemed by them best fitted to hold official station, they have done all that can reasonably be required, and that the lodge ought to be able to get through the year without further trespass on their time and attention. Others, again, think that they are like Iago, "Nothing if not critical," and they seem possessed with the idea that if they do not find fault and carp at everything done, the lodge will go to the dogs, and Masonry fail of its mission. Both classes are wrong. One is too good, the other is not good enough. Constant fault-finding will generally end in breeding discontent, unless, perhaps, in a lodge composed exclusively of angels, the number of which, in this jurisdiction, is not overwhelmingly large. So, on the other hand, the habitual neglect of the brethren to attend the meetings of their lodges, the tendency to shine by absence, and to illuminate any East but their own, is not only discouraging to the rest, but a positive neglect of the most solemn sanctions men can take upon themselves.

Nothing can well be more unfair than to place men in office and then leave them to fight their way through the year as best they may; nothing more unjust than to represent one's self as anxious to partici-

pate in the labors of the craft, to obey its useful rules and regulations, and to be of service to one's fellow creatures, and then step aside and leave the work for some one else to do, yet every observant Mason must be convinced that perhaps in no respect do we so often come short of our duty as in this. It seems to be taken for granted that the officers of a lodge will always be at their posts, and that hence the members may stay away without any special detriment to the lodge, or the well being of the craft. But the obligation of the Master and other officers to be at their lodge meeting is no stronger or more binding than that of the members, and if as a general thing they should do as so many of the brethren do, and having been elected and installed, leave the rest to the chances, we find it difficult to perceive in what way they can be made the subject of greater blame than those who hold no office, but yet have voluntarily promised to labor for the completion of the Temple. Now is a good time to turn over a new leaf on this subject, and to mark out a new path to follow, that by such following Masonry may be made to flourish in our hands, and the world at large be more fully convinced of its good effects. Now is the time to grasp the trowel with a firmer hand, and to spread more effectually the cement of brotherly love and affection ; to awaken the apathetic, to encourage the zealous to be instant in season and out of season in hewing, squaring and numbering, in trying and shaping the blocks and fitting them into the walls of the building that Masonry may have honor, and the Great Master Builder be glorified in the labor of the sons of light. Masonry was never in better standing with the community at large than as this time ; it never had larger numbers of adepts, or so much work for them to do.

The times were never more propitious for good work than at present, and the wind never set fairer for a good year's work than in this, the beginning of 1872. Man the ropes, brethren and square the yards to catch the breeze, and move onward in the path of duty. To many of us the end of this year will not come ; we shall fall by the way and others take our places and keep our memories.

Already in the Western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools and part upon the square.

Let us so live and so labor that come the summons when it may,
we shall

“— be translated from the earth,
This land of sorrow and complaint,
To the all perfect lodge above
Whose Master is the King of Saints.”

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The cloud that overshadowed and oppressed Charles Preston had passed away. The serious, almost melancholy expression of his countenance which he had so long worn, gave place to one of earnest cheerfulness and elevated thoughtfulness.

The intimacy that now existed between Preston and Miss Wilson, contrasted with that suspicious shyness that had hitherto separated them, presents a singular metaphysical phenomenon. Formerly every effort of both was to conceal from each other every thought, emotion and impulse. Now they could not disclose to each other enough of their inner being. To each other they laid open their hearts. For every well remembered word, and every action towards each other formerly, they found now, a pleasure in disclosing each secret motive. They dwelt upon the pain each disappointment had caused them. They laughed together over each suspicious fear that the other had discovered the secret anxiety, and the true sentiment for each other, that they scarcely dared to acknowledge to themselves. They wondered how it could be that they did not discover each other's love, for now it was so plain and easy to see its manifestations in their past conduct, when their attention was directed to it.

Eda told Charles all about her effort to abjure him, and to persuade herself that she did not love him; and how she knelt to take an oath never to speak his name again. Tears came into her eyes as she told him how her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth and refused its utterance, and how, instead of an oath to abjure him, she made a solemn vow to marry none but him.

They found a thousand things in the history of their brief acquaintance to recount and to repeat. Each of these was a new and particular pleasure to both. Each brought with it touching reminiscences, and often revived pangs of anguish which grew out of hopeless love.

The morning of life is replete with mysteries. The youth, because he has not had the experience of a life, regards every new development of being as a wonder, and a wonder peculiarly his own, or, alone applicable to him. Everything is new to us when, for the first time, we recognize it. Every new impulse startles us. Every new emotional development demands our investigation. In youth

we are dissatisfied with everything. We want something to bring life up to our expectations of it; what is lacking we do not know,—still we are waiting for it, whatever it may be. We shut our eyes to all our surroundings and exclaim in bitterness of feeling, "life is dark." We do not see the beauty that is presented to our vision, because we will look at the shaded side of the objects of beauty.

At length beauty develops within us—we dream of beauty. We regard every object in life now with reference to its beauty. This sensation of beauty day by day is impressed deeper and deeper into our nature. Harmony is sought in every thing we see, and every thing we see is weighed and measured with respect to harmony, symmetry beauty. This symmetry of thought, this harmony of sensation arouses a want that we did not feel before, or, feeling it did not comprehend; this was the whole demand of our nature: and this is companionship; for, there can be no harmony without companionship; and it was the discordant notes of life, the inharmonious rhythmical connections which we fancied that awoke our distrust and made all dark around us. But, when we have discovered the method of looking upon the bright side of circumstances and of the incidents of living, the shadows, and the dark side are invisible because they are turned from us.

Under this new phase of life with its beautiful interpretations, we appear to change our nature. We see beauty where before it did not exist, or, if it did, our vision overlooked it. While we wonder at this change, we forget that we are now looking for beauty in every thing, that our purest impulses, and our sanctified inner being are out-seeking flowers, while, before, our grosser being was dragging us down to grovel in the dust, in darkness and the spirit of dissatisfaction and complaining. As soon, however, as we feel the want of companionship the veil is lifted from the mystery of life, and we see in ourselves and our fellow-beings the reflections of each other, in our eternal combination of beauty and harmony.

Charles Preston and Eda Wilson understood themselves and each other, clearly now. Before they did not. The worm that feeds upon foot-stalk does not foresee that it will mount upon pointed wings, when the chrysalis has changed to the butterfly, and revel in the odorous flower cups.

After Preston's interview with Mr. Wilson in the library he left the mansion of the Banker and slowly returned to his boarding-house. He found the Countess and several other of the boarders in the large parlor.

Preston, shortly after his entrance, retired to his room. He could not sleep. He paced his room until long after midnight.

Nervous, and impatient for the dawn, he descended to the street, and paced up and down the pavement in front of the boarding-house for half an hour.

Tired at last he seated himself in the little portico over the main entrance to the building. Although physically weary, he could not compose his thoughts. He could not reconcile himself to the new discoveries in the philosophy of life, which presented objects under a new light, in new attitudes, and in a new point of view.

In this new life to which he had so suddenly, and so unexpectedly awakened, he could perceive, starting up around him, new duties, new obligations and new relations, which served to link him the more closely, and to bind him the more intimately to his fellow-man.

His line of duty, in view of these, he endeavored to foresee and to mark out definitely. But this mental process he found very difficult. We can not, with certainty, anticipate and prepare ourselves for the discharge of particular duties and obligations in the distant future. We must await them, and, when the hour to meet them arrives, study well their relation to other duties and obligations, and adapt our conduct to the discharge of the whole. We cannot discharge a duty until we know what it is. We cannot know what it is until we can weigh and determine how far its emergencies are interwoven and connected with other important duties.

We can not individualise, at a distance, a single ear of the ripened harvest, and still we thrust in the sickle and bind up the golden sheaves, when we begin the labors of the husbandman.

Still Preston was happy. He remembered, with pride and ambition how Eda excelled as a house-wife, and the sacrifices she had made to acquire the accomplishments which were the pride of her father. He smiled as he fancied her seated at the old-fashioned loom which was then only in use in the country, from morning until evening beating up the threads of linen into web, as he had so often seen his mother do.

And, then, he fancied her in the employment of preparing the butter for her father's table, with an expression of deep concern and laudable anxiety that every thing she did should be worthy of her best efforts.

At last a dreamy stupor stole over his senses. His mind went wool-gathering in the entangled mazes and mysticisms of dream-land. He and Eda traversed together the mossy banks of bright waters, but the young Countess Mont Martre was ever by their side. They turned

to the flowered walks of a magnificent garden, they trod its lovely paths and the Countess was still beside them plucking and presenting the richest flowers, weaving rich bridal wreaths and crowning his bride with them. They entered a magnificent temple of pure white marble with the sacred word "Home" inscribed in an arch above the entrance; they were met at the threshold and welcomed by the Countess Mont Martre. A bright rainbow arched over the earth; hand in hand they ascended to its very apex where they met the Countess. And still it did not seem strange to him in his dream, but as if she was a necessary part of it.

His vision changed. A cloud came over his dream. In the darkness that followed, he heard the clank of chains and fetters. In the uncertain light he saw Henry Leddington dragged in irons before him, and his miserable Sire chained, like a beast of prey, in a dark dungeon, where he gnawed his own flesh in anguish.

A breeze as cold as winter swept over him and he shuddered with the cold. Suddenly a bright and golden light burst before him and beamed in his face. He felt its warmth upon his forehead. It grew still warmer and still more intensely bright. Eda sat beside him. The Countess Mont Martre stood near him, and reaching forth her hand laid it upon his forehead. He suddenly aroused and sprung to his feet, clasping the hand of Madam Mont Martre in his as he awoke.

He had fallen asleep in the portico. The sun had arisen and shone full in his face. In this situation Madame Mont Martre found him, and laid her hand upon his forehead which awoke him.

What is a dream? Who can tell? Ye pious ministers of divine truth, why do you not tell? Do you know? If you do, you ought to answer this question; if you do not, then are ye unskilled in your vocation, for you profess to concern yourselves with the science of the soul. Here, then, in dreams, is a physiological phenomenon from the solution of which you shrink. Are ye incompetent? Then go back to the fountains of reason and study science. Are ye afraid of the truth? Then lay away your mitre, your ephod and your sacerdotal office, as recreant ministers of truth.

What is a dream? What say ye, ye physiologists? Ah! indeed; you say the brain is awake while the body is asleep. That is a very easy and a very adroit method for lazy thinkers, empirical and ignorant pretenders to get rid of the most wonderful phenomenon resulting from the combination of mind and matter. Are you afraid of bringing the clergy and the church down upon you if you give further answer? Where will it lead to, if we admit more? Do you ask? It matters not where it may lead to, what consequences may follow it

upon established systems, if it only lead to truth. Should an investigation of this wonderful phenomenon overturn the established philosophy of physiology, it can do no harm, so far as it develops truth.

What is a dream? Can you tell, ye metaphysicians, who have made the human mind a life-long study? Is it a sufficient answer to this question to say that the brain wakes while the body sleeps? Are you, too, afraid to admit more? Is not the brain a part of the body? What is the soul if it be not the mind? Is not the body the dwelling place of the mind? Is not the mind an individual, intellectual organization, so far independent of the body as to leave it when every physical sensation is closed and hushed, and, while the body lies a mere breathing corpse, alike unconscious and helpless, does not, in this condition, the mind, the soul, the spirit (not the brain) wander off among flowery paths and beautiful waters?

It is no reply to this to say, that if we admit this theory, it may lead to the most disastrous consequences in our religious convictions and their established theories. Our religious convictions are worth nothing if they are wrong, or based upon a misapprehension of the truth. The Holy Fathers of the church wrote it down in their systems, that men had souls, but, that the lower orders of the animal creation have not. Animals, say they, have only instinct, man has mind. If the possession of intellect is evidence of the soul, then the animal has the same evidences of intellectual attributes that marks the human family.

Instinct can not be educated; mind can. There can be no education without reasoning. How then can the horse, the dog, the elephant and others of the animal kingdom, all of which, are, in a state of nature, without domestic instincts,—how, it is asked, can they be brought to comprehend all they are taught by man in a civilized state? Because they reason. They have mind. They have souls. Their minds, like man's, when the brain sleeps, arouses, shakes off the clog of clay, and roams unfettered by mortal parts.

This question "What is a dream?" challenges the untiring investigation of the psychologist, the anthropologist, the physiologist, the metaphysician, the moralist and the casuist. What is a dream?

Charles Preston entered the house with Madame Mont Martre.

They found most of the inmates assembled in the large parlor.

The Abbe Imbert approached Charles and taking his hand pressed it warmly as he asked:

"Have you heard our good news from France?"

"Indeed, I have not," replied Charles.

"The tyrant Murat is dead! murdered by the hand of the avenger. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay.'"

“What were the particular circumstances of his decease?” inquired Preston.

“A young girl, a native of Normandy, of the name of Corday, Charlotte Corday, traveled from her distant home to Paris to deliver her country from the rule of a tyrant; she obtained access to him under pretence of delivering important papers to him. When she found herself alone with him, at one blow she stabbed him to the heart.”

“I rejoice at the prospect of a deliverance of the French people from the tyrannical abuse of power, but I can not rejoice at the method in which this deliverance is likely to be brought about,” returned Preston.

There was a glow on the pale cheek of the Abbe as he replied.

“Hath not the Lord said, ‘an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,’ my son, and, wilt thou object when He, in carrying out His wise purposes among men, chooses his own instruments?”

“By no means, Pere Imbert, but it is the instrumentality I question, not the divine purposes,” answered Preston.

“Canst thou doubt the instrumentalities against the decisions of our Holy Mother church?”

“Pardon me Abbe Imbert,” replied Charles, bowing politely to the Rev. Father, “Pardon me, sir, but I can, and do doubt and question every thing that is not self-evident to my mind. This unfortunate young lady who assassinated Murat, will undoubtedly suffer the penalty of murder on the guillotine——”

“Pardon me Monsieur, for the interruption, but she has already been beheaded,” interposed Colonel Perrault.

“Indeed! is justice then so swift in France, or are the people only mad? Monsieur Abbe what, now, becomes of your divine instrumentalities? God uses Mademoiselle Corday to kill Murat, and the headsman to kill His instrument. How is this? Can he not protect His instruments from Jacobin inhumanity in Paris? Such a thought impeaches his power. Will He not protect His passive instruments. This thought impeaches His goodness and His justice. Pardon me, Father, but I have a higher reverence for the divine nature than Holy Mother Church indicates, and can not sympathise with such unreasonable theories, as these dogmas enunciate.”

“It is written on every page of nature’s book, notwithstanding the text you have quoted, ‘an eye for an eye, &c.,’ that he who kills his fellow-man is a murderer, although the act may be authorised by law and sanctioned by a judicial tribunal.”

“My son, I will withstand thee in this heresy and refute thine argument,” resumed the Abbe Imbert, “It is written in the holy

scriptures 'whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Take that divine command in connection with the divine declaration 'vengeance is mine, and I will repay,' and doth it not appear, plainly, that the executioner is an instrument of the divine vengeance?"

"It may so appear to you, perhaps, Father, but it does not so appear to me," answered Charles Preston, and continued, "You will remember that in this view the executioner assumes the divine attributes of the Infinite, through and by virtue of a human tribunal. 'Vengeance is now with the Lord,' but your human tribunal contradicts this divine assumption, and says 'Vengeance is mine.' Now which of these contending parties, the Infinite, or the human tribunal is right?"

"I do not plainly see the point, my son," said the Abbe Imbert. "please put thy proposition a little more clearly."

"There are four fundamental objects in the infliction of all penalties," said Preston. "They are as follows: First, the vindication of the majesty of the law; second, the protection of mankind from crime and its consequences; third, the reformation of the criminal, and fourth, restitution to the injured party, or to society if society be the sufferer. These embrace the vindicatory, the primitive, the reformatory and the remedial elements of punishment.

"Society, through its legitimately constituted tribunals can have plenary authority to do any act which society could do in an aggregate capacity, but society cannot delegate the divine attribute of vengeance to its instruments, its tribunals or its executioners; for, vengeance is the Lord's, and, is not within the reach of society to dispense to its creatures.

"No human power can have the right to execute a judgment which it cannot reverse, and render full restitution for its consequences. should it, after the judgment, and execution, discover that the judgment was erroneous.

"When a judicial tribunal discovers, (as they often do,) that the victim of the law whom they have decapitated, or hung by the neck until he was dead, is innocent, and has suffered cruel murder at the hands of the law, how can the judgment be reversed? How can the innocent martyr to this cruelty be restored to life, and reinstated in his rights of life, limb and liberty?"

"Suppose, however, that the victim is not innocent, that he acknowledges himself guilty of deliberate murder; what are we to do with him?"

"Let him expiate his offence with his life upon the gallows or the guillotine?" answered the Abbe.

“Would you send him with his hands red with his brother’s blood, unshrined, into eternal torment?” said Preston. “Would not that be a contumacious assumption of the Infinite? a doom of eternal punishment? is it not enough to take the life of the victim of the law, but would you also assume to plunge his soul into the torments of the damned? do you claim this right for a human tribunal?”

“My son, I would not. Here ensues the functions of our holy order. It is our duty, as the ministers of mercy, to visit the convicts in their prisons, present the holy cross and to deliver their souls from the chains of sin. Our vocation is to prepare them for this great change, and, through our mediation to present acceptable sacrifices to our heavenly Father until He is satisfied with the propitiation, pardons their offences and places them on His right hand, washed from their sins and healed from their corruption, as it was with the thief on the cross with the blessed Son. My experience teaches me, that, through our holy offices, but few die on the gallows who are not accepted of the Father and at once enter into the joy of their Lord.”

“In that case,” said Preston, “why kill him then? if he be prepared for heaven, certainly he ought to live upon the earth. The ends of punishment could be better subserved by restoring him purified and sanctified to society, to become a useful member, and, by good deeds, to compensate for the evil he had done. If he be harmless after thus having received pardon from the Most High, certainly there is no motive to kill him for the safety and protection of society. The law has been vindicated by his apprehension, his conviction and his retribution. What, then, is to be gained by killing him, and depriving society of another worthy member?”

“‘An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth’ saith the Lord,” replied the Abbe.

“‘Whoso smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn him the left, also,’ saith the Son of God,” answered Charles.

“My son,” said the reverend Abbe, “thou seest with the temporal eye, and cannot clearly understand those hidden things which only the spiritual eye seeth and comprehendeth.”

“I only desire to see with the eye of reason, my reverend Pere, and, conceding that it is right to kill a bad man, my reason does not indicate why society should kill a good man under any circumstances. The reform of the offender is one of the philosophical reasons for punishment, what is gained by the reform, if as soon as the object of the punishment is attained, you kill the reformed?”

The disputants were summoned to the breakfast table, by Madame Druilliard, to which they adjourned.

"I have news for you, Madame Mont Martre," said Charles as he bowed to her, and took her arm as together they left the room after completing the morning meal.

"Indeed!" said the Countess, smiling, "you please me, very much, by telling me so; how much more I shall be pleased to hear the news?"

They paced the large parlor, several times, to and fro together, without another word being spoken, the Countess, at every turn looked up into Preston's eyes with an air of inquiry. At last she asked:

"Why do you not tell me your news?"

Preston looked down at the Countess and laughed pleasantly as he said:

"I do not know how to begin."

"What has happened?" asked the Countess.

"Why do you think anything has happened?" asked Charles.

"I do not know, but I think something strange has happened, or you would not appear so strangely. Come, now, tell me, what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened."

"Then why do you laugh?"

"Because I think of what is yet to happen."

"Then it must be pleasant to cause you to laugh."

"It is pleasant."

"Then let me participate in your pleasure, for you know your pleasures are also mine."

"You speak more like a wife than a sister."

"Still I feel more like a sister than a wife."

"You are a dear charming sister."

"I am so pleased to hear you say that, it seems so to come from a brother's heart."

"Now, how shall I tell you my good news!"

"Is it a great secret?"

"Not to you."

"Then, just tell it."

"Well I will. Before next Christmas the banker's daughter will be my wife."

"Oh! I am so rejoiced. O, I am so happy. It is such good news—it makes me so happy. Did I not tell you so? Your news makes me so glad. You will be so happy now. Your beautiful wife

will be my sister. I will come to you, and live with you, and your wife shall love me, for I shall be so kind to her that she must love me”

“Alas! alas! I have lived all this long life alone! The sisters were so cold and insensible; they were like forms carved out of solid rocks. Their smiles, if they ever smiled, were like the flowers we see frozen in the ice. Their touch was like frozen icicles—their voices like withered bows that have no freshness—no joy in them. Ah! this religion in which I was so rigidly disciplined is a great destroyer of the cheerful sun-shine of the heart. I know that God does not desire his creatures to mortify themselves, and make themselves unhappy. I know He is pleased when we are happy.”

“My dear sister, Father Imbert will reprehend you for such thoughts.”

“He may reprehend, perhaps, but that is all he can do. I care not for his reprehensions. I hate the religion that aims to suppress and to subjugate the heart’s highest and purest impulses—that casts dark clouds upon its innate joyousness—that erects as standards, for the young and the innocent to imitate and emulate, the penitent old sinner groaning in darkness and sorrow under a burden of remorse. It is religion to be glad and joyous—to be pleased with everything—to be pleased with ourself, with our neighbor, with our friend, with every one, and always to be pleased with God, and not afraid of Him. If we be afraid of God, we must hate Him, for we cannot love things we are afraid of.”

“It is religion to be all the time anxious to do something very good—something that will make us very happy.”

“I told Father Imbert, a month ago, that I would not be a Roman Catholic any more, and would not go to mass, nor confessional. He scolded me, very much, and said you, my dear brother, had imbued my mind with vile heresies. I told him that my rigid and unnatural schooling in the cloisters had disgusted me very much, by its imprisonment of both body and soul.”

“Last Sunday I went, all alone, to hear a Presbyterian preach. The preacher was a descendent of the Huguenots and preached in very good French.”

“And how were you satisfied with the Presbyterian doctrine?” asked Charles.

“Ah! the Presbyterians must be very bad people. They all looked very wicked, and dark; their countenances appeared to be cast in pot metal without a cheerful line, or a redeeming smile. The elders looked to me like so many convicts for the gallows. There was a living horror imprinted on each face, that made me turn from

them. But, when I heard the minister expound their faith I did not wonder, any more, that they looked so bad. Such a doctrine would make any one bad at heart. Why do you believe it? the preacher said that every one was bad, and that mankind was corrupt by nature—that there was no good in us—that we all deserved endless punishment at the hands of a just God—that our own good deeds could avail us nothing, and that if God dealt justly by us we would all be punished. That at most, He might, of His own free grace, save a few of us.”

“Was it not horrible? We know better, do we not, my brother? We know God is not the bad Being these Presbyterians would present Him. They must be very bad people. I do not wonder that they look so awful; I am not surprised that they hate their fellow-creatures when they hold such a bad opinion of them.”

“I hope you will hold a better opinion of this sect, when you become better acquainted with the professors of this peculiar creed. You will find many good men and women disciples of this doctrine. They are not so bad as their doctrine would imply. Repulsive, unreasonable and uncharitable as is their rule of faith, many are truly pious, love their fellow-creatures and do good unto all, notwithstanding their conduct, in so doing, is in open contradiction of their faith.”

“But, about your wife, I must meet her. I cannot be still until I embrace her, and call her my sister. It will be so sweet to have a sister as well as a brother.”

“Oh! this cold, this stormy life of loneliness has been so long, so dark and so dreary. I had no one to touch my cheek with the lips of friendship—to breathe the breath of affection across my brow—to touch my heart with the sweet tones of love—to take me by the hand and say ‘arise, my sister, and rest thy head upon my bosom.’ But now the sunshine comes and makes my pathway joyful—flowers spring where grew the thorns and thistles; I stand between my brother and my sister, and hear a sacred word ‘home’ whispered from above as if angels stooped from the golden portals away up in heaven to send it down to earth.”

Her eyes filled with tears, she trembled and leaned her head upon Preston’s breast and wept aloud. Preston placed his arm gently around her waist and supported her. She took Preston’s hand and resumed:

“You will continue to be my brother, and she shall be my sister, shall she not?”

“It shall be so,” said Charles, thoughtfully, a new anxiety arising in his mind.

“And your house shall be my house, shall it?”

"It shall be so," replied Preston.

"Bless you for that word! now I am so happy! How I have stood at the humble cottage doors, and envied the lot of the simple peasant, because under that thatched roof was home to him—the allegory of home, while for me earth had no home."

"My dear sister, I tremble."

"Why do you tremble?"

"You love me."

"Yes I love you, oh! how truly and how sacredly I love you!"

"My marriage with the banker's daughter will make you unhappy. You would be my wife."

"No never; if you were the last man and I the last woman that could not be. I love you as a brother, and cannot be happy separate from that sacred thought that you are such.

"But, I could not be your wife. Every thought, every emotion and every impulse revolts at such a thought. Yet it is sweet to be your sister, and, as such, to dwell with you and your beautiful wife."

"You shall be, my sister; you shall dwell with me and my beautiful wife, and she shall love you," said Preston, parting her hair, and and pressing his lips to her forehead.

"Ah! a match! *un affaire du coeur!* a marriage—fairly caught!" shouted a voice at the other end of the room, and, turning, they saw Madame Druilliard approaching, all smiles, with a hand extended to each. She congratulated Charles and the Countess. She said it was just as it should be—that their *fiancailles* would give pleasure to the whole household.

It was in vain that either Charles or the Countess attempted to explain the true relation between them.

Madame Druilliard waited for no explanation, but, telling them that their secret was safe with her until she was authorized, by them, to speak of it, she hurried out of the room, and left them alone.

Charles and the Countess separated. She went to her room, Preston to the bank.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT NUMBER.)

A new Masonic Temple is in contemplation for the city of Elmira, N. Y., in which the following Masonic bodies are expected to take a very important part in the construction: Union Lodge, No. 95, and Ivy Lodge, No. 397, with a joint membership of about six hundred; Elmira Chapter, No. 42; Southern Tier Council, No. 16; and St. Onier's Commandery, No. 19. So says the *N. Y. Courier*.

THE SIGN OF DISTRESS.

'Twas a wild, dreary night, in cheerless December
 'Twas a night only lit by a meteor's gleam;
 'Twas a night, of that night I distinctly remember,
 That my soul journeyed forth on the wings of a dream;
 That dream found me happy, by tried friends surrounded,
 Enjoying with rapture the comforts of wealth;
 My cup overflowing with blessings unbounded,
 My heart fully charged from the fountains of health.

That dream left me wretched, by friendship forsaken,
 Dejected, despairing, and wrapt in dismay;
 By poverty, sickness, and ruin o'ertaken,
 To every temptation and passion a prey;
 Devoid of an end or an aim, I then wandered
 O'er highway and by-way and lone wilderness;
 On the past and the present and future I pondered,
 But pride bade me tender no sign of distress.

In frenzy the wine-cup I instantly quaffed at;
 And habit and time made me quaff to excess;
 But heated by wine, like a madman, I laughed at
 The thought of e'er giving the sign of distress.
 But wine sank me lower by lying pretenses,
 It tattered my raiment and furrowed my face,
 It palsied my sinews and pilfered my senses,
 And forced me to proffer a sign of distress.

I reeled to a chapel, where churchmen were kneeling,
 And asking their Saviour poor sinners to bless;
 My claim I presented—the door of that chapel
 Was slammed in my face at the sign of distress!
 I strolled to the priest, to the servant of Heaven,
 And sued for relief with wild eagerness;
 He prayed that my sins might at last be forgiven,
 And thought he had answered my sign of distress.

I staggered at last to the home of my mother,
 Believing my prayers there would meet with success,
 But father and mother and sister and brother
 Disowned me, and taunted my sign of distress!
 I lay down to die, a stranger drew nigh me,
 A spotless white lambskin adorning his dress;
 My eye caught the emblem, and ere he passed by me
 I gave, as before, the sign of distress.

With godlike emotion that messenger hastens
 To grasp me, and whisper, "My brother, I bless
 The hour of my life when I learned of the Masons
 To give and to answer your sign of distress.
 Let a sign of distress by a craftman be given,
 And though priceless to me is eternity's bliss,
 May my name never enter the records of Heaven
 Should I fail to acknowledge that sign of distress.

—*Mackey's National Magazine.*

ADDRESS BY GRAND HIGH PRIEST HUGH M'CURDY.

OFFICERS AND COMPANIONS—, Coming as you do from the subordinate tribunals and working Chapters of our jurisdiction, and knowing each throb and pulsation of the great heart of Masonry, you meet again upon the threshold of a new convocation, to survey its progress and unite your counsels for its future welfare. The cycle which brings you again in general consultation, proclaims that another year has been harvested to eternity; but whether the stores garnered by you in the field of our Companionship, during its revolution, have been for weal or woe is now to be considered by you, as stewards of a great and exalted charity. In the olden theocratic governments it was wisely taught that man's necessities required not only fixed periods for rest, but also fixed times for reflection. Animated, then by the spirit of love and fraternity, and forsaking for a time the cares of daily avocation and the comforts of home you come up here in a spirit fragrant with the blossoms of love and the flowers of obedience, to give such direction to united labors as will continue to strengthen the bonds and increase the usefulness of our beloved order. Not in the spirit of the old Egyptian do you come up to this temple to bow down to the idols of Isis, nor yet like the haughty Roman, whose love it was to worship at the sceptre of the Cæsars; for you have come imbued with "Faith in God, Hope in Immortality and Charity to all Mankind"—that you may legislate for our common brotherhood, to the end that additional strength and vitality may be given to an institution which has accomplished for man more true glory than was ever reflected upon Egyptian altar-fires or the halo that sparkled from the jewels of Cæsar's crown. Into your hands, Companion legislators, is entrusted the continued welfare of our order. We have built a gorgeous temple whose foundation, if well guarded, must endure until "the last syllable of recorded time." Upon its golden altars let the ruder and darker shades of humanity be mellowed into light, and around the pillars which sustain the edifice let there be engraved, in letters of living fire: "This our

mission and this our work—to refine society and cultivate man's moral and power—to strengthen our faith in the great law of compensation, giving divinity to hope and eternity to time." For these splendid results, which the instrumentality of man has brought about, and upon which we may look with such admiring affection, it becomes us always to lay the tribute of our fervent gratitude at the foot of that throne, whose Almighty occupant has nourished our weakness into strength, and rendered harmless the darts of detraction; and let us, with these thank-offerings, send up earnest petitions to our good Father, gushing warm from the heart, that His protecting arm may never be withdrawn, but that in his all-wise counsels it may be ordained that our beloved order shall still advance in its hallowed mission of Faith, Hope and Charity.

CONSTITUTION OF NEW CHAPTERS AND INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.

Immediately after the close of our last Grand Convocation, the constitution of new Chapters and the Installation of officers demanded my attention. The following named Chapters were constituted, and their respective officers installed by my proxies, as follows:

By M. E. A. J. Wiggins, Ithica Chapter, No. 70.

By R. E. John H. Smith, Milford Chapter, No. 71.

By M. E. Ethan Brown, Calvin Britain Chapter, No. 72.

By R. E. Leonard H. Randall, D. G. H. P., Hooker Chapter.

No. 73.

By M. E. Charles H. Brown, P. G. H. P., Decatur Chapter.

No. 75.

By M. E. William L. Greenly, P. G. H. P., Morenci Chapter.

No. 77.

To these Grand Officers and Most Excellent Companions I return my cordial and fraternal thanks for the kind assistance which they have rendered me in performing these labors of love, and for the encouraging reports which they have made to me of the high standing and exalted worth of the Companions under their charge.

On the 16th of February I constituted Almont Chapter, No. 76, and installed its officers, and witnessed work in all the degrees, which was done in a truly commendable manner, and was in all respects good work, true work, and such as we are authorized to receive.

On the 17th of February I constituted Mt. Clemens Chapter, No. 69, and installed its officers in public. Before the installation, a public address was delivered by Companion Rev. E. R. Clark, of New Haven, which was well received. Here I also had the pleasure of witnessing work on all the degrees. This Chapter carries its work

plumb, and among its members are the best men of the place, noted for their intelligence, moral worth, and true devotion to the ancient land-marks of our order. In their custody a copy of the Book of the Law is safe.

In constituting these two Chapters I was accompanied by M. E. Williams, E. Smith, H. P. of Genesee Chapter, who rendered me valuable assistance, and for this act of true, fraternal benevolence and devotion to the craft I return him my kindest regards.

On the 7th of June I visited Alpena, constituted its Chapter and installed its officers. I remained with these Companions two days, and had the pleasure of seeing them work on all the degrees. It was an excellent hall, its members are well skilled in the royal art, and although in a great measure isolated from us, it speaks the same mystic language with as much ease and purity as if it were within convenient hailing distance. Its craftsman's work will never be thrown over among *the rubbish*.

NEW CHAPTERS.

During the past year I have granted six dispensations for the formation of new Chapters, located at the following named places :

On the 4th of March, I granted a dispensation to Isaac A. Shingledecker, High Priest ; Asa Kingsbury, King ; Charles W. Clisbee, and a constitutional number of Companions, to form and open a Chapter at Cassopolis, to be called Cassopolis Chapter, No. —.

On the 21st of March a dispensation was granted to Cornelius Deitz, High Priest ; Henry G. Rotherell, King ; William McLeneran, Scribe, to form and open a Chapter at Au Sauble, to be called Iosco Chapter, No. —.

On the 25th of May a dispensation was granted to Myron Rider, High Priest ; John Lewis, King, and Morton Shearer, Scribe, to form and open a Chapter at Greenville, to be called Greenville Chapter, No. —.

On the 6th of July a dispensation was granted to Bela Cogshall, High Priest ; Daniel Seeley, King, and Theodore W. Lockwood, Scribe, to form and open a Chapter at Holly to be called Holly Chapter, No. —.

On the 7th of July a dispensation was granted to Andrew J. Kinne, High Priest ; J. B. Peters, King, and M. Yeater, Scribe, to form and open a Chapter at Colon, to be called Colon Chapter, No. —.

On the 6th of November, I also granted a dispensation to Earl T. Church, High Priest ; Sylvester Collins, King, and Daniel P. Sagen-

dorph, Scribe, to form and open a Chapter at Charlotte, to be called Charlotte Chapter, No. —.

These several applications for new Chapters were accompanied by such proper vouchers and recommendations as are required by the provisions of the Constitution, and recommended by the Chapters nearest the places where they were to be located. The several petitions, recommendations and certificates, upon which I granted these dispensations, are herewith submitted for your inspection. The Companions to whom they have been issued will submit for your consideration and approval the work done by them, and applications will be made for charters at your hands as permanent Chapters ; which request I respectfully recommend be granted.

Thus I have recited in brief the gradual advancement and increasing strength of that benign influence which under the fostering care of our Royal Art, is being felt and acknowledged in every section of our State—introducing strangers among workmen to aid and assist in rebuilding the house of the Lord. And so in every part of the civilized globe our ancient institution is keeping rapid step with the advancing prosperity and the intelligence of the age in which we live. In its noble career of beneficence, its gentle blessings continue to disarm prejudice and silence slander—crushing sectarian bigotry in its mighty tread, and firmly establishing a proud claim to pre-eminence among those whose duty it is to soften the asperities of life and lead hope to brighter gleams of eternal sunshine. From this proud eminence upon which our institution now stands we can witness the development of its work and the practical fruits of its mission. Harmony and brotherly love prevail throughout its borders, and not a zephyr disturbs the surface of its moral field. The truth of its principles, the purity of its work, and the eminently practical nature of its operations, taking the victorious past as our guarantee, will in the long future continue to wed to its fraternal ranks the wise and good of all conditions in the family of man.

OFFICIAL VISITS.

Article XIV, of the by-laws of the Grand Chapter makes it the duty of the Grand High Priest to examine the work of the Chapters, and to the utmost of my ability, I have endeavored to obey its mandate. Under this injunction I have officially visited the following named Chapters:

On the 15th of February I visited Peninsular Chapter, No. 15, at Detroit, and witnessed their work in the P. M. and M. E. M. degrees, which was exceedingly well done, and assured me that its officers were fully conversant with the ritual, as they did "good work."

On the 21st of February, in company with R. E. A. J. Sawyer, Grand Scribe, I visited Capital Chapter, No. 9, at Lansing, and was pleased to witness the R. A. degree conferred in a beautiful and impressive manner, in which M. E. Companion Chapman proved himself well skilled in architecture and the different arts and sciences; while his P. S., Companion Davis, acquitted himself with equal excellence. In every respect the hall may be said to be a *capital* one, and a credit to the capital of Michigan.

On the 13th of July, by special invitation I visited Genesee Chapter, No. 29, at Fentonville. Here the workmen conferred the R. A. degree in a superior manner—M. E. Companion Colbrath acting as High Priest, M. E. Companion Wm. E. Smith as P. S., and Companion Thomas E. Padley as C. H. These Companions are among the foremost in teaching our symbolic rites with a zeal and sublimity that makes a deep impression never to be forgotten. Wherever you find the work of Genesee Chapter, you will find it "square."

On the 14th of August I visited, by request, Gate of the Temple Chapter, No. 35, on Lake Superior. The Companions of this Chapter were exceedingly anxious to have the Grand High Priest visit them and inspect their work, which had never before been officially inspected. They expressed the assurance that such a visit would do good; and, though they were entitled to it, under these circumstances I deemed it especially my duty to visit this Chapter and assure it that this grand body cherished its offspring in the copper regions of the north with the same affections that it did those in the southern peninsula of the State. I prolonged my visit with the Companions two days, and witnessed work on all the degrees, and was highly pleased to find their work of the first order. M. E. Thomas D. Meads is an excellent ritualist and performs his work with great correctness—the introduction of strangers among the workmen being done by the P. S., R. H. Breisford, in a manner which I have never seen equalled. In the performance of this sublime ceremony there was a natural ease and fluency, which suggested to the mind the grace and dignity of a gentleman of culture, strolling through his pleasure grounds with a party of friends, to whom he fascinatingly explains, as he passes along, the rare beauty of tree and flower, and the culture of every shrub. I refer to this fact with more than ordinary pleasure, not only as an incentive to exertion on the part of others, and a generous spirit of emulation, but to render to true merit its just reward. It is also the special pride of the "Gate of the Temple" to fully observe every law, rule and edict of the Grand Chapter, and any Companion visiting it will always find a hearty and fraternal welcome.

On the 16th of August I visited Marquette Chapter, No. 43, also on Lake Superior, which has been dormant since the destructive fire of 1866, when nearly the whole of their beautiful city ("the Naples of the Lakes") was destroyed. I have resuscitated the Chapter, officers have been elected, and it is now at work. It has good rooms for its meetings, a new set of regalia and robes, and its members, among the best and most substantial citizens of Marquette, are esteemed for their moral worth and strict integrity. I passed a very pleasant evening with the Companions of this Chapter, and inspected their work, which I had no hesitancy in pronouncing correct. From the known intelligence and zeal of the craftsmen, I am confident they will send up no work but such as has passed the overseer's square, and has been pronounced good work and true.

While on Lake Superior I should have visited Ontonagon Chapter, but learned masonically at Hancock that the officers of the Chapter were not at home—that on account of the great depreciation in copper the village of Ontonagon had become nearly depopulated. This is the only Chapter in this jurisdiction which is not in a prosperous condition.

On the 18th of October I visited Holly Chapter, U. D., at Holly, and witnessed the conferring of the R. A. degree. There were present a large number of Companions from Genesee, Austin and Corunna Chapters, and all seemed pleased with the proficiency and skill exhibited by the workmen. The fact, however, that Companion Bela Cogshall is the High Priest, is a sufficient guarantee that no defective workmen will be permitted among the craft unless they are the true descendants of the noble Giblemites.

Here ended my official visits, which, I assure you, would have been much more extensive, had not a most urgent private business prevented. To this fact may be added the extensive fires which prevailed for a time in my own immediate section—all of which debarred me from the pleasure of other visits that I had contemplated and in which I had hoped to meet the Companions of this jurisdiction within the veils of the sanctuary, where I might interchange those fraternal feelings that none but the members of our order can appreciate.

MONROE CHARTER ABSTRACTED.

On the 15th of February I received official information from M. E. Companion Joseph E. Rhodes, High Priest of Monroe Chapter, No. 1, located in Detroit, that the charter of that Chapter had been wickedly abstracted from the hall. Upon this information, I issued a special dispensation, authorizing and empowering the High Priest.

King and Scribe to pursue their labors as fully and to all intents and purposes as if said charter was actually remaining in the Chapter room—such power to continue in force until the close of the present Grand Convocation, unless sooner revoked. I cordially recommend that a new charter be issued to Monroe Chapter free of charge, and of such tenor as this Grand Body, under the peculiar circumstances, it may deem proper. I can hardly conceive that amount of fiend-like depravity in the breasts of those wearing the semblance of humanity as to prompt them to a theft that can do the thieves no good, and only despoils that venerable Chapter of an heir-loom that had become precious to the entire jurisdiction. Of this transaction enough is known that the robbery is another proof that the *rubbish* which has accumulated around the temple is being removed by the cleansing process and searching power of a strict morality.

JURISPRUDENCE.

During the present year I have answered many questions on Masonic jurisprudence, of which the following are the most important, and are submitted for your judgment:

I. *Question*—A candidate is elected to take the Chapter degrees, and is advanced to the honorary degree of a Mark Master, and is prepared to receive the next degree, when a Companion objects to his further advancement. What is to be done in such a case:

Answer—By our Constitution, when a Chapter elects a brother to receive the degrees, he is entitled to all the degrees without further ballot. An edict of this Grand Chapter provides “that when a candidate shall have been duly elected, but before he receives a degree, *if objection shall be made to his advancement by a Companion who was not present at the election*, such objection shall operate as a rejection of the candidate, and his money shall be refunded.

This edict treats the question how a candidate shall be disposed of *after election and before he is made a brother*. When he crosses the threshold, and receives one or more degrees, he has the right to set in the Lodge in which he has received Masonic light, whatever that may be—he now stands as a *brother*—not as a candidate. If he applies for advancement and is refused, he has a Masonic right to know what is the cause of the *confusion among the craft*, that he may have a chance to meet the accuser face to face—meet the accusation, and have the judgment of his peers. I must, therefore, decide that when a Companion objects verbally to a brother receiving the Past Master's degree, being acknowledged a Most Excellent Master, or being exalted to the Holy Royal Arch, the High Priest shall request the objector to

file charges and specifications against the brother ; and in case of his neglect or refusal so to do, the High Priest may proceed to confer the degrees.

II. *Question*—Is it the duty of a Chapter to grant a dimit to a Companion who does not state in his application for the dimit the reason why he wishes a dimit ?

Answer—No. Based upon previous decisions, in which, however, I do not personally concur, a Chapter cannot grant a dimit only on *good cause shown*.

III. *Question*—A Companion is suspended in his Blue Lodge : how does this affect him in his Chapter, and what should be done ?

Answer—It is a Masonic rule, of universal application, that when a Companion is suspended in a Blue Lodge it suspends him in his Chapter without trial, and, in such case, it is the prerogative of the High Priest of his Chapter to procure and file in his Chapter a certificate from the Blue Lodge of such conviction and sentence, and order one entered in the records of his Chapter of like tenor and effect.

IV. *Question*—Can a Chapter receive the petition of a candidate who is an unaffiliated Mason ?

Answer—The Constitution of this Grand Body, section 2 of article VI., provides that “no petition shall be received for conferring the Chapter degrees until the applicant has been a Master Mason three months, and made a suitable proficiency.” In view of this provision, with the fact that suspension or expulsion from the Blue Lodge operates as such in the Chapter, I am clearly of the opinion that a Chapter cannot receive the petition of a candidate who is not at the time of making it a member of a subordinate Lodge.

V. *Question*—A Chapter reinstates a Companion who has been suspended, which vote is taken by a show of hands, and results in restoration ; is such vote legal, not having been by ballot ?

Answer—The Chapter has the right to take the vote in its own prudent way, in such a manner as it may choose. It is the common custom in all our grand bodies in such cases to vote *viva voce*, or by a show of hands, both in cases of expulsion and restoration.

THE RECENT GREAT FIRES.

Which occurred in many sections of the State, and portions of our sister jurisdictions, have called forth the grandest display of charity that the world ever witnessed. The nation's great heart was touched with sympathy, and all quarters of the globe, with one impulse, vibrated in God-like acts of sympathy at the recital of these calamities. The relief of the destitute and unfortunate was made a common cause :

and I am happy to record the fact that the members of the Royal Craft in this beautiful city gave unsparingly of their means to the afflicted in this and other States. When the first generous outburst of sympathy had been felt, and every hamlet, town and city had donated all they felt able to give, I issued an official circular to the Royal Craft requesting information of the losses sustained by subordinate Chapters, and that those who had been fortunate enough to escape loss would contribute still further in aggregate capacity to relieve their Companions, and bring such contributions to this Grand Body, to be disposed of as it might deem most proper. After we had borne our burdens and discharged our duties as citizens, in common with the great mass, I deemed it proper to remind the Brotherhood that we were under more than a *double tie* to the fraternity, and that our charity should know no bounds save that of prudence, so long as one Companion was left to suffer.

AID RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED.

I received from M. E. R. J. Chesnutwood, Grand High Priest of Indiana, two hundred dollars, donated by the Grand Chapter of that jurisdiction.

From Hawley Klier, Esq., High Priest of Buffalo Chapter, No. 71, one hundred dollars.

From George E. Cutler, Esq., Treasurer of Enterprise Chapter, No. 2, of Jersey City, N. J., fifty dollars.

From W. C. Flower, Esq., Secretary of Genesee Chapter, No. 29, at Fentonville, one hundred dollars.

From Seth Pettibone, Esq., Secretary of Corunna Chapter, No. 33, fifty dollars.

From T. N. Hudson, Esq., Secretary of Eureka Chapter, No. 44, twenty-five dollars.

Making in all five hundred and twenty-five dollars, which I distributed to the Companions of Manistee Chapter, and the widows and orphans of Companions at that place, in accordance with the wishes of the donors of the same.

I respectfully request that this Grand Body make such suitable acknowledgement of the aid thus received as may be deemed appropriate.

MANISTEE CHAPTER, NO. 65.

The Companions of this place suffered largely by the extensive conflagration of last fall, which destroyed nearly the whole place. They not only lost their temple and altar, but their charter and all their regalia and furniture. In many instances, Companions lost all

they possessed of this world's goods, including nearly their entire clothing. So swift and fierce did the fire fiend of October descend upon them, that it required almost superhuman exertion to save the lives of some. Although aid has been poured in upon this unfortunate community with a liberality that has done honor to our common humanity, and we as citizens of the Commonwealth have contributed bountifully to the relief of the sufferers in general, I trust that as Royal Arch Masons we may feel that there is yet more to be done for the especial comfort and relief of those to whom we are bound as to our very selves. In this view, I respectfully commend the attention of this Grand Chapter to the further relief of those whose sufferings have made them so dear unto us. Inasmuch as the charter of the Manistee Chapter was consumed in the fire, I issued a special dispensation and authorized and empowered that Chapter to exercise all the powers conferred on it by its charter, as fully and to all intents and purposes as if the same was in their hall, until the meeting of this Convocation. I now recommend that another charter be issued to Manistee Chapter, free of expense.

STAFFORD CHAPTER, NO. 66.

During the prevalence of the fires in October, many of the Companions of Stafford Chapter, No. 66, located at Port Hope, also lost very largely in the general calamity—some of them losing from five hundred dollars to fifty thousand dollars, and suffering a total loss of \$128,000. Yet notwithstanding this heavy loss, I am informed by M. E. George Drury, their High Priest, that they need no assistance. This fact of itself speaks volumes for the influence and social standing of these Companions, who are gentlemen of great moral worth, and bear high the standard of the Royal Craft.

SPECIAL DISPENSATIONS.

During the year I have granted a large number of dispensations in cases where I deemed the exigencies of the occasion and the good of the craft required them. Among the applications for special dispensations were two asking authority to confer degrees upon brothers temporarily sojourning here, but residing in other States. These, of course, I declined to grant on the ground of jurisdiction. Section 7, art. III., of the Constitution of the General Grand Chapter, reads as follows:

“It shall not be deemed regular for any Chapter to confer the degrees of the Chapter upon any person whose fixed place of abode is within any other State in which there is a Chapter regularly established.

except by the consent of the Chapter nearest the place of residence of said applicant."

This provision of law is plain and explicit, and will not, I hope, in the future be forgotten by Companions in their zeal for the advancement of the Brotherhood.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

Section 2, art. VI., provides that no petition shall be received for conferring the Chapter degrees until the applicant has been a Master Mason three months. Masonic law establishes the fact that suspension or expulsion from the Blue Lodge has a like effect on all the higher degrees of Masonry, thereby recognizing and acknowledging the fact that Blue Lodge Masonry is the foundation of all the higher degrees. Such being the case, I am of the opinion that the petition of a non-affiliated Mason cannot be received by a Chapter; also, after a brother receives the Chapter degrees, he should belong to a Blue Lodge. Cases may arise where a Companion withdraws from his Lodge for the purpose of removal, and cannot, perhaps, be received into the Lodge located at the place to which he removed; in such case, a hardship might arise, yet I am inclined to the opinion that where a Companion is dimitted from a Blue Lodge, and *voluntarily remains non-affiliated* for the space of three months, he should be expelled from all the rights and privileges of Royal Arch Masonry. Under this view, should not a constitutional amendment or an edict be passed, regulating this subject?

I would also respectfully recommend that an edict be passed or an amendment made to the Constitution, declaring that a Companion has a right to withdraw from his Chapter, provided he is free from the books and not under charges and specifications.

Almost every year application is made by Chapters for new charters, on account of their loss or destruction. To remedy this defect I recommend that a suitable blank book of printed charters be provided, and that hereafter all charters be issued in duplicate; then in case of the loss or destruction of a charter the Chapter can make direct application to the Grand Secretary and procure another without delay. I deem an amendment to the Constitution on this subject as both necessary and desirable.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

At the last Convocation, the following amendments were proposed to the Constitution of the Grand Chapter, upon which you will be called to act:

First. On page 1201 of the proceedings of 1871, relative to abolishing the election of the Grand Masters of the Vails.

Second. On page 1208, above referred to, to amend section 7, article VI., relative to receiving new petitions, in certain cases, after three months instead of six.

Third. On page 1313, in regard to payment of dues of subordinate Chapters to the Grand Chapter.

Fourth. On same page (1313,) to amend section 2, of article I. by striking out the words: "A Grand Lecturer."

As these amendments propose very important changes, they demand your careful consideration.

TRIENNIAL CONVOCATION OF GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER.

The twenty-first Triennial Convocation of the General Grand Chapter was held in the city of Baltimore, Md., in September last. This Convocation I attended, together with R. E. J. Eastman Johnson, proxy of Deputy Grand High Priest, and R. E. John W. Finch, Grand King.

Much was done of essential service to the craft, and these resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this General Grand Chapter decides that the use of substitutes is not a violation of the ritual of Royal Arch Masonry, or the installation charges delivered to a High Priest, and that substitutes may be authorized by the Grand Chapters working under this jurisdiction.

Resolved, That while such is the interpretation of the ritual and installation charges by this Grand Body, Chapters are fraternally and earnestly urged to use full classes of actual candidates, except in case of emergency, for the best interests of Royal Arch Masonry.

The States and Territories voting against the adoption of these resolutions were—District of Columbia, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Mississippi, Tennessee and Wisconsin. Ninety-one votes were in favor of and thirty against the adoption of the resolutions. It is important the craft should know how this vital question is understood and practiced in other jurisdictions. Here, section 19 of the by-laws of this Grand Body settles this important question, by declaring that "no Chapter should constitute candidates for the Royal Arch degree."

The proposition to amend the Constitution by abolishing the degree of Past Master was lost by a vote of 14 yeas to 101 nays—a very decided expression in favor of retaining a degree which teaches us to see ourselves as others see us.

An amendment was adopted, which makes all Past Grand High

Priests of State Grand Chapters, members of the General Grand Chapter.

It must be apparent to all that in a few years the revenue of the General Grand Chapter will be at an end, by reason of the organization of all its territory. In view of this fact, and for the purpose of making adequate provision for its maintenance, the following resolution was adopted :

Resolved, That the State Grand Chapters throughout the jurisdiction be requested to cause to be paid annually to the General Grand Secretary of this General Grand Chapter the sum of one cent for each Royal Arch Mason borne upon the rolls of their subordinates at the date of their annual reports; the fund so created to be used to defray the necessary expenses of the General Grand Chapter; and the General Grand Secretary be and hereby is instructed to pay the General Grand Treasurer the amounts so collected, and make report thereof at each Triennial Convocation.

Companions, this request for support comes to us from our venerated parent—not in an aggressive spirit, not *demanding* it as a matter of right, but kindly throwing itself upon our fraternal generosity, and inviting us, according to our ability, to make suitable provision for the maintainance of its proper rank and station. As we owe allegiance to that Grand Body, and have always held it in high estimation, never let it be said of us that we were willing it should wend its way “over the hill to the poor-house.” I bespeak for this resolution, then, your liberal and fraternal consideration.

The General Grand Chapter was closed on the 22d of September, to meet at Nashville, Tennessee, on the last Tuesday of November, 1874.

As a whole, the session was a pleasant, agreeable and interesting one, and afforded an excellent opportunity to cultivate the true spirit of brotherly love and affection, besides making important changes in the ritual, which will hereafter be explained.

PERSONAL.

I cannot, in justice to myself, allow this occasion to pass without expressing my appreciation of the valuable services rendered by our venerable Companion, R. E. Stillman Blanchard, Grand Lecturer. Wherever I visited, I found evidence of his skillful workmanship, untiring energy and true devotion for the interests of the Craft. He is the oldest acting officer in this Grand Chapter, and has brought more brothers by the way they knew not, and led them in paths they had not known, and made crooked things straight before them, than any other Companion, having been, with a single exception, but one year

out of the harness since 1856. To him we can justly accord the plaudit of "well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Next in rank in this Grand Body stands our worthy R. E. J. Eastman Johnson, Grand Secretary, who has filled that office and the official position of chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence ever since 1859. His reports are models of excellence and have done much to raise the standard of Royal Arch Masonry in this State among our sister jurisdictions. No proceedings of any Grand Body have come under my observation which compare with Companion Johnson's report, and by whomsoever read, the methodical style and manner with which the proceedings are reported and arranged—his clearness in presenting a question as by a single stroke of the pen, coupled with a classical polish, belonging to him alone—must command the admiration of the reader. During the past year my official position brought me frequently in contact with him in business relations, in which I have always found him ready, with freedom, fervency and zeal, to serve the Craft. His work always passes the Master Overseer.

LOCAL HISTORY.

Periods occur when it is well to compare the present condition of things—the full tide of prosperity—with the past, the feeble beginnings. I would in this point of view recur for a moment to the origin of Royal Arch Masonry as an organized body in this jurisdiction. In retracing our annals we are brought into the presence of some whose names are enrolled among sages, statesmen, patriots—names that men will not willingly let die. The names of DeWitt Clinton and Lewis Cass would do honor to any age or nation.

From the compendium of the proceedings of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, in our archives, I obtained the following facts:

On the 3d day of December, A. D. 1818, the illustrious DeWitt Clinton, the General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter, granted a dispensation for a Chapter at Detroit, named Monroe Chapter. On the 11th day of September, A. D. 1819, the General Grand Chapter granted a charter to that Chapter. This Chapter remained for twenty-nine years the only one in this State.

On the 16th day of May, A. D. 1844, Joseph K. Stapleton, Deputy General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter, granted a dispensation to Jacob Silver and others, for a Chapter at Niles, Michigan, named St. Joseph Valley Chapter, No. 2. And the General Grand Chapter at the Grand Convocation held at New Haven.

on the 10th day of September, of that year, approved the action of the Deputy General Grand High Priest, and resolved "that a regular charter be issued to said Chapter."

At the thirteenth meeting of the General Grand Chapter, held at Columbus, Ohio, on the 14th day of September, 1847, the same Deputy Grand High Priest reported to the General Grand Chapter that he had issued, among others, a dispensation for the formation of a new Chapter at Jackson, Michigan, by the name of Jackson Chapter No. 3, but he does not state the date of the dispensation. On the 16th day of September the General Grand Chapter resolved "that a charter be issued."

I have thus traced the origin of the first three Chapters on the roll of the Grand Chapter of Michigan. Our own records furnish the following facts:

On the 24th day of February, A. D. 1848, at Jackson, the said three Chapters, acting by virtue of the Constitution of the General Grand Chapter, formed by their representatives, in convention assembled, a Constitution of the Grand Chapter of Michigan; and to that instrument is attached as its authors, the following names, to-wit:

Wm. M. Lester, King, and N. B. Carpenter, Secretary of Monroe Chapter, No. 1. By E. Smith Lee, as their proxy.

Nathaniel Pullman, High Priest; Henry Rounds, King, and Wm. H. McOmber, Secretary, of St. Joseph Valley Chapter, No. 2. By Paul B. Ring, their proxy.

And ———, High Priest; Ben. Porter, King, and P. B. Ring, Secretary of Jackson Chapter, No. 3.

And the convention appointed the 9th day of March, then ensuing, at Jackson, as the time and place of the first meeting of the Grand Chapter, for organization and the election of officers.

Accordingly, on the 9th of March, A. D. 1848, to use their own language, "A convention of delegates assembled at Jackson for the purpose of electing the officers of the Grand Chapter of the State of Michigan. * * * The convention was organized by calling Companion E. Smith Lee, Past High Priest of Monroe Chapter, No. 1, to the chair, and Companion ———, High Priest of Jackson Chapter, No. 3, was appointed Secretary "

At this convention there were present five High Priests of Monroe Chapter, viz.: Companions E. Smith Lee, Jeremiah Moore, Charles Jackson, John Farrar and Levi Cook. There were also present from Monroe Chapter, No. 1. John Mullet, High Priest; Wm. Lister, King, and N. B. Carpenter, Secretary.

From St. Joseph Valley Chapter, No. 2, Nathaniel Pullman, High Priest; Henry Rounds, King, and Wm. H. McOmber, Secretary.

And from Jackson Chapter, No. 3, ————, High Priest; B. Porter, King, and P. B. Ring, Secretary.

And the convention elected the following officers, viz.: Companion E. Smith Lee, Grand High Priest; Companion ————, Deputy Grand High Priest; Companion Nathaniel Pullman, Grand King; Companion John Mullet, Grand Scribe; Companion N. B. Carpenter, Grand Treasurer; Companion Rev. Charles Reighly, Grand Chaplain, and Companion Jeremiah Moore, Grand Marshal.

The convention resolved, "that the Grand Chapter meet in Detroit, on the 18th of March, inst., for the purpose of installing the Grand Officers elect." And in accordance therewith the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Michigan assembled at Masonic Hall, in the city of Detroit, on the 18th of March, A. D. 1848, when the said Grand Officers elect were duly installed, and the Grand Chapter entered upon its career.

Thus, Companions, I have stated, somewhat in detail, the initiation and the successive steps taken resulting in the full regular and complete organization of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Michigan.

You will have noticed the several titles used by our Companions in the formation of the Grand Chapter, and the distinction between them and our designation under the Constitutions of 1856 and 1867.

The earliest "returns" among our archives and on our printed records are for the year ending December 27, A. D. 1850, and are as follows:

Monroe Chapter, No. 1—64 members.

St. Joseph Valley Chapter, No. 2—26 members.

Jackson Chapter, No. 3—42 members.

Lafayette Chapter, No. 4—20 members.

Oakland Chapter, No. 5—28 members.

Washtenaw Chapter, No. 6—28 members.

Grand Rapids Chapter, No. 7—14 members.

Total—214 members.

Among the names of those who were prominent in our early history, none has a worthier place than that of Companion E. Smith Lee. Emigrating at an early day from Rochester, N. Y., where he had honorably filled positions of civil trust, to Detroit, he at once became active in the revival of Masonry. He presided at different times over all the subordinate Masonic bodies in Detroit—over the Grand Lodge of Michigan as Most Worthy Grand Master—and over the Grand

Chapter as Most Eminent Grand High Priest, from its organization until January 7, 1851, and performed his various duties with high intelligence and zealous assiduity. Upon his death, which occurred at Washington, April 12, 1857, appropriate action was taken by our Grand Chapter in honor of his memory. I should be gratified to trace the names and deeds of many of our early prominent Companions, but time and space forbid.

Masonry had, not many years previous to these events, encountered enemies. Malignant spirit, unholy ambition, dogged pertinacity, political, social, and religious persecutions, and blind jealousy, in combined wrath, never more sharply assailed any human institution. For a time, Masonry recoiled before the blast. Her altars were shamefully abandoned, and her members were scattered. But there were found a choice few who never bowed the knee to Baal. The precious herd, incapable of annihilation, took deeper root in the inner shrine of the human heart, and Masonry emerged into new life. The fancies of the poets—the Phœnix arising from its ashes; Venus springing into being from the foam of the sea in entrancing beauty; Minerva, born fully developed from the brain of Jupiter; these were no longer mere beautiful fancies. Masonry was the realization of them all. Is the lion courageous? Is the ox strong? Is man (emblematically) wise? Does the eagle in his sublime flight gaze firmly into the unclouded sun? Masonry combines courage, strength and wisdom; and ever in her progress looks serenely upward. Masonry has over 500,000 members in the United States. Of these, 100,000 are of the Royal Craft, and over six thousand, represented by eighty-three Chapters, are of the jurisdiction of the Most Excellent, the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of Michigan.

But, let not these things make us boastful. Let them rather render us doubly mindful of our duties, and doubly zealous to perform them. Act prudently in guarding the portals. Act humbly to be truly exalted. Act ever in reverence toward the Book of the Law, and faithfully in keeping its precepts. These things will make us not unworthy successors of those ancient worthies who aided in rebuilding the destroyed Temple—nor unworthy to aid in transmitting their virtues to our posterity.

THE M. W. Grand Master has recently issued a dispensation for a new Lodge at Henry, Osceola county. We have some live brethren there, and the prospects are encouraging.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT U. S.

ORDER NO. 3.—*Grand Encampment of Knights Templar, for the United States of America :*

SIR J. Q. A. FELLOWS, M. E. GRAND MASTER :—*To all the Grand Commanders of our State Grand Commanderies, and the Commanders of Commanderies holding their Charters immediately from our Grand Encampment—Greeting :*

WHEREAS, The first clause of paragraph one of Section 5 of Article I. of Constitution of the Grand Encampment, in defining the duties of the Grand Master, expressly provides that, “as a part thereof, he shall have a watchful supervision over all the Commanderies, State and Subordinate, in the United States, and see that all the constitutional enactments, rules, and edicts of the Grand Encampment are duly and properly observed, and that the dress, work, and discipline of Templar Masonry everywhere are uniform.”

AND WHEREAS, At this time, under the foregoing provision of the Constitution, the Grand Master has occasion only to call the attention of all Commanderies, whether Grand or Subordinate, to the edicts of the Grand Encampment upon the subject of dress, enacted in 1862. and to urge a greater uniformity.

To this end, therefore, he has caused to be re-published the EDICT OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF 1862 (pp. 45 to 50 of the proceedings of that Session), as hereto appended, and to order a strict compliance therewith. That edict is absolute in its character, and supersedes and repeals all former enactments, rules, and edicts upon the subject. The costume it prescribes is, as reported by the committee, neat, durable, economical, and distinctive in character, and no excuse can be considered satisfactory why the same should not have long since become universal.

In addition to the failure to adopt, a worse evil has, however, begun to prevail—that of innovation and change—and to this tendency this order is more particularly directed. Simply to illustrate the character of the departures from a strict uniformity, the coat may be instanced. The only description in the edict is, “black frock coat.” This can mean nothing else than the frock coat of society, cut in the usual style, of the ordinary length, with such buttons as are usually worn, and those placed in the ordinary manner; in other words, a “black frock coat” is one that can be worn on any occasion, and

wherever a black frock coat may be worn, and which may not cause any distinctive observation or remark whatever.

These remarks may be applied to every other article of dress, costume, or uniform, or whatsoever may be included in the edict hereto appended.

There are to be added to the articles specified, under the heads "Full Dress" and "Fatigue Dress," those trimmings, &c., which are described in the edict, and as there described, and absolutely no other. A strict observance of these directions is necessary to uniformity, and to prevent that tendency to extravagance in dress which is hardly consistent with the vows of a Templar.

We trust, therefore, that each Commander to whom this shall come will comply with the terms of this order, and enforce a strict uniformity, and see that his command is fully and properly uniformed.

Done at New Orleans, Louisiana, this 30th day of December, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-one.

BY THE GRAND MASTER.



Attest my hand and the seal of our Grand Encampment, at Iowa City, Iowa, this 10th day of November, A. O. 753.

T. S. PARVIN, Grand Recorder.

THE UNIFORM OF A KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

Full Dress.—Black frock coat, black pantaloons, scarf, sword, belt, shoulder straps, gauntlets, and chapeau, with appropriate trimmings.

Fatigue Dress.—Same as full dress, except for chapeau a black cloth cap, navy form, with appropriate cross in front, and for gauntlets white gloves.

Scarf.—Five inches wide in the whole, of white, bordered with black one inch on either side, a strip of navy lace one-fourth of an inch wide at the inner edge of the black. On the front centre of the scarf, a metal star of nine points, in allusion to the nine founders of the Temple Order, inclosing the Passion Cross, surrounded by the Latin motto, "*In hoc Signo Vincas*;" the star to be three and three-quarter inches in diameter. The scarf to be worn from the right shoulder to the left hip, with the ends extending six inches below the point of intersection.

Chapeau.—The military chapeau, trimmed with black binding, one white and two black plumes, and appropriate cross on the left side.

Gauntlets.—Of buff leather, the flap to extend four inches up-

wards from the wrist, and to have the appropriate cross embroidered in gold, on the proper colored velvet, two inches in length.

Sword.—Thirty-four to forty inches, inclusive of scabbard, helmet head, cross handle, and metal scabbard.

Belt.—Red enameled or patent leather, two inches wide, fastened round the body with buckle or clasp.

Shoulder Straps.—For Grand Master and Past Grand Masters of the Grand Encampment.—Royal purple silk velvet, two inches wide by four inches long (outside measurement), bordered with two rows of embroidery, of gold, three-eighths of an inch wide; the Cross of Salem embroidered, of gold, in the centre, lengthwise.

For all other Grand Officers of the Grand Encampment.—The same as the Grand Master, except for the Cross of Salem the Patriarchal Cross, of gold, with the initials of the office respectively, embroidered, of silver (old English characters), at the foot of the cross, narrowwise of the strap.

For the Officers and Past Grand Officers of a Grand Commandery.—Bright red silk velvet, two inches wide by four inches long, bordered with one row of embroidery, of gold, quarter of an inch wide; the Templar's Cross, of gold, with the initials of the office, respectively, to be embroidered (old English Characters), in silver, on the lower end of the strap.

For the Commander and Past Commanders of a Subordinate Commandery.—Emerald green silk velvet, one and a half inches wide by four inches long, bordered with one row of embroidery, of gold, quarter of an inch wide; the Passion Cross, with a halo, embroidered, of silver, in the center.

For the Generalissimo.—Same as the Commander, except for the Passion Cross the Square, surmounted with the Paschal Lamb.

For the Captain General.—Same as the Commander, except for the Passion Cross the Level, surmounted with the Cock.

Cap.—Navy form; black cloth, four to five inches high, narrow leather strap fastened at the sides with small metal Templar's Cross, and with appropriate cross in front.

Distinctions.—The Sir Knights will wear white metal, wherever metal appears. Commanders and Past Commanders, Grand and Past Grand Officers, gold.

Crosses.—Sir Knights, Commanders, and Past Commanders of Subordinate Commanderies will wear the Passion Cross; Grand and Past Grand Officers of State Commanderies, the Templar Cross; G and and Past Grand Officers of the Grand Encampment, the Patriarchal Cross; the Grand Master and Past Grand Masters of the

Grand Encampment, the Cross of Salem, which is the Patriarchal Cross, with an additional bar in the center.

The various crosses, as designated, to be worn on the side of the chapeau, and on the scabbard of the sword. Those on the chapeau to be three inches in height; on the sword, one inch.

Hangings for Jewels.—The hangings of Grand and Subordinate Commanderies may remain as at present.

Grand Standard.—Is of white woolen or silk stuff, six feet in height and five feet in width, made tripartite at the bottom, fastened at the top to the cross bar by nine rings; in the center of the field, a blood-red Passion Cross, over which is the motto, "*In hoc Signo Vincas;*" and under, "*Non Nobis Domine! non Nobis, sed Nomini tuo da Gloriam!*" The cross to be four feet high, and the upright and bar to be seven inches wide. On the top of the staff, a gilded globe or ball, four inches in diameter, surmounted by the Patriarchal Cross, twelve inches in height. The cross to be crimson, edged with gold.

Beauseant.—Of woolen or silk stuff, same form and dimensions as the Grand Standard, and suspended in the same manner. The upper half of this standard is black, the lower half white.

Prelate's Robes.—A full white linen or muslin robe, open behind, reaching down within six inches of the feet, fastened around the neck below the cravat, which should be white, and having flowing sleeves reaching to the middle of the hand. A white woolen cloak, lined with white, fastened around the neck, and extending down to the bottom of the robe; on the left front, a red velvet Templar Cross, six inches in width. A blue silk stole, reaching down in front to within six inches of the bottom of the robe, and having on it three Templar Crosses of red silk. Mitre of white merino, bordered with gold, lined with green, having the Red Templar Cross extending to the edges, and surmounted by a Passion Cross three inches high. The special badge of his office is a Crozier.

A true copy from the Records. Attest:

THEODORE SUTTON PARVINS.

Grand Recorder.

A VENERABLE CRAFTSMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24, '71.

In the October number of the "MICHIGAN FREEMASON," pp. 189 and 190, appears an article with the above caption, taken from the Fort Wayne *Republican*, noticing the arrival there of "a strange work-

man in their midst," named Felix Alexander Blohome, and in the next issue of the same paper noticing the *decease* of the aged Brother.

As it will be interesting to the Craft to know something more of the venerable Craftsman than appears in the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, we will state that from 1854 to the time of his departure for the West, in August last, we were in almost constant communication with him, and no one except Dr. Winslow Lewis, of Boston, and ourself, enjoyed his confidence in so far as he was willing to communicate his previous history. The notice referred to agrees mainly with his statements to us, as appears in an article we wrote and published in the "*Mirror and Keystone*," January 17th, 1855, under the caption, "MORGAN," vol. IV., p. 22, when he informed us that he "was made a Mason on the same evening and at the same time with Alexander of Russia and Prince Joseph Ponietowsky, (who was killed in the battle of Leipsic, in the city of Paris, during the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, in Amitic Lodge, on the 7th of September, 1805." The article "MORGAN" contains the following important information: "Bro. Bloøm," (the accented o he pronounced as *ho*, and spelled it such,) "resided some time in the city of Smyrna, that in 1831 he became acquainted with an American gentleman who professed the Mahommedan faith, who went by the name of *Mustapha*, and was engaged at that time in teaching the English and French languages; the latter of which he understood but imperfectly." Bro. Bloøm and his acquaintance "dined at the same house," which was "a public place of entertainment, kept by one *Salvo*." This American gentleman informed Bro. Bloøm that his name was William Morgan, and related to him the whole story in connection with his abduction, of which Bro. Bloøm states he had no knowledge, but which, after his arrival in this country, he found to be true, and seeing a likeness of Morgan in one of his expositions, he was satisfied that his Smyrna acquaintance was no other than William Morgan, who was supposed to have been assassinated. Morgan further communicated to Bro. Bloøm that he was taken to Boston, and whilst in liquor he was placed on board the ship *Mervine*, which sailed from Boston to Smyrna, and belonged to the firm of Langdon & Co., and that the Captain's name was Welch. Bro. Bloøm had traveled much, and was a soldier against Napoleon in the Russian campaign, as the *Republican* states. He was a long time among the Arabs, and his statements published in the fourth volume of the "*Mirror and Keystone*," in regard to Freemasonry, the estimation in which it is held, and customs, &c., show him to have been a close observer. He was an Oriental scholar, was acquainted with most of the Eastern and European languages. He possessed a mathematical, inventive

and constructive mind, had an intimate knowledge of all branches of science, and a more profound thinker was rare to meet. We write of him as we knew him, and spent many hours and days with him in efforts to learn more of his early history, of positions he held, &c., but he always referred us to a history he had written, which some day would be published. That and other manuscript in relation to Napoleon First must exist somewhere, and trust our reference to them will bring them to light. We will have more to say at another time on the subject of this article. Within the last decade poverty, extreme poverty haunted him. A few friends assisted him, according to their ability. Appeals to Lodges and Chapters were often made in vain, and the sparse donations were not sufficient to supply the actual needs of our poor, aged Brother, much less to afford him shelter. Charity, the Mason's boast, is a beautiful theme from the rostrum, in display of oratory, in editorial and essay writings, but its practical illustration is most often ignored with Arctic icy feelings. There can be no greater crime than unheeding the appeals of a Brother Mason asking for means to purchase food, yet how often it is done, whilst the funds of Lodges to amounts of many hundred dollars are appropriated to feasting, eating, drinking, and smoking at periodic festivals. It is not only a crime against Masonry, against the Brotherhood of the institution, but a crime against common humanity. Without charity Masonry is nothing, and wherever the cry of distress of a Brother, his widow or orphan is not listened to and relieved, then, be it of an individual Mason or Lodge organization, Freemasonry with those is worse than a pretence—it is a fraud. In the name of Freemasonry, of the Masonic Brotherhood, of charity divine, we thank the Brothers of Fort Wayne city for their kind care and attention to the stranger Brother Bloom, almost a centenarian, who, failing in health a few days after his arrival in their midst, made the necessary provision for his comfort and to ameliorate his condition in his extreme old age. We have no notice of the action of Lodges or Chapters, but feel sure they were in accord with the duties and obligations of Masons. We also thank the Eminent Commander of Fort Wayne Commandery, No. 4, A. H. Hamilton, for prompt issuing of orders for the Sir Knights to assemble in full uniform to assist in performing the final duties to a poor and aged stranger Craftsman.

LEON HYNEMAN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

A VISIT TO WINDSOR.

It will be news to some, (even of those who attended the sessions of Grand Lodge,) that a new Grand Officer was created with an appropriate style and title. Thusly:

On Thursday evening, January 11th, while Grand Lodge was in session, a number of Michigan Masons crossed into Canada and visited, by invitation, one of the Lodges in Windsor. Upon entering the Lodge room, they were introduced, one by one, under proper Masonic title, to the W. M. and Lodge. They were properly and fraternally welcomed in a speech which required fitting reply. Several responses to this had been made by the visitors, when frequent calls on one of the visiting party made it necessary for him to speak.

He modestly informed the W. M. and British brethren that, "though he didn't sport as many and as lengthly Masonic handles to his name as some, it must not therefore be understood that he was entirely without honor in his own country and among his own kindred—that, in fact, he had, from time to time, held sundry offices of distinction in the Fraternity, not the least of which was that of Worshipful Master of Mt. Zion Lodge, No. 499, at Mt. Zion, Illinois; and that even now he occupied the distinguished and honorable position of "Steward" of Oriental Lodge, Detroit."

Proper and appreciative applause gave emphasis to the brother's modest claim; but, as he was about to proceed, R. W. Bro., H. M. Look, Grand Visitor and Lecturer, stepped to the side of the modest bearer of titles, and addressed the W. M. thus:

"W. M.—Pardon the omission of which we have been guilty. This worthy brother, whose modesty, great as it is, scarcely bespeaks his greater merit, is one whom the Grand Lodge of my jurisdiction delights to honor. Aye, sir, even to-day, its confidence and its honors have been most worthily bestowed upon him. Permit me, sir, therefore to fittingly introduce to you and to the Worthy Brethren of Canada who honor us with their friendly courtesies, *The Right Worshipful Grand Teller* of the Grand Lodge of Michigan."

For an instant, the modest brother stood, amid a profound silence, looking "rather queer," but as soon as the visiting brethren called to mind (as they did in an instant,) that in the election of Grand Officers, held by us in the afternoon, this modest brother was *Chairman of Tellers*, the point of the introduction was perceived. The peals of laughter, that followed, fully demonstrated the appreciation of the fun of the situation.

All who are familiar with the peculiar oratorical modesty and the genial fun-loving style of the said "Grand Teller," need hardly be told that the brother thus dubbed, created and introduced an officer of the Grand Lodge, was W. Bro., A. G. Hibbard, of Detroit.

We learn from the papers that Oriental Lodge of Detroit magnifi-

this brother's office and make him honorable by a gift of "a magnificent, gold, stem-winder watch." It is evident, his brethren of Oriental Lodge appreciate their Steward, and know, too, how to give to their appreciation a fitting expression.

HOW MUCH DID HE LOSE?

In the October number of the *Mystic Star*, the Editor of the same placed his loss by the Chicago fire at "from five hundred to one thousand dollars." This rather indefinite sum would seem to indicate that the Editor had no very accurate knowledge of the value of his personal effects. On December 10th we met Bro. Billings (the Editor) at Plymouth, he being on a canvassing tour in this State. He then informed us that his loss was greater than he had supposed, and would reach somewhere between two thousand and twenty-five hundred dollars, he being still unable to get within five hundred dollars of any fixed sum. When he arrived at Fort Wayne, his loss had increased wonderfully, and there he stated it *positively*, to one brother at least, at thirty-five hundred dollars. We are informed that at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, recently, a distinguished Past Grand Master of that State, stated before that body that he was prepared to show that the *Mystic Star* lost nothing by the Chicago fire. Now, what we want, and what the brethren in this State want, who contributed one dollar and a half each to Bro. Billings, not because they wanted his publication, but because their sympathies were aroused by his special pleadings, is that Bro. Billings should state definitely in the next number of the *Mystic Star*, just how much he did lose by the Chicago fire. And as there have been so many different amounts stated, it might be quite as satisfactory if Bro. B. would state exactly what he had burned, and let others estimate its value for themselves. In this way he may be able to vindicate himself, satisfy our brethren, and answer our conundrum.—*Masonic Advocate*.

We recently visited several places in Northern Indiana, and in most of them had inquiries made as to the losses sustained by Bro. Billings. In Goshen we were told that he had represented himself as the loser by the Chicago fire of several thousand dollars, and asked our brethren to leave their work to aid him in canvassing for his Magazine on the account of his severe losses. When told by the brethren that they were not rich, and could not do more in justice to their families than they had already done for the Chicago sufferers, he still pushed his claim, as I was informed, until at last one brother gave him the price of his paper for one year, with the request that he would not send it, as he

did not want it, when Bro. B. took the dollar and a half, and left for other subjects! At Newville he represented his loss to be somewhere between *four and five thousand dollars!* and got much sympathy and patronage on account of his great loss.

We join with our Indiana Brothers in a call for a statement of the property lost in the Chicago fire. We were there, in the office of Consider H. Willett, Attorney at Law, but a few days before the conflagration, and tried to find the *Star* office, but were told that Bro. B. then printed and mailed his journal at Elgin, and no longer had an office in Chicago. As "TRUTH IS A CARDINAL PRINCIPLE IN MASONRY," we call for the truth.

THE DESIRE FOR KNOWLEDGE.

The candidate for Masonic honors professes to seek admittance into our sacred temple, of his own free will and accord, anxious to be servicable to his fellow men, and with a desire for useful knowledge. The fraternity have reason to expect of the candidate, that if his prayer be granted, and he be admitted, these professions will be reduced to practice, and that he will avail himself of all favorable opportunities to store his mind with useful knowledge. And as it requires effort on the part of students to acquire knowledge, it is expected that young Masons especially will devote a share of their time to study. This they should attend to as punctiliously as they attend to their business avocations, or to their daily meals. Indeed, they should make intellectual and moral culture a business, and an every day business, one which in no case must be neglected.

But how is it with the majority of those who gain admittance into our time-honored institution? Do they carry out their pledges, and make good their professions? Do they study the sciences and liberal arts, and expand the intellects and feed their immortal spirits with food divine? Do they seek to acquaint themselves with God and the problem of human existence? Do they study the rules of society, and seek to understand the art of pleasing their fellow men? Do they seek opportunities of aiding the unfortunate, of counseling the erring and cheering the desponding? In a word, have they sought to qualify themselves, to educate themselves for Masonic usefulness? Or have their indolence and stupid ignorance been a stigma to the Craft?

This brings us to observe, that the investigations into the character of applicants are not nearly so thorough as they should be, A committee of investigation make a few casual inquiries into the general character and standing of the candidate, and then *commend* him as a

fit person to be made a Mason; instead of which they should see him in person, scan him carefully, and without permitting him to know the object of their inquisition, endeavor to find out the utmost they can by personal scrutiny of the man. Then they should inquire of his friends, and his enemies, as well as the public generally, and carefully note the facts collected. And the facts alone, without commendation, should be reported to the Lodge. If the applicant be an ignorant drone in society, having no desire for useful knowledge, it may safely be taken for granted that he will remain a drone in the Masonic hive. If he be a man of indolent habits, prone to misspend his time, doing little for himself or his race, the facts should be plainly stated, and the candidate rejected. If he be a selfish man, caring little for the interests of others, and apt to cheat in his deal, that fact should be a bar to his admission, for selfish, cheating men never make good Masons. If he be an unfeeling man, indifferent to the calls of his fellows amid their misfortunes and suffering, that fact should be reported upon, and a cloudy ballot the response to his application. But if the applicant be a man of good repute, active in good works, humane, charitable, of clear head and pure heart, and anxiously desirous of advancement in useful knowledge, these facts should be reported, and the mere statement of the facts will be the highest commendation of the applicant. Such men make good Masons. They come to our Order with a desire of being benefitted by its ennobling principles. They desire its knowledge, its wisdom, its cherished arts.

And it should be impressed upon our members at their initiation that they cannot pass on the succeeding degrees till they are qualified. And this qualification should be more than the parrot's repetition of the E. A. degree. The repetition of the ritual is but a small part of the useful knowledge which Masonry is intended to impart, and this should be most solemnly impressed upon the young Mason. The foundation principles of the institutions, their universality, the great extent up, down, and all around—high as heaven, and broad as humanity—the Holy Bible as a guide of faith—the greatest of all the lights; the Square and Compass, the the Masonic tests of morality and circumspection, the Plumb teaching rectitude of life—these are matters of study to the Mason. Not merely the fact that these are emblematic of the principles they Masonically represent, but the principles represented are the subject of the Mason's study. And the E. A. should remain in that degree until he has so studied the principles as well as lecture, that he has made suitable proficiency, when he should be passed to the F. C. And as the candidate passes on the field greatly enlarges. There is no degree in the institution more import-

ant, if its original design were carried out, than the F. C. To master the degree would make the Fellow Craft a scholar indeed. It would be the work of years, and a feast for the lovers of learning. Of our more than twenty thousand Masons in Michigan, multitudes of whom profess to have attained to the highest degrees, and many of whom are so inflated with the idea of their own exaltation that they can hardly recognize a mere M. M., how few there are who are even respectable F. C.'s! Many of them have not learned the ritual of the F. C. degree, to say nothing of having mastered the *science* of the degree. In reality they have little to boast, unless it be empty heads and vain imaginings. If they knew how utterly grotesque and unnatural the emblems of the higher degrees appeared when attached to their ignorant persons, they would be less fond of parading their jewelry.

We conclude by affirming that one of the chief requisites of an applicant for Masonic honors should be a desire for useful knowledge, that he might be more serviceable to his fellow men. And on entering the institution members ought to make good their professions by an earnest study of our arts and literature. They should not only read Masonic books and journals, but they should be lovers of general education, and by a knowledge and practice of our noble principles, endeavor to make themselves and their fellow beings virtuous and happy.

SAINT JOHN'S DAY AT HOMER.

THE brethren at Homer celebrated Dec. 27th in an appropriate way, by an address and festival. Brother Dorsey, the W. M. of the new Lodge in H., reports the condition of Masonry as very satisfactory in that region.

We clip the following interesting account of the St. John Festival from the village paper:

"The last great event of the year 1871 occurred on Wednesday evening, the 27th ult., in the third story of Lyon's Block. The long talked-of Masonic Festival is a thing of the past, and nothing is left of it but pleasant recollections, to remind us of the entertainment. At half-past seven in the evening the assembly was called to order in the new Masonic Hall, by Past Master Frank Mead. The exercises were opened by an anthem entitled "The Wondrous Story," sung by the Presbyterian choir. Then followed a brief but eloquent prayer, by Rev. Thomas Lyon, after which occurred the public installation of officers for the ensuing year. Those installed and clothed with the badge of office were as follows:

"T. S. Dorsey, W. M.; E. A. Collins, S. W.; W. E. Henderson.

J. W.; M. M. Camburn, Treasurer; Charles D. Burt, Secretary; Wesley Snider, S. D.; Stephen R. Allen, J. D.; Jas. E. DeBow and A. V. Parks, Stewards; H. C. Hopkins, Tyler. Next on the programme was the address, delivered by Hon. I. M. Crane, of Eaton Rapids. The speaker occupied about thirty-five minutes in its delivery, and was favored by the marked attention of his audience. In the course of the address he adverted to the most important events of the past year, dwelt somewhat eloquently upon the great antiquity, growth and stability of Free Masonry, and enjoined all members of the fraternity to be true to themselves, and the solemn oaths which they have taken.

"When the speaker had finished, another piece of music was sung by the choir, entitled, "We have thought of Thy kindness, O, Lord." This piece and the one sung at the opening were rendered in correct time, and with due regard to modulation and harmony, evincing thereby a considerable degree of skill and practice on the part of the musicians.

"Last but none the less important on the programme, came the supper, which was served in the large hall in the same building. In this room were nine tables, each capable of accommodating from twelve to fourteen guests. The tables were loaded with all manner of edibles, adapted to all classes of eaters, from the abstemious to the dainty and epicurean. Most of the tables were adorned in the center by a huge pyramid of cake, decorated with the symbols of the order, viz.: the Square and Compass, the open Bible, the All Seeing Eye, the letter G, etc., all of which, to the uninitiated, are very mysterious and incomprehensible.

"The Photograph Gallery back of the large hall was used as a cook-room and chief rendezvous for the waiters. From thence proceeded in formidable array the hot stew, the baked meats and the steaming oysters. Suffice it to say, by way of conclusion, that all went away well filled with the good things of this life, and pronounced the affair in all respects a most decided success. The total receipts of the entertainment, after paying expenses, footed up about \$100."

WORK OF M. W. GRAND MASTER CHAMBERLAIN.

We recently spent a couple of days very pleasantly and profitably in the company of our Grand Master at Three Rivers and Kalamazoo. Brother Chamberlain is already at work in good earnest, and though his method is to us somewhat novel, yet we confess to its efficiency. It is to fix a programme in advance, in other words, to draw out designs on his Masonic Trestleboard, and fix his routes sometime in ad-

vance. He then sends out his edict calling the Masters and Secretaries of the Lodges of each county he intends to visit, to some central place, of easy access, and there he meets them at the time appointed, and holds what we would term a Masonic institute. The Master and Secretary of a given Lodge are called forward and strictly examined as to their manner of work. The books too are critically investigated and any errors pointed out, and ordered corrected. All is done with the dignity and fraternal spirit of true Freemasonry, and the effect is excellent and will result in immediate and lasting good to the craft throughout this Grand Jurisdiction,

The Grand Master assures us that he intends to see all the Masters and Secretaries of our three hundred subordinate Lodges, face to face, and not only form their personal acquaintance, but in person examine the work done in each Lodge, and give such instruction and advice as the case may demand. Of course he leaves the ritual in the hands of the Grand Visitor and Lecturer, who is elected and paid by the Grand Lodge to attend to that department. But, in our opinion, our Grand Master is attending to a long neglected department of even more importance, and he is doing his work with a faithfulness which must challenge the admiration of the fraternity, not only at home, but throughout the world.

He has already visited the following places, and examined the work and books of the Lodges named :

His first work was to constitute Lake Shore Lodge, No. 296, at Benton Harbor, and give the brethren there such instructions as they needed. This is a very flourishing village of some 1,000 or 1,500 inhabitants, situated on the east shore of the St. Joseph river, at its mouth. We are personally acquainted with several of the charter members of this Lodge, and predict a bright future for the Order in this locality.

2nd. Constituted Bradley Lodge, No. —, at Allegan.

3rd. Visited Meridian Sun Lodge, No. 49, of Sturgis, at which place he met the officers and many of the members of the following Lodges: White Pigeon Lodge, No. 104; Eagle Lodge, No. 124; Mendon Lodge, No. 137, and Mystic Lodge, No. 141.—This was the first Masonic Institute, and the enthusiasm it awoke, and errors it corrected, showed the great utility of the plan.

4th. Visited Tire Lodge, No. 18, at Coldwater, where he was met by the principal members of Washington Lodge, No. 7; Union Lodge, No. 28; Mt. Vernon Lodge, No. 166, and Butler Lodge, No. 88.

5th. The fifth visit was to Jonesville, Lafayette Lodge, No. 16:

where the following Lodges were represented, (not having the printed proceedings at hand we can only give the numbers): 32, 93, 117, 176, 189, 245, 253 and 259.—This number in Hillsdale county shows the great popularity of Masonry in that region; and we are informed by the Grand Master that every Lodge in the county was present as summoned, and that the work brought up for inspection was creditable to the craftsmen.

In all the places visited a zeal is manifested worthy of our noble Order, though some irregularities were discovered, especially in the records of many of the Lodges.

We trust that future reports may be more full and complete.

Would it not be well for Bro. Look to give reports through our columns of his work?

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND CHAPTER.

The Grand Chapter at its recent session in Detroit, elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

G. H. P.—S. C. Randall, Grand Rapids; *D. G. H. P.*—J. W. Finch, Adrian; *G. K.*—A. J. Sawyer, Monroe; *G. S.*—J. J. Bardwell, Detroit; *Grand Secretary*—J. E. Johnson, Centreville; *Grand Treasurer*—R. W. Landon, Niles; *Grand Chaplain*—Rev. William Stowe, Port Huron; *G. C. H.*—R. Rowland, Detroit; *G. P. S.*—Chas. J. Kruger, Grand Rapids; *G. R. A. C.*—L. H. Bailey, Grand Haven; *G. L.*—S. Blanchard, Tecumseh; *G. M. 3d V.*—E. Saunders, Saginaw City; *G. M. 2d V.*—D. C. Spaulding, Lyons *G. M. 1st V.*—M. M. Doane, Adrian.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THREE RIVERS, MICH., Jan. 26th, 1872.

MESSRS. CHAPLIN & IHLING—*Gents.*: M. W. P. G. M. J. Eastman Johnson met with a serious accident at this place a few nights since. He had come from his home in Centerville the evening before, intending to take the Pacific Express, which passes here for Chicago about three o'clock in the morning. On his way from the hotel to the train, in crossing a railroad bridge, he missed his footing and fell with his body across the ties, spraining his hip and right arm, and otherwise bruising himself quite seriously. The friend who was with him procured assistance and removed him to the station, where he remained until morning, when he was taken home on the accommodation train.

We are happy to state that his injuries, although of a serious char-

acter, will not long detain him from business, as he is rapidly improving, and hopes to be, in a short time, able to attend to the duties of his office.

Yours, fraternally,
THOS. G. GREENE.

Since the above was set, we are informed that Companion Johnson is rapidly improving, and will soon be able to resume business. This will give joy to his many friends.

WE call the especial attention of our readers to the advertisement of M. S. Smith & Co., on the cover of our Magazine. He makes a specialty of manufacturing Masonic jewels of all descriptions, and for all branches of the Craft. • That he is master of his business needs no proof to those who have seen the beautiful jewels of the Grand Commandery of Michigan, which were made by him, and are said to surpass any in the United States. Those in need of watches for their own use, or for their ladies, will find the very best articles in the market at the jewelry store of Sir Knight Smith, corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, Detroit.

WE were recently shown a magnificent gold watch and chain from the manufactory of M. S. Smith & Co., of Detroit, a present by the members of his Lodge to our worthy Brother, A. G. Hibbard. A splendid gift to a deserving Brother.

THE Report of the Massachusetts Committee on the Relations of Freemasonry to Christianity has affected our friend Jacob Norton much as a gobble turkey is affected by the shaking of a red rag at him! Brother Norton is now quite sure that Christianity is vile and all Christian ministers knaves. Good brother Jacob, possess your soul in patience.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
MUSKEGON CHAPTER, No. 47, R. A. M.
MUSKEGON, JANUARY 26, 1872. }

W. F. Chaplin, Esq., Editor Michigan Freemason,

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Please give the following a space in your journal:

At a regular Convocation of Muskegon Chapter, No. 47, held at Muskegon, Mich., January 25th, A. D. 1872, A. I. 2402, *Holmes A. Pattison* was duly expelled from all the rights and benefits of Royal Arch Masonry, with the request added for Masonic journals to copy.

GRAND JUNCTION, January 26th, 1872.

Brother Chaplin, Editor Michigan Freemason,

DEAR BROTHER:—One James Trimble, of this place, is passing himself off upon unwary members of the craft as a Mason. He is *not* and hasn't a single point of worthiness as may be learned from Pomona Lodge, St. Joseph, Mich. (Signed,)

THREE BROTHERS AND COMPANION.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—MARCH, A. L. 5872.—NO. XI.

THE LODGE-ROOM.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.

A LODGE-ROOM should be safe from intrusion, and so situated as that there can be no danger of being overheard when at work. The place should be such that there need be no care taken lest cowans should listen and hear the pronounciation of our mysteries. There should be no necessity that the voice be lowered below the 'natural key. But this is so obviously correct that it needs nothing further than a statement of the fact.

The lodge-room should be pleasant and comfortable. It is folly to suppose that under ordinary circumstances men will assemble together night after night and become attached to an institution which not only fails to make its meetings pleasurable and enjoyable, but which absolutely puts its members upon the rack while it demands their presence, by providing uncomfortable seats, in a room cold in winter and hot and ill-ventilated in summer. There are few who will long 'be regular attendants when these are the conditions. The seats ought to be easy and comfortable, the room of the right temperature and pure air secured by proper ventilation.

But a lodge-room ought to be more than comfortable; it should be pleasant and inviting. It is true that not many lodges can afford to **make** a display of architectural beauty, or can consult their wishes as to decorations. But there is no necessity of having a room so utterly at variance with architectural propotion as to be offensive to good taste or so decorated as to be disgusting. Neatness can be attained anywhere, and it should be remembered that beauty and simplicity are often seen

together, and nowhere may they more appropriately appear thus than in the lodge-room.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." This is as true of the lodge as it is of the church or any body of people. A lodge-room kept scrupulously clean, is a constant reminder to the members of the virtue of cleanliness and a perpetual monition to them to practice it. It can not be wondered at that our lodges get careless and indifferent, both as to attendance and appearance, when half of the rooms they occupy are better fitted for stables than for dwelling-places for sentient beings. They will inevitably become disgusted and absent themselves from the lodge-room when there is anything about the lodge-room that is contrary to the demands of cleanliness. A Mason does not like to attend lodge where he soils his garments by sitting on undusted chairs and blackens his hands whenever they come in contact with any article of furniture, where he has to breath an atmosphere surcharged with dust. And yet many of our lodge-rooms are more disgustingly filthy than we have imagined. What wonder is it that cleanly people stay away from the meetings and become careless of their obligations to Masonry.

And ventilation is equally disregarded. How often do we enter a lodge-room where we are over-powered by the odor of a vault for the dead, or the perfume of rotten straw that haunts our nostrils for hours after we are freed from immediate contact. It is frequently necessary for the windows to be closed during work, because all rooms are not so situated as to be safe when open. But none rightly constructed but what could be thoroughly aired and ventilated in the afternoon before the communication is held. And yet how few lodge-rooms have this precaution taken. The consequence is that the mind, instead of being clear and active, is depressed and dull, and members ought to be thankful if the seeds of permanent and serious disease are not planted in their systems. Many lodge-rooms are so much worse ventilated than our dwellings that we always feel the deleterious effects of breathing the confined air when we enter them, and it is only the fact that the time spent in them is at long intervals, and short in duration, that prevents the contraction of disease.

The heating of lodge-rooms is also neglected. The fire is usually kindled but a few moments before the hour set for the meeting and when the members arrive there is not a comfortable spot in the room except the changing circle about the stove where the powers of heat and cold contend for the mastery. Even then the members are reduced to the alternative of roasting or freezing, and are sometimes exposed to the dangers of both at the same time. How much better

would it be for "the good of Masonry in general" and that lodge in particular if the room could be thoroughly warmed during the afternoon, so that every part of it would be comfortable when the brethren assembled. There are many whose physical health will not allow them to attend under such circumstances. There are more who will not consent to brave the discomforts of a room so kept for the purpose of attending the lodge.

Lodges are prone to prepare a lodge-room larger than is necessary. In fact there seems to be a strife in some quarters to get the largest possible. What does a lodge with fifty need of a lodge-room of fifty by seventy feet? What better for the purposes of Masons is one of that size than one thirty by forty? The latter is large enough to do all the work of the lodge without inconvenience and comfortably seat all the brethren who will attend. What more is necessary? On occasion of festivals the room might be more convenient if larger, but a lodge does not want to build for uncommon occasions and ought not to do so. Common occasions—the regular meetings of the lodge—occur much more frequently than the uncommon ones—the festivals of the Fraternity, and hence it is for the former and not for the latter that we should provide. Aside from the cost of building—which ought to be taken into the account—the small lodge-room can be furnished and operated at a much less expense than a large one, while at the same time it is more cheerful and comfortable.

To sum up the matter a medium-sized, well-built, well-furnished, well-ventilated, cheerful and comfortable lodge-room is what our common lodges require. We believe there is too little attention paid to this subject, to the great detriment of Masonry. Therefore have we written.—*Trowel*

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

BY REV. J. B. WATERBURY, D. D.

It is realized in the fearful pause that follows the thunder-peal; in the moment of breathless suspense that succeeds the crash of an immense orchestra. *Then* a single note from a flute or violin will often draw tears from the soul's depths. The deep, dark forest tells of its power, when the silence is rendered more emphatic by the solitary note of the oriole. Even Byron's harp had to confess this, when he sang of the "pleasure in the pathless woods," of "a rapture on the lonely shore." And another, whose spirit had caught a higher tone from a

higher source, when pitied for his separation from general society. said, "I am never less alone than *when* alone."

In the silence of the closet the soul has its sweetest communing. It was after the tempest and the earthquake that the prophet recognized the presence of God in "the still small voice," when he "hid his face in his mantle."

Silent voices come to us from the flames, from the clouds, from the stars; and never is the power of silence more deeply felt than when, ascending some eminence in the still hour of a clear night, we take the devotional harp and sing, with the sweetest of minstrels. "When I consider Thy heavens," &c.

The power of silence has been recognized in heaven. Its sublime orchestra ceased for the "space of half an hour." How impressive that pause in the music of the upper sanctuary! It was to render more emphatic the succeeding trumpets of destiny. So say the commentators. Perhaps it had other ends.

God teaches us to improve silence as a season of mortal training. "Enter into thy closet and shut thy door." What is meant by the sweet, silent power of prayer every Christian understands. When we would see God, as it were, face to face, we must leave the mixed congregation and go with Moses up into the Mount. Our faces will gather no such radiance in the lower sphere.

Silence is the friend of the afflicted. When the hand of God is upon us we ask for no earthly comforters, but we "sit alone and are silent." When Job's friends—so called—broke their silence and began to upbraid, they deepened the anguish of his soul. Sit down by thy afflicted brother and look the sympathy which words cannot express. A tear is better sometimes than a homily or a sermon.

Silence is a good angel often in the social and domestic circle. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." But, sometimes, *no* answer is still better. Moses spake, once, when he had better have kept silent. So also others, with less wisdom and less meekness, use the power of speech to their own disadvantage and to the injury of others. How much wrangling and heart-burning would be avoided, were the members of the household to make it a rule to keep silence under the temptation to anger, or when the irritating accusation would prompt them to retaliate! Angry words have sometimes led to incurable alienations. We have seen calm silence operate like magic on the angry spirit. How much would the peace of families be promoted were this power oftener brought into exercise! The fretful or impatient accusation, if received in silence, would speedily smoulder in its ashes;

whereas, if it provoke the quick retort, it is very apt to kindle into a fearful flame.

The Christian understands the power of silence—

“ In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven and there my God I find.”

“ I was dumb with silence.” “ Whilst I was musing, the fire burned.” “ Then spake I with my tongue.” “ So when the fire of love kindles in the soul, let the tongue speak of mercy and judgment.”

A mercy envelopes the social intercourse of heaven. It is represented to us as fraught with all beauteous things and all sweet sounds. We think, therefore, that there will not only be sentiments appropriate to the sphere, but some mode of utterance akin to the sanctified harmonies of earth. Silence has its power by contrast. But a silent heaven—who can imagine it? No; the golden harps will ring. Angel choirs will join with redeemed souls in “ the song of Moses and the Lamb.” Silence will have had its use; but now and henceforth heaven’s music will need no contrast to give sweetness or augment its power.—*New York Observer.*

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

CHAPTER XXV.

The new conditions of life which Charles Preston was rapidly contracting brought with them many anxieties. But four years had elapsed since he had left his mother’s hearth filled with doubts, and feeling such a degree of despondency and, at the same time, indecision as to induce him to stop on the little stile, and debate in his own mind the great problem of life before him. Since the moment his final decision was made, on that eventful morning, his mind had daily and hourly turned back to that spot as home. There, he knew, there was always an affectionate anxiety for his welfare, and an experienced counselor to whom he could ever turn for advice.

Everything was now changed. He was no longer the dependent, but had become the head of the sacred household, with his mother and sister as dependents upon him. To these responsibilities he was about to add that of the most sacred of all others. In a few days more he would become a husband, and the arbiter of another’s happiness, who had united her destiny with his. He had confidence in his own integrity of motive and his own moral strength, but yet he could not contemplate these coming events without a peculiar solemn-

nity, and an agitation of anxiety. Still, there was nothing he would have different.

It was the last week of November ; the next week he was to become the husband of Eda Wilson. His mother and Ella had been fairly settled in their new home in the city of Baltimore. Cudgie and Sukie were gradually becoming accustomed to their mode of life, the novelty of which was rapidly wearing away. Although Charles spent most of his leisure hours at his mother's new home, he had not yet removed from his lodgings in the hotel of Madame Druillard. Several days had elapsed since he was last at his boarding place.

The last day of November had been appointed by him to take his leave of the family of French refugees at Madame Druillard's, on which occasion the courtesy of a special dinner had been tendered him by his fellow boarders, to take place at ten o'clock in the evening. The afternoon of the same day had also been appointed by him for a formal visit by Mr. Wilson to the new home of his mother, and a formal introduction to the future mother-in-law of his daughter.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon of the thirtieth day of November. For two or three days the sky had been dark and cloudy, while a fierce sharp wind had swept and whistled along the streets threateningly. But, on the morning of the thirtieth, the clouds had disappeared, the wind had died away, and the sun had arisen as soft and balmy as a May morning.

Edward Wilson and Charles Preston sat in the little private parlor of the bank. They were both in full dress, which was not customary for either at that hour of the day.

In the countenance of Mr. Wilson there was a calm and quiet expression ; in that of Mr. Preston was a nervous uneasiness. They were about to start on their walk to the residence of Mrs. Preston, when Twinkle entered, with the daily paper in his hand. Smiling, he presented the paper to Preston, and pointing to an article with his finger, without a word he left the room.

Preston read aloud as follows :

“ FORGERS ARRESTED.

“ Wharton Leddington and Henry Leddington his son, both of this city, were arrested a few days ago at the Girard Bank of Philadelphia under singular circumstances. It appears that young Leddington presented three drafts to be cashed at Girard's bank, purporting to be drawn by Edward Wilson, of this city, on that bank for ten thousand dollars each. The suspicion of Mr. Girard was at once excited, whereupon he charged the young man (who, it appears, is not considered altogether sharp) with the forgery. The youth acknowledged

that the drafts were forged, and exposed his father as the forger, who was found at an obscure tavern in the suburbs of the city, where he was arrested. They are both in custody, and await their trial.

"This arrest led to the disclosure of a few facts in relation to this gray-haired villain, until now unknown to the people of this city.

"It appears that this Wharton Leddington is none other than the notorious Tory and free-booter, Henry L. Wharton, who, united with skimmers and cow-boys, annoyed the army of General Washington along the Hudson during the war. We hope justice may be done him and his boy, and that neither may be spared to disgrace the soil of a free country."

"I am not surprised at this," said Preston, and asked, "Had you before been apprised of it?"

"I had not, but since my last interview with him, some six weeks ago, I have been prepared to hear any evil of the wretch. He is not worth a second thought—a mere wretch. Let us commence our walk."

Mr. Wilson took Preston's arm, and together they proceeded down the street.

Mrs. Preston sat alone in her boudoir. It was sumptuously furnished and tastefully arranged. The warm sunlight stole in streaks through the massive damask window curtains and checkered the rich carpet with brilliant light.

She was attired in the full gorgeous dress of the age, made memorable by the grand old pictures of Martha Washington.

Mrs. Preston was prepared to receive her son and his future father-in-law.

She heard them enter the hall and pass into the parlor adjoining her private room. After a few minutes Charles entered her room. She took his arm and entered the parlor. Mr. Wilson stood in front of an oil painting gazing on it as they entered.

"Mr. Wilson," said Charles, "I have the honor of presenting my mother to you."

Mr. Wilson suddenly turned; his eyes met those of Mrs. Preston; he stood a moment transfixed. He turned deadly pale—his lips moved—he trembled—he grasped at the air. At last he shouted, "Mary Romaine!" and fell to the floor. Mrs. Preston staggered to an arm chair, where she fainted.

Charles rang for the servants. They came, but not until Mrs. Preston had revived and was assisting Charles in his effort to restore Mr. Wilson to consciousness.

At last the banker opened his eyes, and, looking at Mrs. Preston, grasped her hand and exclaimed :

“ O Mary ! Mary ! is it indeed you, whom I have so long mourned as lost at sea ? ”

“ It is me, Edward, the same Mary Romaine. But how is it that you still survive, when it was well known that the ship upon which you sailed was lost, with every one on board ? ”

“ I and a yellow boy alone were saved,” replied Mr. Wilson. “ But, can it be, my dear Mary, that I do not dream ? Oh ! I have dreamed this false, this deceitful dream so often ! But surely, I hold you by the hand. Mr. Preston, let me touch you. Surely, I am awake ! Certainly, I am not deceived ! ”

“ No, Edward, this is reality. Neither of us dream. Life had but one dream for me—that was in its early morning of sunshine, but it soon was past, and I awoke to the realities of darkness, disappointments and sorrow.”

Her head sank, and tears traced her cheeks.

“ Mr. Wilson ! Mother ! What means all this ? do I dream ? ” demanded Charles.

“ You do not, my dear boy. While my warmest gratitude went up to the throne of heaven for your benefactor, whose kindness and paternal care you so often mentioned to me in your letters, I little thought that that benefactor was the same to whom, in the morning of my life, I had bound myself by the most sacred vows.”

“ And which I like a fool and a villain violated. Oh Mary :
_____”

“ Edward, do not mention that. It is past. We have lived our lives separately. Destiny was unkind to us. We can not recall the mis-
haps, nor can we alter the faults, of the past. We can but forgive.”

“ Charles,” continued Mrs. Preston, “ I must explain to you. Edward Wilson and I were espoused in our youth, and our nuptial day appointed, but he loved another better, and married her ; so I was left a cast-off, to carry a widowed heart alone through life, and alone to find a resting place in the tomb.”

“ Oh Mary ! Mary ! do not——” exclaimed the banker.

“ Edward,” said Mrs. Preston, “ remember—hear me. I do not blame you—I have not blamed you ; if you loved Edith Dean better than you did me, you were right to marry her, and it would have been most sinful to have married me when your heart was her’s. But it was so hard to part with every hope of life.” And again Mrs. Preston buried her face in her hands and wept.

“ Oh, Mary ! hear me ! I did not love Edith Dean ; I loved

only you. My foolish pride was offended, and in a fit of vexation I did the deed which made me unhappy, which did a grievous wrong to the innocent victim of my folly, the mother of my child, and which disappointed your hopes of life. But, Oh! how soon, how bitterly and how long have I lamented my folly—how often would I have atoned for it with the very blood of my heart, could I have done so! Mary, I have loved you every moment since I left you with the curse upon my lips against Captain Verdier, at your father's gate, a quarter of a century ago. I have worn your miniature in the golden case, which you gave me, in my bosom ever since—see, here it is. I love you yet—how fondly and how tenderly the Supreme Judge above alone can know. Again I sue for your hand, although late it be. I can now lay a purer and holier love upon the altar, than before I had lived through this weary life of sorrow, of self-reproach and of self-condemnation. Mary, come; you are a widow now, and——”

“No, Edward, I am not a widow,” interrupted Mrs. Preston.

“Is Mr. Preston still surviving?”

“Edward! Edward! having loved you, could I recall my affections and love another? could I violate those vows I made to you, which were recorded in heaven? could I desecrate that sacred altar I had erected to you in my heart of hearts? No, Edward, I am no widow; I was never married.”

“But your son Charles, there?” said the banker, pointing to Charles.

“He is my sister Allie's son,” said Mrs. Preston, arising and placing her arms around the young man's neck. She wept, and kissed him as she said:

“My poor dear boy, my noble Charles! but this one circumstance could compel me to disown you as my child. I am proud of you. I promised my sister, on her death bed, to be a mother to you. I have redeemed my promise. None knows that I am not your mother but poor old Cudgie and Aunt Sukey. They were witnesses to my promise and to its faithful redemption.”

Charles embraced his Aunt and wept, as he said “I can not part with the sacred relation—I can not be without a mother—you must still be my mother!”

“Edward, Charles,” said Mrs. Preston, or rather Mary Romaine, as she will hereafter be called, “let me briefly recount the events of my life after we sailed for Europe.”

“We had fair weather until the last three days and nights of our voyage. A fearful storm had commenced and had continued three days. On the evening of the third day our vessel was badly wrecked

and floating at the mercy of the waters. The Captain supposed we were near the coast of France. The night set in very dark. Your father and Cudgie had secured a boat and had placed a portion of our baggage in it, ready to cut it loose at a moment's warning, for we did not know what moment the vessel would sink." Your mother, Charles, and I, and Sukie stood with our hands upon the boat ready to leap in. Cudgie stood ready with a hatchet to cut away at a word. "We heard the voice of the Captain shouting in the darkness, 'We are going.' Cudgie had you in his arms. You were then not quite two years old. Your father had your little sister six months old in his arms. 'Cut away Cudgie,' said your father. All but your father and Cudgie leaped into the boat. Cudgie, with his right hand cut the ropes, and leaped into the boat with you in his arms. Your father, with your little sister, also attempted to leap into the boat, but he fell short, and was drawn into the vortex of water that closed on the fated ship, which in the very moment we escaped from it, went down to the bottom.

"A night of horror followed. My sister Alice was frantic; she would have thrown herself into the billows to search for her husband and her child, but Sukey held her in her arms and restrained her. I kept you, Charles, in my arms, and Cudgie managed our frail boat which was tossed about upon the waves."

"At last the morning came, and found us drenched with sea water and without a morsel to eat. Alice was quite exhausted. She could not hold up her head. "In this manner we were driven from billow to billow until late in the afternoon, when we were rescued by an English ship bound for Portsmouth where we arrived in safety the next morning." "Alice lingered several weeks between life and death. Her health was entirely impaired and her constitution shattered. We had some money with us, but the most of the money my brother-in-law had on his person when he went down. Your mother, Charles, was in such a low state of health, that she could not undertake the voyage back to America. Within a month after our arrival in Portsmouth we went to Liverpool. Here we found a clipper about to sail for Baltimore. Cudgie and Sukie sailed home in her and took you with them. Cudgie owned, in his own right, the little home up on Cherry Run, which my father conveyed to him when we removed from Maryland. You have supposed that that little house was ours, but it is not; it is Cudgie's. He brought you to this little house and reared you, worked for you and fed you until you became able to earn something for yourself." I remained in Liverpool with your mother. She partially recovered her health, and with our needles we supported ourselves, hoping to earn enough to pay our passage back to Baltimore."

“Your mother, after three years, became acquainted with Reginald Preston the youngest son of an English Baron. They were finally married, and he disinherited. We continued to reside in Liverpool, where Ella was born. Reginald Preston fell into a slow sickness of which he died in a short time after Ella’s birth. Allie’s health was miserable for a long time, during which I worked very hard with my needle to procure for her such necessaries as her condition required. She gradually grew weaker, and I saw her sinking into the grave. I redoubled my efforts, and, through self-denial, I managed to make her last few months comfortable. Poor Allie died leaving her two helpless children in my charge under the promise that I would be a mother to them. May God be my judge, how assiduously I have endeavored to prove a mother to you and Ella. Charles, you were then with Cudgie and Sukey, on his Cherry Run Homestead. I had not seen you for eight years. I was alone with a helpless infant in my arms in a foreign country, and with an insufficient sum of money to pay my passage home.”

“At this stage of my misfortunes I fell sick. I lay very low with a fever several weeks. When I recovered I found myself without a penny.”

“As soon as I could do so, I went into a store where I sold my jewelry for a sum barely sufficient to pay my passage to this city. I received but half the value of every thing I sold. The jeweler offered me a large sum, two thousand pounds, for this diamond ring, but I refused it. Do you know it Edward?” said she presenting her hand to the banker. Mr. Wilson buried his face in his hand and wept as he saw the ring. She continued, “It has never been removed from that finger since you placed it there, Edward, as a symbol of our plighted love.” “After having completed my negotiations with the tradesman, and having received the money for my sales, I turned to leave the store, when to my surprise, I saw you, Edward, standing in the room with your eyes riveted upon me. I fainted, partially from weakness and partially from surprise.”

“A few days afterwards I sailed, with the little child, for Baltimore, where, upon our arrival, I found by the papers, that you had sailed for Baltimore a few days before I did, and that the ship in which you sailed, and all on board were lost.” “Since then I have lived in Cudgie’s house. The premises were small, only about twelve acres. Cudgie and Sukie occupied a little hut on one corner of the land. By strict economy and great industry poor Cudgie and I succeeded in supporting the children until Charles became able to earn wages; since that time Charles has been our support.”

"What was my father's name?" asked Charles, "Jean Jaques de Tenaillon, and that is also your true name. He was Aid-de-Camp to General the Marquis de La Fayette," answered Mary Romaine.

"Great God! my sister—my dear sister!" exclaimed Charles, and seizing his hat hurried from the room.

A few minutes rapid walk brought Charles to the little portico in front of his boarding house. He was in a high state of excitement. He stopped one moment to listen; he heard the voice of the Countess accompanied by her harp. Without ringing he opened the entrance door and rushed into the parlor. Several of the boarders were present. The countess was playing and singing. He saw none but her. He ran towards her with outstretched arms exclaiming, "my sister! my sister."

The Countess, in alarm at his unusual appearance arose to her feet behind the harp. Charles overturned the harp, and clasping the Countess in his arms embraced and kissed her. The Countess shrieked and disengaged herself from his embrace.

A tall old man, a stranger to Charles who, until that moment had escaped his notice, hastily arose and placing himself between Charles and the Countess demanded an explanation in these words, "Monsieur, what does this mean? Why this insult to this lady? I beg you to understand that I am her protector."

"You Sir?" said Charles, "I beg you to understand that I am her protector. Monsieur I am her brother."

"Monsieur, you state what is not true, she has no brother. I am her father," said the old man.

Charles clasped his hands together and exclaimed with emotion:

"O, God! my father!"

"Who are you sir?" asked the old man.

"This lady's brother," answered Charles.

"What is your name?"

"Jean Jaques de Tenaillon," answered Charles.

"That is my name, what was your mother's name?"

"Allie Romaine," Charles replied.

"God of heaven! do I dream? what does all this mean?"

Charles darted from the room. The other occupants of the room, both male and female, had gathered in a group around Charles and his father, with open lips and deep excitement. In a minute he returned. He presented the faded masonic apron which he held so sacred to his father, saying, "This was my father's. Do you recognize it? if further proof is necessary, my aunt, Mary Romaine, old Cudgie and old

Sukie are here, in this city, to bear witness that this was my father's masonic apron."

De Lenaillon took the apron ; with trembling hands he raised the faded flap, on the under side of which was embroidered in bullion thread " Jean Jaques de Tenaillon, *vive La Muçonrie.*" which Charles had not discovered before. The apron fell from the old man's hands ; he clasped Charles in his arms exclaiming " my son son ! my son ! "

A loud shrill shriek followed, as the Countess threw herself upon Charles's bosom where she fainted, exclaiming, "*Mon Frere! Mon Cher Frere!*"

Charles clasped the Countess in his arms and carried her to a sofa, where she was soon restored to consciousness.

The countess would not leave her new found brother. She clung around his neck and leaned upon his bosom, constantly smiling and exclaiming :

" I always felt in my heart that you were my brother. O ! now I have a brother indeed ! a real brother,—and I can lean so softly on his great strong bosom. How can any one live without a brother ? now I will have a home. Madame Drulliard, I am going home to live with my brother," and many other fond expressions and manifestations of mingled affection and joy.

The excitement consequent upon this denouement had assembled the whole household, even to the French pastry cook, who, with his white apron, paper cap and ladle in hand stood in the door and wept.

M. de Tenaillon was between fifty and sixty years old. He had a military bearing, and, although his hair was gray, he was active and vivacious. He was tall and straight. His features were manly, well formed and full of dignity. His countenance was mild, and possessed a remarkably benevolent expression.

M. de Tenaillon, with his son and daughter entered a carriage at the door of the boarding house, and in a few minutes, joined Mr. Wilson and Mary Romaine, at the residence of the latter.

The meeting between the brother and sister-in-law was deeply affecting.

Ella and her half sister were at once united, nor were they again separated for many days. Ella returned with the Countess to Madame Druilliard's where they both occupied the same apartment and the same bed.

Mutual explanations were made between Captain de Tenaillon and Mary Romaine.

The vessel sunk near the coast of France. The Captain de Ten-

aillon with his child in his arms, partially supported by a plank that arose from the wreck, and with which he accidentally came in contact in the darkness, floated ashore the next day where he was taken care of by wreckers. One of his trunks, that he had deposited in the boat, which his wife, boy, sister-in-law and the two colored servants had entered, was picked up upon the beach shortly afterwards, an empty boat, which he was quite sure was the one they had entered, was also thrown upon the strand. He now believed that the dear ones were lost, and yielded to last hope of their surviving the fearful night.

Cudgie and Sukie were frantic.

Cudgie took the little white hands of Madame Mont Martre in his large black hands. He held them and looked at them with tears in his eyes he said, "De Lor! how much you is like Missus Allie, honey, even to de berry finger nails. Dis ole chile, many an many a time yoost to tuck you up and play wid you when you was jis a little pican-inny. Bress de Lor, what a drefful night dat was? guess dis ole chile jis taught dat de last day ob judgement had come sure, dat is, dis chile did."

It was well, perhaps, for the Countess that she did not understand Cudgie, for her nervous system was already so much agitated by the events of the afternoon as to threaten her health.

* * * * *

Ten days had passed. There was marrying and giving in marriage. On that day six individuals in the same church and at the same time assumed the bonds of matrimony. The morning paper announced the marriage of Edward Wilson to Mary Romaine. Jean Jaques de Tenaillon alias Charles Preston, to Eda Wilson, and Timothy Peltire alias, Twinkle Pet, to Emaline Gimlett.

There was a merry party that night at the mansion of Edward Wilson, the banker. There at that party, titled nobility of France mingled on equal terms with simple citizens of Maryland. Henry Warren was there. So also was Aunt Rosa Ramsdale and her man, as she continued to call her worthy husband.

"My man is so awful backward, that I can't get him to act natural, among so many strange folks," said Aunt Rosa to Mr. Wilson.

The re-union between Aunt Rosa and Mary Romaine was very touching; none witnessed it however, but Mr. Wilson.

As the wedding party seperated Mr. Wilson addressed the company. He said:

"Riches do not constitute wealth. The peace of the soul is the only TRUE WEALTH."

* * * * *

Another month passed. Three now, happy families dwell in the City of Baltimore.

Edward Wilson, his wife Mary and their adopted daughter Ella Preston. This family occupied the costly mansion so often mentioned as the residence of the millionaire.

Jean Jaques de Tenaillon the younger, his wife Eda, his father Jean Jaques de Tenaillon the Elder, and his sister Estiphena Mont Martre, composed the second family, which occupied the elegant home prepared by the proprietor, for his foster mother.

The third happy family was composed of Timothy Peltire, his wife, Emaline, and Harriett Gimlett. This family occupied the dwelling of the late John Gimlett, which had been refitted and refurnished for their reception.

Cudgie and Sukie remained in their lodge, and composed an important part of the de Tenaillon family.

The Tory Luddington never returned to Baltimore. It was reported that both he and his son fell victims to a furious mob in the City of Philadelphia.

* * * * *

The business of the bank, at the old stand was continued under the proprietorship of "McLean & Peletire, successors to Edward Wilson."

In the little village of H., the smithy of Henry Warren has disappeared, but, on its site stands a magnificent edifice of stone. Over the large entrance to this building is carved in granite, a stalwart right arm wielding a Sledge Hammer, which stands conspicuously in bass relief. Above this symbol is inscribed in the granite, "WARREN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL." Below it, "DEDICATED TO THE FATHERLESS, BY EDWARD WILSON."

* * * * *

Who can solve the mystery of the soul? How are we to account for its varied phenomena? What are the mysterious threads that link soul to soul? What are the psychological instincts that point out the consanguine connections? Is there a foundation, or a partial foundation for the abstractions of the German school, that the physical particles of which we are composed, carry into our organism faint memories of relations which they sustained in former organisms which are now dissolved? Why is it that a sound, a circumstance, an odor, will sometimes awake an impulse that brings with it a crowd of dreamy emotions, mixed with indefinite memories of something we cannot trace in the past, nor, hope for in the future? Can it be that the angels of the departed hover around us in invisible forms, and, by an unknown influence, awaken these memories and emotions, and induce those impulses, instincts and affinities? Let him answer who can.—[THE END.]

THEN AND NOW.

What stirred the stalwart Knights of old,
 And made them resolute and bold,
 Well worthy of their spurs of gold,
 Their pluméd casques and faulchions bright?
 The triple virtues* fired their will
 All moral duty to fulfil,
 And bade them wield the sword with skill.
 But always *in* and *for* the Right!

And need we not in these our days,
 When Wrong is robed in our courtly ways,
 And Envy's shaft to pierce essays
 The buckler of our fair renown,
 With mobile tongue and keen-edged wit,
 Repel the recreant who would hit,
 In coward wise, our fame; and sit
 Content, an' he could read our crown?

We see in Vision's golden glow
 What Birth and Beauty did bestow
 On Chivalry; and well, I trow,
 Were *then* Love's gifts and trophies won;
 But now a craven spirit chills,
 Or half congeals, the living rills
 That fed the heart; and Meanness fills
 Old Liberty's polluted throne!

Why can't we, in such tranceful hour,
 With all its wealth of light and flower,
 Catch resolution's priceless dower,
 And do as did the Knights of old?
 'Twere worth the venture! Then I claim
 All Swordsmen of the Shrine† should aim
 At Honor's prize and Knightly fame.
 And let illusions be dispelled!

—*Freemason's Magazine.*

* Faith, Hope, and Charity Cf. 1 Cor., xiii, and Kenelm Digby's
 Broadstone of Honor, p. 133

† Knights Templar.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SIR PHILIP SWIGERT OF KY.

The following Order issued by M. E. Grand Commander of Knights Templars of Kentucky affords a tolerably extended and very interesting sketch of the Masonic life of one of the most active and efficient working Masons in that Grand Jurisdiction.—ED.

Head Quarters of the R. E. Gr. Commander of Knights Templar of Kentucky :

MAYSVILLE, KY., Feb. 1, 1872.

To all Right Eminent, Eminent, and other True and Courteous Knights throughout the Jurisdiction of Kentucky, Greeting :

FRATERS:—Death—solemn, mysterious and awful—has again penetrated the recesses of our Asylum, and robbed us of another visible object of our love and esteem. Our beloved Frater, Sir Philip Swigert, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter, and Past Grand Puissant of the Grand Council of Kentucky, is no more. He died at his home in the city of Frankfort, Ky., on the 31st of December last, at 4 o'clock. His disease was pneumonia, from which he had been a sufferer for several weeks, his bodily energies gradually yielding, until, on the last day of the expiring year, his spirit passed away from earth. His family and immediate relatives were at his bedside during his last hours, to receive his final messages. *Requiescat in pace.*

Philip Swigert was born in Fayette Co., on the 27th of May, 1798. He was therefore in his 74th year at the time of his death. His parents were of German ancestry, in scanty circumstances, and he consequently was left to his own resources entirely in making a living. During his early manhood he was employed for a time as a clerk in the Circuit Court of Woodford, under John McKinsey. About the year 1822 he removed to Frankfort. To the discharge of public and private trusts, Philip Swigert was frequently called, holding probably as many official positions as any man of his time.

As a member of the Masonic Brotherhood he was highly distinguished, constituting one of its most enlightened and honored officials. His interest in the mysteries and welfare of the craft seemed never to abate, his attendance being constant, and his work for its upbuilding most incessant. He took the degree of Master Mason in 1819, and in 1820 he attended the Grand Lodge of Kentucky as representative of Landmark Lodge No. 41. In 1823 he was elected Junior Deacon, holding

the office until 1828, when he was elected Grand Treasurer. He held the office of Grand Treasurer until 1832, when he was elected Grand Secretary. He held the position of Grand Secretary twenty-one years, until 1853. In 1854 he was elected Junior Grand Warden; in 1855 he was elected Senior Grand Warden; in 1855 he was elected Deputy Grand Master; and in 1857 he was elected Grand Master. During his term as Grand Master it was his custom to keep a minute of his decisions on Masonic jurisprudence, which were deemed of so high value and correctness by the Grand Lodge, that it subsequently ordered them published for future guidance.

In 1822 Mr. Swigert was elected Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter, holding this position until the day of his death, with the exception of the years 1839-40, when Thomas C. Orear was Secretary. The Chapter re-elected him while yet he lay upon his bed of death. He was elected Puissant Grand Master of the Grand Council in 1858, holding the office from the inauguration of that Grand Body until October, 1871, at which time he requested to be relieved, and Thos. Todd was elected his successor. He was a regular, active and bright member of Hiram Lodge No. 4, in Frankfort, for thirty-three years. As tributes to his worth, Philip Swigert Lodge No. 218, at Fisherville, Jefferson County; Swigert Chapter No. 40, at Cadiz, Trigg County; and Philip Swigert Council No. 26, at Eddysville, Lyon County, were named in his honor.

He was also a Knight Templar, member of Frankfort Commandery No. 4, and represented the same at the meeting of the Grand Commandery of Kentucky in July last. As a Knight Templar, he worked in faith and humility, love and hope. He was kindly affectioned with brotherly love; in honor preferring others; not slothful in business, he served the Lord; distributed to the necessities of others, and while he rejoiced with the happy, he could weep with those who wept. And now he has sheathed his untarnished sword, and through the frowning gates of death found the way to eternal life. We mourn his loss, but console ourselves with the reflection that the souls of the righteous and good are immortal, and their influences live beyond the grave. And the influence of his brilliant example must long continue. "Though dead, he yet speaks," and Fraters, let him not speak in vain. Be like him, true to your principles. Let Knightly conduct attest the sincerity of your Knightly profession. In token of respect for his memory, the Right Eminent Grand Commander directs that this order shall be read at the head of the lines (the Knights being formed in due array) in all the commanderies of his jurisdiction, at the conclave held next after its reception, and Officers and Knights shall wear a rosette of

black crape upon their left breasts, and at the hilt of their swords for thirty days from this date. Banners will also be trimmed with crape during the same time.

The Right Eminent Grand Commander affectionately and fraternally greets you, and prays that the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that good Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, may make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

By order of

R. E. SIR MARTIN H. SMITH,
Grand Commander.

In Knightly courtesy and esteem,

C. MUNGER, Gr. Recorder.

PHYSICAL QUALIFICATIONS.

The French have a proverb to the effect that "no one is bound by the impossible," or, in other words, that there are situations in which a man may be placed in which he may be excused for not doing that which is beyond his power. But, generally, men are more apt to attempt the impossible than to acknowledge their incapacity. When they find that a difficulty cannot be squarely met and overcome, they set their brains in a ferment to discover some method by which they can get over or under or around it. And, on the principle declared by our old friend Solomon, that "stolen waters are sweet," they will evince such zeal and industry in the art of circumvention as, employed in a better cause, would make them rich or famous, or both. The observant newspaper reader will remember the developments of this tendency in the history of sumptuary legislation for past years. When, by law, it was made an offense to sell alcoholic liquors, one of the earliest devices to evade the penalty was the exhibition of a striped pig, a ticket of admission to the presence of which involved a free drink; and from the moment of that porcine device till now there has been a constant succession of plans by which the letter and spirit of the law might be evaded. More than this, men have lent themselves to the law breakers in opposition to the law, and thus its moral effect has been completely set aside. We presume we are safe enough in the assertion that this is, in the main, due to the perversity of human nature, and but illustrates the saying that we are prone to evil, and that continually; certain it is, that the facts bear us out in the results we have stated, and prove to a demonstration that the tendency is

rather to subvert and circumvent a law which is found to interfere with our wishes and convenience, than to obey it.

These remarks apply in an eminent degree to the Masonic law in relation to physical qualifications. It seems difficult, if not impossible, to state a proposition in plainer terms than those used in the old regulation concerning the physical qualifications required in a profane who presents himself as a candidate for Masonry, thus: "No Master should take an Apprentice until he has sufficient employment for him, and unless he be a perfect youth, having no maim or defect in his body that may render him incapable of learning the art. (Charges of 1723.)

It is possible that there may be a double meaning in the words: "A perfect youth, having no maim or defect in his body;" but we confess our inability to discover it, and, moreover, we submit that it is rather our duty to accept the plain intention and spirit of the regulation than to seek by any forbidden paths by which we may evade its provisions. Nevertheless, we are constantly running against brethren anxious to know whether two and two are four, or whether there is not some process of mental alchemy by which four units may be made to mean some different amount when added together. We have one set of disputants who claim that inasmuch as Masonry is no longer an operative society, the rules once obtaining among men who wrought as practical workmen can no longer be needed, and therefore the qualifications required can only be moral and mental. These brethren overlook the fact that the law which we have quoted was given to us when the society had entirely lost its distinctive character, as an operative guild, and had become purely speculative and philosophical. It is a distinctive feature of the society, coming to us from its earliest published laws, and has the qualities which make a landmark—that is to say, it is a principle governing the Craft, which cannot be altered or amended without changing the form and nature of Masonry. Hence, every master of a lodge, and every member thereof, should know at once, and without study, that a candidate who is not perfect, and without maim or defect in his body, cannot be made a Mason: but how frequently are we asked whether it would be unlawful to make a profane who has lost a finger, or a leg, or an arm? The answer to such questions is at once suggested by the terms of the regulation, but we incline to the opinion that we are often asked, not that we may define the law, but rather that we may suggest some plan by which it can be successfully evaded.

We feel quite certain that no Grand Master in the United States, who has officiated during the past twenty years, has escaped a series of

questions on the possibility of making a candidate who can see as far with one eye as other people can with two, or who can run faster with a wooden leg than common men can with flesh and bone underpinnings; and yet every Mason should know that the old regulation which we did not make, and which we cannot change, is as explicit as can be on the point. The answer, therefore, to all such questions is simply a reiteration of the law: "A candidate must be free from maim or defect in his body."

We have, however, to deal with another class, who take the opposite tack and stretch the law into degrees, which had no existence when the regulation was promulgated. It is well known that at the time of the revival, the Lodges conferred but one degree, that of Entered Apprentice, and that it was not until some time afterward that the Grand Lodge ceded to them the right to practice the Second and Third Degrees. Now the regulation as to physical qualification being of older date than the right to confer the Second and Third Degrees, it is clear that it could not apply to them unless by some special legislation to that effect. No such act appears, and none such has been enacted, except in isolated jurisdictions, the boundaries of which have limited its effect. In the absence, then, of a local law, adapted by competent authority, the regulation in regard to physical qualifications has no application beyond the First, or E. A. Degree. Or, in other words, a candidate being whole and sound at the time of his making and subsequently being maimed, he is not thereby prevented from being advanced.

We have been considerably shot at, because of our advocacy of this plain construction of a plain law, and we have been openly accused of a willingness to allow crippled persons to be exalted to the Royal Arch, and created Templars.

We remark here in passing, that it is a weakness of human nature to attribute to men sentiments they have never entertained, and especially to infer motives and intent, of which they have never dreamed, and we judge that out of this weakness comes the accusation of which we speak. Our position is—and we defy any one to cite authority in contradiction of it—that the language of the old regulation applies only to profanes seeking to be *made* Entered Apprentices, and that it has never been altered since its original promulgation, and cannot now be, because there is no universal authority having power to do it, and hence when a person who has regularly received the degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, and, being maimed, applies for those conferred under the warrant of a Royal Arch Chapter, his rejection on account of maiming can only be justified by a law of the Grand Chapter hav-

ing jurisdiction. That is to say, that if a Grand Chapter enacts a regulation forbidding its subordinates to confer the capitular degrees on maimed candidates, then the degrees cannot be conferred, but if there is no such special regulation, then the old law in relation to profanes does not and cannot be made to apply. The same is true in the Commandery. It is quite true that a semi-military organization would hardly look well parading the halt and the maimed, but if they do not want to fill up their ranks in that way, they must make unto themselves a law forbidding the orders to be conferred on persons thus afflicted, and not depend on the efficacy of a regulation which has no possible reference to them or their affairs. Think it over.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

HOPE THOU IN GOD.

It was an Autumn day—

The doors, of the old church were wide apart,
 And through the open windows, the eyes of
 Gather'd worshippers, could catch a sight of
 Green leaves waving in the wind, and low-roof'd
 Cottages, wreath'd with the jasmine-vines,—and
 Lonely, as though in very tenderness—
 Whispered they, one to another, there; 'till
 A new sound was heard, and up the aisle, with
 Measur'd steps, and slow, he came—the man of
 God—followed by bearers with the wept-for
 Dead. And silently, with pallid brows and
 Quivering lips, the mourners came, and then
 Each sound was hushed; the whispers all grew still,
 As, with his hands cross'd o'er the Holy Book,
 The pastor stood—his blue eye brightning with
 The hope that filled his soul, and his broad brow
 Radiant with the joy he taught.

He spake—

Softly his words fell o'er the multitude,
 And—"Hope Thou in God!" fell from his thin, red—
 Lips. A smile of peace o'er saddened faces crept,
 And a new light to weeping eyes, and to
 Mourning hearts, a joy no grief could take away.
 And tenderly the pall was spread, and then,
 As prayerfully, the loving laid the
 Aged to his sleep, a-through their spirits,
 Like the soft chiming of the Sabbath bells,
 Sounded the prophets trust—"HOPE THOU IN GOD!"

And thou, pale traveler to the holy
 Land—thou, who hast trod the press of grief, and
 Wrestled with a burning pain, that from the

Heart drew blood-drops—that 'mid all change, and hate,
 And scorn, hast striven for the "narrow path;"
 And trembled as the hand thou'dst clasp'd, was clasping,
 Other hands, and the clear eyes that looked upon
 Thee lovingly, forgot thee wholly, and turned
 To other eyes, to read what once was read
 In thine,—thou, who hast paled, as voices that
 Have blessed thee changed to cursing; and striven
 With the wrong of word and deed, 'till heart hath
 Failed, and faith itself gave o'er,—Oh! well may'st
 Thou—frail child, and mourning—take *this*, thy soul's gift,
 To thee, "Hope Thou in God!" and yet bear
 On. It may be long—*how* long, He only
 Knows—before the grief-cloud breaks away! But
 Put thou on the pleasant smile and quiet
 Air—this woe of thine must go—for His great
 Love o'er shadows it, and underneath is
 His Almighty arm. And if, perchance,
 The mountain-way is trod, then comes the
 Joy to which it led, and thou at last, art
 Nearer Heaven. "HOPE THOU IN GOD!"

—MRS. FIDELIA WOOLEY GILLETTE.

THE HOLY BIBLE, SQUARE AND COMPASSES.

Symbolic Masonry combines the teachings of Nature and Revelation, in a most instructive and impressive manner. It avails itself of every suggestion of the sublime principles of moral and Masonic truth, found in the volume of Nature, exhibiting lessons of wisdom, strength and beauty, both for our admiration and imitation. Many symbols are employed to impress these great lessons upon our minds, with such lectures and illustrations as will enable us to feel their force and appreciate their value and beauty.

But the Great Light in Masonry is the Holy Bible. There is such a value placed upon this, that no Lodge can be opened without it—no Mason would sit in a Lodge unless he saw the Book of the law, open, upon its altar, with the Square and Compasses lying upon its open pages. All would be Masonic darkness without this *Great Light!*

But symbolic teaching requires the fixed attention of the mind, to gain a full and complete knowledg of all the valuable suggestions of these silent instructors. We very well understand why the open Bible lies before the assembled craft; for from the position it occupies, and the wise lessons imparted by it, we readily perceive that it is the central light from which we derive a knowledge of God, and the divine principles on which his moral government is founded—we perceive

the origin of our race, and the great destiny that awaits those who will so live on earth as to pass to superior joys when we are called from our labors. All this is plain enough to the observing Masonic mind.

But why do we see the "*Square and Compasses*" ever resting upon its pages? What connection have these with the "*Great Light*?" These questions present a theme of thought upon which the Masonic mind may expand with profitable reflection :

1. The Bible is sacredly regarded by our ancient Order as the moral and Masonic trestle-board upon which the Supreme Grand Master has drawn his spiritual designs. "As the operative Mason erects his temporal building in accordance with the designs laid down upon the trestle-board by the master workman, so should we, both operative and speculative, endeavor to erect our spiritual building in accordance with the designs laid down by the Supreme Architect."

2. From the designs drawn out by Divine Wisdom, upon the pages of this great trestle-board, we perceive the *immortal* nature of the human soul; its vast capacity, and the demands and appliances necessary for its enjoyment in this life, as well as that superior state that awaits the just and pure, in that "building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

3. A fitness for that spiritual habitation, requires skilful labor upon the material which is to compose the spiritual edifice. "Living stones," taken from the quarries of nature, as rough ashlers, susceptible, by gracious influences, and diligent labor, to receive a form and fitness for its appropriate place in the living temple, have to be fitted for their place in the building.

4. To fashion these living stones after the models laid down in the spiritual trestle-board, the "*Square and Compasses*" are indispensable. It is by these that we are able to copy the dimensions, form and structure of all the parts, and work them into the structure of the perfect ashler. These spiritual working tools are, therefore, always seen resting upon the designs, ready to render service to every true craftsman who designs to *work out* his salvation according to the pattern shown him in this fountain of moral and Masonic light.

5. Models and designs drawn upon the trestle-board, means work! It means diligent and skillful work! The more skillful and diligent the workman, the higher will be his promotion in rank, distinction and honor. He is at work upon a spiritual edifice—a living temple—that will endure forever. It is thus a distinguished honor to become a co-worker with God, for while He works in us to will and do His pleasure, we work out our salvation—the work He has given us to do—we fear as to our ability, and a *trembling* anxiety to succeed in the

perfection of the great design before us. Let us apply the *Square of virtue* with great care, lest we fail to copy the design correctly; and use the *Compasses to circumscribe our passions* and keep our spirit under a strict discipline, lest the work we have in hand be marred and ultimately rejected and thrown aside as unfit for a place in the Living Temple. In this delicate and skilful work, all the working tools of the craft will be found useful, in the "more glorious and spiritual uses" for which we are taught to employ them; but the Square and Compasses are ever to lie upon the spiritual trestle-board, suggesting the valuable idea of copying the grand designs there drawn out, and *chiseling* every part into the work before us in the model of our Masonic character.

POPULARITY NOT POWER.

When men are applying for admission through our tyled doors in such number as to remind us of doves flocking to their windows, there is special need of Masonic vigilance. There is a great danger attending the unprecedented popularity of our Institution. Masons should ever remember that our strength is not in numbers. There is a difference between counting and weighing. An illustrious man who had once been defeated in his aspirations for office by an overwhelming majority—though supported by a large share of the country's talents, said: "I would have been elected if my votes had been weighed, instead of counted."

Let us weigh and measure the virtues of those who seek admission, and not merely defraud ourselves with the idea that because we are growing in numbers, that we are increasing in the elements of Masonic strength. Let vice once preponderate over virtue, and the sacredness of Masonry in the eyes of observing men will be obscured, if not entirely vanished.

Let not the cheat "he is a good fellow" lead you to introduce material into the temple walls, which when the frost touches it, will crumble like an Egyptian mummy when brought from its tomb to the outer air. We want men who will be living exemplars of the value and beauty of our principles. Men—who if an enquirer should say what is *truth, temperance, honor*?—we can point to our brethren and say—there are incarnations of these virtues.

Seven such men make a stronger lodge than scores of profane, vulgar, dishonorable, intemperate and brawling men can make. Every mean Mason is a positive damage to a lodge. Lodges do themselves great injustice by retaining those who viciously violate the principles of

our noble Order. They put an argument into the open mouths of our enemies, and tolerate the very material against which the objector levels his attacks. As a dead fly makes the otherwise fragrant ointment of the apothecary to stink, so can one licentious Mason bring a whole lodge into disrepute, and make its pretensions a stench in the nostrils of the scrutinizing.

The great outer world fixes its attention on the vicious, and says, an institution that can foster such, under secret vows, must be radically wrong, or so loose in its discipline as to neutralize its worth.

A close eye, brethren, on the ballot-box, a close eye, Junior Warden, on the Craftsmen.—*Kentucky Freemason.*

IMPORTANT.

WE have been favored with a copy of a document issued by the Grand Orient of Brazil, sitting in the Valley of Lavradio, Rio Janeiro, a translation of which is subjoined, and to which we desire to call special attention.

This Masonic power, the only regular one in Brazil, has been hampered and impeded in its progress by an irregular organization at Benedictions, which has sought not only to interfere with its rightful jurisdiction, but to mystify, and thus prevent a fair hearing by the other Masonic powers of the world. The right has, however, triumphed, and this Grand Orient has been recognized as the only and justly formed one in the territory named. It now seeks to spread its affiliations in the United States of America, and to enter into close relations of amity and correspondence with the several Grand Lodges on the North American Continent. Having personally examined the questions relating to its organization and labors, and being perfectly satisfied of its regularity, we take great pleasure in commending its application, and in urging the several Grand Lodges to enter into correspondence and interchange representatives with it. We are the more inclined to this recommendation from the fact that the Grand Orient of Brazil, sitting at Lavradio, accepts and acts upon the American platform in regard to jurisdiction; that it has suspended all intercourse with Hamburg and the Grand Orient of France, and will refuse to hold correspondence with any Masonic power that will not recognize and maintain the American doctrine of exclusive Masonic jurisdiction in the territory in which a recognized Masonic power may be located. The application is further recommended by R. W. Bro. A. G. Goodall, charged with the Foreign Correspondence of the Northern Supreme Council, and perhaps more than any other brother in the country *au fait* on the standing of Masonic Bodies abroad.

We repeat our expression of the hope that the various Grand Lodges of this country and the adjacent British possessions will at once recognize and interchange representatives with this Masonic power. Here follows a translation of their circular :

RIO JANEIRO, 1871.

DEAR BROTHERS :—Permit me in the first place to offer you the assurance on the part of the Grand Orient of Brazil, Valley of Lavradio, of our most sincere and fraternal consideration.

The Grand Orient of Brazil, of which I have the honor to be Grand Secretary, has long entertained the desire of strengthening the bonds of human brotherhood within and without its jurisdiction. It is not enough to unite under one standard all honest men ; we should further endeavor to bring together those who are divided by the institutions and the geographical separations of countries.

This Grand Orient desires not only to unite the Masonic family of the country, but to enter into friendly relations with all the Masonic powers of the world, eleven of which, and those of the foremost, are already in correspondence with us. We shall persevere until our idea is realized, and in its behalf we cordially invite you to unite with us, giving us your friendship and accepting ours, and we shall feel especially flattered if your Grand Body consents to exchange representatives with us.

Upon receipt of your fraternal response to this letter, we will place at your disposal the names of brethren among us from whom you can choose one to represent you, and we ask in exchange the name of some brother to whom we can address the diploma authorizing him to represent us near your honorable body.

May the Supreme Architect guide your response and make it satisfy our desires. Fraternaly,

DR. ALEX. F. DO. AMIRAL, Grand Secretary.

We state additionally that communications may be addressed to the brother above named at Rio Janeiro, or to Bro. A. G. Goodall, No. 142 Broadway, New York, who will take great pleasure in forwarding them to their destination.—*Dispatch*.

CALIFORNIA.

We are under great obligations to the R. W. Grand Secretary, Alex. G. Abell, for a copy of the printed proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted-Masons of the State of California, at the Twenty-second Annual Communication, held in the city of San Francisco, October 10th, A. L. 1871. The volume before us contains

nearly 400 pp, is very neatly printed, and packed full of very interesting matter. The various reports are able and comprehensive—those of the Grand Master and Committee on foreign correspondence, especially so.

From the former we make the following selections, which will be quite as interesting, and at least as worthy of consideration, in this jurisdiction, as in the Golden State :

“We have indeed fallen on troublous times ; and in the midst of this general decay of all that is good and commendable, Freemasonry has a public mission to perform. Never has there been presented so grand an opportunity for the display of your power, and never has the vigorous exercise of that power been more needed than at present. You should be the conservators of public as well as private morals—of political integrity as well as personal fidelity. Let every Mason, mindful of his individual responsibilities and true to the Divine teachings of the ancient Craft, wage eternal war on vice and wrong wherever found, and in whatever guise they present themselves. Scattered far and wide, every denizen of the State is within the personal influence of some of you. Let that influence be ever wielded for the right, and, by this unity of purpose and of action, you will present a nucleus around which the moral power of communities may be gathered and consolidated, to arrest the epidemic which threatens to overwhelm and destroy us.

“With the new-fangled dogmas of a loose morality, Masonry must have no intercourse or sympathy ; but in the midst of these growing evils—this threatened triumph of vice and immorality—it should stand like the beacon-light on some tall cliff or jutting headland, unshaken and unscathed, in the midst of, yet above and beyond the war of elements,—whose golden sheen shall catch the first glance of the imperiled wanderer, to light him in peace and safety home. But the lessons of morality must be taught, and this influence on society must be wielded, if at all, by your example rather than by precept—by acts, not words—deeds, not promises to do. You must yourselves obey the moral law in every particular, and be scrupulously observant of all your obligations. The Masonic relation does not require or permit you to shield a brother in the practice of any vice or wrong, and the temples where Justice is proclaimed as a cardinal virtue must never be converted into asylums for criminals.

“Imbued with these views of the public and private duties of Masons, I have never hesitated to exercise the power of my official position with prompt and unsparing hand when departures from that standard of excellence have come to my knowledge. I have never

felt called upon to deal tenderly with willful and persistent wrongdoers. That is a mistaken notion of Masonic charity which leads to the toleration of vice through a series of months and years, in the hope that, at some indefinite period in the future, reformation may be accomplished. I have but little patience with such treatment of such diseases, and have chosen to bring in requisition the remedies which Masonic jurisprudence affords, to hasten the cleansing of the Masonic household.

“ But it is the right of this Grand Lodge to know to what extent I have exercised the prerogative of a Grand Master in enforcing these views and purposes; and that will perhaps be best exhibited by presenting a case or two of actual occurrence. Some months since I was advised that a member of a certain Lodge was living in the very shadow of its temple in open prostitution with a vile and abandoned woman. In another instance a member was the proprietor of a gaming house, himself the dealer of the games, corrupting the morals of the community and luring his own brethren to destruction. I directed the Masters of these Lodges to demand of the brethren the immediate abandonment of these shameless practices, and, unless these demands were promptly and fully complied with, to proceed as speedily as possible to the expulsion of the offenders. To this they replied, with evident sorrow and regret, that though the accusations were conceded to be true, and the offenses public and notorious, yet such was the condition of the Lodges, and such the personal popularity of the offending brethren, that trial commissioners would certainly be elected who, in spite of the obvious facts, would pronounce in favor of the accused. To this I replied in turn: that, though the commissioners who would return such a verdict, under such circumstances, would be primarily liable to the severest penalties and would be promptly dealt with accordingly, yet there was an ultimate responsibility on the part of the Lodge which I should neither ignore nor forget; that, in my judgment, a Lodge which would or could elect trial commissioners who, upon such a state of conceded facts, would persist in acquitting the guilty parties, was hardly worthy of its charter; and I directed them again to proceed at once, and exhaust every remedy against the accused, and if the occasion arose, against the trial commissioners as well, or surrender into my hands the charter so unworthily held. In brief, that the Lodge *must* properly punish the offenders, or be punished itself for the omission.

“ It may be urged that this would have been an extraordinary exercise of power and a dangerous precedent to establish—an attempt to coerce the judgment and destroy the independence of the trial com-

missioners, and practically to pass upon the guilt of the accused by the Grand Master rather than by the legitimate tribunal. Concede all this to be true; and still, when the usual methods of discipline thus fail, through the obvious indifference or culpable neglect and connivance of those charged in the first instance with that duty, there must be *some* ulterior resort, or a complete and shameful failure of justice. This Grand Body must reserve, and in my judgment has reserved, to itself, while in session, and to its executive head at all other times, the power to compel its subordinates to properly discipline their recreant members. And, unless otherwise instructed by you, I should in all cases of such open and flagrant disregard of those virtues which lie at the very root of the Masonic structure, and constitute all its grandeur and excellence, the facts being obvious and conceded, do again as I have done in the past. I should exercise this power of suspension and arrest, when milder means had failed, as often as the occasion for it might arise, unless interdicted by you; and I report these cases as illustrations, for your consideration, that I and my successors in this office may know how far we are to be sustained in such proceedings. My badge of Masonry is a mockery and a cheat if it implies nothing. It is worse than idle to bear that name unless the obligation it imposes can be always enforced by *some* power, promptly and effectually.

“Other cases less flagrant than these, but still involving moral turpitude, have come to my knowledge during the year. But in most of them it has only been necessary to advise Masters how to proceed, and they have hastened with cheerful alacrity to the performance of their duties. These reported cases are of course exceptional ones, and generally there is a growing disposition to exact from all a rigid compliance with the ethics of Masonry. The moral advancement of the Fraternity at large has more than kept pace with its material progress; and it is on this fact that I tender you to-day my most cordial congratulations. That we have been heretofore tolerant of transgressions, I apprehend all will now concede. But I understand well enough why this has been. I know how unpleasant it is to be the promoter of a prosecution, especially in small communities, where every member has social and business relations with every other member. It is a disagreeable thing to inaugurate a trial. It brings the interruption of personal relations and kindly offices, and very often the loss of business patronage, where such loss would be a serious inconvenience. And so each has waited for another to take the first step, and the duty has thereby been neglected by all. In some instances I have no doubt the inquiries have been made for the sole purpose of procuring from me an order to proceed, which would shift the responsibility to my

shoulders. I have always been very willing to accept that responsibility when the good of the Fraternity seemed to require action. In this connection let me add, that the system of inspection adopted at your last Communication, though not yet perfected, has vastly accelerated the work of purifying and reforming. It has unearthed and exposed whatever was reprehensible, and by sending into the Lodges an officer clothed with the authority of the Grand Lodge, and specially charged with the correction of abuses, has everywhere led to the prompt reformation; or equally prompt expulsion, of the wrong doers. Bad Masons have been taught that they cannot violate the Masonic code and escape its penalties; and good ones have been gladdened by the elevation of our moral standard.

“In other respects, too, the system has proved grandly efficient. It has corrected the loose manner of transacting the general business of the Lodges, brought about a strict compliance with the constitution and regulations of the Grand Lodge, and forced upon those inspected uniformity in the Work and Lectures. In brief, it has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and the good already accomplished cannot be estimated. * * * * *

“One of the Inspectors, who has proven himself a most faithful and efficient officer, suggests in his report that gambling and intemperance are too common among our brethren, and should be more rigorously dealt with. I express to you my hearty concurrence in this suggestion. Masonry does not exact of us total abstinence, but it does require us not to disgrace ourselves or families, nor impair by any excess those faculties with which Heaven has endowed us, nor outrage the moral and social sentiment of mankind. Drunkenness is a Masonic crime, and the Mason who cannot control an appetite over indulged, should set up for himself total abstinence. Believing that the time has come for more heroic treatment of these evils, I take occasion to admonish the Masters here assembled that they ought not to permit, in the members of their Lodges, the habitual indulgence of either of these vices. And here, perhaps, it will not be amiss to call your attention to another evil, which I regret to say prevails to an alarming extent. I mean profanity of speech. Let me admonish and entreat you, in all kindness and fraternal regard, to rid yourselves of this most absurd and ridiculous of all habits. It is not necessary to place this admonition upon the basis of the absolute sinfulness of the practice. I leave that question for each to settle in accordance with his own convictions and religious sentiments. It is enough that, by common consent, profanity is coarse, vulgar, and disgusting, and shocks and outrages the moral sense and sentiment of the refined and better portion

of the community. This alone, if the habit in itself was otherwise unobjectionable, should prevent its indulgence, for the Mason has no right to wound the sensibilities of his associates, as courtesy and consideration are among the true elements of the genuine Masonic character."

The Craft is in a very flourishing condition in California, and may well be proud of its able, intelligent officers. We give its present status, as taken from the proceedings before us :

Number of Lodges,	184
Whole number of M. M.,	9909
Initiated last year,	760
Passed,	759
Raised,	758
Affiliated,	605
Withdrawn,	632

ARE THEY ANCIENT LANDMARKS?

MASONIC writers have time and again written upon what they term the ancient landmarks of the Order, and have probably occupied all the ground, and presented all the proofs known to the Craft, to show that certain usages, customs, and peculiarities of the Craft, were ancient landmarks. But I am not aware that any attempt has ever been made to show that some of these same peculiar characteristics are not, and in the very nature of things, cannot be ancient landmarks of the Order. This I shall attempt to show.

To get clearly before our mind the peculiar and essential elements of an ancient landmark, I will quote from two Masonic authors of no mean notoriety.

Brother A. G. Mackey says the ancient landmarks are all those usages and customs of the Craft, whether ritual or legislative, whether they relate to forms and ceremonies, or to the organization of the society, (mark,) which have existed from time immemorial, and the alteration or abolition of which would materially affect the distinctive character of the institution, or destroy its identity.

Brother H. M. Look says they are those universal and immutable laws and regulations which form the basis and distinguishing characteristics of the Order, and which have existed from time immemorial, (mark.) Their essential elements are antiquity that reaches beyond memory or history. The definitions I think are entirely correct, and I shall adopt them as a standard with which to compare certain modern prerogatives which are claimed by some modern writers to be ancient landmarks.

Now if it is a fact, (and I think it is,) that the ancient landmarks are those universal and immutable laws, rules, and regulations that have existed from time immemorial, and that reach back beyond memory or history, the inference is reasonable, and the deduction is logical, that all those laws, usages, customs, and peculiarities of the Craft that have originated within the era of written Masonic history, and almost within the memory of living Masons, are not ancient landmarks, and if not ancient landmarks they are not landmarks at all. In examining the authorities I find the ancient landmarks mentioned for the first time in connection with the revived annual festival held at London, on the 24th of June, 1717. At this meeting it was proposed to take action on a proposition that originated at a previous meeting (some say as early as 1703,) and the consideration of this subject led the old Masons in and around London to demand security and protection against any violation or infringement of their ancient usages and customs, under the general name of ancient landmarks and upon receiving satisfactory pledges that their reserved privileges and prerogatives should forever remain inviolate, they agreed to delegate certain other prerogatives to the new Grand Lodge, it being the first organization of purely speculative Masonry that we have any account of. Among the privileges that were conceded to the Grand Lodge, were that the Grand Master might grant dispensations for forming new Lodges, and that no Lodge should be deemed regular or lawful without a dispensation from the Grand Master, or a warrant from the Grand Lodge; also that the Grand Master might grant a dispensation authorizing a Lodge to receive a petition, ballot for, and initiate a candidate, in less than the constitutional period. The prerogatives above enumerated are claimed by some eminent modern Masonic writers to be three separate, distinct and important ancient landmarks. But go back with me to the time when Numa Pompilius, in the year 715 before the Christian era, instituted those famous societies or fraternities whose successors erected those magnificent structures of the middle ages, whose remains strike the beholder with admiration and astonishment. Carefully examine all the fraternities of builders, then pass along down the centuries, investigating as you go. Come down to the introduction of those building fraternities into Britain by the Romans; still farther to the time when the Emperor Claude, A. D. 43, ordered all the building fraternities from the Rhenish provinces of Germany into Britain to protect the Romans from the incursions of the Scots, on to the year 287, when Carausius, the commander of the Roman fleet, after having revolted and declared his independence of Rome, confirmed to the Masonic Fraternities all those ancient privileges accorded to them by

Numa Pompilius more than a thousand years before. Examine Freemasonry at the city of York, under the encouragement of Constance Chlorus, and his son Constantine after him ; also the Grand Mastership of Sir Christopher Wren, whose active duties as Grand Master ceased early in the eighteenth century, but he remained Grand Master until his death, which took place in 1716, just a few months previous to the formation of the new Grand Lodge, and in all this series of twenty-five centuries we find that a sufficient number of Brethren had full and unlimited authority to open and hold a Lodge, and initiate candidates, and transact any other business pertaining to a Lodge of Masons. No dispensation, no charter or warrant was ever required, and no Lodge was ever disowned or declared clandestine for the want of such documents.

Previous to the year 1717, these prerogatives had never existed, but now it was apparent to all that those operative organizations must yield to the force of circumstances, or cease to exist. The brethren seeing this to be the case resolved to remodel the institution, and change it from an operative to a purely speculative society. This they did at the revived annual festival on the 24th of June, 1717, and then for the first time in Masonic experience were these prerogatives granted to the Grand Lodge, and the Grand Master ; nor was the grant even then universal, for, be it remembered that the four old Lodges did not give up their inherent right to meet without a charter, but only consented that Lodges organized in the future should have charters. It must be borne in mind that at the same meeting the old Masons asked that the ancient charges and landmarks should be carefully preserved. Will any Mason presume to say that these regulations, just adopted, are any part of that venerable code of charges and regulations that those old brothers were so solicitous to preserve from innovation? Surely not. On the contrary these were new and untried experiments, the very antipodes of those venerable and long cherished usages and customs of the Order, and it was on account of the adoption of these that they asked protection for the others. The old Masons were not content with asking for, but persisted until they secured satisfactory pledges in the adoption of a new regulation, binding the Grand Master for the time being, his successors, and the Masters of all subordinate Lodges, to maintain and preserve the old landmarks against any innovation or infringement, and these regulations were made binding for all time. It is to be regretted that those old brothers did not give us a definite schedule of the old landmarks. It would have settled many a doubt, and saved much discussion. There is one thing that is quite certain, that when those old brethren spoke of the ancient charges

and old landmarks they did not mean those newly adopted prerogatives of the Grand Master and the Grand Lodge to grant charters and dispensations.

It is claimed that the prerogative of the Grand Master to grant dispensations for conferring degrees at irregular times is a landmark, and to give a dispensation to open and hold a Lodge is another, and that a Lodge must have a dispensation or charter is another. Now let us apply the definition of a landmark as given by Brother Look: "Those universal and immutable laws and regulations which form the basis and distinguishing characteristics of the Order, and which have existed from time immemorial, their essential elements are antiquity that reaches beyond memory or history."

Now brought to this standard, how do these three landmarks compare? Have they existed from time immemorial, or were they first adopted in 1717? Are their essential elements antiquity that reaches beyond memory or history, or were they adopted only 153 years ago? Our knowledge of the origin of these prerogatives is derived from written history, and but little more than a quarter of a century ago there were men living who were born before the adoption of these regulations, therefore, they do not reach beyond memory or history, but are of comparatively modern date, and although they are appropriate and useful prerogatives, yet their antiquity and essential elements do not entitle them to rank as ancient landmarks, and they may be altered or abolished at any time the interests or conveniences of the Craft demand, without any fears of violating or infringing the ancient landmarks of the Order.

I. A. SHINGLEDECKER.

DOWAGIAC, Feb. 21, 1872.

“CHRISTIANITY AND FREEMASONRY.

BY THE REV. J. BLANCHARD, D. D.”

There is a kind of wisdom in this world called wordly wisdom, that we have known clergymen to be singularly destitute of. Yet this sort of wisdom is one sort of common sense, the possession of which, if it does not enlarge the understanding, and tone down the influence of prejudice, would certainly save venturesome preachers from kicking as often as they do against the pricks. But we are not judging the profession, or the clergy at large; far from this; for Freemasonry cherishes in her bosom, through all the orders of her venerable society, hosts of ministers who are bright lights indeed in all their relations in life—men who cling with enlarged aspirations to the precious tenets, the suggestive symbols, and the beneficent quickening in behalf of hu-

manity, which is the chief glory of the great brotherhood, and which is verily the element in its constitution that secures its success, and must ensure its perpetuity.

It is not that the few loud-mouthed opponents of Masonry in their hearts believe Christianity and Freemasonry to be irreconcilable, that they have come at length to declare so; but rather having stultified themselves by other modes of attack on societies called Secret, they reiterate that mode of attack, namely, the incompatibility of the practice of Freemasonry with Christianity. They do this in order to unsettle the great body of sincere Christians who are Masons, to attract the attention of the community with a charge of irreligion, and generally to raise a sensation. Upon the heel of a good deal of frivolity, illogical deduction, and with garbled quotations from Masonic books, this charge of war upon the gospel of Christ is the burden of a column and a half in a recent number of the *New York Independent*, under the caption at the head of this article. It appears that a church in Wheaton, Illinois, with but one negative vote, passed the following resolve:

“Being fully persuaded that secret oath-bound associations are in their nature at war with the Gospel of Christ, therefore, hereafter, as heretofore, Freemasons desiring to unite with this church are expected and required to abstain totally from the practice of Freemasonry; and the principle of this testimony is to be applied to other similiar organizations.”

It also appears that a difference of opinion about this vote, has taken place between the *Independent* and the writer of the article quoted, the precise nature of which is not clear. It is probable that the *Independent* had the good sense to see that so stringent a vote as this, would break up the church. But the Rev. Dr. Blanchard explains, letting the cat out of the bag, and admitting the real truth, which was more than he meant to do, when he proceeds to say in answer to the *Independent*, that they—the church at Wheaton—dont want to exclude Freemasons from fellowship because they are Freemasons, “but that because being Freemasons, the brethren will adhere to the Lodge for christian labor and instruction, grieving their church brethren with their Masonic meat.” Verily our Masonic brethren in Wheaton ought not to have tried “grievously” to make their church brethren Masons; but adhering to their Lodge for christian labor and instruction,—both of which they do find opportunities for in a Masonic Lodge, is not so bad. We sympathize with the Rev. Doctor for any want of christian quickening in labor or instruction in his church at Wheaton, and we readily pardon his jealousy

of the Lodge on account of it; but really it is hard upon our Masonic Brethren who are church members, to deny them the practice of the christian virtues wherever they can find the opportunity.

We spoke of the ignorance of wordly wisdom among certain clergymen. This is shown in their not appreciating mankind's love of association, fondness for society and love of united action. There are innumerable ties binding bodies of men together in all communities, beside the church fellowship tie, but we can put our fingers on ministers who think there ought to be none other. The whole Romish church think so, and consequently have made especial blundering against Masonry from the beginning. The Masonic society tie is ancient; it has made quite a figure in the world; it has conferred much practical benefit on the human race, and it still hopes to confer a great amount of good. Perhaps its ties, symbols, and what not, have a peculiar charm, yet it is after all only a great society, differing in kind and degree from others among men, but it has no secret purposes, and is never united politically or otherwise against its fellow-men outside the Order. The philanthropic design, the christian aim of Masonry, all its objects are open and avowed, and the great society from time immemorial has never been found otherwise than in strict accordance with its principles. Masons and Freemasonry are never hidden. Who the brethren are and what the institution represents, are frequently shown to the public. But we are not about to enter upon a defence of the Order against carping criticism, or to discover that it is not at war with the gospel of Christ; neither is it necessary to amplify upon the causes why the lessons taught in the Lodge-room, and its associations, are so often more inviting to earnest Christians than some church fellowships. We certainly take no satisfaction that the fact is so, as in the case at Wheaton, Illinois, but there is no other remedy for such a state of things, than for the brethren of the church to make their fellowships as live and active in the cause of Christ, as it is in the Freemason's Lodge.

We have patiently read the Rev. Dr. Blanchard's attack, in order to find—what should be rather an essential statement of such an attack—namely, wherein Masonry is hostile to Christianity. Now there is nothing to this point in the whole article, but much re-statement of old phraseology against "Secret Societies" in general, and the sore spot in the Doctor's Church at Wheaton. We don't see but Masonry is answerable for something here, and our good brethren there must see to it, that their "Masonic meat" is courteously proffered, and never unseasonably.—*Freemasons' Monthly Magazine.*

INFLUENCE OF SUNLIGHT.

It is a well known fact, and one apparent in every sick-room, that many diseases are aggravated when night approaches. It has very often been observed, but, by the materialism of modern science, referred summarily to imagination. The silence of the night gave free reign to fancy, they said, and small aches became almost unbearable. But the fact is, that the sunlight is magnetic and invigorating, and its subtle influence is felt on the finer tissues of our organizations, as well as those of plants. ; and, during its absence, our vitality is, of course, at a lower ebb, and we can bear disease and its tortures with less fortitude and patience. If you would see the influence of sunlight as compared with its absence, notice the rosy, ruddy cheeks of the country children as compared with the pale and bloodless faces that look at us from the windows of the pent-up houses in our city streets, especially in those long rows of brick buildings facing to the north. How can people live if debarred of the sunlight? The fish of the Mammoth Cave are white ; their eyes are not opened, because they have never felt the glorious light ; they are weak and imperfect—a kind of idiots, if fish are liable to that wretchedness.

THE MASONRY OF GOD.

The Ancient Masonic writers had a peculiar delight in tracing Masonry to the Great Father of Wisdom, the Eternal Jehovah. There is conclusive evidence that the Almighty is a builder, and the creation is His edifice, conducted on those perfect rules of Art which Science studies and which Geometry claims as its own. The Grand Master of the Universe had power, through His infinite wisdom, to accomplish at a word, what man, His creature, can never hope to equal ; yet it becomes man himself, a subordinate creator, to imitate his Grand Master, at the most remote distance, too happy to be regarded as a fellow-laborer with his Maker in some great work of moral fitness, of benevolent design.

The sea of eternity was ebbing and flowing with the pulsations of eternal benevolence. Deity was a brooding cloud of love, embracing being and breathing, blessings and blessedness on the multiform orders of mind that dwelt in the heaven of heavens. As yet, no dial had measured time—no pendulum paced its seconds—no clock recorded its hours. As it was in the beginning, so it was ever. The enunciated now covered its boundless expanse of being—enjoyment—action.

Heaven was everywhere, save in the far off chaos, where matter warred with opposite and discordant principles, making jargon that might have been wafted by strong winds on the ear of heaven in some pause of song. The spirit world had long been created; it had no chronology. No era stood at its dawn—no event can parallel with its duration. Time had never swung his scythe over its vales—Death's spectral chariot had never been seen on its sun-bright hills. It was a world of strange and inconceivable being, on which the centuries of earth, after they shall have passed away, will measure no space, nor leave a foot-print.

God—the Jehovah, whose incomprehensible and incommunicable name is expressed in one of the hieroglyphics of *Hebrew Masonry*, looked upon the ruinous space, planted His compass at the foot of the throne and swept its unmeasured circle farther than thought had power to travel. The periphery lay like a faint line of light on the wasteful sea of matter, and here was laid the plan of the material world.

Are there Art and design in the unbounded fields of the illimitable sky, and among the works of the creation? Ask the astronomer, who will tell you that the orbs are a thousand times larger than our earth, with all its oceans, continents and mountains; and as they thunder through space profound, on wings that almost defy the speed of thought, can be calculated in their course with far more precision than the wheels of a watch. They have, since their creation, kept on their unseen celestial railways, never dashing against each other, to darken half the heavens with the fragments of their ruin! Even the comet, the mail carrier from one system to another, as he drives by torchlight across the abysm of space profound, coming up to each goal with a curve, bending the necks of his fiery coursers in a graceful, elongated sphere—may be calculated in his stages, and his returns precisely foretold.

Is there room for the display of this immense machine? Ask the planets that walk their far-sweeping rounds on one plane, but at awful distances from each other, making their own years as they accomplish the mighty circle around the sun!

Is there proportion in creation? Ask Jupiter, with his moons, or Saturn, with his far-off cloudy skies and his broad girdle of light, if the great central urn of fire be not large enough to warm their hemispheres, too, as they turn toward the unwinking eye of day?

We bring our readers down to the Masonry of our planet, and read the fitness of Almighty design inscribed on every mountain and imbedded in every vale. The central core of fire is wrapped, thousands of miles deep, in successive layers of stratified rocks, up through

which sometimes the molten lava burns its way and congeals in metallic pillars, that seem to chain the surface to the inner crust against which lash the surges of perpetual fire. The strata of rocks are covered with the layers of earths and soils; over these God's own enameling of green—the carpeting for a giant's tread or a fairy's foot, is thrown in beautiful order, bespangled with flowers of strange loveliness and fragrance.

Above, the tall trees of the forest wave; and higher still the mountain thrones are pitched, on which the kings of thunder take their seats when the alarm of the storm is beaten and the thick clouds are mustered for the black tempest.

Above these still a dome of blue, a wondrous beauty—first gazed on by infant eyes—last seen by eyes swimming in death; an elastic canopy that seems to settle low over the valley, or round up like an arch over the tallest hills, into which, as the æronaut penetrates, he sees it rise higher and higher still—the unapproachable barrier that bounds the vision—best image of the heavenly eternity, that hath no beginning, nor yet an end! To this wide canopy the stars are but the gems and the ten thousand meteors of night, but the spangles that are thrown like fire-flies in bewitching profusion on the robe of night.

This is the Masonry of God!—*Bro. F. G. Tisdall.*

INTEMPERANCE AND PROFANITY.

Every true Mason must regret that there are some men claiming to be Masons, and are members of Lodges, who are guilty of the above low, vicious, and unmanly indulgences. What is more disgusting to one whose mind is endued with the true principles of Masonry, than to see a brother indulging in the low, groveling habit of intemperance, thereby degrading his God-given faculties, and debasing the dignity of his profession? When a Mason is known to have been drunk, in public or in private, in daytime or in the night, he should be immediately called before the Lodge, and informed that such conduct will not be tolerated. It is no act of brotherly love or charity to allow him to destroy his reputation, beggar his family, and disgrace the fraternity. If it is his first offence, he may never be guilty of it again; but if he is an old offender, it is as well to lay the ax at the root of the tree at once and expel him. This will be just as well for him, and far better for the fraternity,—for why should we allow a man to be continually disgracing the Order?

The other class of Masons who indulge in profanity, I sometimes think are persons who have lost all confidence in their own truthful-

ness, and must needs offer some collateral evidence in the form of a low, vulgar oath, to render their assertion worthy of belief. Brother, have you so conducted yourself that you feel that your word is unworthy of credence unless backed by an oath? If this is your lamentable condition, my brother, face about at once. Talk a great deal less than formerly. Talk nothing but what is true and consistent, and let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay; and the time may yet come when your brethren and neighbor will believe your word without an oath, and you may feel a conscientiousness of integrity, that will afford you more happiness than all the profane oaths you ever uttered. Brother, never use the sacred name of Deity, but with that veneration that is due from a creature to the Creator. Let us all learn to subdue our passion and improve ourselves in Masonry, so that the world may recognize us as better men on account of being Masons.

Cassopolis, November 20th, 1871.

J. A. S.

TIME AND MONEY.

Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away—let them run like sand through their fingers as long as they think they still have an almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but, unluckily, they have by that time no notion how to do it.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday night makes people human, sets their hearts to beating, as they used to do before the world turned them into drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a clash, the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang, up go the shutters with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and we breathe free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week closes behind us; the world is shut out—shut in, rather. Here are our treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the old record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank. Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to nobody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or brown-eyed, but, above all, true-eyed. Get a little home, no matter how little; a sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get two, or two and a half in it of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank heaven and take courage.—*Exchange*.

BEHAVIOR DURING LODGE HOURS.

It is the duty of Masons to behave with a decent and becoming deportment at all times, and by orderly conduct reflect no disgrace on our noble Craft. But especially should Masons behave properly during Lodge hours. The ancient Charges instruct that members in Lodge should hold no "private committees, or separate conversation, without leave of the Master, nor talk of anything impertinent or unseemly." Great caution should be taken that the Master or Wardens are not interrupted in their work. The Lodge room during working hours is no place for jesting or *bon mots*; on the contrary, the demeanor should be serious and grave. The work is certainly of a grave character, and is so considered by all who properly appreciate it, and none others have any business inside of the Lodge in working hours. Indeed the working of Masonry is marred the very moment that solemnity is sacrificed. We have sometimes known the most solemn portion of the M. M.'s Degree entirely spoiled, by an unbecoming levity. On the contrary, we have been affected almost or quite to tears by witnessing the same thing done with the seriousness so becoming its gravity. This is proof that the same thing when done in a different way ceases to be the same.

At the Lodge meetings the Brothers should greet each other with that cordiality and true friendship which is becoming in brethren of the Mystic tie. Here all meet on the level. No distinction of rank or place should appear in the Lodge-room. The poorest and most humble meets the wealthy and famed on the chequered floor, where all are equal in each other's eyes, as they are in the sight of their Creator. Differences of opinion in religion or politics do not here mar the harmony of the Brotherhood. It is indeed holy ground, and only the feelings of harmony and brotherly love should be permitted to pervade the hearts of the fraters when they meet within the precincts of the Lodge. They should meet in friendship, and treat each other with the utmost courtesy while in each other's company, not only listening to the instructions of the Master, but endeavoring meantime to spread the cement which unites them more closely in common bonds. Thus spent, the Lodge meeting has a most hallowed influence upon each and all, and when the time comes to part on the Square, they feel the better for each other's society, and go home to family and friends resolved to be good and true men, and to regard the teaching of the moral law. Thus should Masons meet, act and part while life shall

last, and thus will the Lodge below become a type of that heaven of love and joy beyond the starry skies, where all good Masons hope to arrive in the far off by and by.

And before closing, we would say that members, during Lodge hours, should pay that respect to officers which is their due, and when discussions arise, and judgments differ, always respect the decisions and awards of the Master and Lodge. When the true spirit of Masonry prevails errors of judgment will soon be apparent and become corrected. But the contumacious spirit which cannot brook authority has no right to enter our institution, and never appears more out of place than in a Masonic Lodge-room.

In a word, every member should go to the Lodge in the love of Masonry, and with an ardent desire to do his part to make each meeting profitable. The brethren on the floor of the Lodge should stand by the officers in their endeavors to build up the Craft. Thus working in harmony, our Lodges will be harmonious, and the Order prosperous. At the Lodge meetings, should strangers be present, great care should be taken to make them feel that they are welcome, and the Order furnishes a home for the true brother, wherever he may chance to sojourn. Strangers often complain of the coldness with which they are received by their brethren when far from their homes and kindred. Such a complaint should never be well founded. In Lodge or out of it, be sure that you always treat the stranger with all due kindness, and if his love of Masonry prompts him to visit your Lodge, be sure to greet him most kindly.

HOW TO PROMOTE LODGE INTEREST.

In our jurisdiction we have many Lodges which do not seem to thrive as they ought. The meetings are not attended by the members as they should be, and while all confess that they respect the institution of Masonry, and believe its principles to be very good, and well calculated to perfect and elevate mankind, yet they wonder that so little interest is taken in the Order by the membership in their particular locality. The meetings of these Lodges are neglected, and the officers grow disheartened, and all join in wondering why it is that so few are interested in an institution which all are so free to admit is a good one.

In previous numbers of this journal we have noted the great importance of selecting good men for officers; men whose daily lives reflect the noble principles of Masonry; men who love the Order, and themselves take a lively interest in it. The zeal of such officers is well calculated to awaken a corresponding zeal in the brethren over whom

they preside. They infuse life into the work. They so render it as to bring out its hidden beauties and excellences. In this way they serve to make the Lodge-room attractive, and the brethren feel well repaid for their trouble when they attend the Lodge meetings.

But *all* does not depend upon the officers of a Lodge; the members also have their part to perform. It is to be expected of them that they will stand by and support their officers, for it is a thankless task to serve an unappreciated Lodge—a Lodge of grumblers, who are hypocritical, cold and disingenuous. Nothing so serves to quench the zeal of an officer as to make him feel that his best efforts are not properly appreciated, and that the members of his Lodge are unjust toward him. That they do not second his well-intended exertions to build up the Craft. And in many instances this want of due appreciation on the part of members fairly kills out the zeal of the very best of officers. It should be remembered by the brethren that it is no small labor to qualify for the duties of Master, especially, and to attend all the meetings promptly, and perform the work of the Lodge in a creditable manner. If you would have your Lodge thrive, and its meetings interesting stand by your officers and speak cheering words in their behalf. And, if an occasional blunder is made, remember that to err is human, and had you been in the erring brother's place the error might occur more frequently.

The members of Lodges should be prompt in their attendance at all the meetings, especially the regulars. They should remember that if it adds to the interest of the meetings to see the hall well filled, they owe it to Masonry to do their part toward filling the hall. If it is pleasant to meet smiling, courteous brothers, that they, too, should cultivate cheerfulness, and treat the brethren with courtesy. If the cultivation of brotherly love improves the brotherhood and makes their society more attractive, that they too should enter earnestly into its cultivation that their society may be pleasing to others. And we know of no Lodge where the members are prompt in their attendance. where they aid as they should, by their friendly co-operation, and cultivate the kindly principles of the Order, that has need to complain of any lack of interest. It is only the badly-worked, neglected Lodge which loses its interests, and where the members do not manifest enough zeal to keep up the interests of Masonry, they should surrender their charters and disband. If Masonry is not worth working well, it is not worth while to work it at all, and when interest is lost. the Lodge is dead, or so nearly dead, that it had better yield up the ghost. But in all such cases it is not Masonry which is at fault, but members who are not Masons.

OUT OF TIME.

DURING the last six months our Journal has been several weeks behind the time in its monthly issue, which has been a great source of regret to its publishers and caused complaint by the readers. We wish in a few words to explain. In the first place, we intentionally delayed the issue of the first number of the volume, waiting the reception of clubs. These came in tardy, and we commenced with too small an edition. Before the second number was entirely worked off, we found our edition exhausted, and two or three hundred unsupplied. We then had to reprint the first number, and the first two forms of number two. This greatly delayed us, but just as we were about getting up to time again the accident of which mention has been made in these columns happened to the editor. Loss of time, and incapacity for labor for some two months, has greatly deranged our business plans; but life is spared us, and returning vigor will enable us to soon be up to time.

We are greatly obliged to those Brethren who have stood by us so nobly in our day of misfortune, and for the forbearance of our readers. We are almost daily in the receipt of letters from our own State and other Jurisdictions, which greatly cheer us, and encourage us to go on and fight valiantly for victory over all obstacles. Let those who wait impatiently for our numbers take a little time to canvass their Lodges in behalf of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and aid us to the means of making it more acceptable to our readers and ourselves. Send for specimen numbers and prospectus for volume 4. We shall supply clubs who pay in advance at the rate of \$1.50 per year.

MASONIC ITEMS.

A story is going the rounds of the press affirming that Wm. Morgan, of anti-Masonic notoriety, died at the head of the Cherokee nation, and that his son is still occupying the exalted position made vacant by the death of his illustrious father! What next?

The following are the officers of the Grand Lodge of Minnesota as per recent election: G. B. Cooley, Grand Master; Charles Griswold, Dep. Grand Master; J. W. Castle, Gr. Senior Warden; E. P. Barnum, Gr. Junior Warden; Geo. I. Otis, Grand Treasurer; Wm. S. Combs, Gr. Secretary.

The *Freemason's Monthly Magazine* has the following interesting item: "Hon. Samuel Thatcher, now living, was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason in Corinthian Lodge at Concord, Mass., July 2, 1798. A history of the Lodge shows that he was proposed by Bro. Thomas Heald, and was accepted. He was initiated June 18, 1798, crafted July 2, 1798, and raised at same meeting. Bro. Thatcher is, I believe, in his 95th year, and is quite feeble in body and mind, having been nearly helpless for several years."

The recent national thanksgiving service held at St. Paul's Cathedral, in gratitude for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, was one of the grandest pageants that has occurred in Britain within the present century. The Masonic Order took a conspicuous part, and the *London Freemason* handsomely records the proceedings.

The Grand Lodge of Texas has decided that a Lodge cannot try a member a second time for the same offence.

The corner-stone of the National Capitol at Washington city was laid by our Illustrious Brother George Washington, with Masonic ceremonies, in his double capacity of President of the United States and Master of his Lodge, and the gavel he then used has been preserved with great care, and used upon the corner-stones of buildings representing many millions of dollars in value. So says the *Keystone*.

The *New York Courier* of the 25th ult. has the following item: "C. DeLong, Minister to Japan, has presented the Masonic Fraternity of Sacramento with three brass vases or candlesticks. In the letter accompanying them, and directed to Colonel Whitesides, Minister DeLong explains how and when he obtained them. On the 27th of May last he assisted in organizing and installing the first Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons ever organized in that country. It was organized at Yeddo. These candlesticks were used on that occasion, and the Minister learning that they had once done service in a Buddhist temple, procured them and sent them to his Masonic Brethren, not as articles of value, but as a memento of the wondrous change now being wrought by the interchange of ideas and customs. Fancy those candlesticks, which once held the sacred candles before the Buddhist idol, now standing in the hall or lodge-room of the Order. Verily, the world moves. The articles are about two and a half feet high, with a corrugated stem, decreasing in size until it ends in a sort of board, which held the taper, or whatever was used in place of it. Such is the description given us of these articles, which are supposed to be very old relics of past centuries.

Brother John C. W. Bailey, of Chicago, is said to be again in the field with his excellent monthly, *The Voice of Masonry*. We are not in the receipt thereof. Will Bro. Bailey please remember us? We have before noted the great loss sustained by this worthy Brother in the great conflagration. We are rejoiced to be assured that he now has more subscribers to the *Voice* than ever before.

Bro. Matthew Greathead, of Richmond, Yorkshire, died there recently, in the 102d year of his age. He was born at High Cunniscliffe, near Darlington, on April 23, 1770, and was believed to be the oldest Freemason in England, having been a member of a Lodge for 75 years.

NEW EXCHANGES.

We are in receipt of several new exchanges, some of which we prize very highly. At the head of our list we will place the *Waverly Magazine*, by Moses A. Dow, Boston, Mass.; \$5 per year, 15 cents per number. The *Waverly* is now in its forty-fourth volume, and as a high-toned literary publication it stands unrivaled. Its stories are all complete in each number, and are chaste in tone, and in style, well nigh faultless. To our readers who are able to afford the luxury, we would commend the *Waverly* as the *very best* literary family weekly publication extant. It is printed on clear new type, paper fine and clean as the pure thoughts printed thereon. It is worth a legion of the trashy publications which flood our country.

Second, *The Scientific American*; New York, Munn & Co.; \$3 per year; devoted to the interests of inventors and scientific discoveries. This is the oldest and best journal of its kind, and richly worth double its subscription price, especially to artists and those interested in the inventions and discoveries of the age.

Third, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, Ill.; \$3 per annum. S. S. Jones, publisher and proprietor. This is a neatly printed weekly, ably conducted, published as we understand largely in the interests of modern spiritualism.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The excellent story by Bro. Coffinberry, TRUE WEALTH, closes with our present issue. It has been read with great interest by our numerous patrons, both at home and abroad, and many have been the praises lavished upon it. Bro. C. will continue to enrich the pages of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON with the productions of his gifted pen.

This department in our last issue was not much edited. In our absence it went to the devil!—and fared rather hard.

The address from our worthy Brother Clapp, of Mendon, is received, and extracts will appear in our next number. It is both able and timely.

A line from the Grand Master brings intelligence of his labors in the region of Grand Haven, Grand Rapids and other places along the Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad. We regret that pressing duties prevent our being with him, as we are desirous of visiting that region. We hope to be more at leisure soon, and to be able to accompany the Grand Master at least a part of the time.

We call especial attention to the advertisement of E. A. ARMSTRONG & Co., found in this number, who make Masonic Regalia a specialty. Their establishment is a large one, and their stock equal to any found in the market, East or West. Everything being equal, our Brethren should support home institutions.

We are now prepared to supply Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies with blanks of all kinds, and also with ledgers and other blank books. Those in need of such furnishing will please remember us.

We shall soon issue our prospectus for volume four, and we hope our Brethren throughout the State will aid in raising clubs. In future we shall send our journal at \$1.50 per annum to clubs of ten or more. As we print on 50lb. No. 1 book paper, and give 48 pp. to the number, at club rates THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON will be the cheapest Masonic journal in the country. If our Brethren will aid us to raise our list to six thousand, we will agree to enlarge to 64 pages per number. This is only about an average of twenty to the Lodge, and we certainly should have that number of reading Masons in each Lodge, except a few of the smaller ones.

We regret to note two or three blunders in the excellent article of our worthy correspondent, J. F., "*Why Were They Ruined?*" "*Our Dr. Alfred*" should read "*Our Dr. Alfred,*"; "*One Western*" should read "*Our,*" &c. And "*Scriptures*" should have been "*Sculptures.*" *Our* compositor insists that *our* worthy Br. J. F. does not write a plain hand for strangers to read! But we hope to hear from him again, and so often that *our* compositor will be familiar with his *chirography*. His compositions are of the first order.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—APRIL, A. L. 5872.—NO. X.

MASONIC OBEDIENCE.

HE is unfitted to command, who has not first learned to obey. Obedience is the true test of a Mason, as necessary to be cultivated as truth or charity. Without it no Lodge can exist, no Master conduct its business. No brother can presume to assert an independence of action, contrary to the voice of the Master and the Lodge. He has his remedy, if aggrieved, by an appeal to the Supreme Body; but the Master's word in Lodge assembled, must be held as law, otherwise the Lodge would degenerate into a beer-garden, and the harmony of the Order be marred. A brother who may find himself, or a body of brethren who may find themselves, outvoted on any point, should gracefully bow to the majority of the brethren, for any ebullition of wounded feeling, or attempt to revenge the defeat, is alike unmanly and inconsistent with Masonic oaths; and a brother who, however unjustly he may have been dealt with, shows more conspicuously his qualities, both as a man and a Mason, when he accepts without murmuring, the dictum of his brethren; but he who endeavors rudely, or by means at variance with the spirit of the Order, to regain a position which he has lost, or to reverse a decision come to after mature consideration, proves himself to be, however right he might have been originally, unworthy of attention, and unfit to be received into the fel-

lowship of Masons. A brother who takes his case, decided in the Masonic courts, out of them, and parades them to the neutral world, displays an ignorance of the principles of Freemasonry, a pettiness of spirit, and a mental bias to the wrong. By obeying the sentence of his peers, he disarms the verdict of its sting, and lays the first stone towards re-erecting his Masonic character.

We have too often seen Lodges, where harmony and peace used to reign, broken up, or if the evil did not go that length, the comfort marred, by factious brethren. There are men with a twist in their character which will lead them to cavil at every remark, men who cannot agree with their very selves. It is a pity that no law exists by which such brethren could be ostracised, for it is very hard that other brethren should suffer for their vagaries. Every right-minded brother, and such I honor and esteem, finding that he cannot agree with one or more brethren in Lodge assembled, who tenders his resignation and seeks a more congenial society, acts up to the apron charge, and by his prudent conduct prevents scandal; but a brother who remains in a Lodge only to prove a nuisance, who attends meetings to raise, night after night, disturbance and disorder, should have the effectual remedy applied to him—expulsion. Among a certain class of young Masons, it is often painful to see the anxiety they display to bring themselves into notoriety, and when legitimate means fail, they do not scruple to adopt illegitimate. By them we would have the framework of Freemasonry taken down and altered to the style of modern stucco palaces; and they do not scruple to contradict the Master in the chair, and set up their juvenile ignorance against the experience of age. Many men mistake novelty for wisdom, as they confound insolence with wit.

In the good old days, when the Hospitallers of St. John held Cyprus, a fearful serpent ravaged the land. Many adventurous knights went out to attack the monster, but all fell victims to its fury. At last, the Grand Master forbade any knight thenceforward to attempt its destruction, and the island was given up as a prey to the reptile. Its ravages, in

consequence, became greater, the country people flocked into Limisso and other towns, to escape it, and every day the tale was told of fields destroyed and peasants slain by this pest. A young knight, stung by these reports, and setting aside the command of the Master, constructed a model of the serpent, and, by certain contrivances, made it spit forth smoke and fire. With this model he trained his warhorse, until, having overcome his fear of the resemblance, he went forth in search of the reality, found the serpent and slew it. He returned in great pride of heart to Limisso, dragging the serpent after him, and the people, in wonder and joy, received him with all honor, at the same time hastening forward to the preceptory of the Order, where the Grand Master of the Order resolved, that they might witness the victor's reward for freeing the island of the pest. The Grand Master, attended by his officers and brethren, received the young knight in the great hall. There he listened to the narrative of the victor, and when he had described the battle with the serpent, the Grand Master asked him if he was aware of the command given, that no knight should venture to combat the reptile? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued: "Obedience is the first duty of a knight; by disobedience our first parents fell from their estate of bliss; and by your disobedience, you have forfeited your place in our society. True, you have shown discretion in the means you took to fight the serpent, valor in the combat, but without implicit obedience paid to the orders of your superiors, your experience is in vain, and your valor worthless. Go; you cease to belong to us." The people would have supplicated the Grand Master to forgive him on account of the good deed done, and his brethren of the Order begged him to reconsider the sentence, but the knight, craving liberty of speech, prayed his auditors to respect the decree, however harsh, of the Master, which he had truly merited, and stepping up to the throne, he laid down his cloak, the red cloak with the white cross, and, bowing to his chief, was slowly retiring. But everything was noticed by the experienced old soldier, who, as the youth crossed the hall to depart, bade

him to return, and, clasping him in his arms, said: "By disobedience you have merited expulsion, but by your obedience you have worked out your redemption. A better fight than with the serpent have you fought this day, and a greater victory achieved, a victory over yourself."—*London Freemason.*

THE BEAUTIES OF MASONRY.

"THE rich beauties and sacred lessons of Masonry were brought home to my own heart with peculiar force during the recent struggle between the opposing sections of our country. I remember when I lay a helpless prisoner, suffering from a severe wound, fearing to trust the very surgeons, least they should employ their skill to my injury. As one after another came up and asked if I needed immediate attention, I put them off by telling them there were many much worse off than myself; on the evening of the third day, the chief surgeon came up and entered into conversation with me, and on finding from my speech that we were brethren, he pressed my hand and assured me that he recognized the sacred tie that united us, and I put my entire confidence in him from that moment, and I shall never forget his acts of brotherly love towards me, nor how my heart glowed towards him when he manifested fraternal love and sympathy for me. I remember, at a later period of my captivity, when thousands of us, from all parts of our beloved South, were enduring the horrors of a bitter winter, badly sheltered, thinly clad, ill fed, sick, wounded, wretched exiles, with no prospect of freedom to cheer our hearts, our comrades being cut down by disease and famine, how a few score of us, who were Craftsmen, found one another out, cheered each other's hearts, and shared with each other anything we had over and above what actual necessity required. We formed a Masonic society, proved one another, corresponded with a similar society in another prison, visited one another when sick, and through some of those who had authority over us

we were gratified to learn that our sad condition moved the sympathy of our brethren in the city near by, who would have aided us had not the severe rigor of military law prevented. But even the severity of military law did not wholly exclude individual acts of charity and brotherly love, which reached some of us in a disguised form. And I used sometimes to think that the Christianity of that time and place had much to learn of Masonry, for no word of sympathy or warning, in its name, ever reached inside our walls, though the tongues of scores of church bells called together the worshippers within our hearing as often as the holy Sabbath returned, and the city hard by boasted of more churches, in proportion to its population, than any other in the country.

“I remember when I was returning home from captivity, just before the close of the war. I had reached a little town in the old North State, and was wandering about the streets in search of a suitable place to rest, when I perceived in an upper window the sacred emblems of our beloved Order, and yearning for fraternal sympathy, I ascended the stairs, the Tyler sent in my name, and I there found brethren from home, who were providentially in attendance that night, who took me afterwards to their camp, and we spent nearly the entire night in talking over the past, and they sent me on my way rejoicing on the morrow.

“These and many other scenes come home to my mind when I think of the beauties of Masonry. How often have we seen in our Lodges and in this Grand Lodge, those who have worn the blue and gray, sitting side by side—the past forgotten—for here all are brethren. Peace and good will reign among us from one end of the country to the other, the few jarring strings that marred the harmony of the instrument for a brief time, when the war first closed, were soon attuned into perfect accord, and here we have peace. Let us hope that the spirit of Masonry may ere long indirectly exert its blessed influence over the whole country, and that all may be brought into one harmonious whole.”—*Grand Master of Florida.*

WHAT IS TO "HELE"?

I HAVE no doubt that many, like myself, have noticed how frequently an initiate is perplexed when called upon to pronounce the word *hele* in one part of the ceremony through which he has passed. He generally exhibits hesitation before he utters it, and then pronounces it as if he were not sure that he has caught the word aright. His perplexity is sometimes increased by the W. M. pronouncing the word as if written *hail*, or *hale*—a pronunciation which some are ready to defend. I doubt not that you agree with me in deeming it very desirable, not only that our ritual should be correctly recited, but that it should be well understood—and the meaning of every phrase and of every word should be thoroughly apprehended; and this should be especially so in our obligations. Now, I do not think that this is the case in relation to the word in question. What does the verb *hele* really mean? I dismiss the words *hail* and *hale* as being wholly out of the question. I believe the only Anglo-Saxon word so pronounced is *heal*, which we spell *hale*—healthy, sound, robust, &c.; or when used as a salutation, spelt in English, *hail*, implying probably a good wish, as welcome! or, as we sometimes say, "all right." A *hail-fellow* is a companion—a good fellow. But neither of these words can have reference to *secrecy*, or concealment. Is not, then, the word we should use, the old Saxon word *hele*, from *helan*, to cover? From this same word we get our *hell*, which signifies a covered or hidden place, and answers to the Hebrew *sheol*, and the Greek *Hades*, both translated *hell* in our bibles, although it is plain in almost every place in which the word is used, that it simply means the unseen or hidden place in which departed spirits are kept, and not a place of punishment, which the word is now used to denote. Thus the psalmist says (Ps. cxxxix, 8) "If I make my bed in *hell*, thou art there." If *hele* should be the word we should use, the meaning is to *cover*. I see why our Outer Guard is called a *Tiler*—his duty being to *cover*, that is to hide or conceal, the entrance to the Lodge. This word to *cover* is often thus used to signify to *protect* or *guard*, as a

shield is said to *cover* or *guard* the body ; as also to *hide*, *conceal*, or *put out of sight*. So Job says, "If I *cover* my transgressions, as Adam;" that is, if, like Adam, I try to conceal my transgressions. In like manner, the psalmist says, "If I say darkness shall *cover* me," which is immediately explained by "The darkness *hideth* not from thee." Thus the Tiler *covers*, *conceals*, or protects the door of the Lodge. Down to the present day, I believe, the meaning of the old word is retained in Cornwall, where tilers or tylers are called *hellyers*, or coverers, because they cover as the roof of the house. But, then, why have we "*hele*, *conceal*, and never reveal?"

Some say these are mere synonyms, heaped on one another to render the obligations more impressive. I do not think so—firstly, because an accumulation of words tends to weaken a sentence rather than give it strength or emphasis ; and secondly, because the construction of the sentence will not justify that assumption. "*Hele*, *conceal*, or never reveal" might do so, but "*hele*, *conceal*, and never reveal" certainly will not. The conjunctive conjunction denotes that *to reveal* is something in addition to what goes before. Why, then, are the three words used? What is the difference in their meaning? Will this do?

1. *Hele*, to cover or hide ; that is never to permit certain things to be *seen*.

2. *Conceal*, to be so cautious in our words that even the most astute or quick-witted stranger shall never be able to discern or discover what is not proper to be *made known*.

3. *Never reveal*, to abstain from making known, in any way what is entrusted to us as Masons.

These suggestions are offered with all deference, and in the hope of eliciting something on the subject from some of our erudite brethren.—WM. CARPENTER, in *London Freemason*.

DISCOVERIES AT JERUSALEM.

THE discoveries made in Jerusalem by the English party working under the direction of those who control the "Palestine Exploration Fund" are of much interest. Excavations

have now been in progress for nearly three years. In spite of obstacles thrown in the way by the ignorance, stupidity, and cunning of the Orientals, the results thus far reached are most satisfactory. In fact, topographical controversies centuries old have been settled by positive discoveries.

Jerusalem is built on a ridge of rock, which is the backbone of Palestine. It is approached only by rough mountain roads. The position has great natural strength. It is at the present time surrounded by a massive, well-built wall. Five of the city gates are open; five are closed. All are ancient.

Upon Mt. Moriah there is a large open space, studded with cypress and olive trees, and surrounded with, perhaps, the finest masonry in the world. In the centre of this area rises Sakhra, the mosque, with its surprisingly beautiful dome. The mosque Christians call the "Holy Sanctuary." Within the same area once stood the Temple of Solomon and that erected by Herod. All traces of both disappeared ages ago, and the exact positions occupied by them have for years been fiercely contested points in regard to the topography of Jerusalem. Was Solomon's Temple co-existent with the Sanctuary? Was it confined to a square of six hundred feet, in the southwest corner? Or was it placed elsewhere, in what is now the great open space? These questions excavation only can answer. It is certain that the *Stoa Basilica* built by Herod stood on the southern wall. More than this we do not yet know.

Within the Sanctuary enclosure and under its solid floors it has hitherto been supposed there were water springs. Such is found not to be the fact; but, on the contrary, the whole mount is honey-combed with a series of remarkable hewn-rock cisterns, in which the water, brought by an aqueduct from Solomon's Pools, near Bethlehem, was stored. These cisterns are connected by a system of channels cut out of the rock, so that when one was full, the surplus water ran into the next, until the final overflow was carried off to the Kedron. One of the cisterns has a capacity of two million gallons, and the total number of gallons that could be stored

in all the cisterns exceed ten millions. And yet, with these gigantic means of supplying the city with water, which at no extravagant expense might at any time have been made available, the dependence of the inhabitants for a thousand years has been cisterns which receive the rainfall from the roofs of houses and the gutters of streets.

Next to the Sanctuary, in point of interest, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, said to contain within its walls the tomb of our Lord. It is situated in what is called the Christian quarter of the town, at a considerable distance from the Sanctuary. The authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre has been the subject of fierce dispute for many ages. The dispute is not settled, though much progress has been made towards its solution by the excavations. At the time of the Crucifixion, it is agreed by all parties the place of our Lord's burial was outside of the walls. The place now pointed out is within them. This has always been explained by the alleged fact that, after Constantine built his "Church of the Resurrection," the town was spread out and surrounded it. Others are certain that the present site must have been always within the limits of the ancient city, and that the sepulchre must be looked for elsewhere. The solution of this difficult question depends upon—first, the existence of an earlier wall surrounding the city; and, second, upon its course. If it existed, and ran to the east of the alleged place of the sepulchre, the position is doubtless correct; if it ran to the west, the position is certainly wrong. It is significant that up to the present time, in spite of every effort, no portion of this wall has been discovered. The point at which it started, and that at which it ended, are alike unknown.

More than thirty years ago Professor Edward Robinson believed that he had discovered in Jerusalem traces of the arch of a bridge which led from the Temple to Zion. If this was true, it would furnish a key to unlock several archaeological difficulties. But the antiquity of the arch was doubted by travelers as erudite as the professor himself. He nevertheless supported the theory stoutly. It became finally one of the "mooted questions," and "Robinson's Arch" was one

of the curiosities of the Holy City. Whether belonging to the time of Solomon or Justinian, whether the support of a vast viaduct or the entrance to the cloisters, this jutting out of a few large stones, as if burst from the wall by some heavy shock—the “fragment of the arch” is nothing more than this in appearance—the place has been sought eagerly of late by American and European tourists, in spite of the dissuasions of guides and the dangers of narrow streets. At the Convent, where tourists from the west generally stop, the inquiry of new-comers for “Robinson’s Arch” became a subject of constant merriment, and the demand to be taken there, always followed by Oriental shrugs and gesticulations, was the *bete noir* of muleteers and camel-drivers.

The dispute on this subject has at last been settled. Captain Warren sunk seven shafts in a line east and west across the Tyropœon Valley. He has settled it beyond question that Dr. Robinson’s conjecture was correct. The bugle in the wall is the fragment of an arch built in the time of Solomon. There exists in vast masses the remains of a viaduct. They are the fallen *voussoirs* of the arches and the ruins of the piers.—*National Freemason*.

METHODISM AND MASONRY IN ARKANSAS.

THE following is taken from the *Western Methodist*: The church building in Augusta reminds me that Arkansas Methodism is almost entitled to the honor of inventing a style of ecclesiastical architecture. Nowhere else have I seen the “Lodge” so frequently domiciled under the same roof with the church. Even log houses in the country may be seen with a second story for a Lodge. One of them had a queer look, indeed—its second story seems to have been a second thought also: it was framed and weather boarded. There it sat upon the hewed logs, the superstructure jutting over each end a few feet, suggesting a hat on the head, and suggestive of other things. I asked a “bright” Mason, how about this?

"Sir," he replied, "we believe you. The church is founded on a rock, and Masonry on the church." He was disposed to the facetious. Whether we gain or lose by this arrangement, is a problem yet under consideration. It has been told me that some of our people pay more, and more willingly, for their Masonry than they do for their Methodism; and that if a Lodge meeting comes in conflict with a church meeting, the latter goes by default. Also that there were men who as members of the "Grand Lodge" allowed nothing to hinder their attendance, but as delegates to a District or Annual Conference, almost anything would keep them away.

Masonry is a noteworthy feature of Arkansas. It is a power. The best class of men are attached to it. I think the "ancient Order" more prevalent here than anything else. Our preachers all seem to belong to it.

And hereby hangs a tail. A few years ago, going into Sequatchia valley, on the Tennessee river, to hold a Conference, on entering the valley, beautiful in its geography as in its name, I noticed that the fowls tarried till late in the morning on their roosts, and here and there one could be seen lying dead in a stable or outhouse. The cholera or some other disease was among them. Whereupon, in my mind, I took two resolutions: 1. To eat no chicken that trip. 2. To keep the reason to myself. A friend happened to ask if I was a Mason. I was not. "Why," inquired he, "don't you like them?" He was informed that I liked them much, and had no objection to the Order, but I was a Methodist, and *that* took all my time, and gave an opportunity for all the good I could do. By and by we sat down to dinner, and my host offered stewed chicken and baked chicken, which I steadily declined. "Well," he exclaimed, dropping knife and fork, and holding up his hands. "I see what I never expected in this world—a Methodist preacher that ain't a Mason and don't eat chicken."

Eve had some advantages that no other married woman ever enjoyed, chief among which was the fact that her husband could never lacerate her heart by telling "how his mother used to cook."

NECESSITY OF STUDY TO A MASON.

MASONRY is a succession of allegories, the mere vehicle of great lessons in morals and philosophy. You will more fully appreciate its spirit, its object and purposes, as you advance in the different degrees, which you will find to constitute a great, complete and harmonious system.

If you have been disappointed in the three first degrees: if it has seemed to you that the performance has not come up to the promise, and that the common places which are uttered in them with such an air, the lessons in science and the arts, merely rudimentary, and known to every school-boy, the trite maxims of morality, and the trivial ceremonies are unworthy the serious attention of a grave and sensible man, occupied with the weighty cares of life, and to whom his time is valuable, remember that those ceremonies and lessons come to us from an age when the commonest learning was confined to a select few, when the most ordinary and fundamental principles of morality were new discoveries: and that the three first degrees stand in these latter days like the columns of the old, roofless Druidic Temples in their rude and primeval simplicity; mutilated also and corrupted by the action of time, and the additions and interpolations of illiterate ignorance. They are the entrance to the great Masonic Temple, the mere pillars to the portico.

You have now taken the first step over its threshold, the first step toward the inmost sanctuary and heart of the Temple. You are in the path that leads up the slope of the Mountain of Truth; and it depends upon your Secrecy, Obedience and Fidelity, whether you will advance or remain stationary.

Imagine not that you will become a thorough Mason by learning what is commonly called the work, or merely by becoming familiar with our traditions. Masonry has a History and a Literature. Its allegories and its traditions will teach you much; but much is to be sought elsewhere. The streams of learning that now flow broad and wide must be followed.

to their heads in the springs that well up in the far distant Past, and there you will find the meaning and the origin of Masonry.

A few trite lessons upon the rudiments of architecture, a few important and unsubstantiated traditions will no longer satisfy the earnest inquirer after Masonic Truth. Let him who is satisfied and content with them remain where he is, and seek to ascend no higher. But let him who desires to understand the harmonious and beautiful proportions of Masonry, read, study, reflect, digest and discriminate. The true Mason is an ardent seeker after knowledge; and he knows that books are vessels which come down to us full-freighted with the intellectual riches of the past; and that in the ladder of these Argosies is much that sheds light upon the history of Masonry and proves its claims to be regarded as the great benefactor of mankind.—*Albert Pike.*

THE DYING TEMPLAR.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

THE Templar's pilgrimage was nearly done :
 And as he lay, in silence on his cot,
 His faint breath struggling as the clouds of death
 Came stealing round his pillow, while his brow
 Was damp with vapors of approaching night,
 His mind roamed back, through the enclosing mist,
 And saw the scenes of old that he had loved.

The active life, and the sweet intercourse
 Of friendly hearts with his in the brave strife
 That ever contemplated human good,
 And all the graces and beautitudes
 That lay about him in fraternal paths,
 Where brother's hand by brother's hand enclasped,
 Fought the good fight in grand community,
 Came up before his eye, that veiled its beams
 To things of sense, and through the spirit saw
 The spirit of that Past in brightness lit.

And mid the scene that met his inner sight,
 Were those that made life beautiful : whose steel
 Had crossed with his in knightly courtesy ;
 Whose hearts had throbb'd in kindly sympathy
 With his, in sympathy for all, whose forms
 Had long since hidden from his mortal ken
 Who smiled a welcome to his nearing foot
 Just treading on the borders of that realm,
 A purer, brighter pilgrimage to run
 In airs of joy and everlasting peace !

Aud there above him, in the pendent clouds,
 Rich in the glory of supernal light,
 Swung the broad banner, underneath whose folds
 He'd waged the warfare of the good and true,
 Bearing its rare device, that knightly trust
 Has ever cherished as its guide and hope ;
 Then, as his eye embraced the symbol high,
 His face grew luminous with wondrous light,
 A smile about his mouth in transport played,
 And, casting up his hands as if to grasp
 The blest memento that gave life to faith,
 He murmured "*In Hoc Signo Vincas !*" when
 The life-strings snapped in twain, and quietly
 The Templar in his triumph passed away.

—*Flag of our Union.*

TOLERANCE.

To students of Masonic history, the present hostility of the leaders of the Roman Church to Freemasonry is somewhat astonishing, when it is remembered how closely the builders of the middle ages were associated with the ecclesiastics in the erection of those magnificent structures which remain to this day as monuments of wisdom, strength and beauty. Considerable prominence has been given to this subject, in consequence of the recent publication of certain old manuscripts, which prove that our mediæval brethren swore allegiance to "God and to holy Church;" and the whole question has been exhaustively treated in the report of a Committee appointed by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to investigate the origin of certain allusions in the

ritual of Freemasonry which were deemed sectarian by a number of Hebrew brethren. The Committee found that the "allusions" referred to evidently were of a Christian character, and their investigations established the fact that Christian symbols had been used in Masonic Lodges from time immemorial. Upon this the Committee very justly remark:

"It will be conceded, that at no modern time has Freemasonry been practised in this country, or in England, without a ritual of a religious character, reverential to the Grand Architect of the Universe. To adhere to it as we receive it, is to keep our faith with the fathers, and maintain the landmarks, the petitioners formally ask only this, but a considerable body of French and other writers insist that all reference to Christianity should be excluded, whether they are ancient or not. The field of argument includes both positions. The evidence that Freemasonry, after 1717, did continue many Christian symbols and usages, is very strong; and nothing offered to your Committee has weakened the faith due to our traditions. We shall return to this again. Conceding this, then, that some Christian usages are found among our Craft in our traditions, ought we to stamp them as un-masonic, and expel them? It has been distinctly put to us by an acute and learned Israelite brother, that as they are offensive to him as an Israelite, we ought to exclude them. If that is a sufficient reason, what will become of our Society? A Christian may ask that allusion to King Solomon shall be expunged, because he was a Jew. Another may ask all allusions to Hiram to be effaced, because he was a Pagan. The Trinitarian may ask that the Grand Architect of the universe shall only be addressed in His triune character. The resurrection from the dead stands no better. Every particle of our religious ritual and symbols must fall under the same axe, and the Masonry we have received be extinguished."

We need scarcely add that we quite agree with our American brethren in their conclusions, for, really, the principle of elimination can be pushed to an absurd point. So long as religious or political discussions are excluded from the Lodge, no man need take offence at an allusion or symbol which may possibly bear an interpretation not quite in accordance with his own theological convictions; and we can not see that the real "universality" of the Craft is endangered by the retention of phrases bearing upon either the Jewish or Christian faith.

It is, at least, singular to find that, while the advocates of free thought in our Body desire to abolish those references to Christianity, the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church denounce the Society as anti-Christian—the fact being, that the words used in our ceremonies have been handed down

from an age when the priests themselves bore sway in the Lodges, and used the very language of which they now profess to complain. Both sides have something to learn, and the lessons we would especially enjoin are peculiarly applicable at this happy season of the year—whether to Christians or to non-Christians—let us *all* endeavor to enforce the practices of tolerance, and the exercise of a more comprehensive spirit of charity towards our fellow-men.—*The London Freemason.*

TINKERING THE CONSTITUTION.

It has been said that the world was arranged upon the principles of progression, and Young America fully realizing that law, is continually forming new plans, inventing new schemes, and adopting new modes of doing things. It would seem that this young chap is never satisfied with things as they are; he must make some change, some improvement for the better, some progression. This spirit of ungovernable discontent and restlessness (which has entered into the young gentleman above named) has been and now is producing some of the most signal blessings to humanity. It is like the sea, and yet not like the sea, for the sea is constantly casting up dirt and filth; but the great, seething, boiling cauldron of human intellect is continually bubbling up and boiling over, casting up improvement after improvement, invention after invention, until time and space have been almost annihilated. This rampart spirit that has whirled Young America into many a wild dance, has of late years extended its influence and taken in its mysterious embrace the more sedate, and heretofore contented Royal Arch Masons of Michigan, *prima facie* evidence of which may be found in their continued efforts to change the constitution of the Grand Chapter. In 1867 the Grand Chapter adopted a new constitution, after having consulted it section by section, and it appeared to be entirely satisfactory; but before the close of the session an amendment was presented and laid over under the rule, and

from that time to the present, not one session of the Grand Chapter has been held but that the constitution has been amended, until it has been so changed that its own father would scarcely know it, except by instinct. And here let me say that almost every amendment that has been offered to the constitution came from Companions who were present at its adoption. Now is this continual tinkering desirable? Is it profitable for instruction, correction, admonition and reproof? I think it is not. I believe this shifting, changing system is better calculated to mislead than to enlighten the Royal Craft. Can it be presumed that the relations and interests of the Royal Craft are so changeable that a constitution that is adapted to our wants now, would not be adequate to the necessities of the case one year hence? Such a presumption is simply absurd; because our relations to each other and to the Royal Craft at large remain the same, our wants and necessities are the same from year to year, and if the conditions and circumstances remain the same, why not let the law remain the same, at least long enough for the member to become acquainted with it?

I. A. SHINGLEDECKER.

CASSOPOLIS, NOV. 20, 1871.

PAST GRAND MASTER, THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE has been so much exaggeration, says the *Keystone*, of the habits and character of our R. W. Brother the Prince of Wales, that we are sure our readers will be glad to be made acquainted with the following estimate of him, just made public by an eminent American, resident in England, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in a late letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial*. Mr. Conway says:

"Not long ago, I happened to meet the prince at the Cosmopolitan Club, and found that his face was not all outside. There was something genial and kind about it, and I could see something of the frankness of the boy to whom I had been introduced at Pike's Opera House. He is not remarkable for profundity, but his conversation is that of an educated man, with some humor. What struck me most was his entire openness, and the entire absence of affectation. He was surrounded by a score

of young men, most of them literary characters, and, so far from his manner showing an arrogance, or demanding any recognition of his rank, he seemed to me to be conscious of it only as a bore—a thing he would like to fling off, and mix in with the others on equal terms. When he rose to go, and the gentlemen in the club stood up—a usual form in the presence of royalty—the prince showed some honest confusion—bowed to those present with deference, and left the room modestly and quickly. The impression he left on my mind was that there is much more good in him than is popularly supposed—more good nature and good sense. It is just possible that his entire frankness and openness have caused him to be lampooned when secret fellows get the reputation of blamelessness. The public generally believe that he was guilty of recentious conduct in the Mordaunt case. I have it from an intimate of the queen's family that, when his name appeared in that case, the prince immediately visited the queen, and, entering into her presence, said :

"I have come, my queen and mother, to say that I am entirely innocent of any misconduct in the matter with which my name is connected."

"I asked my informant, 'Did the queen believe him?'"

"'Believe him!' was the reply, 'the queen knows the prince too well to believe he would come to her with a lie in his mouth'"

"There have been many statements to the effect that the prince is a drunkard. It is quite untrue. The prince smokes more than the anti-tobaccoist would recommend, but there is no trace in his face or eye of excessive drinking. At the same time it must be understood that I am remembering here only his good traits, and saying what is due against false rumors; I do not under-estimate his faults, because I do not choose this moment to mention them.

"He has made no secret of his belief that he will never sit on the throne, and it is plain this belief has given him no sorrow. He loves English sports—hunting, shooting, horse-racing and good company, spiced with flirtation; but I have no idea that he is, in any respect, beneath the average of European aristocracy in intelligence or character—nay, I am pretty sure he is above it.

"The rumors that he is not kind to his princess were rife several years ago, but they have entirely passed away; the blooming, happy face of the princess contradicted them steadily until now, when, worn away until she has become a mere ghost, her utter anguish attests the love between them. After the prince had been delirious for a week, his first interval of consciousness was shown in the words, 'This is the princess's birth day.'"

UNCLE EDWARD; OR, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"Feed My Lambs."

"CERTAINLY, something must be the matter!" exclaimed aunt Mary, as she shut the door, and came shivering into the parlor, where were gathered a group of merry younglings, eagerly wishing that "to-night" were "to-morrow morning."

"Why, mother! where *have* you been?" asked cousin Kate, as aunt Mary sank down in the large chair, and put her feet against the brass fender. "Your face looks as woe-begone as though a ghost had appeared to you."

"Just down the path, to see if I could get a glimpse of your father. You know he always comes at six, and now it is after nine. Fred, you had better run up to the store and see what has happened."

"Fie, mother!" replied Kate, "I presume he has gone out to supper with some friend, and time passes so agreeably he has forgotten *even* you."

"Your father takes supper with his wife and children, my daughter."

Cousin Kate felt *that* to be her good mother's sweetest rebuke, and she crept around to her side, and kissing her meek face, said,

"Now, my dear 'Madonna' mother, I *am* sorry to wound your sensitive heart by my witless rallery, and to prove it, I will go this minute, and not return, till I bring father with me. Come, Coy, will you? A terrible affair, really! No doubt Jack Frost has had the impudence to pinch his ears or toes. Come, do!"

"O, Kate! you are incurable," said aunt Mary, as we went out of the room, which we entered soon after, with our uncle Edward. Kate drew him along to her mother, saying in a sad, mocking tone,

"Here he is, safe and sound. But you can't guess where we found him."

Aunt Mary looked as though she did not care to guess, for all uneasy apprehensions had passed from her heart, and her face wore its usual expression of serene joy. But Kate was not through the woods yet, and she added,

"Didn't I tell you he had gone to see his friends? Now let me prove it." And she pushed forward a dirty, uncouth looking boy, of some ten summers. Uncle Edward gave no heed to her jesting, but said, "And now, wife, have you any supper for your truant, and this ragamuffin? I am as hungry as a famished bear; and, as for the boy, I'll warrant me, not a mouthfull of food has passed his lips since morning."

Aunt Mary led the way to the dining-room, and when uncle Edward looked upon the table, he seemed to know what good heart had kept the supper warm for him: for he stepped around to where she was sitting, and great man that he was—the father of a grown daughter, besides—wound his arm about her neck, and kissing her as reverently as he ever could have done in his lovehood, said,

"Ah! you *are* a bonny, we wife, my Mary!"

That pleased aunt Mary—that tender, manly expression of affection—that heart-light breaking through the large, grey eye—that evident joyousness to get home once more. O, yes! it pleased aunt Mary, more than her sweet smiles could tell; for she was a woman who never *could understand* why a man should woo his wife with bonied words, and then, as soon as he had won her, congeal into an iceberg. After his supper, Uncle Edward said, "If you will deliver this poor, neglected little fellow over to Bridget, with orders to clean him up a little, and find him a bed, I will tell you why I was away so long."

We went back into the parlor, and golden-haired Nannie crept to her father's knee; aunt Mary sat by his side, Fred took the ottoman in the fire-side corner. Kate and I snuggled down on the sofa, and uncle Edward began:

"I was coming home, when some one, who had just dropped in, said to the clerk, 'Fine times over there! going to send a boy to jail for stealing.' Of course, a *child sent to jail* seemed rather unpleasant, and I went over to examine the case. The boy's father was not able to pay the fine, and would not, if he could; as he wanted his money for whisky. I concluded to pay the fine, and see what I could do with the boy. I went with him to see his parents, who live by the river, near the

rail, and found them both looking more like brutes than like human beings; and when Willie asked his mother if he might go home with uncle Edward, she answered him by asking, 'Have—you—brought—the—jug?' He replied that he had not; but that he had stolen wood to keep her warm, and they would put him in jail if he did not come with me. And she told him to go, then—and went back to her drunken sleep. I am going to pay Willie for doing chores about the store, have him board with us, and see what kindness and moral influence will do for him."

"'Come with us, and we will do you good,' seems to be your motto," said aunt Mary.

"I should like to do every one good, who comes with me. But in doing good to this poor boy, I would not burden my best friend. You shall have more help, Mary."

All this time Nannie had sat upon her father's knee, her large, blue eyes raised to his face, and a wonder-look upon her beautiful countenance. When he had done, she said,

"Papa, will the Christ-child leave a gift to-night for that ragged boy?"

"I cannot tell. What does my Nannie think about it?" and he smoothed her sunny locks tenderly with his fingers, as she answered, "I should think he would."

"Why should you think so, little one? You must have a reason for that thought."

"Because he is so poor, and has such a bad papa and mamma, I should think the Christ-child would remember him. Don't he give presents to such boys, papa?"

"I think so."

"I hope he will forget me and remember Willie. I guess he needs him most."

"What is Nannie going to do for the poor child? Is there nothing she can do to help him?"

"Yes, papa, when I say my prayers, I'll ask God to help Willie, and his wicked papa and mama. And if I know how to tell Willie what is right, I will, and help him to do good."

Christmas morning came—clear, brilliant and cold, and before the bells began to jingle, or the absent loved ones gathered around our fire-side, uncle Edward opened the library door, and we all gathered around the Christmas-tree. The beautiful little Christ-child spread his white wings over the highest branches, and held out his white hand, as though he had just dropped his gifts. Nannie found a neat pocket Bible for Willie, and she gave it to him, saying, "See here, Willie! The Christ-child knew you was here."

"Is it a child?" asked Willie, who, with his whole clothes, and clean face, looked very differently from the boy of the night before.

"O, no, that's a painted wooden child; but there was a Christ-child once, and this makes us remember him."

"When was it, Nannie? Did he live here?"

"Don't you know? I'll tell you, sometime. It's a pretty story."

Many Christmas Eves have come to us since then; but Willie has grown a very good boy, and he yet lives with uncle Edward. The old hut by the river is torn down, and Willie's parents have a better home on the same spot. Nannie says they

are good people now, and when she and Willie go down to take tea with them, he always talks about the *child* he saw, bestowing gifts upon the Christmas-tree; and he says:

"Mother, Nannie looks like that child," and Nannie replies that she is afraid that is very wicked; but Willie declares,

"No, it is not; for you are good, like him"—and so little Nannie contents herself by saying—

"Then, you must be very good, too, Willie."

And they lock their hands together, and full of childish hope and joy, go singing home, to sweet smiles and loving welcomes.

Sometimes it seems to me as though the good Shepherd in the heavenly land must have breathed his own peace into uncle Edward's soul, when he saw him take one of his stray lambs and bear it away from harm and danger, to a pleasant fold, where it should sin no more.

MRS. FIDELIA WOOLEY GILLETTE.

CRUELTY OF INTOLERANCE.

EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY READ BEFORE HARTLAND STAR LODGE.

BY MRS. S. M. CHAMBERS.

It was a summer night. The sweet, soft airs from the vine-clad hills of France bathed many a forehead with freshness and coolness, lifted softly the ringlets that lay upon the fair cheeks of beautiful women, and kissed down the eyelids of innocent babes to heavier slumber. In humble peasant homes, fathers knelt in their evening devotions, and mothers prayed for protecting care and sweet repose; in palaces, jewels gleamed and silken robes rustled, ease and luxury abounded; in their hearts intrigue, folly and sin. In lonely cells, lighted by dim tapers, monks repeated their evening service, and beneath the domes of vast cathedrals, vesper hymns were sung, and the Catholic counted his beads, while his heart beat fast and strong, for were they not to do, what seemed to them, a holy work before the morning sun?

Through the lofty windows of the king's palace, the evening wind stole softly, and touched gently the heads of mother and son; how gently it lifted the brown hair from that youthful brow; its touch was tender as that of a pitying angel's hand; but he heeded it not, felt it not; dark, remorseful thoughts weighed heavily upon him; at every sound he started like a guilty wretch; pale with suffering, keen anguish written upon every line of his face, the young man stood looking out upon the night. What was the glory or beauty of the summer nights to him? To him, indeed, the stars were shrouded in blackness!

The mother looks upon her son unmoved, except by the fear he will retract his consent to the terrible massacre soon to commence. This woman was a zealous Catholic, and bore a personal feeling of hatred to every Protestant. For two years she had been contriving the most diabolical plot ever recorded in history: nothing less than the slaughter of all the Huguenots in France.

The flowers, heavy with the dew-drops folded in their fragrant hearts, bend low to earth; the evening zephyrs hush their sighing; the leaves are still. A silence as of death lies upon unhappy France. Hark! hear that pealing bell; it is the death signal. Many a poor fanatic hears it say to him kill! kill! and he obeys its commands till his hands are red with the blood of his victims; and Charles himself at the sight of blood forgot his scruples and hesitation, and shot the flying victims as they passed the windows of the palace. History tells us that for eight days blood flowed in the streets, and corpses lay in heaps in the gutters. While these events were taking place in Paris, similar scenes occurred all over France. One hundred thousand persons were sacrificed in this ruthless butchery, which was called the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, from the day on which it began.

Many Catholics also perished, the victims of mistake or private animosity. We shudder as we think of this, that woman, in whose heart we look to see shrined all the gently, saint-like qualities of our nature—tenderness, sympathy, benevolence, kindness—should possess those that we shrink from, and look with abhorrence upon, even in men. It has been in other times, that women, placed in high positions, which gave them power and influence for good or evil, have shown natures cruel and intolerant. Catherine de Medicis was not the only one. James V. married a French princess, Mary, sister of the Duke of Guise, who took a forward part in the persecution of the French Protestants. Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., before she was proclaimed queen, promised full religious toleration, but as soon as she was firmly established in power, hundreds of Protestants, including women and children, were burned at the stake. Her administration is known in history as the "*Bloody Reign of Queen Mary*;" and I am sorry to say, bigotry, persecution and intolerance have not been confined alone to Catholics.

The Puritans were not free from its reproach. It is a dark stain upon Protestantism; and in a milder form I fear it exists to-day, not only in the religious world, but in the hearts of those who can see no good, no beauty, no morality, only evil in institutions they are unacquainted with. There are ministers who denounce all creeds, all beliefs, all sects, all denominations with which they are not acquainted. They profess to be teachers of the Gospel, but forget to teach its brightest truths;—fail to have that charity that thinketh no evil. "Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity."

Why should any denounce or condemn institutions ancient and honorable, as evil—all evil—because they do not know their mysteries? Men say, I will have nothing to do with them; I will forsake my church; I will not listen to the word of God if preached by a Mason. Intolerance, are you not in that man's heart to-day? And women mourn because their fathers, husbands, brothers or sons, are Masons, believing it of Satan, and therefore evil; its holiest lessons, blasphemy; its sacred rites, mockery. How beautiful, how solemn and impressive is the Masonic burial service. Yet some will turn away from it with scorn, whispering mockery! mockery! If the institution of Masonry could be burned at the stake, think you such persons would not pile the faggots high and lift aloft the blazing torch in triumph? We do not believe there can be another Catharine de Medicis, who could plot and plan the massacre of Bartholomew, but are there not many like her weak son, inclined to be charitable, tolerant, kind to those who were not of popular faith, yet submit to another's influence for evil, instead of adhering to what they believe to be *just* and *right* and

size. We have thought intolerance, bigotry and fanaticism had passed away with the centuries; but I fear there are many in our land to-day, who, if they had the power, would compel every one to think as they do. My faith, my doctrine, my creed, my sect, my denomination; there ought not to be any other. I am the only one right; none must interpret the Scriptures except as I do; and have no institution or organization—religious, social, political, public or private, secret or open—except as I shall approve. And these persons are too often biased by prejudice, early instruction, early impressions, so that the mind has become warped and thought run so long in the same channels that no new paths can be made. It is true none have walked on earth perfect but Christ. It is also true there is no human heart all evil, notwithstanding the doctrine of total depravity. Selfishness, intolerance, bigotry, uncharitableness, do not belong to the righteous. Such are not Christ-like, though they may profess to be Christians. Unselfishness, charity, forbearance, love—these are Christian virtues.

“A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Therefore, by their fruits shall ye know them.”

What are the fruits of Masonry? The religion that visits “the fatherless and widows in their affliction.” It reaches out helping hands to the poorest brother. If sick or destitute, he and those that are dear to him suffer not; their orphan children are kindly cared for. Men filling stations of trust and honor, Senators, Generals, have been the recipients of Masonic aid—educated by Masonic means. The footfalls of Masonry give back no echo in their works of benevolence. Silent as the falling snow-flakes are their blessings. So quietly are their good works done, many will not believe they do any. They all meet on the level, even those whose creeds and opinions are as opposite as the poles. Intolerance finds no place where Masons meet. Although they cannot set aside the ancient rules that will not permit women to be initiated into its mysteries, they have done what they could, and given us Adoptive Masonry. Ancient, grand, noble and sublime are their symbols and teachings. Ours are full of truth and beauty. Many a dart of ridicule has been hurled at the Eastern Star; unkind words spoken of it; slander and evil breath would have turned its brightness to blackness. But it shines on with steady light. When the days are darkest, its rays are warmest, cheering the hearts of those who turn to its light. And why is it evil spoken of? Do they know of what they speak? Aye, how much of intolerance in the centuries that have come and gone, how much of that which is abroad in the land to-day, has arisen from ignorance? Many read their Bibles only to find passages to confirm their prejudices—to find proof of preconceived opinions. Let us read and ponder upon the lessons taught by the sacrifice of Jephtha’s daughter; the fidelity of Ruth; the faithfulness of Esther, who, amid pomp and splendor, did not forget her kindred; the faith of Martha, that was strong and unwavering in sorrow and affliction, and the elect lady to whom John spoke loving words. Let us emulate Electa’s zeal and fervor, and her devoted life. Let us open our hearts to the light of our beautiful Star. Let its radiance give us cheer and comfort. Let its warm rays vivify all that is good, beautiful and true, to new life in us. Let us accept good wherever we find it, in institutions, creeds and churches; in human hearts, in noble lives, in words and deeds. It is our human nature to be intolerant, but love is the fulfilling of the law Divine. “Therefore, consider well that, though all minds and hearts are not in chord with thine, they are yet all strings in the same great

spiritual harp, and the harmony thereof is one, though the notes be many and various."

"Love all! There is no living thing
Which God has not created;
Love all! There is no living thing
Which God has ever hated.
His love sustains the meanest life,
Whate'er doth live or perish—
And man may not disdain to love
What God has loved to cherish.

"Love all: for hate begetteth hate,
And love through love increaseth:
Love all; for hate shall faint and fall,
While love like God's ne'er ceaseth.
Love is the law, the life supreme,
The goal where all are tending.
The hate shall die, the strife shall cease,
But love is never-ending."

OPPOSITION TO MASONRY OVERCOME.

"CALVIN," the Chicago correspondent of *The Presbyterian*, Philadelphia, in his notes from the interior, in speaking of the operations of the Relief and Aid Society of the former city, says:

"What is a church worth that leaves to the world the work of caring for the destitute and suffering poor, and fails to do their very work as a church of Christ? The course of the Masons, Odd Fellows, and other similar societies should make us blush for our short comings in this matter. We read Scripture, as if the words of our Lord were sufficient authority for allowing the children of this world to be wiser than their generation than the children of light."

Some twenty years ago, Calvin and the writer were members of the same church; he an Odd Fellow of high position—Grand Secretary, we believe,—and we, of course, a Mason. Among the poor of our church was the widow of a M. M., whom the Lodge had long supported from its scanty means, aided by individual contribution. She, too, was a member, as her husband had been, of the same church, the pastor of which was so bitter an anti-Mason that he had compelled the resignation of one of his elders, because he had joined the Masons. When he remonstrated, he justified himself upon

this singular plea—he “did not object to the Masons joining his church and continuing active Masons; but, rather that his active church members should not join the Masons.” He was always “down on the Masons and their pretended acts of charity and deeds of love,”—the church was the institution to take care of the poor and needy, and such like arguments as every Mason has heard time and again.

Such arguments, if carried into practice as Calvin, a churchman, on this ground, declares, would have left the unfortunate citizens of Chicago destitute of real and practical aid in these days of church influence and power. We determined to give our minister an opportunity of testing his “creed,” and so, after conferring with our widowed sister, we suggested next Lodge night to withhold our stated supplies for a time, and throw her upon the warm charities of the church. The old lady—for she had seen her three-score and ten years of earthly pilgrimage—went to her (our) pastor and related to him what the Masons had done, and appealed to him and his church for immediate and constant aid. The next Sabbath, our “ahti” friend preached a most eloquent (for he was really an able man) discourse upon “Charity, and the obligations of the church to its poor.” A contribution of thirty pieces of silver (dollars)—’twas in the days of specie payments—was the verdict of the preacher’s power over the feelings, not judgments of his members. Then he boasted to us of what the church was doing and going to do—vain boast. While her money lasted, the “lone widow” and her dependent grandchildren fared sumptuously several days. But there is an end to all things, and soon he found the end to that “collection.” Then he called upon the office-bearers, next upon the members, one by one, but the money came slowly, and soon none at all. Still the widow called for help, and at last we, too, added our importunities to hers to him for the much needed and more entitled aid, which came not. In his extremity the minister came to us for help. We told him simply, because he ought to know, that while in our moderate circumstances we had all the while done our mite, more than he or his exclusive church members had done, though far

better to do. In truth we had never neglected our weekly visits with a basket of stores to make her heart glad. "He could not," he said, "preach a charity sermon every month or so," and finally, though reluctantly, suggested the hope that "the Masons should renew their aid."

This "confession" was all we wanted. The supplies were forth coming, and the Masons supported her well while living, and buried her decently, because she was the widow of their brother.

Years passed; the opposition of our preacher to the "secret societies" had rendered him so unpopular, that he left, and returned to the east. There we found him during one of our eastern trips, and as he drove us along to the depot, from our most pleasant visit to himself and truly loving family, he remarked to us: "What would you think, brother," giving to the word a masonic rather than ecclesiastical emphasis, "Brother Parvin, were I to tell you that I, too, am a Mason?" We expressed our astonishment, when he added: "I am not a brother, but a companion of the Holy Royal Arch, and was Grand Orator at our last annual convocation, and have not only learned, but know more of 'charity' than I once did, and respect men of honest opinions, though I may not accord with them."—*The Evergreen.*

MORTAL FLOWERS.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

Oh, there is a time, in our joyous spring of youth,
 When we think not that cares and sorrows are to come:
 When life is but a round of smiles and songs of truth,—
 A peaceful and a pleasant dream,
 Replete with childhood's glee, and sounds of home,
 O'er which love's day-star sheds her brightest beam.

The bud then bursts its tender shell,
 And the young flow'ret opens to the day:
 Fond lullabies, like zephyrs, swell
 O'er it softly, in life's sweet budding May.

Then, there are months in this onward struggling life
 When our hearts do melt with love, pure and manful love ;
 We lose our grosser element ; we cease from strife,
 And are all spirit for a time :
 Our thoughts are blent with angel thoughts above,
 And, upward towards a higher life we climb.

The flower then blooms in beauty bright,
 And sparkling dew-drops tremble on the stem,
 While odors sweet, on pinions light,
 Are softly wafted from the floral gem.

Ah ! there are hours of bitter grief befall us here,
 Which are more dark and sorrowful when youth has fled :
 They weigh us down and fill our hearts with awful fear
 Of something dreadful yet to come ;
 The fitful gleams of light that o'er us there are shed,
 Just light our pathway onward to the tomb.

Ah ! then the once bright flower doth fade,
 And leaf by leaf it scattereth at last ;
 Lonely it droops in deep'ning shade,
 Its odor wasted on life's winter-blast.

Ha ! there are fitting moments, when we dare not think
 What we may be in one more gliding little hour ;
 A chill pervades the heart—the pulses throb—we sink—
 The last pale gleam of light has fled ;—
 We sigh—we gasp—we lose all sense—all power—
 We cease to sigh—to gasp--we're dead.

All pale and with'ered, blanch'd and torn,
 The flower now lies crush'd upon its bed :
 Its sisters bending o'er it mourn,
 And their warm tears, like pearly dew-drops, shed.

The New York *World* is hard on Little Rhody. It says
 "they have a coal mine in Rhode Island two hundred yards in
 extent, but are unable to work it, as they would be compelled
 to dig into some other State."

SAVED BY MASONRY.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.

In the days when steamboating on the western rivers was at the zenith of its prosperity, and fast boats were run by faster men, the chances of a safe passage were few and far between—the accidents were the rule, the safe journey rather the exception. And yet we can hardly find it in our hearts to blame those who only followed out the wishes of their patrons, who, as a general thing would prefer to run the risk of blowing up a few times rather than be passed by an opposite boat. When timid old women gave lard to feed the flames under the trembling boilers, and invalids seeking health in travel, were the first to propose that a barrel of rosin should be pitched into the fire to add speed to the lagging craft, we cannot wonder that most persons also, partaking of the general excitement, should offer to sit upon the safetyvalve until victory was won, or a short passage made “beyond the river.”

It was in that age of steamboat racing, and consequently of steamboat explosions, that an acquaintance of ours who lived at the south, and who had been spending a summer at the north, took passage for New Orleans on board a boat lying at La Salle. We would not intimate that the La Salle boat was going through to New Orleans, for that was a feat not often accomplished by the smaller boats, but he was to exchange for a larger one at St. Louis, and run his risk of completing his journey on that.

Our friend was a young man, just commencing life for himself, consequently not materially burdened with funds, and when he had secured his passage, found that his exchequer was even lower than usual. In fact he found that he had not more than enough money to pay his cigar bill while on the trip, and that by a system of self-denial to which he had not been accustomed. But that could be managed provided the trip was made safely, and trusting to former immunities from accident and the care of Providence, he went on board.

The weather was fine, the company on board agreeable, and the management of the *cuisine* admirable, and the voyage commenced with all the appliances of a pleasant trip. As it happened, another boat belonging to another line started out at nearly the same time as that upon which our friend embarked. Of course there was a strife between them which should reach St. Louis first. Each stopped at pretty much every landing along the Illinois, and consequently, sometimes one was in advance and sometimes the other. Town after town was passed yet neither had gained any advantage. The passengers began to partake of the desire cherished by the officers and crew to beat their antagonist, and soon opinions were expressed by bets of a magnitude that would be astonishing now on the speed of the respective crafts.

The fireman joined in the excitement and dark clouds of heavy smoke continually rolled from the chimneys, while the steam in its struggles to escape found new seams in the boilers, and hissed louder as if in joy at its emancipation. The opposition boat, in a stretch of ten miles and no stop, was drawing slowly ahead. The ever present rosin was resorted to and sticks of wood dipped into the inflammable substance, were placed in liberal quantities under the quivering boilers. This pushed her ahead so that the next landing was made simultaneously. While at the shore the fires were kept up and no steam allowed to escape for the few minutes required to discharge and receive freight and passengers, for it was necessary to come off a victor in the race, that every means of accelerating speed should be adopted.

The passenger last on the plank or "stage" had just reached the deck, the line had been cast off, the ponderous wheels starting with an unusual speed, commenced their revolutions, and the vessel was already backing out from the levee, when a vast volume of steam and smoke, filled with sticks, iron and timbers, instantaneously followed by a deafening sound, proved to the experienced in travel that the boat had blown up. Our friend was in the cabin nearly over the bursting boiler, and even as the hot steam came through the thin barrier on which he stood, he felt his footing give way

and that he would fall into the vortex created by the explosion below. As quick as thought, he sprang to the door, and as he reached it he saw the floor upon which he had been standing, settle into the fiery abyss below.

On looking about he saw that the "hurricane deck" was uninjured, and to it he made his way. There he was above the blinding steam, which, owing to the prevalence of a wind blowing off shore passed away nearly horizontally across the stream. He also found on arriving on the upper deck that he was severely scalded. In an instant his condition flashed through his mind—badly injured, with no money in his pockets and among strangers. On the impulse of the moment he gave that sign which has saved thousands who were ready to perish and which, in a civilized country was never made in vain. The pain from his wounds became so great that in a few moments he fell in a state of helpless insensibility.

When the explosion took place, there was quite a number of people on the levee, who were watching the steamer's departure, but immediately thereafter, and in an incredible space of time, it seemed as if the whole population had gathered there. As soon as the disabled vessel was brought to shore, she was boarded by two or three of the best citizens, among whom was a physician, who made their way in spite of all obstacles to the upper deck. They had seen the sign and were proceeding to answer it. A litter was improvised from a shutter wrenched from the Texas, and the yet insensible man was borne carefully and tenderly to the best and most comfortable dwelling in the city.

The citizens cared for the injured persons in a very kind and Christian manner, kept them until the next boat passed down, and then as they were able, they placed them on board and bade them God-speed on their way.

When our friend came to himself, he was lying on a comfortable bed in a spacious room, and anxious faces, both male and female, were bending over him. His wounds had been dressed and he was now comparatively free from pain. Addressing himself to one who was nearest to him he inquired:

"Where am I?"

“Where you will be cared for. Do not ask any more questions.”

“But you are strangers!”

“But we are brethren.”

“I am penniless. I cannot reward you for your kindness.”

“We found you poor and penniless, almost naked, unable to contribute to your own necessities, and now though among strangers, you are also among friends.”

“Masons?”

“Members of the Universal Brotherhood.”

For weeks the wounded man was compelled to quarter upon the hospitality of his new made friends, for he was fearfully injured. But at last the day came when he could safely depart. He had before explained his destitute condition, and had only to thank his preservers for saving his life; for to this day he believes that the medical aid and kindly care which he received were the means of preserving his life, and that with the ordinary care that a person so thrown upon strangers would have received, he must have died.

As he was about to continue his journey, so suddenly brought to an end, he took the hand of the noble brother into whose house he had been taken, and thanked him with such words as a warm and grateful heart could frame to produce under such circumstances, and pledge himself to remunerate him so far as money could do it, as soon as his means would allow. The old man, with watery eyes and unsteady voice, said as he grasped his hand:

“My brother, let this be a striking lesson to you, and should you ever meet a friend, but much more a worthy brother mason, in like destitute circumstances, you should contribute to his necessities as far as your ability will permit without material injury to yourself.”

“God helping me, I will remember the timely admonition.”

Accompanied to the boat, the restored brother then bade his masonic brethren adieu, and probably has not since met them; but there is a warm place in his heart as there would be

by his fireside, for those who were faithful to masonic obligation and sought him out and saved him in his dire calamity.—*The Masonic Trowel.*

WAS UNCLE PAUL A MASON?

“Was Uncle Paul a Mason?” Ike asked of Mrs. Partington, as he stood looking at the rigid profile of the ancient corporal of the Bloody Eleventh that hung on the wall.

“No, he was a veteran sergeant naturally, though he took in gardening afterward, and raised the most wonderful squashes. They always took the primer at the Horticultural Fair.”

“I mean, was he a Freemason?” continued Ike.

“Oh dear, no,” replied she, “and I am glad of it; for they are a great deal to free in throwin’ their plasterin’ round, which is very mortifying, and takes the color out of things so; and when they whitewashed the kitchen, didn’t they make free with the balmy bud rum, which they mistook for a cordial? and I wish to gracious it had been a’metic, to have taught ’em a lesson to be a little less free next time.”

“But Freemasons,” said Ike, petulently, “ain’t masons: I mean the fellows that built the temple and hid Morgan.”

“Oh!” she exclaimed, “them? Well, dear, I have heard of a good many things they did, and then again I have heard of a good many things they didn’t; and so, between ’em both, I don’t believe neither. It is a great mystery!” she whispered, “and if they did kill Morgan, they ought to have done it, if they agreed to, though ’twas a bad thing for him. But I never believed the story told of a crowbar, which is preposterous; and as for the gridiron—thereby hangs a tale: the Lord knows what they do in their secret cemeteries, when they get on one another’s clothes by mistake, and cut up all sorts of capers—to say nothin’ about the ridiculous aprons which make them look so queer.”

The interest of Ike had ceased, and he turned his attention to anointing the cat with an application of soft soap.

UNVEILING THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

THE CEREMONY of unveiling the Michigan Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument transpired on April 9th, in the city of Detroit, and was very largely attended. It was estimated by those who ought to know, that there were more people in Detroit to witness these ceremonies, than had ever before been assembled in that city. The hotels were filled on Monday, so that many had to go to villages contiguous to Detroit to find accommodations. The early part of Tuesday was very pleasant, and the extra trains were loaded beyond precedent. The city was decorated in the most liberal manner, especially Woodard and Jefferson avenues. A bountiful dinner was provided for the gallant Soldiers and Sailors, at the Baptist church, and every thing was done to meet the wants of visitors, and make their stay in the city comfortable.

Among the noted Generals present we noted Ambrose E. Burnside, Phil. Sheridan and ——— Custer. The military display was splendid, and the display of the old battle flags "tattered and torn" in the severe contests of war, called forth the most vociferous cheers. They also caused many a tear to bedew thoughtful countenances, as they passed along, and memory went back to the loved and lost.

The procession was very long and commanding. Our space will admit only of giving the

THIRD DIVISION.

Gen. Mark Flemming, Marshal.

Aids—Oliver Bourke., D. P. Smiley, Wm. Phelps, Wm. H. Burk, and A. H. West.
Marshals of Lodges—James McKay, A. W. Phillips, H. Schubert, J. H. Humphreys,
Ford Hinchman.

Pontiac Knight Templar Band,

Henry M. Look, Eminent Commander,

John P. Foster, Generalissimo, S. S. Mathews, C. G.

Pontiac Commandery No. 2. 60 swords.

Hillsdale City Band,

W. S. Edwards, Eminent Commander,

Geo. C. Munro, Gen., E. A. Howard, C. G.

Eureka Commandery No. 3, Hillsdale, 40 swords,

John W. Finch, Eminent Commander,

W. L. Mills, Gen., Fred. Hart, C. G.

UNVEILING THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

Adrian Commandery No. 4, 50 swords,
Valley City Band,

L. H. Randall, Eminent Commander,
C. S. Allen, Gen., H. N. Moore, C. G.

De Molai Commandery No. 5, Grand Rapids, 60 swords,
Kalamazoo Silver Cornet Band,

Frank Henderson, Eminent Commander,
Chas. C. Reed, Gen., Chas. H. Brown, C. G.

Peninsular Commandery No. 8, Kalamazoo, 75 swords,
David Bovee, Eminent Commander,

D. B. Purinton, Gen., R. G. Chandler, C. G.

Jacobs Commandery No. 10, Coldwater, 40 swords,
Fenton Knights Templar Band,

J. Buckbee, Eminent Commander,
W. E. Smith, Gen., H. E. Meeker, C. G.

Fenton Commandery, No. 14, 60 swords,
Flint Cornet Band,

S. C. Randall, Eminent Commander,
M. B. Buckingham, Gen., G. H. Durand, C. G.

Genesee Valley Commandery No. 15, Flint, 50 swords,
Hugh McCurdy, Eminent Commander,

N. L. N. Leinheim, Gen., C. H. Lockley, C. G.

St. Bernard Commandery, No. 16, East Saginaw, 50 swords,
Irving M. Smith, Eminent Commander,

D. Bush, Gen., M. Carland, C. G.,
Corunna Commandery, No. 21, 45 swords.

O. L. Spaulding, Eminent Commander,

A. J. Wiggins, Gen., C. E. Garrison, C. G.

St. Johns Commandery, No. 24, 30 Swords.

Albert Bixby, Eminent Commander.

T. B. Thrift, Gen., G. W. Chandler, C. H.

Lansing Commandery, No. 25, 50 swords.

B. J. Carney, Eminent Commander.

C. F. Gibson, Gen., Frank Crandal, C. G.

Bay City Commandery, No. 26, 40 swords.

Detroit Opera House Band.

E. I. Garfield, Eminent Commander.

M. S. Smith, Gen., Eugene Robinson, C. G.

Detroit Commandery, No. 1, 100 swords.

Toledo Union Silver Band.

W. H. Smith, Eminent Commander.

L. Burdick, Gen., L. F. Lyttle, C. G.

Toledo Commandery, No. 7, 60 swords,

Grand Officers and Past Grand Officers of the Grand Commandery of the State of
Michigan.

Grand Master of the Grand Lodge.
Officers and past Officers of the Grand Lodge.

Master Masons in the following order :
 Zion Lodge No. 1, John Patton, Marshal.
 Detroit Lodge No. 2, William Phelps, Marshal.
 Union Lodge of Strict Observance, No. 3, James McKay, Marshal.
 Ashler Lodge, No. 91, O. W. Phillips, Marshal.
 Schiller Lodge, No. 263, H. Schubert, Marshal.
 Kilwinning Lodge, No. 297, J. H. Humphrey, Marshal.
 Orient Lodge, No. 240, F. C. D. Hinchman, Marshal.

The Knights Templars, in their full regalia, made a splendid appearance.

We give the following Masonic ceremonies which we extract from the *Detroit Post*.

THE MASONIC CEREMONIES.

The President then introduced Henry Chamberlain, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, F. A. & A. M. of the State of Michigan, who proceeded to receive the finished structure in accordance with the rites of the order. The Grand Lodge was represented on the occasion by the following gentlemen :

M. W.—Henry Chamberlain, Grand Master.
 R. W.—Hugh McCurdy, Deputy G. M.
 M. W.—George C. Munro, P. G. M.
 M. W.—J. Eastman Johnson, P. G. M.
 M. W.—Francis Darrow, P. G. M.
 M. W.—S. C. Coffenberry, P. G. M.
 M. W.—John W. Champlain, P. G. M.
 R. W.—William Dunham, S. G. W.
 R. W.—D. W. Clemmer, J. G. W.
 R. W.—R. W. Landon, G. T.
 R. W.—James Fenton, G. S.
 R. W.—Henry M. Look, G. V. and L.
 V. Rev. and W.—Ammi M. Lewis, G. O.
 W.—Arthur M. Clark, S. G. D.
 W.—John E. Chisholm, Jr. G. D.
 John S. Hooker, G. M.
 Walter Fitzgerald, G. A.
 C. J. Kruger, G. P.
 Geo. N. Mead, G. S. B.
 Alexander McGregor, G. T.

ADDRESS OF THE GRAND MASTER.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, SIR KNIGHTS AND BRETHREN.—In all ages of the world monuments have been erected to the memory of the great, the powerful and the good, and in honor of great events.

In primitive times these monuments were often rough stones rudely piled together, or perhaps a single stone erected and consecrated, an instance of which is the single stone set up by Jacob.

As men advanced in knowledge and cultivation these memorial structures became more elaborate, and were constructed of the finest marble, richly and curiously wrought by the hands of curious workmen, or cast in metal and enriched by beautiful devices. Thus, in the character of the monuments erected to perpetuate the memory of great events in the lives of men or of nations we may read the progress of men in the acts, in the objects and purposes of these structures. We may also read the history of human rights, and see the steps by which men have raised themselves from serfs to lords, from subjects to sovereigns.

Most of the monuments erected in the past of which mention is made in history, or which still exist, were erected to gratify the pride of individuals who had won renown as men of power, and whose ambition was to subject men and nations to their will and make use of them to their own aggrandizement, rather than for the benefit of the race. Few, or none of them, were erected by the free contributions of the people of the age as their testimonials to the greatness, goodness or patriotism of the persons whose memory they were intended to perpetuate; but were paid for by money, or erected by labor extorted by terrible cruelties from unwilling hands.

The rights of man have not always, if ever, been respected in proportion to the advancement of nations in the arts of civilization; neither do we learn from history or experience that morality or religion has gone hand in hand with civilization or science.

The inhabitant of the rude hut, though less polished, may and does often have a higher regard for the rights of others, a more perfect realization of the duties he owes to God, his neighbor and himself, than he who lives amid luxuries.

We do not in painting, sculpture, or architecture equal the older nations of the earth. We do not claim that we do. But it is our glory that, while no nation of the earth has made such advances as has our own in the arts and sciences, our recognition of the rights of all men has kept evenstep with our progress in culture and civilization.

The ancient and honorable society of Free and Accepted Masons, who are to assist in the ceremonies of this occasion, was originally a society of operative masons or builders.

History and our unwritten traditions warrant me in saying that many of the most beautiful temples, churches and monuments of antiquity were designed and erected by our ancient brethren.

At this time we have ceased to be operative masons or builders, retaining only that part of our ancient institution which binds us together as brethren, and teaches us friendship, morality and brotherly love; when called upon we lay the corner stones of public buildings erected for municipal, charitable or religious purposes, and public monuments. It has not for many years been our custom to accept or dedicate public buildings or monuments; but, feeling that this was no ordinary occasion, we are here to-day as a fraternity to take part in the exercises. We do this the more readily as our Grand Lodge have recognized it by laying the corner stone, and contributing from our funds to aid in its construction.

This monument, about to be unveiled and dedicated, has been erected by the free offering of a patriotic people. Unlike some monuments of former times, this is one of many erected in our country to commemorate the virtues and patriotism of the brave men, from all ranks and stations in life, a willing sacrifice for their country.

We, as a fraternity, feel proud of the fact that great numbers of our brethren went forth with their fellow-citizens under the flag of our country to defend and preserve our Government. They recognized their duty as citizens to the government under which they lived, and of which they were a part, as well as their obligations as Masons. Every Lodge in this grand jurisdiction remembers and regrets some of its members left dead and dying on the field of battle. Of this number was the then late Grand Master of Masons, Col. Horace S. Roberts.

From time immemorial it has been the custom among Masons, at the request of a brother, to accompany his remains to the place of interment, and then with other ceremonies, to drop the evergreen in his grave, as an emblem of our faith in the immortality of the soul. But, alas! my brethren, how often during the war was the privilege denied us of caring for those of our fraternity to whose memory in part this monument has been erected. In many cases they were buried amid the strife of battle, without form or ceremony, or their remains were suffered to lie unburied on the bosom of mother earth. We have not, we cannot drop the evergreen for them. Then, my brethren, on this occasion, let us give their memories the funeral honors we pay our dead.

Here the Grand Lodge gave the public grand honors, immediately after which the Grand Chaplain made the following Prayer:

Great Architect of the universe; Holy and eternal God, the high and mighty Ruler of the armies of heaven, who dost behold all the dwellers upon earth; thou art our Creator, our Preserver, and the Author of all our blessings, material, social and spiritual. Thou art our Nation's God who didst guide our fathers to this goodly land, as thou didst guide the children of Israel to Canaan, for the well being of the race and thy glory. We thank thee that thou didst found this free republic, and hast brought it thus far through all its trials. And we most heartily implore for it thy constant protection that all its civil and religious blessings may be secured to us and continued to our latest posterity. May thine eyes be continually upon this Nation, and wilt thou impart to it health, wealth, happiness and prosperity. Grant it wisdom to plan, strength to execute, and the beauty of holiness in all its doings. Bless the Chief Magistrate and all the other magistrates and their counselors, that they may execute justice and maintain truth without fear or favor, and be examples to the people "with clean thoughts and pure hearts, with bodies undefiled, and minds sanctified." Bless Congress and all our State Legislatures, that all things may be settled on sure foundations for the welfare of thy people and the establishment of our civil and religious institutions to the end of time.

Remember us in all times of our tribulation, and keep us from despair; in all times of our prosperity hold us back by thy mercy from the dangers of presumption. Keep us from "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion."

Bless all who have contributed to this monument as a sacred memorial to those who fell in the bloody strife and those who survive the same; and may it stand to remind all who pass by, of this goodly Commonwealth's appreciation of the loyalty of our brave sons to the Constitution and the Union. Bless each maimed and disabled veteran, whether officer or private; and may we recognize them as freemen, noblemen, the preservers of our dearest rights and blessings, who deserve our benediction and gratitude.

May it please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows of those who sacrificed their precious lives on their country's altar, and so repurchased through blood and death, what our fathers thus purchased at first.

May we cherish the memory of the departed, honor their surviving comrades, and not leave it to speechless marble to tell of those sacrifices on which our blessings are founded.

May we, as they, sacrifice self for the peace, unity and concord of the Brotherhood of the States of America—even that America which was carved and fashioned by thy hand for a mighty work in the earth. Accept, O God of our fathers, this offering of thy servants, and bring us to that heavenly country, to which we are traveling, where wars never come, and the din of the strife is never heard, and tears never fall, and sorrows never oppress. May the blessing of Heaven rest upon all. May every moral and social virtue prevail. May the peace of God the Father, be amongst us and abide with us for ever. Amen.

The Grand Master then addressed his officers as follows:

Grand Master—Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, what is the proper jewel of your office?

Deputy Grand Master—The square.

G. M.—What are its moral and Masonic uses?

D. G. M.—To square our actions and prove our work.

G. M.—Have you applied the implement of your office to the work, and did you observe if it was designed in *Wisdom*?

D. G. M.—Most Worshipful, I found the foundation square, and great *wisdom* in the design.

G. M.—Brother Deputy, it is well.

G. M.—Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden, what is the jewel of your office?

S. G. W.—The level.

G. M.—What is its Masonic use?

S. G. W.—Morally it reminds us of equality. Its use is to lay horizontals.

G. M.—Have you applied the implement of your office to the work? If so, make report to us whether the monument is level, and if in all its parts it has the elements of *strength*?

S. G. W.—I found the work level, and there is *strength* in each part to *support* each other part.

G. M.—Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, what is the proper jewel of your office?

J. G. W.—The plumb.

G. M.—What is its Masonic use?

J. G. W.—Morally it teaches rectitude, and we use it to prove perpendiculars.

G. M.—Have you applied the implement of your office to the work? Is it plumb and has it such proportions, and is it fitted together with such exact nicety as to fill all beholders with admiration of its *beauty*?

J. G. W.—Most Worshipful, I found it plumb. The work is perfect and of great *beauty*.

G. M.—(To the President of the Association.) The structure has been tested by the proper implements of Masonry. My officers report that the architects and crafts-

men have done their work skillfully and faithfully, and that the monument has been designed in *wisdom*, constructed with *strength* and is adorned with *beauty*.

INVOCATION.

Great Jehovah, Lord of Heaven and Earth, we invoke thy blessing on all the people here assembled. We ask thee to inspire them with wisdom from on high. May this monument to the soldiers and sailors of this commonwealth who gave their services or their lives to their country be an enduring memorial of the brave men in whose honor it has been erected, and may it stand to remind many generations of their patriotic services. Make us ever mindful of the duty we owe to our country. May we never forget our obligations to the widows and orphans of those who perished in the fearful struggle. In thy name, Great Architect of the Universe, has this work been commenced, prosecuted and completed. In thy name we accept the work.

DEDICATION.

In the name of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Michigan, I do solemnly dedicate this monument to the memory of the gallant living and the honored dead—the soldiers and sailors of Michigan. Amen.
Grand honor.

WORK OF THE GRAND MASTER.

We give the following minutes from the Note Book of our M.: W.: Grand Master Chamberlain. We regret that he has not the time to fill out the record with a recital of such incidents as would be interesting, together with such practical suggestions as our clear headed Grand Master is capable of giving. Gladly would we have accepted the cordial invitation to accompany Bro. Chamberlain had our other engagements permitted. Then we could have added many facts of which we are now ignorant. But the bare statement of the work done by our indefatigable Grand Master will be read with interest and profit by our brethren throughout the jurisdiction.

Feb. 19th, visited Summit Lodge No. 172.—Buchanan. Only Buchanan Lodge No. 68 represented. Records of the Lodge good. The attendance in the evening was large, and work on 1st Degree well done by W.: M.: Hamilton.

Feb. 20th. Met at the Hall of St. Joseph Valley Lodge No. 4.—Niles. Present; W.: M.: and Secretaries from the following Lodges:—Niles, No. 97; Dawagiac, No. 10; Penin-

sular, No. 214; St. Peters, No. 106, and Pokagon, No. 136. On inspection found some of the records good, others fair and others very poor. Had a very pleasant meeting in the evening, with a fair attendance. No work.

Feb. 21st. Met at the Hall of Three Rivers Lodge, No. 57. W.: Masters and Secretaries of the following Lodges:—Mt. Herman, No. 24; Siloam, No. 35; Park, No. 206; Volinia, No. 227; Schoolcraft, No. 118; Vandalia, No. 290; Marcellus, No. 291, and Colon, No. 73. On inspection nearly every record was found good, though some of these Lodges were young ones, and from the rural districts, which speaks well for the Masters and Secretaries. In the evening the large Hall was filled, and work done on E. A. Degree in an excellent manner, by W.: M.: Green.

Feb. 22nd. At Kalamazoo. W.: Masters and Secretaries of the following Lodges present:—Kalamazoo, No. 22; Climax, No. 59; United, No. 149; Richland, No. 217; Prairie, No. 92; Anchor of S. O. No. 87, and Augusta, No. 275. Records all fair to good. The attendance in the evening was large, and work on the 3d by W.: M.: Blood, well done.

Feb. 23rd. At Plainwell Lodge, No. 235. W.: Master and Secretaries of the following Lodges in attendance:—Wayland, No. 224; Allegan, No. 111; Otsego, No. 78, and Brady, No. 296. Evening attendance good as to numbers. W.: M.: of 235 not present. Work on the E. A. Degree by a P.: M.: only fair. Records fair to good, and Allegan, No. 111, *very perfect in all respects* and a great credit to the Secretary and W.: M.: of that Lodge.

March 4th. At the Hall of Occidental Lodge, No. 56, at St. Joseph. Inspected Records of the following Lodges:—No. 56; Coloma, No. 162; Salathiel, No. 233; Pomona, No. 281, and Lake Shore, 298. Records in fair condition. The evening attendance was not large. Work on the 2d and 3d, by W.: M.: Potter, well done.

March, 5th. At Bangor. Met at the Hall of Coffinberry Lodge, No. 204. Met the officers of the following Lodges, viz:

Bailey, No. 280; Star of the Lake, No. 158; Rising Sun, No. 119; Dutcher, No. 193; and Bloomingdale, No. 221. Records in good shape. Work on the 1st, by W.: M.: Miller. The attendance good.

March 6th. At Grand Haven, No. 139. Examined the Records of Muskegon, No. 140; Lovell Moore, No. 182; Unity, No. 122, and Spring Lake, No. 234, and found them generally good. Those of Muskegen and Lovell Moore, were worthy of special mention. The Hall and Records of Grand Haven Lodge were recently burned. Work done in Hall of Spring Lake Lodge, by W. M. Mitchel of 139, on the 3d, and well done.

Friday, March 8th. At Grand Rapids, No. 34. Met Masters and Secretaries from the following Lodges:—No. 34; Valley City, No. 86; Lowell, No. 90; Grattan, 196; Big Rapids, No. 171; Croton, No. 177; Cedar Springs, No. 213; Rockford, No. 246; Humbolt, No. 276, and Ada, No. 280. Records found generally good, though many can be much improved. Humbolt, No. 276, (German), takes a collection at every Regular Communication for charitable purposes. A box is set on the altar, and every brother contributes *according to his ability*. This is truly *Masonic*. They do not take the *unmasonic* method of levying assessments for charitable purposes. In the evening had a very large attendance. No work.

March 26. At Lansing. Present with Records: Lansing, No. 33; Eaton Rapids, No. 63; Capital of S. O. No. 66; Mason, No. 70; St. Johns, 105; Williamston, No. 153; Dansville, No. 160; Grand Ledge, No. 179; Covenant, No. 261, and De Witt, No. 272. Found Records generally good, but some very poor. The attendance in the evening was only fair, other engagements calling away many brethren. The lateness of the hour prevented work.

March 27. At Jackson. Present in the afternoon for examination of Records, the Masters and Secretaries of Jackson, No. 17; Humanity, No. 29; Concord, No. 30; Michigan, No. 50; Excelsior, No. 116; Charlotte, No. 120; Brooklyn, No. 169; Parma, No. 183; Winfield, No. 197; Liberty, No. 209;

Leslie, No. 212; Hanover, No. 293. Records generally good, and those of Charlotte second only to those of Allegan, No. 111. In the evening work on the 3d by W.: M.: Tomlinson, being well done. Attendance not large.

March 28. At Battle Creek. In the afternoon had the Masters and Secretaries of the following Lodges present for the examination of Records, &c. Battle Creek, No. 13; Murat, No. 14; St. Albans, No. 20; Bellevue, No. 83; Brady, No. 208; Athens, No. 220; Okemos, No. 252; Waukeshma, No. 254; Olivet, No. 267, and Marshall, No. 294. Records fair to good. Work in the evening by W.: M.: Buck, on the 3d, as good as I have seen. The hall crowded.

MASONRY AT DES MOINES, IOWA.

It was the happy privilege of the writer to spend a day or two at the above mentioned place, and one evening with the Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and witness the work of exaltation. The Masonic bodies in this city have just removed to a large and elegant building specially elected for this purpose, and which is the most commodious and beautiful we ever visited in the Northwest. The Companions we met gave the most abundant evidence of their fitness for the honors conferred upon them, and of their devotion to the Masonic Institution. The work of conferring the degree was as well done as any we have ever witnessed, and that being completed was succeeded by an elegant repast for the physical man, concluded by such a feast of reason and flow of soul as is seldom one's privilege to enjoy. We would like to mention the names of some of the leading Companions and Sir Knights whom we met, but it would involve a catalogue of all, for each seemed the first among his equals, and we forbear. May every good thing be given to each Companion and Brother to enjoy.

REVIEW OF MASONRY IN ENGLAND.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18th, 1872.

W. J. CHAPLIN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—I have been a Masonic student a third of a Century, and a close reader, and believe myself to be well booked up in the contents of the Books of Constitutions published by authority of the Grand Lodge of England in the last century. And when nearly twenty years ago I made the discovery that the ancient charges in Dermott's Ahiman Rezon were verbatim copies of Anderson's Constitution, 1738 edition, and that Anderson himself had made the changes from the 1723 edition, which changes were attributed to Dermott, I did not know then, (as I accepted, as all other Masons have, Anderson's Constitution as the law and gospel of Masonry,) that there were any other important differences between the two. But recently I devoted some time to a close examination of these Anderson Constitutions, and was astonished at the result. These Books are of no authority whatever, they are not reliable, they contradict each other, and the whole aim of the author, the Grand Lodge and Anderson, was to misrepresent, mislead and deceive. As a result of my investigation I have prepared a "Review of Masonry in England from 1567 to 1813" for publication, for the benefit of the Craft universal. The Book, which will form a volume of 200 pages, will be out in May ensuing, bound in cloth, and printed on good paper. I have fixed the price at *one dollar* per copy, so as to be within the means of every Freemason. The authorities referred to in the Review, and quoted, are Anderson's 1723 and 1738 Editions, Entick, Blaney, Northouck, Lawrie, Preston, Oliver and Sandy. I confess at being surprised that the fraternity have been deceived so long. But the Grand Lodge publications of the last century were all written in the interest of the then existing Grand Lodge, which was formed in Revolution, and completely ignored the existence of the Mother Grand Lodge. The publication of this Book is a necessity, and as such will

be appreciated by the Craft, and to cause its contents to be universally known, its pages have been limited so as to not extend its cost beyond one dollar. Every Freemason will be interested in his Brother Masons' having a copy so that the Masonic mind may be properly directed, a spirit of enquiry elicited, and credence given to no book or statement, without due examination, however widely such may be accepted.

Yours fraternally,

LEON HYNEMAN,
Philadelphia Pa.

DETROIT COMMANDERY.

At the last annual election of this Commandery, the following named Knights were elected to the three highest offices, viz :

Ellery I. Garfield, Em. Com.

M. S. Smith, Gen.

Eugene Robinson, Capt Gen.

There was great unanimity of feeling, and the rejoicing at the result was universal. Sir Knight Garfield has been the Capt. General of the Commandery for several years, and to him is the Commandery indebted more than to any other, for the honors that have been won in Baltimore and wherever it has appeared in public parade. These are all gentlemen of high social standing, of good taste, and possess that culture so necessary to make the work of the Commandery just what it is designed to be, impressive and beautiful. A future which shall far transcend the glory of the past awaits this body, and it is a future for which every Sir Knight will labor with that self-sacrificing zeal which characterized the Knight Templars of old. With joined hands and knit hearts we press on to the better days that await us.

DETROIT.

DEATH OF DR. MARSHALL.

Sir Knight, Edward G. Marshall, M. D., died at Madison, Wis., March, 20th, ult. The Dr. had been, for years, one of the Assistant Medical Superintendents of the Insane Asylum of this State. About a year since, a wider field, and a more lucrative position, at Madison, Wis., was offered him in the State Asylum for the Insane.

In the performance of his professional duties in that institution, it became necessary for him to make a postmortum examination of a case that had died in the Institution. Unfortunately, a "hang-nail," on one of his fingers, admitted the poison of the dead body to his blood, from the effects of which, after eight days of agony he died.

Dr. Marshall received the honors of Knighthood from Kalamazoo Commandery, No. 8, of which he was a member when he died. His high intellectual endowments and acquirements—his gentlemanly and Knightly qualities—and his many virtues as a man and a Mason, endeared him to all, and will cause his memory to be long cherished by his brethren.

A detachment of Sir Knight's, from Madison Commandery escorted his remains to Chicago, where they were met and relieved by a detachment of Peninsular Commandery, No. 8, by whom the remains were brought to Kalamazoo, on the 23d of March. Here the friends rested over the Sabbath, and the remains lay in State at the asylum of the Commandery till Monday. On Sunday a Service of Sorrow was held, conducted by Rev. Dr. Foster, of St. Johns' Episcopal Church, which was largely attended.

On Monday, the sad cortage proceeded on its way to Syracuse, N. Y., where the remains were buried.

A detachment of his brethren of the Commandery again attended, aiding in all needed services to friends and their dead, until their arrival at Syracuse, when, without further ceremony, he was buried on Tuesday, 26th ult. Thus passed away, in the very bloom and prime of brilliant and useful manhood, a man, a gentleman and a Mason. Peace to his ashes.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE DEPARTED.

At a Special Communication of Chesaning Lodge No. 194, F. and A. M. held at their Lodge Room, March 3rd, A. D. 1872, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, This Lodge has been called upon to render the last services of respect to a deceased Brother, Wm. P. ALLEN;

Resolved, That the death of a Brother is always an occasion for serious contemplation to the living; reminding every Mason of the important change that awaits him, and it is more particularly so when, as in this instance, a friend is stricken down in the vigor of his manhood and the height of his usefulness.

Resolved, That it is our duty at this time to bear testimony to the fidelity, honesty and integrity with which Brother Allen discharged all his duties, to his family, his

neighbors and his Lodge; and we can best render service to the living and tender honors to the dead, by offering the record of his life as a model for those who survive him.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased; the *Chesaning Times*, and MICHIGAN FREEMASON, for publication; and that the Lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days.

J. A. CARRIER, Sec.

J. L. HELME, W. M.

At a Special Communication of Chesaning Lodge, No. 194 of Free and Accepted Masons, held at Masonic Hall in the Village of Chesaning, County of Saginaw, Mich., March 11th, 1872, the following preamble and resolutions were reported and adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe in the dispensation of His Divine Providence to call from this life our worthy and beloved Brother, WILLIAM H. MARSDEN, and

Whereas, We deem the occasion appropriate to the expression of the sentiments of affection entertained for him by every member of this Order, who enjoyed his acquaintance while living, and especially those of the Lodge to which he belonged, and of which he was an active member; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Marsden, we recognize that inscrutable wisdom, which while it removes from our midst an esteemed Brother, from the domestic circle a kind husband and indulgent father, from society a valuable citizen and good neighbor; admonishes us not only of the uncertain tenor of life, but of the utility of the practical virtues which he exhibited in his daily intercourse with the world, and in his attachment and devotion to the principles of his profession as a man and a Mason.

Resolved, That as members of this Lodge we offer our condolence and sympathy in this sore affliction, to the bereaved wife and friends of our deceased Brother, and that in compliance with his special request, and in discharge of the duty imposed by considerations of brotherly love and esteem, we will proceed in a body to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory, prescribed by the usages of our ancient and honorable Order.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be forwarded by the Secretary under the seal of this Lodge, to the wife of the deceased, and also to the editor of the *Chesaning Times* and MICHIGAN FREEMASON, with the request that they publish the same.

J. J. AUSTIN,
G. LYMAN CHAPMAN, } Committee.
JAS. N. SMITH.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

By the courtesy of R. W. John Leech, P. G. C. of Indiana, we have laid upon our table a copy of "DIGEST OF MASONIC LAW," compiled and arranged by George W. Chase. This volume assumes to be a complete code of Regulations, Decisions and Opinions upon questions of Masonic Jurisprudence. It is made up of the decisions of the Grand Masters of the various jurisdictions, which have been passed upon and sustained by the several Grand Lodges. Though in many instances it is of necessity more or less contradictory, yet, all in all, it is a very valuable book, and no Masonic library can be esteemed complete without it.

Macey & Sickles, Publishers, 432 Broome Street, New York

THE FREEMASONS' HYMNAL.—A collection of original and selected Hymns, Odes and Songs for the use of Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies, by W. Malmene, Professor of Vocal Music, Washington University. It also contains Master Mason and Knight Templar Funeral Services. This is a neat volume of *Hymns*, and will be found very convenient for the brethren under various circumstances. Orders received by Geo. L. Babington, Southwestern Book and Publishing Co., St. Louis Mo. \$4.50 per doz. 50 cts. single copy.

SWEDENBORGE RITE and the Great Masonic Leaders of the 18th Century. By Samuel Beswick. Masonic Publishing Company, 432 Broome Street, N. Y. Of these Rites we are not so advanced as to be a competent judge. We therefore say nothing.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR 1872.—We are in receipt of this beautiful Annual, a Floral Guide for the culture of everything beautiful in the way of flowers and ornamental shrubbery. It makes a book of 120 pages, and is illustrated with several colored pictures of great beauty. It contains a complete catalogue of all the flowers with cultivation, and the prices of seeds, and shrubs. Also of garden vegetables, garden seeds, &c., &c., for culinary purposes. Any of our readers who desire aught in the way of rare seeds, plants, roots, bulbs or cuttings, may rely on JAMES VICK OF ROCHESTER, N. Y. If they need instructions in floral science, we advise them to send 25 cts. for Vick's Catalogue and Floral Guide.

JABEE CAPPS & SON, OF MT. PULASKI, ILLS., are engaged in the Nursery business, and finer stock than theirs we have never seen put upon the market. Those in need of young trees for orchards, will be furnished with the very best the market affords, from these honest dealers. We thank these brothers for their Catalogue, and wish them abundant success in their laudable undertaking.

EXPULSION.

PAW PAW, Feb. 20, A. D. 1872.

TO EDITOR MICHIGAN FREEMASON, KALAMAZOO:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—The Lodges are hereby notified that at a Regular Communication of Paw Paw Lodge, No. 25, held as above, Mr. S. S. Hatt, of Paw Paw Lodge, No. 25, was expelled. By order of the Lodge.

Yours Fraternally,

L. H. ANDERSON, Secretary.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE QUEBEC DIFFICULTY" we are sorry to say, seems as far from a settlement as ever. We were in hopes that the Committees appointed by the Grand Lodges of Canada and Quebec would easily reconcile all differences and secure harmony. But it seems that the Quebecers were so haughty and exacting, and made the terms so odious to the Parent Grand Lodge, that reconciliation is now fraught with more difficulty than ever. Impartial observers cannot but regret that so favorable an opportunity for the settlement of the difficulties as was offered last September should be spurned by egotistic, self-willed brethren. *The Craftsman* thinks that "the chance of settlement of this difference has not yet passed away, that there is scarcely a member of the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec, who does not deeply regret the blunder of September last." In our opinion the hasty recognition of this Quebec movement by the surrounding Grand Bodies, before she had shown herself capable of self-government or, worthy of said recognition, was an error. It had the effect to make her saucy to the Parent Grand Lodge, egotistic and obstreperous.

THE EDITOR was at Detroit during the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument, and took his meals at *The Michigan Exchange*. We found it crowded with guests from all parts of the State. Truly is this a first class house. Those who stop with the fraternal brothers who keep the *Exchange* will go again. We are also under obligations to Bro. Morris, the gentlemanly proprietor of the *Hodges House* of Pontiac, Mich. The Hodges is a good place to stop at, and has one of the best Liveries connected with, it to be found in the state.

ON THE SQUARE.—We wish to deal with our patrons *on the square*. Will all who are due us for this journal, please remit at once, so that all our accounts may be squared up before the end of the volume? We greatly need every dollar due us, and we hope our friends will no longer delay to remit.

We call special attention to the advertisement of E. E. Thorne, of the Firm of Shirtridge & Co., Wholesale Clothiers, 349, Broadway, N. Y. Bro. Thorne is a true man as well as a zealous craftsman. We frequently see notices of him in our New York exchanges. Our friends visiting that city should not fail to see him, and those in need of goods in his line will find it to their advantage to visit this place of business.

THE *Evergreen*, which by the way is one of our most valuable exchanges, contains in its December number a fine steel engraving of E. Sir Knight Rob't. F. Bower, Grand Commander of Knights Templars for the State of Iowa., with a biographical sketch of his Masonic life.

JACOB NORTON says: "I would rather associate and affiliate with men who disbelieve in revelation than with the pack of bigots and hypocrits with which Masonry here abounds. Why then does he not "choose his company," and hold his tongue? "Birds of a feather, flock together."

THE Masonic apron made by Madam Lafayette, and presented to General George Washington is said to be in Masonic Hall, Philadelphia. General Washington's own Masonic regalia, worn by him in life, is now the property of Washington Lodge of Alexandria, Va., and is preserved as a most precious relic by that Lodge.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—MAY, A. L. 5872.—NO. XI.

MASONIC ADDRESS.

[We take pleasure in laying before our readers the eloquent address given by Rev. W. V. Tudor, at the laying of the Corner Stone of the new Masonic Temple, at New Orleans, Feb. 15th, A. L. 5872.]

MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR, BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—An institution as old as Masonry needs no apology for its presuming still to exist. Its venerable age to lay claim to no mythical antiquity, is simply an acknowledged fact. Its history has a wider fascination and charm, as though it were a singular example. If we were to take up its origin we should have to tumble into musty archives, whose dust, the accumulation of centuries, would bury us so deep in a mould so dry and shifting as not to sustain even a sprig of acacia to mark the spot where we went down. We could not be satisfied with any search into the record of Masonry that should stop short of

the great King Solomon, and even arriving at his epoch we should worry ourselves for the want of facilities for pushing our excursion of inquiry yet deeper into the recesses of the dim past, shrewdly suspecting that in China, whose wig is the grayest of all the nations, if not her age; In India, where Sir William Jones thought that he discovered writings of four thousand years ago; in Egypt, in the mysteries of Isis and Eleusis; among the colonies that Cecrops founded in Greece, in all these, traces might be detected of the distinct peculiarities of the idiosyncratic order that innocently yields its antiquity to Adam alone. By the time, however, that we had gotten as far back as Babel, we should have become vain babblers indeed, if not long before, and so the assertion of an interesting age for Masonry is a matter merely of humorous curiosity that may be indulged for a moment, and a matter about which Masons have scarcely that moment's concern. When we should condescend to take notice of the annals of the past thousand years, we should find the Masonry of to-day such a familiar denizen in lodges on the face of the earth, of that entire period, an institution of the Saxon Heptarchy, of York and London, an institution whose rolls still show the names of historic bishops, and dukes, and kings, and philosophers and statesmen—such a fixture in society in England, and subsequently in America, as that—we agree at once, that the Order is at least one thousand years old, and that admission is of Importance from the single consideration alone that the grand temple of Freemasonry is built upon the foundations of great and good men, truth itself being the chief corner-stone.

But it is Masonry as a thing of the living present that is in our thoughts to-day. Behold in these United States five thousand lodges, with an aggregate of five hundred thousand members; in this city, thirty-two lodges, with an aggregate of three thousand members. A due respect to the numbers who have honored us with their presence to-day, who, it is fair to presume, are not Masons, and particularly the respect that is due to the fairer and better part, by far, of this audience, who not only honor but grace the occasion, and who we know

are not Masons, although we should not be afraid to trust them if the law would permit, who have even been distinguished for their love for the brotherhood, and as the daughters and sisters of a more than masonic charity; such respect demands that we should not speak in the cabalistic language of the craft, but in terms of general import and interest.

From the beginning, men have organized themselves into associations, societies, communities, corporations, orders, etc. In that fact there is the expression of a law deeply impressed upon the nature of man, and this law, stated simply, disposes at once of all objections to the masonic order, regarded as an association or companionship. The law of perfection, illustrated by the vice of imperfection, which inevitably attaches to all constitutions of organic bodies framed by man, and which so seriously impairs the efficiency of execution in detail of even the best constitutions, has but to be stated to dispose of all objections to Masonry, arising from the fact of unworthy members, half realized aims, defective co-operation, and inadequate practical results. The law of the natural right of private judgment, illustrated by differences of opinion among peers in goodness and reason, with regard to causes and evidence, has but to be stated to dispose of all objection to Masonry, growing out of certain few unfortunate controversies in which it has participated in its history, and that have started questions of its general expediency, its indirect influence, its most pronounced historic tendency, for good or bad, and in some minds even its morality.

The only question then, remaining is that which concerns the informing principles that have organized the characters that have illustrated, and the works that have signalized its record; their testimony as to the general effect of the system and its moral status, and that must determine the attitude toward it of all men who have pureness of heart. To this last chief question the Mason is ready with his answer, albeit, indeed, he is not so anxious to multiply proselytes as to undertake any anxious advocacy of his position. Masonry would have died out long ago if it had depended for its per-

petuity upon the active industry of its adherents, through the usual special methods of canvassing for supporters direct to the specific end of increasing in numbers.

Masonry may allow encouragement, but never does addressed solicitations for admission. In this fact, in part, lies the reason which removes it as far from the nature of a religion as it is also removed essentially from the spirit of hatred and evil. Believing that I am right as a Christian, I try to help make every man I meet a Christian. I have never tried to induce any to become a Mason. A religious man may devote himself to Masonry as an auxiliary to his own or others' good, always, of course, under the strict regulation of the law of his religion which enacts "redeeming the time." It is foreign to the very genius of Masonry, therefore, to put forth any apology. It is sublimely dignified, reserved, and self-contained. It is an example of free individual segregation from the masses, an association of individuals, an illustration of the law of association operating among beings of one blood, an incident of the social state—a close communion; an institution whose teachings, sentiments, and aims are as pure and good as truth, love, and happiness; whose doors, now closed for strength's sake, fly open again for love's sake to every brother man, worthy and well qualified, who knocks for admittance; an institution whose prayer is that all were thus worthy and well qualified, and that will, therefore bless even the unworthy without, with benefits, with relief in trouble, and guidance in ignorance, in the shape of their exaltation; and so contemplate expressly in its familiar inculcations, and in its benificent and charitable designs, the whole world of mankind. It stands upon its dignity, survives with the world, does alms in secret that cheers many a heart, treads the sick room softly, yet the tread, though light, may be distinctly heard by the ear, day and night together, as long as there is need; buries the dead with a gentle courtesy that starts from the widow's eyes tears of blessing and consolation, with the tears of bereaved grief; and returns from the garlanded grave, to be to the widow a husband, to the orphan a father. God willing, it will build a temple on this, in precious

memory of saints of old, and in the faith of good men yet to come, as long as earth shall have a future.

Masonry, in the bare right to exist as long as men will, holds its belief and doctrines for itself, forever settled beyond all amendment or change. The Bible is its great light. God, and His Book of Law, revelation and redemption, death and destruction, holiness and love, life and immortality, retribution and heaven, through the blood of atonement, are ideas fundamental to its identity. It conceives itself welcome to Christian truth, and so has adopted it. For the truth to be held in unrighteousness is, alas, too sadly human, and so brethren are warned to take due notice of the admonitions to that effect of the Great Master of Assemblies, and act accordingly. If the virtues of Masonry were, in their perfection, the virtues of any one Mason, it could be said of him:—

“ Behold a man all o’er consummate, absolute,
Full orb’d in his whole round of rays complete.”

“ Are Masons gudder than odher men?” is a question that King Henry VI., of England asked in an ancient manuscript, found by the distinguished metaphysician, John Locke, in the celebrated Bodlean library. This manuscript is a matter of great curiosity and much interest to Masons. It contains certain questions and answers concerning the mysteries of Masonry, written by the hand of King Henry VI., and copied by one John Leylande, antiquarian. I have quoted one of the questions: “ Are Masons gudder than odher men?” The answer is: “ Some Masons are not so virtuous as some odher men, but in most part they be more good than they would be if they were not Masons.” It is said that Locke, the scholar and metaphysician, was so struck with the reading of this manuscript that he sent it to the Right Honorable Thomas Earl, of Pembroke, with a letter signifying his intention to enter the fraternity, if he might be admitted, the next time he went to London.

If faith, hope, and charity; if silence, caution, and discretion; if industry, economy, temperance, and truth; if justice, fortitude, and piety be virtues combined in one charac-

ter, they would surely make the perfect man better than another destitute of them, and I have named the masonic virtues. If the square and level, plumb and rule, and hammer and mallet, and chisel in the hands of the operative Mason can guide into stability, beauty, and proportion, the rising edifice, their symbolic use in moral or speculative Masonry should train in delicate adjustment the growth of character into the perfect man.

If the lines of geometry, and angles, and curves, and surfaces, and solids are all contemplated in the Mason's manual work, what lines of truth and angles of correct visions, seeing things as they are, discriminating between shams and realities, looking at the things not seen, and curves of beauty, and solids of genuine attainments in goodness, and grace, as distinguished from the superficial boasts of vanity, are to be considered in the formations of character, and geometry is the Mason's favorite science. If to tread the path of duty and benevolence barefoot or shod, to prefer labor to refreshment, and death to dishonor, be noble elements of character, they are lessons which a Mason cannot enter his lodge without learning. If you inquire what are the jewels of a lodge, I would answer, Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. If you inquire what are the Mason's secret signs, I would answer, all the signals of distress, from the infant's cry, to the going down of a sinking ship. If you ask the Mason's password, I would answer, for the entire brotherhood, let our words here, in the lodge, or secret communion, be what they may, nevertheless, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in Heaven."

Secrecy is a peculiar feature of Masonry, and the meaning and power of a Mason's secrecy lies in another word, and that is silence. To illustrate: God is silent. A boy's rocket shot into the air makes more noise than all God's constellations. In what dignified, sublime, awful reserve does the great Architect contain himself—reserve of thought large as space, and deep and solemn as the sea; of holiness stern as the mountains, and pure as the Creator that sighs around

them; of mercy quick as the light, and gentle as the tints that make it. "The Heavens declare the glory of God." Day unto day uttereth speech of Him, but in tones that do not break an infant's fevered slumber. Could we stand in the focus of those tones, we should hear the soliloquy of God. The secret of a Mason's secrecy is in these words: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" or this, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets.

The Mason's greatest quest is light. If we look up at night, we see shining upon us with a distinct brightness, orbs and worlds, far, far beyond the point where our sun can lend them any radiance. They are not lit up by his beams, and yet they shine. How is this? Science explains it. It has discovered a luminous element which it calls ether, which encompasses all the worlds which our eyes behold. The element is invisible, impalpable, imponderable, immeasurable. It is a sea of light irradiating every sun and bathing in splendor every star. Destroy or dissipate it, and our sun would go out, in stygian darkness, and not a star would beam in the firmament. Suns and stars drink deep of the invisible glory, and then themselves become fountains of light, which roll new waves, that in swift succession and with immense rapidity traverses in all directions the unfathomable sea. In the ethereal elements of truth which God has poured like a flood upon our intelligent being, Masonry would bathe itself that it may become itself a fountain and source of light to those who sit in darkness.

As the light of the sun gives unity to the works of God, and kindles them into beauty, clothes every landscape with its rich and varied loveliness, imparts to every gem its lustre, to every star its blazing radiance, so is it the light of truth alone that gives unity, beauty, and excellence to the Masons' lodge.

Truth, like light is stainlessly pure. The ray that discovers the mote in the air is not infected by it, nor defiled by the stain that it reveals only to be removed. Light shines and creation rejoices. Verdure clothes the earth and flowers

adorn it ; lakes and rivers become polished mirrors under its delicate touch, and the ocean laughs to its very depths under the sweet and powerful influence, as day mounts the heavens. Life in a thousand forms renews its activity, the groves become vocal with innumerable songs, the petals of the flowers unfold to Aurora's roseate fingers and cast forth their perfume, the beast of the field rises from his grassy couch, and the monarch of all goes forth to his labor. Such animation, beauty, and joy, is truth, received in the love of it to the soul of man.

The virtues taught in Masonry are the white light of truth refracted into the colors of the rainbow. The light of truth in Masonry is the light of life and immortality. "Death is an eternal sleep," they wrote it on their tombstones and cemeteries in ancient times. Truth, with pencil of light, has written on our graves "resting in hope." Who follows truth carries his star in his brain.

The corner-stone will now be laid with ample ceremony. It will receive at the hands of the grand officers, a tribute of corn, and wine, and oil ; symbols respectively, the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment, and the oil of the joy which the fraternity wishes this community, in the midst of which it is planted. The foundation stone placed in position. let the temple rise if the work be of God ; if not, let the confusion of Babel seize the builders, and the work itself come to nought.

Let the temple rise ; the expression in the union of its parts and the solidity of its structure, of concord, harmony and brotherly love yet abiding on earth ; though the nations be embroiled in strife ; just as the institution which it shall cover has often been a refuge and comfort for enemies in war. Let the temple rise ; let it reel the firmer to its base for every earthquake, and shine the brighter for every tongue of fire that licks it ; let the destructions of war spare it ; and whenever time or judgment, as one or the other must, shall reveal the contents of the box now to be enclosed in the corner-stone, may documents and papers discover by contrast a better, purer, happier state of society than now existing ;

the murder, and fraud, and corruptions in public life, of which the journals of to-day tell the story, passed away forever, and the race well advanced toward perfect goodness and happiness. Let the temple rise.

It is the quaint conceit of a modern poet, that the precious stones of our earth are the remains of a temple built by angels in Eden, to the worship of God. The foundations of the temple were bright and beaten gold, tower and roof and pinnacle without were solid diamond, and the dome was eye-blue sapphire, studded with golden stars; the floor was emerald, veined with gold and silver; marble and mineral of every hue were in its walls; the columns were of alabaster, the altar was one ruby, heartlike, and where all things were magnificent, the meanest thing was gold—the plainest. Man fell and joined the hosts of hell, black bannered, on the very day when he should have met God and his angels there, and immediately also fell the bright fane. No death-doomed eye gazed on its glory. Earthquakes gulped it down. The temple of the angels lay in its grave, till at the Flood it burst like a shell, and scattered east and west, far and wide its fragments, that are the diamonds and rubies and emeralds and sapphires of this world's costly merchandise. The temple of a perfect human nature has been wrecked. Yet benevolence, truth, justice, mercy, love, are scattered like fragmentary jewels in separate human characters.

Let it be our noble Masonry to re-build the temple of the Lord in the perfect man, until he shall stand forth himself again, the jewels once again in combination, love ever beating in the heart, truth ever speaking from the tongue, justice ever reigning in the mind, benevolence ever giving from the hand, righteousness ever in the path of the feet, kindness ever beaming from the eye, gentleness curving every limb, honor crown the head, and goodness unqualified the description of the life. Let the temple rise, the constant admonition to us particularly, brethren, of that fairer, nobler edifice of character in godliness and grace, that can only be built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

WHAT IS FREEMASONRY?

We give the following from the *Dunbarton (Scotland) Herald*.

Whatever the secrets of Freemasonry may be, it is certain that there is much that is good in it manifested to the world. The brethren of the Craft cannot be enemies to each other; the mystic sign, or mystic word has often saved the lives and property of captains and crews, of officers and men in battle. Instances are known where Masons opposed in battle have dropped their arms and embraced each other; prisoners have been liberated and the wounded Mason protected by his foe. There is a gentleman now living in Stockton whose father, ship and crew, were saved by Freemasonry. The pirates had taken the ship, and while searching for plunder discovered certain Masonic emblems, and on ascertaining that the Captain was a Freemason, by signs only, they restored everything and left the ship. Such instances are numerous. Freemasons make the best soldiers. Field Marshal the late Lord Combermere, stated publicly "that during the time he had been in the army he never knew a bad soldier who was a Freemason." Sir Lucius Curtis stated publicly that while he was in command at Malta, a bull was issued by the Pope excommunicating all Romanists who should become Freemasons, and that his brethren in the army who were Romanists publicly renounced their religion rather than their brotherhood. Sir William Follett said "that in his early struggles at the bar, he required something to reconcile him to the bitterness, rivalry, jealousy and hatred he had to contend with, and he was thankful to find it in the principles of Freemasonry, which created kindly sympathies, cordial, wide spread benevolence, and brotherly love."

These are the fruits of Freemasonry—they manifest to the world that there must be something of intrinsic value in the principles of the Craft. It is often thought that a banquet or sumptuous dinner is the *summum bonum* of Freemasonry. This is not so. It is usual for Lodges to meet once a year, as other bodies generally do, to settle their annual business.

and then they usually dine and exchange reciprocities of brotherly feeling, while their poorer brethren become the objects of their benevolence. At the annual meeting of the head Lodges in London alone, the subscriptions for the "Masonic Benevolent Institution," the "Freemasons' Boys' School" and the "Masonic Girls' School," average about \$40,000 annually, and large sums are collected and disbursed in Masonic charity throughout the provinces. Truly, Masonry makes "the widow's heart leap for joy," and wipes the tear from the eye of the orphan. It soothes the ragged pathway of many an aged and broken down brother as he descends to the "dark valley." The virtue existing in the heart of a true Freemason makes him a better man, a more affectionate husband, and a kinder father; he is loving to his family, and loyal to his country. He is a citizen of the world, and wherever he may go, at home and abroad, he is welcomed by the Brotherhood with feelings of kindness known to no other class of men.

The antiquity of the Craft can be traced in the vestiges of all countries from the earliest date, and in the ruins of our own country. We never behold any of those noble wrecks of the past, but upon close examination we perceive they have been erected by Freemasons, who have left their ancient symbols upon the stone work. Melrose, Gainsbro', Fountains Abbey, and other majestic ruins scattered over England and Scotland, are rich in their mystic lore. The same symbols are preserved in the Pyramids, and among the ruins in Palestine, Babylon and Ninevah; through India and China; indeed, in no country where man has been civilized and sunk into decay, are there wanting traces of the mystic Craft. It commenced when symmetry first began and harmony displayed her charms. It existed long before the time of Moses in the East, and his writings in the Pentateuch are full of Freemasonry. The ruins of the Palace of Carnac, and the ruins in the valley of the Nile, the glories of ancient Egypt, are all rich in Masonic emblems. On its principle was the Tabernacle in the wilderness formed, with its furniture and vessels; and the design given by the Deity was a purely

Freemasonic building, beautiful in proportion, and scientific in detail; and upon the same principles were the Pyramids and the Tower of Babel erected. The best architects who have ever lived—Hiram, the builder of the Temple; Angelo, the architect of the Vatican; Wren, the architect of St. Paul's—were Freemasons, and have embodied the mystic science in their magnificent temples.

The exterior and interior of the Temple of Solomon were founded on the square, as were the Pyramids before it. The command of the Divine Architect was, "Square shall it be," or "double square shall it be." On this principle in architecture have most of our finest buildings been erected. Whitehall, Blenheim, Castle Howard, Wilton Castle, all designed by Sir Christopher Wren, G. M., are perfect specimens of Freemasonic architecture, and typical of the great principles enshrined in the mysteries of the Craft. In the dark ages, Freemasonry was the living ember that preserved the wisdom of the past. The Knights Templar, who "led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain," were a distinct Masonic order. Freemasons, in their different orders, were at that time encouraged by the supreme Pontiffs, who issued numerous bulls in their behalf. They built the splendid abbeys and cathedrals of the Continent and in Great Britain, under properly constituted Lodges, and continued to flourish, under the auspices of Popes and crowned heads, till Popery changed its character; the confessional became a mystery in Romanism, and the secret of Freemasonry could not be abstracted. Then, and not till then, was the Craft denounced, and the brethren anathematised. The Pope seized their treasures, and issued bulls of excommunication against them; moved the various kings to oppress them; they were persecuted, killed, expelled; but amidst all, the Craft survived, and though driven from one country they flourished in another, and are now spread over the world, and number among them kings, nobles, clergy, and men of science and learning in every land.

During the year 1865, the Pope in his senility anathematised Freemasonry, and denounced the brethren of the Craft

as conspirators. It is true that they do conspire against everything that *divides* minds or *disunites* hearts, but a Freemason was never yet found who was not a loyal subject. Freemasonry is above all religious sectarianism, as it unites into one universal brotherhood all classes and conditions of men. "What is Freemasonry?" was asked of Lamartine. His reply was, "I see only in the secrets of the Lodges a veil of modesty thrown upon truth and charity to heighten their beauty in the eyes of God and man. But for this modesty, you would not conceal from men the secrets which your actions reveal. You are, in my opinion, eclectics of the modern world. You cull from all time, all countries, all systems, all philosophies, the evident, eternal, and immutable principles of morality, and you blend them into an infallible and unanimously accepted dogma of fraternity. You reject everything that divides minds, and profess everything that unites hearts. You are the manufacturers of concord. With your trowels you spread the cement of virtue about the foundations of society. Your symbols are but figures. If I am not mistaken in this interpretation of your dogmas, the curtain of your mysteries might be drawn without the fear of revealing anything but services rendered to humanity." What is Freemasonry? To the uninitiated we say, come and see!

A MASONIC INCIDENT.

The incident which we are about to relate occurred at New Haven Conn., and of which we were a witness, before we were admitted to enjoy the gifts of masonry:

During the fall of the second year of the late civil war, we were passing down one of our principal thoroughfares, when we stepped into a store on business with the proprietor. While conversing with the owner, a woman of thirty and a little girl not over six years of age entered, and after looking wistfully a minute or two, timidly drew near to where we were standing, and as she extended her open, thin, white hand, we saw four pennies therein. She said, as she did so: "Please

sir, will you give me another penny? I want to get a loaf of bread. I have four cents, and I want a penny more." While speaking she turned toward the proprietor of the store, who looked at her a second, and then said in a heartless manner: "Oh, clear! I can't be bothered with beggars." With tears streaming down her cheeks, she started to go out; the little child by her side clinging to her dress, looking up into the mother's face, and lisping as children only can speak: "Ma-ma, I want a cookie." We had been a silent spectator until now, and followed the woman to the sidewalk, we stopped her, and invited her to step into the bakery adjoining, where we purchased her a large loaf of bread. With the usual mistrust that pervades the human heart, we broke the loaf across our knee, for fear she might pawn it for drink. We handed the woman the broken loaf and as she grasped it she sank upon her knees, and if there ever was a prayer and thanksgiving that went to the throne above, it was the earnest words of that starving woman.

In the bakery there were several gentlemen, whose eyes were wet with tears unbidden. The poor woman was assisted to rise by one of the gentlemen, who extended his hand to help her. As she put forth her hand, on her finger was a small gold ring, on which was engraven the letter "G." The gentleman looked at it a second or so, and then, turning to the owner of the bakery, he asked him if he knew the woman. The baker said all he knew was that she lived around the corner, and that her husband had enlisted in one of the three years' regiments, and had gone to the war. The gentleman at once ordered the baker to fill a basket with provisions and take them to the home of the woman. The woman was too much overcome to express her gratitude, while the little child looked on with apparent astonishment. After finishing his orders to the baker, the gentleman took the little child by the hand, led her into a shoe store close by, and procured a pair of shoes for the little feet, which were purple with cold. He then bade the woman good-bye, promising to come and see her that night, and turning to us, asked us to accompany him. We consented and went. In a single room, without a

carpet, we found the mother and two children—the little girl whom we saw in the afternoon, and a little boy, not over four years old, asleep close beside a wood fire.

We were welcomed with tears falling down the cheeks of the lady as she bade us enter and take seats. After thanking us and making excuses for her appearance, she told us her story. Her husband, an English bricklayer, came to this country early in the spring, but on arriving in this city did not readily find work, and while out looking for something to do, became disheartened, and enlisted for three years. He left the city the week after his enlistment, leaving his family nothing with which to purchase the necessities of life. The few spare articles of furniture which the little broken-hearted family possessed, and could do without, she had pawned, until only two broken chairs and a table, a lounge and a stove, with a few dishes formed the entire stock of her household furniture. Her husband had promised to send her some money, but she had not heard a word from him since he marched down Long Wharf off to the war. Her narrative was often interrupted by scalding tears, but there was such an earnestness in it, that both visitors felt relieved when she had finished. Our friend then asked her where she got the ring she wore upon her finger. She said that just as she was leaving Liverpool, her mother, farther and sister came to see her off, and as she was about to step on board the ship, her father took from his finger the ring and put it into her hand, and told her always to wear it, and if ever in distress to show it to some one. She had worn it ever since, and had forgotten, in her troubles, her father's advice. She slipped the ring off of her finger and showed it to us, and after viewing it a short time, our companion inquired if her father was a Mason. She answered that he was, and Master of one of the lodges in Liverpool. We were an interested spectator during the whole scene. We looked at the letter "G," but to our eyes it had no meaning, and innocently enough we inquired of our companion what it meant. "What does it mean?" he repeated after us. "Why, it means that this woman is my brother's daughter, and she is in distress, and that it is my

duty and pleasure to help her." And we know that he was as good as his word. The dreary home was made happy, and the hearts of the lone one and her children were bound up with the silken cords of love and charity. Our companion interested himself in finding out where the husband was, and it was not many months before remittances came regularly from the patriot in the gallant army to his family at home.

The wife sent a letter home to her father, and to-day our brother (for we have learned the value of the letter "G") has in his possession a token and a letter of thanks, as rich in gratitude as words can make it, from the brother Mason who presides over a lodge of the craft in Liverpool. The husband served his time amid the canebrakes of Louisiana, and returned to thank him in person who had cared for his wife and little ones in his absence. Thus the simple letter "G" may teach all a lesson, and prompt us to do works of love and charity that make the heart glad; for "it is more blessed to give than to receive.—*Loomis' Masonic Journal.*

UNKIND WORDS.

Do the doctors know that half the wives in the world die of this complaint? "He never spoke an unkind word to his wife." Yes, but did not he remember, now and then, to speak a kind one? Did he have any sympathy for her bodily or mental ails? Or was he blind and deaf to both, treating them with cutting indifference, which in time chills the most loving heart, and silences its throbs forever. Men are verily guilty in this regard. They take a young girl from the warm atmosphere of a loving, cheerful home; and after a few brief weeks of devotion, leave her to battle single-handed with new cares and new duties, and to bear sickness with what courage she may; and go their ways into the tangled paths of life, without a thought of the responsibilities they are shirking, or the solemn vows they have really broken.

LITTLE CORA ;

OR, HOW MASONRY SAVED A FALLEN BROTHER.

BY MRS. FIDELIA W. GILLETTE.

Dear, darling Cora ! unto what shall I liken her ? Not to a sunbeam ; for sometimes a sunbeam has its rays shrouded by clouds and darkness ; but the light never went out of Cora's countenance. She was not like the lily ; for her brow had too dark a shade, to allow of the comparison. And I cannot call her a violet ; for her dark eye had not the least touch of heaven's own azure. And yet, Cora's eyes were very beautiful ; they had a rich, soul-like deepness, into which you might look, and look, and never feel that you had seen to the sweet depths of her spiritual nature.

I cannot compare my Cora to any of these beautiful gifts ; but I can tell you many things that she was like. She had the sweetness of the June rose-bud—the delicacy of the lily of the valley—the modesty and faithfulness of the violet, and the sprightliness of the bright bubbles, that on the surface of the hill-side streams, dance gaily to the sea.

Bright, beautiful Cora ! the pet of the household, the pride of the whole village. Not often does our world cradle in its arms so fair a vision of loveliness ! Not often are human hearts gladdened by such a ray from the throne of the Father !

Dear, darling Cora ! How my heart goes back, even now in the days of my womanhood, to

“The beautiful summers of long ago,”

when you and I, bright flower-gatherers beneath the mellow skies of childhood, climbed hand in hand over the rock-ribbed and tree-shaded hills that hemmed in our village-homes ; or pulled wintergreens in the hollow, just behind the vine-covered parsonage, where good, old minister Brown and his silver-haired helpmeet were passing gently and happily down to their place of rest ; or when we sat, side by side, on the low, pine benches, in the old, yellow schoolhouse, whose door was within a stone's throw of the broad blue creek, where the dark eyed queen of the Oneidas, paddled her light canoe, or plaited her hair by the light of the silver waters !

“She was a mad-cap of a child—that Cora.” So said our very sedate and august teacher ; but we never believed it—we scholars—not we, indeed ! We liked no better fun, than for Cora to sit on her low seat—her lips wreathed in smiles—shaking her little head, and playing hide and seek through her dark curls ; and such bursts of laughter, as came from our little hearts, when a bird drew down its shining wings, and perched upon the window-sill, or a mouse ran quickly across the floor—for the bird or the mouse always called forth an ejaculation of joy from Cora, as she sprang to the window sill, or bounded across the room, and made a scattering among the scholars, in her attempt to secure the mouse.

The morning of Cora's sixth birth-day, we had been promised a strawberry ramble—provided Cora would “keep still” through the morning. The hours wore on, and as the noon approached, I was thinking, how quiet Cora had been, and what a charm a strawberry must have over her, when a mouse ran around the stove, and

with a shout from her red lips, she started in pursuit; in an instant she was smoothing the soft, gray fur between her hands, and cried out, to me, "Oh see! I've got him! I've got him!" It was too much for our dignified teacher to put up with, and with a firm shake by her round, dimpled arm, she left her upon the seat, with, "Sit there little Miss!" Cora's lips pouted for a moment, and then parted into smiles, as though some bright thought had driven away the sudden anger. Toward noon, she put the thought in [practice; going behind the teacher's chair, when she was pronouncing words to one of the classes, she took hold of both her ears, and putting her teeth to the back of the neck, gave a bite and a pull, and ran out-of-doors, exclaiming, "I knew I'd bite her! I did!"

When the teacher reached the door in pursuit of the little "mischief," she was away in the direction of the strawberry meadows, singing "O, how red the berries grow."

All the long hours of the pleasant afternoon, we roved about the green meadows, sometimes gathering berries, and sometimes chasing the butterflies; and when we grew weary, we went down to the brook, that rippled among the grass, and making cups of our hands, slaked our thirst and lay down in the clover to rest. But Cora had no time to rest; as soon as she was nicely nestled in among the green grass, she forgot why she had laid down there, and was up and away, in pursuit of the butterflies—wondering "if they really would be as shining when she caught them? if she should rub the gold off their wings with her hands, when she held them?" Then she would come back to me, and ask, if "butterflies could drink? how did they live without water?"

The beauty of a warm, summer day had faded into the rich beauty of a summer sunset, and the clouds lay, like purple and gold, against the western sky, as, with our baskets in our hands, and sun-bonnets, (that had been white and nicely ironed in the morning,) crowded into them, among the berries, we hurried by the school-house, and over the bridge, talking all the time as fast as our lips could move, and I tried to make the fearless child believe that it would not be well with us, if we were out after dark. But she did not seem to understand me, for she sprang round the corner of the bridge—just as I was ready to run with all speed, and thought she was ready to do the same—and seated herself where the bank of the stream was not so high, and the water went over the white stones with a peculiarly musical ripple, that would have charmed me into serene bliss, if I had not been such a little coward; but as I said, Cora did not seem to understand the wisdom of my arguments, even though I was a few years older; she looked up into my face with her happy smiles, and asked, "What if it is dark? I don't care for the night. The fingers of the dark can't touch us; for I've tried to feel them, when I've put my hands out, to get hold of the people that talk to me all night, and I never could. Don't people ever talk to you, in the dark? can't you hear them sing, and don't you wake up every morning, feeling as though the angels had stayed all night with you?" I was too much afraid, to wait long enough to tell her any of my experiences, and I answered, "I do not know; let's hurry, now." But she looked up again, so provokingly quiet, and said, "Well, then, that's what makes you afraid of the dark, I can't go now."

The sun sank lower and lower, behind the hills, and only faint, broken rays of light crept across the creek-waves, and kissed the feet of the happy child, as she raised them from the water; then she shook back her curls, and bent over to caress the

dimples around her white toes, when one red shoe fell out of her lap, and went gliding away upon the waves; she looked at it a moment, and then sent the other after it, with, "you need'n't go alone, pretty shoe."

We had gathered up our baskets, and Cora was looking rather woe-begone, as she saw her soiled pantalets, and her bare feet, and thought of her new red shoes away upon the water; when a strong pair of arms suddenly encircled her, and manly lips pressed her red cheek, and a voice full of melody, said, "And you are not afraid of the dark, little friend?" She made no answer, but struggled to free herself, until her dark, earnest eyes met the dark, earnest ones of her captor, and then she broke out with her old, joyous laugh, and answered, "O, no, the dark never hurt me; are you afraid of it?"

I suppose they knew each other at once; for they loved each other very firmly, ever after, and Cora used to take him up to see Lizzie Brown, and tell him how good Lizzie was; and she entirely forsook her school, to sit on the bare floor in his study, and look at the pictures that he made of her beautiful sights and scenes. That night on the creek bank, after he had released Cora from his arms, he held a piece of stiff paper before our eyes, and asked us if we could see well enough to make out what it was? There was just light enough to see a stream of water, a little, laughing, curly-headed girl upon its bank, with her shoes gliding off upon the waves. Cora clapped her hands, and asked, "Are those little things for the little girl's feet?" and when he told her, she laughed again, and exclaimed, "O, ain't they funny feet!" He asked for her name, and when she had given it, he said, "Well that is a sketch, and will be a picture of little Cora Lee."

Mrs. Lee stood in the door, watching for her darling, as we reached Cora's home, and the small pine table was set with its white bowls, and shining spoons, and a pan of new, warm milk, and loaves of fresh, white bread. The twin sisters, Kate and Carrie, were seated in their high chairs, and Master Eddie was ready to do the honors of the table. Cora told her mother how she had lost her shoes, and torn her pantalets, but she had brought home all her berries. She nearly smothered the baby with kisses, and after supper, she sat upon her father's knee, and told him about the strange man, and the picture, and how she asked him to come and show the picture to mama and baby, and all "and now, papa," she said, "you must hush me to sleep, so I can wake up early, and go with you to see the man and the picture about me."

I have said that supper was waiting, and that Master Eddie was in his place, to do the honors of the table; as soon as Cora saw this, she ran to her mother, and whispered, "Is papa sick again?"

"Yes, dear," answered mama, pointing over to a rude, home-made, but neatly covered lounge. The child looked a moment upon the red, bloated face against the pillow, and then turning again to her mother, exclaimed, "Oh, mama! send for Mr. Dean."

"Mr. Dean came home with him, and will be in again this evening. Papa is not very bad, and when he wakes up, if he is not any worse, I think we can take care of him."

"Mama, what should we do, only for good Mr. Dean?"

"Sometimes I think we could not do at all, my little dear; but we must not trouble so good a man, any more than we can help."

"No, mama; mams," (and little Cora crept closer to her poor, trembling mother,

clinging to her dress, with a wild convulsive clasp,) "will Mr. Dean let them turn papa out of the Lodge?"

"No, dear; he says they have all determined to keep him there, and not to give him up, because he is so good a man. Poor, dear papa! how I pity him!" and this tried, but cheerful-faced, and brave hearted woman, lifted her rosy darling in her arms, folded her to her heart, and kissed her, with a kiss that carried with it more love than happy mother's hearts ever know.

The supper was eaten—the dishes washed—the twins tucked in their low bed—the baby asleep in the cradle, and Mrs. Lee was mending children's clothes, by the light of the candle upon the table, with Master Eddie at her side, learning his lesson for the morrow; and Cora curled up on her dimpled feet in the end of the sofa, singing "by-low-baby," if baby stirred; when Mr. Lee began to be restless, and with several groans and a good deal of complaining, he lifted himself to a sitting posture upon the lounge, and looking around, upon his wife and children, called out, with a loud laugh, to Cora, "Where's your berries, pet?" the child hesitated a moment—looking up into her father's face, as though to see if it were safe to go to him, and then springing from the cradle, she ran into the pantry, and brought him the dish of berries that mama had put aside for him. As she placed the dish in his hands, she wound her arms around his neck, and drew his face over so that she could kiss him on the cheek. Poor, little darling! much as she loved him she could not kiss him upon the mouth, because the poison fumes of the alcohol upon his breath, were so loathsome to her spotless soul; he knew this, for he understood, with the nature that was William Lee's, her intuitive action; and he leaned his head against her, and half-sober as he was, sobbed out, "Poor child! Poor little girl! I don't want to hurt you. I don't want to hurt anybody." While the child leaned over him, and hid her sweet, pure face among the soft locks of his heavy black hair. After a short time he lifted his head, said, "Come pet," and going over to his wife and sat down in a chair at her side, and drawing the little daughter to his knee, began to eat the berries, and to feed them to her also. "You made out a good long berrying time, little one. Mama was waiting supper for you when I came in."

"Mama always does wait for me. Ain't she a good mama? O Papa! we had such a splendid time!" and then she told him, as I have before said, and gained from him a promise to go with her in the morning to see the artist and the picture.

While they were talking Mrs. Lee put aside her work, and arranged her husband's supper upon the table; and, as she sat opposite him, pouring the tea, he looked over to her and said, kindly, but with a trembling voice, "Mary I do not deserve any supper to-night." She looked up and smiled, but could not answer, her heart throbbed so, with thankfulness, that he was not in one of his savage moods, and that to-night she and her little ones might sleep under the same roof with husband and father, and know no fear of danger. Before the supper was over, Mr. Dean came in, he gave them a pleasant "good evening," and seated himself near the table. "No need of your watching to-night, Old fellow! I'm all right, and Mary ain't afraid, and pet here loves me as much as though I was the best papa in the world," exclaimed Mr. Lee, as he saw his brother Mason look at him, with a questioning air.

"Glad of that," answered the Brother.

"Dean, what do you follow me so for? I ain't worth the saving. These children, and this woman are far better off without me, than with me."

"O, no, papa," said Mrs. Lee. "Just think how comfortable and happy we might be, if you were as well as you were once?"

"Papa," said Cora, standing close by him, with her dimpled fingers on his arm, "I know God will make you well, some time;" and then Mr. Dean continued, "Lee, you know too much for this; if you must be always, a helpless victim to this terrible evil, your words might be true, but you know that no man has a more worthy family than yours, and that no husband and father could be happier, or more prosperous, if it were not for this infernal poison. You asked me why I follow you? I follow you to save you. My vow as a Brother implies that, and I mean to follow you till you turn from your evil way."

"You will follow me to the gates of hell, then, for I am fast going there."

"It may be that even there, I shall find you and bring you back."

"Dean, (arising and placing his hand on his shoulder,) I believe you'd try it."

"I certainly shall, if God will let me; and He will let me do all good things, to save an erring Brother."

As they were talking, Cora had slipped on her white night dress, and when Mr. Dean had gone, she crept up into papa's lap, and he hushed her to sleep.

Christmas had come. Merry, happy Christmas! with its fine sleighing, its ringing bells, its cheerful hearts, and pleasant voices; friends met, that had long been parted; children and children's children gathered around the old home hearth-stone; and in almost every household, the festive board was spread, and the loved and loving greeted each other.

Mrs. Lee, and Cora, and Master Eddie, had prided their hearts upon a merry Christmas; the twins had chatted about the nice time they would have eating plumb-cake with the many cousins at Grand-pa's; papa was just like himself, and had been for a long time, and Mr. Dean told mama to go right on, and get ready for the happy gathering, and not have any anxiety, for he would watch the thing through; and that morning—that bright, that always-to-be-remembered Christmas morning—papa had enjoyed so much the presents "Old Santa Claus" had brought; he had a ride on Master Eddie's sled, and studied Cora's new Geography, and rung the twin's tiny bells, and bowed their tin trumpets, and then capered away from them, out of doors, and told them he had some wood to saw, so that he could get ready to follow mama across the road to Grand-pa's. But sometimes when we think one standeth, he is ready to fall. While Mrs. Lee was helping her husband's mother arrange the dinner—trusting her husband so entirely—while Mr. Dean was getting ready to sit at the merry board in his own happy household—leaving his redeemed brother so cheerful, as he thought, and so strong—sheltered under such pure influences, and fortified behind such happy and prosperous inducements—even then, when his head should have been bruised and crushed, the wily tempter unwound his serpent coils at the feet of William Lee, and (before he knew it) entwined him in his shining folds.

The dinner was ready at Grand-pa Lee's but William did not come; they waited until Grand-pa said, it would do no good to spoil the dinner, and he presumed the boy would soon come in; so they gathered around the table—grand-parents—parents, and the beautiful merry children. Just as the venerable father was asking God's blessing upon this re-union, and saying that it might be the last time they should gather at one table upon the earth, William Lee rushed in—furious with anger, because "he had not been invited to this Christmas feast! He was not a beast, he was a man, and he liked

to be treated like a man! His own parents need'nt abuse him, if his wife did—he never expected anything else from her—he knew her so well! he knew her (with a horrid oath) better than any body else did!"

"William," said Grand-pa Lee, gently, but firmly; "William, my good boy, you forget—you have talked about this happy Christmas, (here the old man's voice trembled, and Grand-ma covered her face with her hand) a long time; and you came over early this morn'g with your wife, and helped her and your mother about a good many things."

"Father," answered William, as he leaned up against the wall, "is that so."

"I speak the truth, my son."

"Then I am a fool," and he began to pass his hand over his forehead, and added, that something ailed his head. Grand-pa moved along, and Mary Lee placed a chair between her and Grand-pa, and the father said, "William, come and sit by mother and me, and let us eat our dinner." One of the brothers led him to his place, and this Christmas dinner, that was to be so full of joy, was eaten in that sadness of heart that foreshadowed the fearful tragedy that was soon to come.

In the afternoon, that they might not trouble Grand-ma with so much noise. Cora and Eddie went home to enjoy their fill of play. They were so happy in "Ring-around Rosy," that they did not see Cora's dress as it brushed the coals, when they circled around near the fire-place; and the blaze flashed up, and began to envelope her shoulders before they were aware of any danger. The flames frightened her, and the heat caused her such terror, that she kept breaking away from her noble little brother, who caught her several times within his arms, and tried to smother the flames by folding his coat about her. The children had not presence of mind enough to go to their grand-father's for help, any of them except the brave Eddie, and he could not make them understand anything that he wished them to do—and he dared not leave his little sister; so he set up a loud, agonising cry for mother, and started for the door with his burning burden, that he had at last made docile to his wiser will. Mrs. Lee met him as he came out on the porch, and grasping Cora from his hands, she plunged her clear over her singed and burning head, into a deep bank of snow. Before she could get her into the house—poor little burnt and suffering creature—nearly all the village came to offer aid and sympathy; and it was not long before her wounds were dressed, and she was placed in her little crib.

The afternoon dragged on, with groans and torture—evening came in, cold and cheerless, to the mother and watcher, sitting by the side of the loving sufferer; the old doctor had gone out to see other patients, and was to return, as soon as he could do so. At intervals, Cora called earnestly for her father, and soon he came, with staggering steps and blood-shot eyes, wishing to know what was the trouble? Gently his wife asked him if he did not remember how badly their child was burned; when he answered, that he could cure her. He went out, and in a few moments, returned with a sheet dripping in alcohol, which he persisted in wrapping around the poor, burned body—declaring that she would "get well when he got her done up in that; for there was nothing so good as spirits, for a burn;" the mother and watcher tried their strength with him, in vain; and the latter ran for help, while the former, who would not leave her child, received a blow from the madman, that sent her senseless to the floor. Mr. Dean, who had followed this madman all the evening, and had, at last, in some way, through the cunning of the poor creature, been led to look for him

in some place, where he had no intention of going, came into the house just as this suffering child was enfolded in this burning fire, and as he tore him from her, with that terrible cry, "You have killed your child!" he seemed to be somewhat sobered, and began to look about the room, and when he saw his wife, he lifted her up, and said, he "guessed something ailed her, supposed she'd the agure, or somthin: would'nt somebody help her too?"

They tore off the murderous sheet, folded the screaming, shrieking child, in wet cloths, and continued to pour cold water over her, until she sank into a quiet slumber. Towards morning, she awoke, and wanted to see the twin sisters; and after they were brought to her in their sleep, she asked for Eddie and the baby; after she had kissed the baby, the brave boy wound his burned arms around her neck, and sobbed out, "Oh, sissy! sissy! if you had let me, I could put the fire out." Cora wanted her father, too, and when he became sufficiently himself to understand the horrible truth, she put her hands, enfolded in their wet compresses, upon his cheeks, and looking lovingly into his dark eyes, so like her own, said cheerfully, "Papa, don't feel bad, you didn't mean to kill little Cora." He threw himself down, with a great cry of agony, beside her, and when he rose up again, the spirit of his little daughter had put on its robe of immortality.

It was a cold stormy evening in March, when in the bar-room of the village tavern, were gathered a number of men, drinking and singing their bachanalism songs, and most of them looked as though they had never possessed many of man's noble attributes, and the few that had been theirs, drink had killed out. Then, there were two or three, as there always is, in such a gathering—of a finer, nobler grade; men who are loved at home, and respected abroad, until they go into this broad, seething whirlpool of sin, and of sorrow; and even then, they are pitied by the many, and wept over, oh, how bitterly! by the few. Of this latter class, was William Lee. They had drank around several times, and had just lifted their goblets to their lips again for a "rousing glass," when—suddenly, as though he had fallen from the clouds—his Masonic Brother Dean, stood by William Lee, and touching the goblet with his fingers, he said slowly, and pathetically, looking steadily into the blood-shot eyes, "Papa; you did not mean to kill little Cora!"

Quicker than a flash of thought, fell the wine-glass from the purple lips, and broke into a thousand crystals upon the floor; while the poor, crazed creature, threw up his arms with a wild cry, and fell against the faithful Brother, who had come to save him. "Open the door," said Brother Dean; quickly one of the revelers tried to get to the door, but in his haste, he fell his length upon the floor, while the land-lord staggered to the door, and threw it open. "Help me get him out of this!" exclaimed Mr. Dean; and the man did all that he could, to obey. Once out-side this fearful den, Brother Dean did not leave his poor friend until he was quite himself, and he used every possible means to restore him from this fit into which he had fallen. "Dean," said William Lee, looking up from the snow-bank, where he lay, with the March storm beating around him, and his friend, bending over him, striking alternately, the palms of his hands and bathing his heated head and face with the snow—"Dean, you said you would follow me down **THERE**, and bring we back! And you've done it! If God will help me, and you'll stick by me, I never'll touch another drop of any thing that can intoxicate!"

"I'll stick by you, and God will help you. Don't you know, 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over the ninety and nine just men, who need no repentance.'"

"I hope I may prove to be worthy your trouble—worthy the bringing back."

"You've been a lost sheep, Lee, and no mistake; but a very good sheep, after all, well worth the care and searching you have cost me. Go now, and tell your wife.—Ask her forgiveness, and try by every means in your power to atone to her, for the fearful sorrow you have caused her."

Mrs. Lee sat quietly in her small room—the one room of her poor home—waiting her husband's return; a low bed was drawn from under a high one, in which the noble Eddie was sleeping; in the other corner the twin-sisters lay in their little crib, and the baby was asleep upon her mother's lap. There were tears upon the wan cheeks of the wife, for she was looking to the future of her children, and to the helpless, degrading misery of their father, when the door opened, and her husband entered: he threw his hat upon the floor, and going immediately to her, knelt down at her side, and reaching his arms around herself and the babe; seeing the tears upon her cheeks, he said, in trembling tones, "you need not cry over me any more, Mary. I shall never drink another drop of rum!" She was startled, and looked at him in great fear; but she saw that he was himself, and his manner was so like the husband she had known of old, that her heart burst forth in a wild, joyful thanksgiving, and instinctively, she folded her arms about him, as though she would hold him away from the power of his enemy. But she could not speak, and after a moment of silence, he told her where he had been—what he had done—of the appearance of his friend and brother—of his return to reason, and of the conversation that followed. Then he cried, *Mary! Mary!* Do you think our darling has forgiven me that cruel death?"

"She forgave you before she went, dear."

She then laid her tear-wet face against his, and sobbed out, that "loving much, she could also forgive much."

There is a neat, white Cottage on the banks of the stream, not far from the spot where Cora bathed her feet on our return from the strawberry fields. In this Cottage dwell William Lee and his family. Mrs. Lee is a cheerful, happy woman; the twin-sisters are the belles and beauties of their native village; Eddie will graduate at "Old Harvard" soon; and Fanny—the golden haired baby, when Cora went away—is a fair, young, winsome lass, of eighteen summers, and she says there never was so good a man in this great world, as her father. But William Lee has not forgotten his sad, his cruel past; and he often tells his children, that all their father is, they owe to their still faithful, happy-hearted old Masonic friend, Brother Dean. While Brother Dean loves to say, "O, Lee, you know I told you, *you were a pretty good sheep.*"

PROBABLY one of the oldest Masonic diplomas in the country is that of Commodore Samuel Tucker, now in the possession of Mr. Hinds, under the Preble House. It is dated 1799, and is almost illegible from the action of time. He also has the Commodore's commission signed by General Washington, and his Masonic apron made of sheepskin and embellished with curious Masonic symbols.—*Portland, Main, Argus.*

PRO PATRIA.

On witnessing the unveiling of the Michigan Soldiers' Monument, at Detroit, April 9, '72

BY HENRY M. LOOK.

Through glade and glen, from deep to deep
The silent host of heroes sleep—

• Their arms at rest, their labor done,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

O'er some, through all the golden day,
Fame's loudest echoes grandly play.

And immortelle and myrtle weave
A dewy wreath for them at eve,

While floats around them, low and sweet,
The prayer which loving lips repeat.

O'er many more no trophies rise,—
Unnamed, unknown each sleeper lies,

With wilding fern or asphodel
Alone to mark where valor fall.

What though their dreamless sleep
No mourner's head be bowed to weep?

What though no sage their recard write,
Nor grateful bard their fame indite?

Their glory gleams o'er every plain
That bears their blood's redeeming stain:

Like the soft splendor of the stars
When first they break their twilight bars,

The pure effulgence pours around,
And hallows the historic ground.

Pile ye the granite, rear the bronze
For Freedom's brave, immortal sons:—

Rich though the tribute, rare the pains,
A prouder guerdon yet remains.

When bronze shall waste, and granite fall,
And dark oblivion mantle all,

On generations yet to be
Shall break the anthem of the free,

Forever wafting with its tone
The names ye carve in crumbling stone;

Forever bearing—blest refrain!
 The honors of the *nameless slain*.
 Then sleep, ye silent heroes, sleep,
 Through glade and glen, from deep to deep
 No foe'sman's shaft nor coward's blame
 Shall reach your everlasting fame.

And thou, O Empire of the Free!
 Beloved Land, God compass thee!
 Still keep and guard thee in thy ways,
 Still prosper thee in coming days!
 And ye, O People brave and blest!
 Love still your country's cause the best:
 Uphold her faith, maintain her powers,
 Defend her ramparts and her towers.
 While waves her dauntless flag on high,
 While joyous salvos shake the sky,
 Be praise to Him whose fiat broke
 The traitor's steel, the tyrant's yoke.

ON SLANDER.

Masonry teaches us to support a brother's character, when he is absent, and consequently unable to defend himself from the tainted breath of defamation. It forbids us to detail slanders derogatory to our brother's reputation, which is a sacred deposit, and if once wounded, ten thousand words in vindication will scarcely be sufficient to repair the mischief which ten words have occasioned.

Masonry inculcates this lesson in every part and point of every degree; aware that the evil consequences of slander are innumerable, whether by giving false testimony in a public cause, or by injuring our brother by private defamation. This practice is the vilest of all robberies. Injure his property and you may make him reparation; wound his body, and the physician may heal the wound; but if his sacred reputation be touched, if his good name be taken away, it can never be restored, but may pursue his offspring after death, may descend to his children's children, and blast their prospects to the latest posterity.

Defamation is always wicked; the defamer is always despised. And what gratification can be found in a practice which elicits universal contempt? Can it be found in the lust for evil speaking, and cutting up reputation, as with a sharp razor? Can any gratification proceed from the practice of private scandal at the expense of another's character and honest name? Does such a practice add to the slanderer's peace of mind or importance among his acquaintance? does it produce a dignity not to be produced by other more innocent means? A negative answer may be safely given to these inquiries; and it is rather to be feared that every honest and upright man will regard him with the scrutinizing eye of jealous suspicion, and shun him as a public nuisance. His deeds are baser than those of the assassin, in proportion as a man's unsullied fame is dearer to him than life. The assassin kills the body of his enemy, and there the mischief ends; but the slanderer attacks the immortal part of man, and inflicts a stab, in the hope of blighting his fame forever. None can be safe where slander finds admittance. The virtuous wither round him, and fade and die before his baleful touch. His practices are made up of fraud and artful treachery. He dares not bring the bold and open accusation, but looks and whispers death. To misconstrue motives, to place trifling incidents in contemptible points of view; to insinuate by mysterious signs and broken sentences, that "more is meant than meets the ear," are his study and delight. They become by force of habit as necessary as the food which affords him nourishment, and this for no other purpose than the selfish aim of depriving his acquaintance of that estimation from which he can derive no benefit, and which can scarcely be restored by all the united efforts of charity and benevolence; for evil reports spread with unaccountable facility, and extends to distant parts, where the evidence of their falsehood will never be heard, and thus the record is handed to posterity in all the decoration of unrefuted truth.

But it must be observed, on the other hand, that we are not bound to applaud the character and conduct of bad men, merely to avoid the imputation of illiberality. If the actions

of a brother betray baseness of heart, though it may not be commendable to magnify his vices, or make them a perpetual topic of conversation, yet it would be equally injudicious to praise him, or bear testimony to virtues which he does not possess. "None but a good man deserves to be loved or praised by any one. He who says of a bad man, whom he knows, and whom all that know him, know to be a bad one; I have reason to speak well of him, for he has been kind to me, utters a detestable falsehood, and discovers a base disposition." The course to be adopted under these circumstances, is faithfully prescribed in those lectures which form the subject of discussion at all our meetings. "Always speak of a brother as well in his absence as in his presence; and even more particularly so, because when present he has an opportunity of defending himself. Never defame him yourself, nor suffer him to be defamed by others, if in your power to prevent it; and if his conduct be so dishonorable that you unfortunately cannot speak well of him, adopt the distinguishing virtue of our science, silence, or secrecy."

If a brother be calumniated falsely, it becomes a paramount duty to defend him in the face of the world. He who stands boldly forward to rebut a deliberate slander, upon another's reputation, I regard in the light of something more than a common friend; he reduces to practice the dignified theories of Masonry; his benevolence is pure and unsullied by human passion, and he richly merits the obligations of gratitude in this world, as he is in the hope of receiving the approbation of his Judge in the world to come.

Speak then, no evil of your brother. If he have virtues (and surely all have some) let them be the theme of your discourse; if he have faults (and who is free from them?) mention them not; but in all your commerce with your brethren or in the world, "supply the wants of your brethren to the utmost of your ability; on no account wrong them or see them wronged, but timely apprize them of approaching danger; and view their interests as inseparable from your own."

— *Oliver's Antiquities.*

A KIND WORD TO THE BRETHREN—INTEMPERANCE.

Not that we are receiving too many members into our Order, for the greater number consistent with thorough instruction and Masonic discipline the more servicable to the great principles we advocate. But are we not frequently re-receiving persons and hastily urging them on, of whose character, habits and reputation we know but little? We have before adverted to the exclusion of the selfish, for how can they engage in any great work for the relief of a brother or humanity? We always find such imposing some obstacle to tharitable purposes and benevolent action. We have frequently referred to the importance of truth as a qualification. Can a man who is guilty of prevarication, who is dishonest in his opinions, who has no conception of principle in politics or religion, engage in search after truth and in its propagation.

But are we not now in danger, great danger, of suffering as a society, from the vice of intemperance? Are we not in danger of the repetition of the scenes preceeding the anti-Masonic tornado? We may have provided against the credit system then so much in use in the Lodges, and thus have saved the Order from the influence of men in debt to it, a burden and ready to become its enemies, finding it easier to cancel the obligation by abjuration. We have forever escaped the repetition of a violent and gross persecution; but we doubt whether this was an evil to Freemasonry. Persecution and adversity are as essential occasionally to a society as to an individual. Have we escaped the ravages of intemperance in our midst? We may boast of our comparative freedom in this regard, and that temperance prevails among us to a greater degree than in any other institution; but are we free, are we doing our duty? Shall Masonry contribute in the least to the encouragement of intemperance? God forbid. With her claims for regard as a means of temperance, can she endure an evil official example? Can our society for a moment tolerate drunkenness in any of its officers? Should

partiality for friends, or commiseration for the unfortunate, permit the retention of a man who is not perfectly sober, in any post of honor or distinction? Should we not be immovable here, and in no case yielding? tempted by no great capability of serving as officers? Better never have a degree conferred than to give countenance to this vice in our midst. Let such officer distinctly understand that he must promptly resign or be tried and degraded. Let no personal tenderness intervene. Such officers are men of noble social traits, who gather around our sympathies, and it is difficult to act: Love the man no less, but the whole Order, the whole brotherhood more. Do what you can to save the brother, but let no tenderness stop you in your duty to the Lodge, for fear this example may prove contagious, and the Lodge become like the Master.

Jefferson once expressed his conviction, the result of long and various experience, that no man should be entrusted with office who drank. So our experience admonishes us in Freemasonry.

Again, what shall be done with erring brothers holding no official position? Try to reform and save. Talk with them, urge them to decision, to abstain utterly, for when a brother has once fallen, there is no certain remedy but in total abstinence. If he hear not individual brethren, let the Lodge, in a spirit of kindness and brotherly love, appoint a good and benevolent member to talk officially with him, and if unsuccessful, increase the number of the committee, and protest and multiply effort to save the brother. Find out where the temptation lies, and apply the remedy. Let the Lodge persevere in doing good. Let exclusion be the last resort. Thus may we do our duty to the erring brethren, and at the same time to the brotherhood. Thus will something be done to save the Craft.

But more is necessary. A drunken brother will be very likely to attract those like himself into the Lodge. Be instant in watchfulness here. Use the blackball in every case where the probabilities are of evil result. We would also

suggest that the Lodge censure any brother recommending a petitioner known to be of unsteady habits.

Generally in this matter are we doing our full duty? While seeking to promote that temperance, which forms one of the noblest and most comprehensive of the Christian virtues, are we staying drunkenness, with its legion of ills? We know how it diseases the body and disturbs the equilibrium of the intellect, and poisons the springs of generous affection in the heart, and lays a ruthless hand upon the whole moral and spiritual nature, what it does to its poor victim, (and he a brother sometimes,) and its ravages in Masonic households. We know its blight on happiness and virtue and even hope.

We know the palpable shame and misery, and guilt, about the drunkard's home; the desolate hearts and cold hearths, where want breaks in as an armed man, and the wife (or sister) is heart-broken or debased, and the children are demoralized, where ribaldry, blasphemy, and obscenity abound. Do we not realize that we have a duty, and are we not resolved that the vice of intemperance shall find no sanction nor protection from our Order?

There is no hope for those who have once fallen but in total abstinence, and fearful is the account of those brothers who place temptation before such.

We know the case of a young brother, of no ordinary promise, who unhappily had contracted habits of intemperance. His excess brought grief to a large circle of friends and relatives, and to the Lodge of which he was a member. The earnest and kind remonstrances of friends and the Lodge led him to desist, and understanding the philosophy of his case, he firmly resolved to abstain the rest of his days.

Not long after, in a social circle, he was urged to drink and be agreeable. A brother urged him, and a brother's wife. Yes, these unwittingly urged this brother, lately so lost, and a brother so marvelously redeemed. Yes, they became the instrument of his downfall. With banter he was cheated out of his noble purposes. He felt the demon waking from temporary sleep, and he said to a brother, "Now I have tasted

once more and I must drink on." He did drink on, and died a drunkard's death, and was borne to a grave of shame.

Let us do our duty to our brethren and our Fraternity, to the wives and children of our Masonic household, and to a world to be influenced by our example.

Is not drinking healths becoming too common here and throughout the land? Is not a gentleman and a brother sometimes denominated unsociable unless he repeats it again? We cannot better illustrate the absurdity of this practice than by the case of the German nobleman who once paid a visit to Great Britain, when the practice of toasting and drinking healths was at its height. Wherever he went during a six months' tour, he found himself obliged to drink, though never so loath. He must drink with every one who would be civil to him, and with every one, too, who wished a convenient pretext for taking another glass. He must drink a bumper in honor of the king and queen, in honor of church and state, in honor of the army and navy. How often did he find himself retiring, with throbbing temples and burning cheeks, from these scenes of intrusive hospitality. At length his visit drew to a close; and to requite, in some measure, the attention that had been lavished upon him, he made a great entertainment. Assembling them who had done him honor, he gathered them around a most sumptuous banquet, and feasted them to their utmost content. The tables were then cleared. Servents entered with two enormous hams; one was placed at each end; slices were cut and passed round to each guest, when the host rose, and with all gravity said, "Gentlemen, I give you the king! please eat to his honor." His guests protested. They had dined; they were Jews; they were already surcharged through his too generous cheer. But he was inflexible. "Gentlemen," said he, "for six months you have compelled me to *drink* at your bidding. Is it too much that you should now *eat* at mine? I have been submissive; why should you not follow my example? You will please do honor to your king! You shall then be served with another slice in honor of the queen, another to the prosperity of the royal family, and so on to the end of the chapter.

WHAT MASONRY REQUIRES OF MASONS.

Masonry requires of Masons fraternal confidence, sympathy and love.—

Masons are taught to confide in each other. And in this world, where there is so much of cold suspicion and jealousy and distrust, is it not cheering to feel that there are faithful hearts into which we can pour our sorrows and griefs and wrongs, and be assured that they will be met by no sneering repulse, by no frigid exhortation to take care of yourself, and to manage your own affairs better; but rather by a warm, brotherly sympathy, that is at once interested for you, ready to soothe and counsel and aid. A Mason always has a right, which is recognized by a true brother, to ask for sympathy and aid in his trials and perplexities, and to fear no betrayal, to dread no unkind repulse. In all his relations in life, the Mason is taught that, on the one hand it is his duty to give, and on the other that he has the right to expect countenance and assistance from his brethren. Other things being equal, a Mason has the first claim on a Mason. Of course there is no right to require a sacrifice of the domestic or social relations of life; or to require a crime or a self-injury; but as I have already said, other things being equal, a Mason is always bound to prefer a Mason. Is it objected that this is a wrong and selfish principle? But how is it so? Is not every man conscious of a drawing of affinity towards some of his fellow men rather than to others? There are some men in whom you prefer to confide, with whom you had rather converse, deal in business, be associated on more intimate and friendly relations, than others. You will aid them as you may have opportunity, throw business in their way, and seek so far as you can to advance all their interests. If there are none towards whom you feel such proclivities, no man for whose prosperity and happiness you feel a warmer interest than for the mass of mankind, you are to be pitied as a poor selfish mortal, whose social affections have been frozen by intense worldliness, or being frozen in a harsh and ungenial nature, having never been thawed by benevolence and social sympathy. Now, this genial sympathy, common to our hu-

manity in its higher and nobler types, Masonry guides along certain prescribed paths. On some satisfactory grounds, every man has certain preferences and leanings towards certain other men. Now, other things being equal, Masons prefer Masons. There are reasons why they should do so; and in doing so, they are only directing into different channels those sympathies and encouragements which must find objects somewhere. If two men sustain to you precisely the same general relations, and you by your influence can promote the interests of one of them, you will give that influence in his favor with whom you have the most sympathy, for whom you feel the warmest affection. You would not injure the other; but your affections draw you toward your most intimate friend. Every man is conscious of this, and it is right. Masonry requires this; nothing more, nothing less. Within the limits of right and justice and honor, a Mason will always prefer a Mason. Not that he will prefer one to his own serious detriment, or to the still more endearing claims of wife and children and kindred. Masonry requires no neglect of the laws of natural and social affection, but it regards every Mason as a brother, to be honored and aided, and served, and loved as opportunity may be afforded. Like all other good principles, these may be neglected, disregarded; I only speak of what Masonry, in its spirit, requires.—*Lansing Burroughs.*

LABOR.

“The workman shall labor dilligently on work days, that he may deserve his holidays.”

Our Masonic Institution, so far from ignoring labor, had its origin among the working classes. In all ages of the world it has flourished among all classes, including the laboring poor, as well as the sons of wealth. And it has made no distinction in this respect. It has honored men for their virtues and not for their fortunes. It puts the same working tools into the hands of every brother who passes its portals, and admonishes each one to be industrious in their use. The

first of these is the twenty-four inch gague, which the Entered Apprentice receives with the following instruction:— “This is an instrument made use of by operative Masons, to measure and lay out their work; but we, as Free and Accepted Masons, are taught to make use of it for the more noble and glorious purpose of dividing our time. It being divided into twenty-four equal parts, is emblematical of the twenty-four hours of the day, which we are taught to divide into three equal parts, whereby we find eight hours for the service of God and a distressed worthy brother; eight hours for our usual avocations; and eight for refreshment and sleep.”

Thus does the Institution give a fundamental rule regulating the twenty-four hours of each day, so that each Mason shall devote a part thereof to some laudable avocation. It adopts the eight hour system of labor about which we hear much said now-a-days. Eight hours devoted each day to business, will meet the demand of Masonry, and with economy and prudence, will be found ample to make any brother, misfortunes excepted, independent. The “masonic vagrancy” which we so often meet in our times, cannot at all be attributed to the tendency of Masonic principles. Masonry teaches her votaries to labor, and to “labor diligently, on work days,” which means every day, Sabbaths and holidays excepted. The Mason who does this will be no mendicant. He may wax poor from sickness or misfortune, in which case he will not need to beg; for if he has not succeeded in time of health, to lay by a store with which to support himself and those who may be dependent upon him, his brethren will come to his relief and gladly supply his wants.

But the Mason who refuses to labor, when able, has no right to the assistance of the craft, even when he waxes poor, and is in want. Indeed, such a person has not the proper qualification, and should not be tolerated as a Mason. When such make application for membership, they should find the sky cloudy, west and east. If they have been wrongly admitted, they should find it quite as easy to pass out the outer door, admonished, reprimanded, and, if not improved, suspended or expelled.

The Book of the Law teaches, "Six days shalt thou labor," which agrees exactly with the point of Masonry, "the workman shall labor diligently on work days." The great Apostle also teaches, "If any work not, neither should he eat." 2 Thess. iii. 10. The indolent drone has no right to eat the bread which the industry of a more worth brotherly has earned, and he who has become a vagrant, through idleness or intemperance, should be made to feel how indignant the honest craftsman is, when asked to give to the support of idleness or dissipation.

We are glad to know that Boards of Relief are being formed in our large cities, whose business it is to supply the wants of worthy, needy brethren, while such examination is instituted, in all cases, as exposes to merited contempt all idle, intemperate mendicants. It is to be hoped that this movement will be extended, and that the time will soon come when idlers will fare hard among craftsmen. If Masons will not labor when able, let them beg, even in "harvest, and have nothing."

WOMAN'S INTEREST IN MASONRY.

The Masonic institution by no means ignores the highest interests of woman, or the claim which she has upon man for sympathy and protection. No institution on earth places such safeguards around our wives, sisters and daughters. Masons are taught to protect the virtues of woman, and a good, true brother would protect a true and virtuous woman even at the peril of his own life. In this respect the days of chivalry have by no means terminated.

And yet many women are very bitter in their opposition to Freemasonry, and denounce in the most uncompromising manner all who belong to the Craft! Many of these have been reared in families and under influences averse to the interests of the Order, and the feeling of opposition has perhaps been strengthened by the indifference with which they have been treated by Craftsmen. I know the feeling of contempt

which arises in the mind of an honest Craftsman when he hears the institution assaulted by a person whom he knows to be utterly ignorant of its principles. And I know, too, that it has been deemed impolitic and unprofitable to engage in controversy with the enemies of the Craft. But where we have reason to believe that the opposition arises from misconception of the real principles of Masonry, I think it right to correct mistakes, in a meek and charitable spirit, and especially if the opposer be a lady who is related by marriage or otherwise to Craftsmen. Though the ritual of Masonry may not be revealed, and though the degrees may not be conferred upon woman, yet all the *principles* which make our institution so valuable to its members, and to all who are related to it by family ties, may be found in our monitors, and are open to the perusal of all. And our magazines contain that which illustrates the real worth of Masonry, and *we think* these magazines should have departments devoted to the interests of home and woman. We hope soon to be able to make our Home Department what we desire in this respect. We are happy to be assured that it is already highly prized by many of our lady readers. We have had the thanks of several of the brethren for the effect it has had upon their wives, in subduing prejudices, and producing more respect for the institution. These assurances of good already done strengthen us to go forward with our undertaking. Many of the ladies inform us that we may set them down as *life subscribers*. Will such use their influence in extending our sphere of usefulness, by procuring new subscribers to our journal?

THE Master Mason who has within himself the proper *material*, soon discovers that he has entered an order the elements and materials of which it is constituted, are as firm and immovable as the eternal hills; that sober and stern realities meet him at every step; that pure and imperishable truth has laid the deep foundation of the order; that in its superstructure, no perishable material has been admitted; that in the nature of things it must continue to stand in the future as it has stood in the past firm as the rock of ages.

“NO TIME TO READ.”

We very often hear people say they have no time to read. They would be glad to subscribe for THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON if they only had time to read it; but all their time is taken; they now have papers on their hands which they intend to discontinue simply because they lie about unread. We have made this class a study for years, and must say that we pity them! Perhaps we should have said *classes*; for there are several classes who are so straightened for time, that they really have none left for intellectual or moral culture.

The first we shall now name is the class who have become so immersed in business that they have not a single hour in the twenty-four that they can spend for mind or soul culture. They rise early, eat a hurried breakfast, and are immediately off to business. To business the entire day is given, and the evening to posting up the arduous work of the day. At a late hour, the home is sought, with slow, tired footsteps; and with mind far too jaded to admit of farther tension by study or even journal reading. After an hour spent with family, the over-tasked husband seeks rest for body and mind in repose upon his bed, but often spends a sleepless night, too tired for even the repose of sleep! On every hand this poor slave to his business is haunted therewith, seeking rest, but finding none. *He* seeks after fortune, and may win it; but oh! at what a fearful cost! For that, he sacrifices nearly all of life that is worth the having; and in the end will see that he has lived to little purpose. How much better were it for such did they heed the first lessons of Masonry, and *rightly divide their time*. Then they could take their eight or ten hours for business, and the same amount for the culture of the mind and the aiding of their unfortunate fellow men, and have an ample amount left for repose. Then, too, the mind and body would not be so over-tasked that they would refuse to sleep, but “nature’s sweet restorer” would be ever welcome, and preform its functions readily and effectually.

But there is another class we have observed, who "have no time to read." One would think they had plenty of time, for very unlike the class above mentioned, these are not remarkable for their business habits! They have time to spend hours each day playing various games! They spend all the long evenings of the winter days at bar-rooms in the company of profane, ill-bred fellows, telling their obscene stories, smoking cigars, and drinking beer or bad whiskey. Yes, every day of their worthless lives they spend, or rather *miss-spend* many hours that could be profitably employed in storing their empty heads with useful knowledge, could they only *spare the time*! But to hear them tell the story, they "have no time to read!" To visit places of doubtful character they have plenty of time; time every day; and the constant visitations to these places, and paying out their loose change for cigars and drinks, takes it quite all, so that they lack the needed time to read, and the funds to pay for journals and books! How these poor fellows are to be pitied! We have too many such, where they should never have obtained admission—in our Masonic Lodges. It should have been a *cloudy* ballot when they petitioned. They are too indolent and stupid to even master the first lessons taught by our Craft.

THE RELIGION OF MASONRY.

We note several articles in our Masonic exchanges bearing upon this subject. Some affirm that the institution is religious, and "as good religion as they want;" while others deny that Masonry partakes at all of the religious element, and say they are shocked to hear members say that they want no better religion.

In the language of one in the olden time, "We will also show our opinion." And we are free to confess that in *our* view Masonry *has* a *religion*, and a religion of which it need not be ashamed. It has a religion which need not *shock* the sensibilities of any right minded man; a religion which is good to live by, and will not fail its votaries in the death-hour.

This religion is not one of sect, nor of mere outward profession. It is not one of formalities. It is not noted for its long prayers; nor pompous ceremonies. It is not harsh in its denunciations, but its votaries would say in the language of the poet.

"Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal destruction round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay,
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way."

The religion of Masonry is one of faith and good works, rather than pretention. Though silent and unassuming, it is "full of good works, without partiality and hypocrisy." "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Thus teaches the Book of books, the Great Light of Masonry; and this is the religion taught and enforced by the Institution.

To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the destitute, educate and care for the dependent orphan, and aid the lone widow in her lone, sorrowful pilgrimage, is to practice the religion alike of Masonry and the Bible. But this is *not* the religion practised by multitudes who vainly *profess* that which goes for religion with the world. Of those who put on a solemn look, and with deep sepulchral tones talk of religion with so much affectation, and are so shocked to hear a practical Mason speak in praise of the religion taught by Masonry, how many have been known to give a barrel of flour to the sufferer for whom they have made long prayers, or garments with which to cloth the orphans they have pretended so much sympathy for? The religion of Masonry and of the Bible is not so cheap as that which goes for religion with the vain world.

In our sense the professed religion of our times is not cheap. Its worshipers build costly churches and pay high

prices for pew rents, thus inviting the fashion-loving ones to congregate, and make a display of the latest styles; and perchance criticise their less fortunate neighbors in no very friendly terms. This fashionable religion rules out the worthy poor man, who cannot afford the luxury of a pew. Its votaries pass the hovels of the poor, without an inquiry for the welfare of the inmates, to press their way to the Gothic Cathedral, where they sit in plush cushioned pews to hear with "itching ears" the poetic sentiments of the fashionable and popular minister, while he discants upon the gospel of Him who was so poor that he had not where to lay his head. And what shall we say of the honor, the integrity, the charity of our fashionable worshipers? Trade with them on Monday morning and weigh their honor in the scale with self-interest! See how far their integrity goes into their dealings. Ask them to give a portion of their abundance to the suffering and unfortunate. Thus you will find that all is not gold that glitters.

In our opinion we have made too little of the religion taught by our noble Institution. Let us by no means ignore it, but on the contrary enforce its precepts, until they shall be understood and practiced by the entire brotherhood. Then shall we not hear members of the Order taking the name of God in vain, nor trampling with unhallowed feet the precepts of the divine law, nor listening to the cries for help from the needy, and responding only with the mocking prayer; "Be ye warmed, and be ye filled;" notwithstanding a needed thing is given as an earnest of the sincerity of the prayer.

With sect and denomination Masonry has nothing to do. Its religion is the very spirit of tolerance for the honest opinions of others. While it aids us to make the most of life, it also says "live, let live, and help others to live." Our earnest prayer is, that the religion of Masonry may prevail over the narrowness and selfishness of man, and its catholic principles ennoble all who have passed its sacred portals. *So mote it be.*

CLANDESTINE MASONRY IN DETROIT.

The writer has frequently made the remark, when his opinion has been asked in relation to the institutions in this city run by Czar Jones *et id genus omnes*, that they would soon fall to pieces from inherent rottenness. The present and two preceding Grand Masters will bear witness to the truth of this statement. For some time past, our Grand Masters have been beset by some very worthy brethren in this city, to do something to protect the craft from the insidious but dangerous attacks of these men. We are aware that we have incurred the displeasure of some very wise and worthy brethren, by making light of their fears.

Judge then, of our joy, worthy brethren, upon reading in the *Free Press*, on this blessed morning, May 25, Year of Light, 5872, the following item of intelligence:

“The police yesterday turned over the Hall belonging to the ‘Jones Freemasons,’ of which they took possession Thursday night under rather peculiar circumstances, and it is said the Hall will no longer be used as a Lodge room. The ‘bolter’ who drew a revolver with the intention of making a Dolly Varden patch on the wall with the brains of an acquaintance, is reported to have left the city yesterday to avoid any further unpleasantness.”

Why did not the ‘brother’ shoot? is the inquiry which causes the only regret we feel at present. We dare not say ‘Farewell,’ ‘Good-Bye,’ ‘Adieu,’ for all these terms imply a blessing. We will not say ‘Get out,’ for that would be vulgar, nor ‘Gone to hell,’ as that would be profane, but our readers may form some estimate of the state of our feelings, when we assure them that the paper upon which we write is unsoiled by tears.

Having partially established our reputation as a prophet, we feel the spirit of prophesy again descending, and can see in a not far distant future, the announcement of a new firm, viz. “Blanchard, Livingston & Jones.” The firm may be heralded as follows: The senior member, at one time wish-

ing to run for Congress, and proposed to join the Masons to facilitate his purposes was informed that, Masonry received no men to its membership who were actuated by such motives, furnishes the intellect to inspire the firm; Livingston, mortified that others, in the church with which he is connected, do not perceive the greatness which he feels is in him, and attributes the unhappy circumstance that no large churches courted for his services, to the fact that he is not a Mason, will act as drummer for the house; while the junior Jones, from the depth of his degradation will personally illustrate the debasing influence of Freemasonry.

What a noble and worthy trio! The rubicund, the saintly looking and the, what——! An idea of the expression can hardly be conveyed in a word, but when we say that, *in propria persona* he is the strongest argument in favor of the Darwinian theory we have ever seen, our idea has been hinted at.

Go forward noble (?) men, until in the light of a larger experience and lessened flow of twenty-five cent pieces, you shall find that Freemasonry is founded upon a rock, and will forever withstand all the powers of Hell.

ALPHA.

STANDARD OF CHARITY.

Men measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars he might give one; carry it higher and there comes a falling off. One hundred would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be deemed miraculous from a man worth one hundred thousand, yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's high sounding and widely trumpeted benefaction.

THE FRATERNAL DEAD.

Hall of United Lodge, No. 149, F. & A. M.)
 COOPER, MICH., April 13th, A. L. 5872.)

EDITOR OF THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON;

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—At a called
 Communication of this Lodge held at above date, the following
 Preamble and Resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, Death has again invaded our ranks, and our worthy Brother, PERRY BOGARDUS, has been called to leave his guard at the Southern gate, and appear before the Grand Assembly of Heaven—believing that our loss is his gain, we bow our heads in humble submission to the sovereign will of Him who doeth all things well—and with feeble hands attempt to engrave upon the stone a memento of our love for him, who never again can tread the courts of our earthly temple. Whilst we mourn the dead, we are not unmindful of the living, and those sacred trusts reposed in us by him, from whose palsied hands the sitting maul has dropped, and who now sweetly sleeps beneath the wide spreading branches of the peaceful Acacia. Therefore,

Resolved, That by the death of Brother Perry Bogardus, we, as a Fraternity, have lost a true and faithful Brother; community an honest and peaceable citizen; a worthy wife a loving husband; the prais'ing child a tender father.

Resolved, That whilst as a memorial of our departed Brother, with reverence we delicate these lines, we will over watch with zealous care over that dear sister and little one, who now bend weeping over the broken column—mingling our tears of sympathy with theirs, we will ever stand ready to interpose a Brother's hand to shield them from the coldness of a thoughtless world—ever beseeching for them the protection of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Resolved, That believing in the Resurrection, as we do, we feel that we may say to the many relatives and friends of our deceased Brother, that the earth will yet give up its treasures—and under the guidance of our Supreme conductor, we may all meet again; for over the immortal spirit death hath no dominion, the grave no victory.

Resolved, That the foregoing be entered at large upon the journal of our Lodge, a copy transmitted to the family of our deceased Brother, and a copy presented to the Editor of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON with a request that he publish the same.

Very Respectfully and Fraternaly,

JOHN ALBERTSON, Sec.

Summit Lodge, No. 192, F. & A. M., adopted the following
 Preamble and Resolutions, on the death of Amos H. Clark.

Whereas, It has pleased the Grand Commander of the Universe to call from active labor to rest, our worthy and highly respected Brother, AMOS H. CLARK. Therefore,

Resolved, That while we, the members of our fraternity, as well as his friends and kindred, feel deeply his loss from among us, we recognize the hand and reverently submit to the will of Him "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That our deceased Brother, in all his transactions and intercourse with mankind sustained an unblemished character. That the community has, by his death lost one of the most valuable members of society; and that for honor, integrity and uprightness of character his equal is rarely found.

Resolved, That to his bereaved wife and children we would, in this their hour of sorrow and mourning, tender our sympathies; and we can do no better than to point them to the all-wise and good Father above, who protects the widow, and tenderly provides for the fatherless.

Resolved, That a certified copy of the above preamble and resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased. Also, that the same be spread upon the journal of our Ledge, and a page be especially devoted to that purpose.

Resolved, That the above be published in the *Berrien County Record*, and that a copy of the same be furnished THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, with a request to insert in that Magazine.

D. F. HINMAN,	}	Committee.
J. G. LAIRD,		
B. D. HARPER,		

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

PORTLAND, ME., May 10, 1872.

M. P. COMPANION:

At the session of the Grand Council of Maine, held on the third instant, after a conference with Companions from Massachusetts, I was directed to call a convention of Representatives from the several grand Councils of Royal and Select Masters, to meet in New York, in June, 1872, for the purpose of securing uniformity in the ritual &c. of the Cryptic Rite.

Accordingly, I have fixed upon the **Second Wednesday in June** of that year, at Council Hall, No. 8, Union Square, at 10 A. M., and your Grand Council is hereby invited to be present on that occasion: or if your Grand Council declines or neglects to act in the premises, we shall be happy to meet there any of the Companions in your State.

Massachusetts and Maine will be there prepared to exemplify their ritual, even if they have only themselves to witness it.

Yours fraternally,

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND.

MASONIC ITEMS.

SCOTTISH RITE MASONRY, is said to be making considerable progress on the Pacific coast. During the months of March and April fifteen Lodges representing that branch of Masonry were organized in Puget Sound.

THE Grand Lodge of New Jersey is said to have permitted Alpha Lodge to resume the making of colored Masons. The St Louis *Freemason* thinks the Grand Lodge of New Jersey may find itself cut off from Masonic intercourse with other states on that account. The Grand Master had arrested the charter of this Lodge, but it was returned at the recent session of the Grand Lodge, by a close vote.

A GRAND COMMANDERY has been organized in Nebraska. Harry P. Deuel, Omaha, Grand Commander; Robert W. Furnas, Brownsville, Grand Recorder.

WE learn by *The Craftsman* that a dispensation has been granted for a second Lodge in Chatham, Ont. It meets on the first Wednesday of each Month. Bro. A. D. Bogart, W. M. It starts out with thirty members.

THERE are 630 ministers of the Gospel in Kentucky who are affiliated Masons: 234 clerical Royal Arch Masons; and 25 clerical Knights Templars. This is enough to arouse the jealousy of Jacob Norton, and puzzle the brain of Rev. J. Blanchard & Co.

THE *Freemasons Monthly Magazine* contains the following: "Hon. Samuel Thatcher, now living in Bangor, was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in Corinthian Lodge, at Concord, Mass. A history of the Lodge shows that he was proposed by Brother Thomas Heald, and was accepted. He was initiated June 18th, 1798, crafted July 2nd, 1798, and raised at the same meeting. Brother Thatcher is in his 95th year, and is quite feeble in body and mind, having been nearly helpless for several years." Brother Thatcher is also one of the oldest living graduates of Harvard University, his diploma bearing date of the last century.

COSTUME.—Among the amusing incidents that happened at Baltimore was the following, which leaked out during the late conclave of our Grand Commandery.

A certain R. E. Grand Commander upon his return to his room one evening found that a certain indispensable article of wearing apparel which he had left under the pillow of his bed, was missing. He raised the "hue and cry" the next morning and the trepidation of the chamber maid was great. At noon when he returned, he found the following verse addressed to him, signed "The chambermaid" and pinned to his pillow:

"I hope, dear Sir, you won't feel hurt;
I'll frankly tell you all about it:
I've made a shift with your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it."

It is said, and we have no doubt truly, that the distinguished Frater considers this *billetdoux* more than an offset for his loss; he at first suspected that his roommate had a hand in it, but as the writing was quite plain, and the latter could never disguise his hand in that manner, the suspicion was at once banished!

It is also rumored that the matter was brought up in the Grand Encampment.

and was referred to the Committee on "Costume Tactics, and Drill:" if so, that probably accounts for the fact that that committee could not agree upon a report.

We suggest that when his Grand Commandery meet, the Committee on Doings of Grand Officers investigate this affair.—*Token*.

THE *Iowa State Register* of April 15th, says: "The House yesterday followed the rules of Masonry—by the passing of a joint resolution ordering the removal of the corner-stone of the new capital from the southwest to the northeast corner of the new building, adding thereto a provision that the name of 'Iowa' should be put on the eastern face, which means that the roster of the old Capital Commissioners must be chipped off, to make room for the name of the state that foots the bill. Proper and sensible that action, without disrespect to the gentlemen whose names will have to give way for this purpose."

The *Iowa Evergreen* adds: "We are pained to hear that the Legislature has ordered the erasure of the names of the commissioners from their tomb-stone, but are consoled in the knowledge that their noble deeds will not be forgotten till all the crumbling stones are removed from the foundations of the capitol. Anti-Masons and Mason's Jacks are fast being buried out of sight, though not into oblivion."

WE understand that St. John's Day is to be celebrated at Plymouth, Wayne County, on a grand scale. Surrounding Lodges and Commanderies, including Toledo, Ohio, have been invited. An Oration is to be delivered by Hon. Henry M. Look. The Grand Officers have been invited, and the attendance will undoubtedly be large. It is gotten up under the auspices of Plymouth Lodge, No. 47, Bro. W. E. Smith, W. M. A pic nic dinner is to be given by the ladies.

THE Knights Templars are to have a Grand Celebration of the 4th of July at Monroe. We understand that twenty-six Commanderies have been invited, and the attendance of citizens will no doubt be large.

ACACIA.—There is some difficulty attending the explanation of the sprig of cassia, and in assigning the true reason why it was introduced into the system of Freemasonry. Some say it originated in the Jewish custom of planting a branch of *acacia vera* (gum arabic plant) on the grave of a departed relative; others in the custom of mourners bearing a branch of it in their hands at funerals. But no writer of any authority mentions either of these customs, and it is doubtful whether they ever existed among the Jews. The cassia is not indigenous to the soil of Palestine, and is only mentioned in Scripture as a fragrant herb or spice, the bark being used in unguents, and sometimes employed for embalming; and, therefore, if the legend refer to the branch of a real tree, it could be neither the cassia or acacia; and this has given rise to an opinion that the branch or sprig is analagous to that alluded to by Virgil, in his description of the mysteries; and consequently was the olive. Others again doubt whether our acacia has any reference to a tree or shrub at all, but means the texture and color of the Masonic apron which those brethren wore which were deputed by Solomon to search for——, and simply refers to their innocence. If this conjecture be correct, they add, it corroborates the accuracy of the legend which says—"they took a sprig of cassia in their hands (with them;)" rather than the version which marks the place of interment by it. I am rather inclined to think that the choice of the cassia, which is a kind of laurel, was founded on some mysterious reference which it was supposed to possess, either mythological or symbolical. There are, however, great difficulties to be surmounted before the truth can be ascertained.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The Prospectus of our Fourth Volume has been recently sent to all the Lodges in the State. It will be seen that we contemplate great improvements, and also that we offer *Club Rates* to such as pay in advance, and report by June 30th at \$1.50 per year. THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, at these rates is the cheapest Masonic Journal in the world, and we hope for generous responses to our liberal offer. Where we have no agents, they will please lose no time in reporting clubs, and where we have no agents we desire that the Masters or Secretaries will take the matter in hand. An interest in the matter, and energy on the part of our agents and friends will quadruple our present list of patrons by July. Remember that THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON is the Organ of our Grand Lodge, and as such it is entitled to your confidence and support.

WE recently made a brief call on our friends in Charlotte. We were pleased to find the Lodge in a very prosperous condition, and to hear of the prosperity of the Chapter also. Bro. Church, the W. M., had just returned from New York, where he had purchased an entire new outfit for the use of the Chapter, which we did not see but heard much praised by the Companions. Masonry is as well worked in Charlotte as in any city in the State. Intelligent officers are chosen, who qualify for their stations, and who do all they can to make the Lodgeroom attractive to the brethren.

WE call especial attention to the bills recently sent out to such of our subscribers as are in arrears. We have been very lenient with our patrons; too much so for the good of our business. We now need every cent due us to meet expenses, and make contemplated improvements in our Journal. Already many of our brethren are responding, and we shall expect to hear from all. Where errors have occurred, please inform us at once, and they shall be rectified.

THE MASONIC TABLET is the name of a neat Sixteen page quarto, hailing from Jackson, Mississippi. It is conducted by J. L. Power, at \$1.50 per year. We hope it will be liberally patronized by the Craft in that jurisdiction. Every state needs a Masonic paper or journal devoted to its local interests.

ON the 18th of April a new Masonic hall was dedicated in Commerce, Oakland County, by our Grand Lecturer and visitor, Hon. Henry M. Look, assisted by C. Peabody, Wm. Wix, C. E. Dewey, T. A. Smith and O. Evans, W. M. A Banquet and Festival followed the services of dedication, and a "good time" realized by all parties present.

WE are pained to hear of the serious illness of Mrs. Fadelia W. Gillette, of Rochester, Michigan, who has recently written for the pages of this Journal. We have heard of her frequently during the past winter. Her Lecture on "FANNY FORESTER" has been very well received wherever she has read it, and her Temperance efforts are also highly extolled. The *Saginaw Enterprise* says: "The lecture on 'Fanny Forester' was a sweet, womanly lecture. Mrs. Gillette's manner is quiet and self-possessed; her voice gentle and musical, but deep, and full, and strong, as are her words and thoughts." The *Detroit Tribune* says: "Mrs. Gillette is a woman of fine Christian spirit and character, and is every way worthy the esteem of the public. Her Lecture on Mrs. Judson is especially adapted to Young Men's Christian Associations."

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. III.—JUNE. A. L. 5872.—NO XII.

MASONIC ORATION.

BY REV. BRO. T. STARR KING.

WE belong to the great Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. The implements of our Craft, however, are no longer for operative toil. We do not now, as part of our covenant, set fast the Doric pillar, nor release from marble the Corinthian capital. We no longer sketch the complications of Gothic piles, and cement the buttresses of haughty towers, and carry up, course by course, the aspiring stones of pinnacles. The tools of the Craft are representative now of speculative truth, and speak to the inward eye of laws and duties that make life noble and character symmetrical and strong. Yet, though we build no structures as our ancient brethren reared, though the temples in which we meet are not the monuments of our own proficiency in the art whose instruments we cherish, we are builders and preservers in a richer sense; for our Order itself grows stronger and more precious with years, and its uses more varied and beautiful with the lapse of time.

The Masonic organization is far more remarkable and wonderful than the noblest edifice it ever added to the land-

scape of history. Let us pause, brethren, on the word "organization." That is the great word of the world. The Almighty is the *Organizer*. He creates elements in order to mingle and fraternize them in compositions and products. In the original chaos matter was unorganized. The process of death is disorganization. All the marvels of beauty, all the victories of life, are exhibitions and triumphs of organizing force. The most fascinating chapters of science are those which unveil to us the vast fields which the forces traverse that sustain the highest forms of life upon the globe.

A crystalized gem is the most attractive form of solid matter, because more thought and skill are expended in its structure than in any other stony combination of atoms. A flower is of a higher order of charm, for more various and more subtile elements are wrought into its composite loveliness; and then the provisions for the growth and support of the flower affects us more profoundly still—the mixture of the air, the various powers hidden in the sun-ray, the alternation of daylight and gloom, the laws of evaporation and the clouds, and the currents in the air that carry moisture from zone to zone for the nutriment of vegetation. We soon find in nature that no element, or force, exists unrelated. It is in harness with other elements for a common labor, and an interchange of service for a common end. *Organization* is the idea which science impresses upon us as the secret of life, health, power, and beauty in her realm. An organized product can appear only from forces of nature, which are the movements of the Divine will. Man can arrange, manufacture, weave, forge, adjust, refine; but he cannot organize as nature does. He can make machines through which the forces of nature will play for cunning ends; but he cannot conjure the principle of life into any mould of his making. He can start shuttles that will weave a carpet for the reception room of a palace in one loom; but he can build no mill, he can start no laboratory, where the warp and woof of the banana leaf can be plaited. He can tell how the sugar is secreted in the veins of a clover blossom; but he cannot make the clover seed. And you might as well ask the wisest scientific man to fashion a world.

as to create one of the green needles which a pine tree produces by the million, or one of the innumerable blades of grass.

But the great glory of organization is when it is revealed in human life. The highest structure of creative art is the body of man, representing in its complexity and its friendly partnership of its powers, the system and co-ordination which society should attain; and it is a marked epoch in history when a new movement is made which succeeds in organizing men widely and permanently for noble and beneficent ends.

We are not intended to be separate, private persons, but rather fibers, fingers, and limbs. The aim of religion is not to perfect us as persons, looking at each of us apart from the others. The Creator does not propose to polish souls like so many pins—each one dropping off clean and shiny, with no more organic relations to each other than pins have on a card. We are made to be rather like the steel, the iron, and brass, which are compacted into an engine, where no modest bolt or rivet is placed so that it does not somehow contribute to the motion, or increase the efficiency of the organism.

In savage life men are slightly organized. A savage tribe is like a heap of sand; the atoms are distinct; they are aggregated, not combined; no beautiful product springs from them; and the first wind of disaster blows them away. A half-civilized nation is but slightly organized, so far as noble purposes and high sentiments are concerned. Progress is marked by wider, higher, finer developments, issuing from the combination and co-partnership of souls. There can be no such thing as justice, until men, in large masses, are rightly related to each other. There can be no prosperity in a community until the majority of its people are so organized that their minds receive training, and their energies are unfettered. There can be no happiness except as the result of proper relations permanently established between the different classes or strata of the social world.

“No man liveth to himself.” “Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.” “How good and how

pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity!" When a compact unity of living beings is seen, one of the most precious objects for which the world was built is attained. A large and well ordered family is such a jewel. A neighborhood at peace, and free from scandal, is—or, rather I should say, *could be*—a still more precious jewel of the same quality. A state, a nation, so constructed that the forces of all ranks of its inhabitants should be brought into play, and the rights of all ranks should be saved from pressure, would be a more marvelous and more inspiring structure than the material order and harmony of our solid globe.

It is in the light of this principle that the value and nobleness of *Masonry* appear. I say again, that no edifice which our ancient brethren reared, was equal to the living structure of which they and we are portions. How often we read, or hear with pride, that in the building of the first temple, the stones were made ready before they were brought together: so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any other tool of iron heard in the house while it was building! What is that to the growth of our Order itself? How quiet the process, yet how constant! Who hears the noise of it! Who sees, or knows, when the sound timber and the approved stones are brought together, and fitted, and lifted to their place amidst the roar, and strife, and selfishness of the world? Yet, in the thousands of towns and cities of the world, in all its zones, in almost all communities and tongues of men, this work, in substantial sameness of method and pledge, is going on. The Temple of Solomon must stand as it was built. It could not enlarge itself. It could not bud with smaller temples, and then take them in under a widening roof or a swelling dome. Neither could it restore its own decrees, as the living cedars of Lebanon repair their wastes and renew their leaves. But our conscious temple does all this, and noiselessly. It fills in its losses; it enlarges its sweep and sway; it does it through men of all conditions, and classes, and races; and still it stands in its old proportions, though in greater amplitude, symmetrical, mysterious, sublime.

This is the most remarkable social organization of the

world. None on the globe, with half so many elements in its composition, is so old. We are told of late that excavations made under modern Jerusalem discloses remnants of the old city in various periods of its history. Portions of the massive masonry of the times of Solomon are uncovered. Above these appear fragments of the work of Zerubbabel. On a higher historic stratum are specimens of workmanship from the age of Herod the Great; and still above these, but below the level of the present city, are remains of the constructive toil ordered by Justinian. We delight to feel, brethren, that the past, measured by as many ages, is under us; but it is not beneath us in a broken symmetry, and a dead grandeur, as under Jerusalem. It is rather beneath us as the roots are beneath a tree, and as the central rings are hidden in the trunk. They give power and pith to the structure still. They are part of its present majesty, success of its living vigor, prophecies of its future strength.

We should take satisfaction, brethren, nay, a noble pride, in the consciousness of the age and vastness of our great organization. If a stone in St. Peter's could be conscious, or any portion of the wall, or spire of Strasburg Cathedral, do you not think it would rejoice in its position, that it would be exultant over its partnership with other stones in rearing the grandeur of such a pile for such worthy uses? If any fragment of such an edifice could be conscious, and did not feel any pride, or any privilege, in its position and its call, would its indifference be a merit or a shame rather? Shall we not feel that there is *privilege*, in being living fibers of an organization which has passed from one era of the world to another, which is older than the oldest empire in Christendom, which has on its roll names that sparkle in history like the sovereign stars, and which exist, not for purposes of private aggrandizement, or the selfish joy of its members, but to give deeper root to good principles in the world, and to diffuse the spirit of peace and good order? If a Mason is not grateful and glad over his fellowship, it is because he does not appreciate the value in the world of the organization of good.

The idea of organization is connected with the idea of

order. And here, also, Masonry reflects to us, or rather illustrates in a higher form, the wisdom breathed by the Great Architect through nature. It is said that order is heaven's first law. It is no less true, brethren, that it is earth's first privilege. It is the condition of beauty, of liberty, of peace.

Think how the principles of order for all the orbs of the solar system is hidden in the sun. The tremendous power of his gravitation reaches thousands of millions of miles, and hampers the self-will—the centrifugal force—of mighty Jupiter, Uranus with his staff of moons, of cold, and distant, and invisible Neptune. There's a Grand Lodge for you, in which these separate Masters are held in check by the Most Worshipful Grand Master's power! Nay, they tell us now of a central sun, around which all other suns, those fixed stars of the firmament, bend and sweep. If this suggests any argument by analogy in favor of a world congress of Masons, with a Grand Lodge of Nations, and a supreme Master, whose power runs over seas and across continents, girdling the earth like a magnetic stream, I leave it to be discussed by the committee on correspondence, in the next volume of our Grand Secretary's admirable report. But, in the case of our planetary system, is it any hardship that the separate globes are so strictly under rule, and pay obedience to the sun? Is it not their chief blessing, their sovereign privilege? What if the order were less strict and punctual; what if the force in these globes, that chafes under the central rein, and champs its curb, should be triumphant for a day? What if the earth should gain liberty against the pull of the sun? Beauty from that moment would begin to wither; fertility would begin to shrivel. The hour of seeming freedom would be the dawn of anarchy; for the sun's rule and apparent despotism is only the stern and beneficent condition of perpetual harmony, beauty, and joy.

Everywhere, order is the great interest. What humanity needs is the fulfillment of these indications of nature, freedom with order, a proper consciousness of worth in every breast, a recognition by each man of the worth and claims of every other, and an acknowledgement by all of a common

and controlling law. This idea of order, fulfilled in the architecture of nature, is committed as a trust to our Fraternity, and the proper reverence for it is poured out continually through the influence of our hallowed bonds.

For every country that influence is silently wholesome. In lands where the spirit of society does not recognize sufficiently the worth of man, but pays too much homage to rank and name, our Order quietly fosters the principle of the equality of privilege and responsibility under the laws of everlasting justice; and without being revolutionary, it upholds the honor of human nature, and patiently rebukes despotic arrogance and aristocratic scorn. In our own country its services is of a different kind. We need more respect for authority, less self-will, a deeper sense for the sacredness of the law, and feelings of deference and loyalty. The rupture of our national unity, for a time, with its tremendous costs in treasure, blood and agony, is in part the revolution, in part the penalty, and part, perhaps, through the beneficence of God, the cure of our chronic insubordination of character to the authority and sanctity of high principles, which has unfitted us, all over the land, to handle the sacred responsibilities and delicate trusts of imperial statesmanship and continental government. Whatever will teach our people reverence, decorum, respect for others in the utterance and defense of opinion, submission to constituted authority with dignity and grace, will be medicine for our trouble, and will prepare for us a better future. I believe that the Order of Masonry, the quiet efficiency of its organism, the regard for forms it fosters, the love of order it induces and deepens, the graceful habits of submission it educates, and the sacredness it pours around organic law and the seats of authority, are a prominent portion of the bonds of civilization in our country, and an immense blessing when we consider our natural perils.

Brethren, let us cherish the duties and trusts of our Fraternity for this good influence that it so naturally extends. Let us resolve, as part of our duty to the Creator, the source of order and law, to drink more deeply of the springs within our enclosure, whose issue is healing and reviving. In the

maintenance of the bond and customs of our order is the pledge of our prosperity, as well as the assurance of our service. *Order has limits.* Let us continue to guard sacredly our limits, to suffer no transgression of them. What a power is represented by the men who have gathered within this temple, during the present week, to superintend our general interests and interpret and apply our law! What harmony has prevailed here, what decorum of speech, what promptness in duty, what efficiency in protecting and guarding the common good! A visitor from outside our fellowship, suddenly brought in here to look, for a moment, at the representative men thus gathered from all sections of our State domain, and to observe by one glance, the quiet power embodied in the assembly, might imagine, if suddenly taken out again, that there could be something perilous to the public welfare in the association, by secret ties, of so many men of such varied ability, working in seclusion from public criticism, and without passion. He would feel secure again by knowing that it is only by keeping rigidly to the work of fostering the interests of the Order, that the dignity, the calm, the freedom from passion, the efficiency, are manifest or possible. Let any other question be intruded here, and there could be no detriment to public interests; for our harmony would break. Volcanic flame and blackness would burst through the lofty and snowy peace. By keeping within our limits alone we are prosperous and orderly; and within our limits our prosperity is the welfare of the community, the good of the State, the strengthening of civilization. Rejoice brethren, in your privilege; wall off from intrusion the garden of order you have received; and guard the book of your Constitution with the Tyler's sword.

Organization and Order.—In preserving these we are in harmony with the will and word of the Sovereign Architect, published in the harmony, dignity, and peace of nature. And one other word must be spoken, so familiar, so precious, to the Masonic ear and heart. You anticipate what it is—*Charity*. In nature, which speaks the wisdom and character of the Invisible Spirit, organization is not for the sake of wisdom and

skill chiefly—order is not for the sake of law and obedience chiefly, but all for the sake of *Charity*. There is harmony and stability that there may be breadth of bounty, constancy in giving wherever there is need. Within every district of nature there is beneficence to all the need within that district, and then a pouring out of alms into a general fund of bounty and cheer.

Every mountain upholds and supports the herbage on its slopes, and sends off rills to carry down soil to the vale and plains, while they feed herbage there. You cannot find a tree or plant, or flower, that lives for itself. The animal world breathes out gases for the vegetable kingdom, and then the vegetable world exhales or stores up some elements essential to animal health and vigor. The carbonic acid we breathe out here, and which is poison to us, blown eastward by our west winds, may be greedily taken up, a few days hence, by vineyards on the slope of the Sirra, and returned to us in the sweetness of the grape. The equator “sends greeting” to the Arctic zone by the warm gulf-stream that flows near the polar coasts to soften their winds. The poles return a colder stream, and add an embassy of icebergs, too, to temper the fierce tropic heats. Selfishness is condemned by the still harmonies of the creation. Perfect order issues out of interwoven service.

Do we ever get tired of the toils and tax of charity? Suppose the sun did. What does it receive in homage or obedience from the orbs that swing around him, in comparison with what he gives—all his light, all his heat, all his vitality for the blessing of four score worlds! Shall we complain of the demand upon our treasuries, or our private purses, for the sacred funds of the Masonic Board of Relief? What if the sea grumbled at the assessment which the mighty sun—the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the system—levies on his substance? Every day the sun touches its stores with its warmth and light, and says *give, give*, and it obeys. Evaporation is its tax constantly demanded, constantly given. Remember, brethren, that every cloud you see, whether stretched in a beautiful bar across the east at sunrise, or hanging in pomp

over the gorgeous pavillion of the retiring day, is part of the contribution of the general relief of nature assessed by the lordly sun. The water which the ocean keeps is salt. Pour a bucket of it on a hill of corn, or a garden bed, and it kills it. The water which the ocean gives is fresh, and descends in blessings, after it rides in beauty or majesty on the viewless couriers of the air. Nature tells us that "to give is to live."

Society is struggling up to reach the order which nature thus indicates. Civilization is yet in its infancy. There is no town, no village, of Christendom yet where the bounty of nature to all the needy is fulfilled. Let us be grateful, brethren, that with our fellowship, charity is organized, as well as law and peace. Our treasury has no avarice in it. The oil poured upon our head flows to the end of the beard and the garment's hem.

How good and how precious it is for brethren to dwell in such unity! May it continue, brothers, and widen through our fidelity, and service and beneficence! God preserve our organization, guard our Order, inspire our beneficence, and grant that, a century hence, our successors may meet here to enjoy in a larger fellowship the result of our faithfulness, and with a nation not sundered, but presided over by one Grand Master, heir to the virtues, * the hope, and the blessing of WASHINGTON.

* NOTE.—This Address was delivered during our recent civil war.—ED.

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

BY C. E. STANSBURY.

THE present article may be best introduced by an extract from the proceedings of the Grand Encampment, opened at Baltimore, September 19th, 1871.

"Sir C. E. Stansbury offered the following:

"*Resolved*, That the proper title of the Templar Order is 'Knights Templars,' and not 'Knights Templar,' as now com-

monly used under the sanction of the example of the Grand Encampment.

“ *Resolved*, That the use of the term ‘Knights Templar’ is an innovation of historic truth, literary usage, and the philology and grammar of the English language.”

Owing to the necessary absence of the mover, this resolution was not taken up for action on the 21st, the only day really devoted, by the Grand Encampment, to business.

It is to be regretted that the resolution was not acted upon, as the question to which it refers—the proper title of the Templar Order—is one of great importance; and the habit of using the title “Knights Templar” is fast becoming confirmed, and will soon have a power of prescription on its side, which truth will labor in vain to overcome.

The title “KNIGHTS TEMPLAR” is an innovation, and I have never been able to discover when or how it originated. The most rational theory I have ever heard is, that it was a clerical error, or the mistake of a printer, which gained access to some important document of the Grand Encampment, and was propagated, through carelessness or ignorance, throughout the country.

The charter of Washington Commandery, No. 1, of the District of Columbia, bears date January 14, 1825. Throughout that charter the title of the order, which is mentioned *three times*, is given as “KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.” That charter was signed at Boston by Henry Fowlé, Deputy Grand Master, and John J. Loring, General Grand Recorder.

That charter was revived April 22, 1847, by an edict signed at Baltimore by Joseph K. Stapleton, Deputy Grand Master, and in that edict the title of the order is given as “KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.”

I refer to these documents because they happen to be at hand. In the original edition of Cross’s Manual, the title used is “Knights Templars.” In editions published since his death, the modern corruption has crept in.

The instances given are sufficient to show that down to 1847, at least, the officers of the Grand Encampment were

accustomed to use the title, "Knights Templars," and that the use of the present title is, therefore, an innovation.

That it is an innovation in violation of historic truth, is proved by reference to all historical authorities. I have made diligent researches in the Congressional library, and have invoked the aid of all my friends who were likely to be able to assist me in such an investigation, and so far from finding any conflict of authority on the question, I have never been able to discover a single historical authority in favor of any other title than "Knights Templars."

I refer to the following list of authorities: *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *Encyclopedia Americana*, *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, *London Encyclopedia*, *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, *Penny Cyclopaedia*, *Cottage Cyclopaedia*, *Rees's Cyclopaedia*, *Wade's British Chronology*, *Blair's Chronological Tables*, *Chambers's Miscellany (Crusades)*, *Chambers's Book of Days*, *Addison's Knights Templars*, *Pantologia*, *Boutelle's Heraldry*, *Hallam's Middle Ages*, *Lingard's History of England*; *Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1707; *Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. I., p. 106; *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of Biography (Molai)*; *Townsend's Calendar of Knights*, London 1828; *Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History* (ed. 1832), vol. II., p. 481; *Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum*, vol. VI., p. 813; *Hayden's Dictionary of dates*; *Becton's Dictionary of Useful Information*; *Burns's Sketch of the History of the Knights Templars*; *Laurie's History of Freemasonry*; *Taffe's History of Knights of Malta*; *London Freemason's Magazine*; *Sutherland's Achievements of Knights of Malta*; *Clark's History of Knighthood*; *Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter*; *Turner's England in the Middle Ages*; *Brande's Encyclopedia*; *Tanner's Notitia Monastica*, 1744, pp. 307-310.

These will, perhaps, suffice to show what, in the opinion of historical authorities, is the proper title of the order. In all of them, the term "Knights Templars" is the only one employed.

They might, perhaps, be sufficient also on the question of literary usage; but on that point I refer, in addition, to the following:—

London Quarterly Review, 1729, p. 608. Article, "History of the Knights Templars."

Edinburgh Review, October 1806, p. 196. Review of M. Renouard's work, "Les Templiers."

Eclectic Review, 1842, p. 189. Review of the "History of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church, and the Temple," by Chas. G. Addison. The running title is, "History of the Knights Templars."

Retrospective Review, 1821, vol. IV., p. 250. Review of the "History of the Templars," by Nicholas Gualterius, Amsterdam, 1703. The running title is, "History of the Knights Templars."

In Dr. Mackey's various Masonic works both titles are occasionally used; but that fact is fully explained in the letter from that distinguished Masonic authority, with which I shall conclude this article.

On the philological and grammatical question, I would observe that it mainly turns in the inquiry, whether the word *Templar* is a noun or an adjective. I think it may be safely asserted, that every dictionary of the English language in which the word occurs, gives it as a noun, and as a noun only. This is certainly the fact as to Johnson's Dictionary, Webster's Dictionary, Crabb's Dictionary (Technological), Imperial Dictionary, Craig's Dictionary (Universal), and Worcester's Dictionary.

If, then, the word "*Templar*" is a noun, we have in the combination—"Knights *Templar*" two nouns, referring to the same person, one of which is in the plural and the other in the singular. The well known rule of apposition, which prevails in all the languages with which I am acquainted, requires nouns under these circumstances to agree in number and case. This is, in fact, a principle of general grammar, founded in common sense. The combination, "Knights *Templar*," is therefore, false in grammar if the word "*Templar*" is a noun. But some may say that it is a noun used as an adjective—a qualifying noun—a very common usage in the English tongue. If this were so, the combination "Knights *Templar*" would still be entirely out of harmony with the usage

of the language in regard to qualifying nouns, the invariable practice being to place the adjective noun before the noun which it qualifies. A few familiar examples will show this. Take the following: Mansion house, bird cage, sea fog, dog days, mouse trap, devil fish, ink stand, and beer cask. In every case the generic word follows the qualifying noun.

But if we went to the length of admitting the word "Templar" to be an adjective, the combination "Knights-Templar" would still be contrary to the genius of the language, which, except in rare cases, places the adjective before the noun which it qualifies. In poetry, and in some technical terms of foreign origin, the opposite practice prevails.

The analogy of the usage, in reference to the designation of other Orders of Knighthood, is also against the use of "Knights Templar." We have Knights Commanders, Knights Bachelors, Knights Bannerets, Knights Baronets, and Knights Hospitallers.

Against all this, the only thing that can be pleaded is the present usage of the Grand Encampment of the United States, and some Commanderies which have followed in its wake. The propriety of this usage is the very question at issue; and it would be curious reasoning, that would cite the fact of the usage in proof of its propriety. If the Templars of to-day are the successors of DeMolai and Hugh DePaynes, the preservation and restoration of the correct title of the order cannot be a matter of indifference to them.

I have entertained the views expressed in the foregoing article for years, and have repeatedly declared them to my friends. Having been told that Dr. Mackey did not agree with me, I called upon him, and laid the results of my study before him, when, to my great pleasure, I found that he entirely coincided in my opinion. I, therefore sought a letter from him on the subject, which I append.

The agreement between Dr. Mackey's reasoning and my own is an accidental coincidence, as my investigation had been completed and my argument prepared long before I spoke to him on the subject. Indeed, I had publicly taken the same ground before one of our commanderies.

I am happy to be able to add that Illustrious Bro. Pike entertains the same view of the subject as Dr. Mackey and myself.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
 "September 14, 1871."

"BRO. CHAS. F. STANSBURY.—*Dear Sir and M. W. Brother:*—I am in receipt of your note informing me that it is your intention to introduce, at the Grand Encampment conclave this month, a resolution declaring that the proper title of the Order of Templars is "Knights Templars," and not "Knights Templar," as now used in the Grand Constitution, and requesting me to give you my views as to the proper title, and as to the authority which ought to prevail in the settlement of the question."

"Until very recently my attention has not been directed to this question. Indeed I find, on reference to my "Lexicon of Freemasonry," that in the first part of the work I used the phrase 'Knights Templars,' and that in the latter parts I made a change of the expression to 'Knights Templar.' I am unable now to say from memory what led me to make the change; but I suppose that I must have used the first form in compliance with the general usage of writers, and that I subsequently made the alteration in deference to the action of the Grand Encampment of the United States, which body about that time adopted the expression of 'Knights Templar,' and I must have made this alteration without any reference to the philological merits of the question."

"In coming to the consideration of the question you propose, it appears to me that it must be examined in two ways, grammatically and traditionally: in other words we must inquire, first, which of these two expressions better accords with the rules of English grammar; and secondly, which of them has the support and authority of the best English writers?"

"1. If we examine the subject grammatically, we shall find that its proper decision depends simply on this question: Is 'Templar' a noun or an adjective? If it is an adjective, then 'Knights Templar' is correct, because adjectives in En-

English have no plural form. It would, however, be an awkward and unusual phraseology, because it is almost the invariable rule of the English language that the adjective should precede the substantive which it qualifies.

“But if ‘Templar’ is a substantive or noun, then, clearly, ‘Knights Templar’ is an ungrammatical phrase, because ‘Templar’ would then be in apposition with ‘Knights,’ and should be in the same regimen; that is to say, two nouns coming together, and referring to the same person or thing, being thus said to be *in apposition*, must agree in number and case. Thus, we say, *King George*, or *Duke William*, when *King*, and *George*, and *Duke*, and *William*, are in apposition and in the singular; but, speaking of Thackeray’s ‘Four Georges,’ and intending to designate who they were by an explanatory noun in apposition, we should put both nouns in the plural, and say, ‘The four *Georges, Kings* of England.’ So when we designate a simple Knight, who is not only a Knight, but also belongs to that branch of the order which is known as Templars, we should call him a ‘Knight Templar;’ and if there be two or more of these Templars, we should call them ‘Knights Templars,’ just as we say ‘Knight Hospitaller’ and Knights Hospitallers.’

“Now there is abundant evidence, in the best works on the subject, of the use of the word ‘Templar’ as a substantive, and none of its use as an adjective.

“It would be tedious to cite authorities, as a reference to our best English writers will show the constant employment of ‘Templar’ as a substantive only. The analogy of the Latin and the French languages supports this view, for ‘Templarius’ is a noun in Latin, as ‘Templier’ is in French.

“2. As to traditional authority, the usage of good writers, which is the *jus et norma loquendi*,’ is altogether in favor of ‘*Knights Templars*,’ and not ‘*Knights Templar*.’

“In addition to the very numerous authorities collected by yourself from the shelves of the Congressional library, I have collected all the authorities in my own library.

“All the English and American writers, masonic and unmasonic, except some recent American ones, use the plural of Templar to designate more than one Knight. I have, in a few

instances, found 'Knight Templars,' but never 'Knights Templar.' The very recent American use of this latter phrase is derived from the authority of the present Constitution of the Grand Encampment of the United States, and is, therefore, the very point in controversy. The former Constitution used the phrase 'Knights Templars.' On the whole, I am satisfied that the expression 'Knights Templar' is a violation both of the grammatical laws of our language, and of the usage of our best writers on both sides of the Atlantic, and it should therefore, I think, be abandoned.

"Truly and fraternally yours,

"ALBERT G. MACKAY."

Evergreen.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

America never wearies in paying honors to the memory of Benjamin Franklin. The Printing profession honors him. We say *profession*, for the art much more deserves the title than half the learned (?) occupations of to-day; and printers are better entitled to the prefix of Professors than many of those who are so-called by society. Dr. Franklin was a printer, and honored the profession.

A certain Captain De Groot has presented a bronze statue of the immortal printer, and it has been placed in Printing House Square, New York, if our readers know where that square is. The statue was recently uncovered with much ceremony, and exposed to public gaze. One of our New York contemporaries says:

"A very pleasant occasion was the unveiling of the Franklin monument, in Printing House Square, on Wednesday, January 17th. The venerable Professor Morse, who was fitly described as one of the successors of Franklin in utilizing the electric forces of nature, presided. After a few prefatory words, Mr. Morse unveiled the statue. It instantly impressed all who looked upon it as being an entire success. The shrewd, benevolent, cordial face of Franklin was there, and seemed

at once to light up the whole square. The critics may or may not accept this effigy as a great work of art, but of its power to please there can be no doubt. It is of colossal size, twelve feet high, in the old style of dress, which becomes Franklin well. The presentation speech, on behalf of the donor, Captain De Groot, was made by Mr. Greeley; the address of acceptance, by Mr. Savage, President of the New York Typographical Society. Captain De Groot has done the city and the country a service by setting up, in its chief newspaper center, this memorial of the typical American of the last century.

The occasion brought together, on the same platform, Samuel F. P. Morse, Peter Cooper, and Horace Greeley, each one of whom is, in his own way, a marked illustration of the spirit and force of American character. We cannot tell what our posterity will do, but probably no three men will be held in more honored remembrance by our countrymen in the next generation. At the banquet in the evening, Mr. Greeley characterized Franklin very tersely "as a journeyman printer who was frugal and didn't drink; a *parvenue*, who rose from want to competence, from obscurity to fame, without losing his head; a statesman who did not crucify mankind with long-winded documents or speeches; a diplomatist who did not intrigue; a philosopher who never bored, and an officeholder who didn't steal."

Franklin's ideal was not the loftiest, but his exemplification of the everyday virtues of life will always endear him to his countrymen. His example will ever cheer the young men of our country who are struggling with fortune!

Franklin was a Freemason, and Matser of the first lodge organized in Philadelphia. His mother was deeply concerned when she learned of his connection with this ancient and (at that date) mysterious Order, and wrote to him an expostulatory letter. To the anxious solicitous parent, he replied as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, April 13th, 1738.

As to the Freemasons, I know of no way of giving my mother a better account of them than she seems to have at

present, since it is not allowed that women should be admitted into that society. She has, I must confess, on that account, some reason to be displeas'd with it; but for anything else, I must entreat her to suspend her judgment till she is better inform'd, unless she will believe me when I assure her that they are, in general, a very harmless sort of people, and have no principles or practices that are inconsistant with religion and good manners."

Where Franklin was made a Mason, we are not advis'd, but he seems to have been a petitioner for the Warrant for the first lodge in Philadelphia, in 1734. The warrant was granted, and Franklin was appointed its first Master, and was also, we believe, appointed Provisional Grand Master, for that Province. He published the first American report of Anderson's Edition of the Ancient Charges and Constitutions of Masonry: (the second American Edition was published by us, at the *Review* Office, a few years since.) The first english edition was issued in 1723—the first work of Masonry ever published by any one. Franklin's edition was issued in Philadelphia in 1734.

As to where Franklin was made a Mason: He returned from his first visit to England in October, 1726, at the age of twenty. He *may* have been initiated in England previous to his return; as candidates were frequently admitted at that day under the age of twenty-one: the law simply required the candidate to be "of mature age." Or he *may* have been initiated after his return from England in a lodge supposed to have been working in New Jersey under the authority of Daniel Cox, the first Provincial Grand Master appointed for that Province.

Franklin honored the Order as much as he did his profession, was as diligent a Freemason as he was a printer. But public cares crowded upon him; his sound judgment, his spotless integrity, and his industrious habits were needed, and claimed, by the public. Duties press'd upon him; official responsibility required his time. He was sent as a Commissioner to England; he had charge of the entire postal service of the Colonies; he had *all* he could do, and *more*; and yet

found leisure to pursue his philosophical studies and experiments. His discoveries in electrical science made his name familiar to the *Savans* of Europe, and his fame became world-wide. It is no wonder that, with all his accumulated duties, public and private, he could give but little attention to Masonry in his riper years. But he did not entirely, even with all his burdens, neglect the Order. During his residence at the French Court, as the representative of the United States, his French Brethren presented him with a very elegant medal, bearing Masonic emblems, in appreciation of his character as a Mason.

The statue recently erected in New York, is a fitting recognition of his merits, and the eulogy pronounced by Mr. Greeley, at its inauguration, is one of the finest we have ever read, terse, true, and expressive,—“*An office holder who did not steal!*”—*Review.*

MASONIC BURIAL AT SEA.

The following from the “*Fort Wayne Republican*” is interesting, and touching in the extreme.

In mid ocean, when death comes 'tis tangible desolation, a little world's visible depletion without the possibility of replenishing the number, of filling the void—unlike a death on land, where the surgings of humanity, like forest leaves cover the space of the lost. This fact became indelibly impressed on me on the homeward bound voyage of the ship *Horatio*, from the East Indies, many years ago. Among the passengers returning to America, was a gentleman who had contracted consumption by his business as a tea sampler or a taster, which is done by taking a small quantity of tea in the hands and breathing on it and then smelling the flavor. The fine dust being inhaled into the lungs for any considerable length of time produces disease. He fully realized that he must soon die, but thought that he might reach home for the endearing adieu of his friends, and more especially, for that burial from the hands of his brethren in Masonry, which

would seem the crowning act of his life's religion. But his vitality deceived his hopes. After passing St. Helena he failed rapidly, and finally seeing that he could not reach land, begged the captain, who was a Mason, and the few that stood around him, to do all that could be done to symbolize his burial as a Masonic one.

How well we fulfilled the request our limited resources speak eloquently. The simple little tribute to the good man's wishes were to me more impressive than all the gorgeous funeral trappings since witnessed. In the canvas in which he was sewed up, we placed his "gold mark," showing the symbol by which he was known in his Chapter. His lamb-skin apron and all the leaves we could pluck from a geranium, the nearest approach we could make to the sprig of Acacia; one fore-castle sailor, with divine tenderness of soul, presented his all (and none could do more,) a few twigs of willow gathered by the empty grave of Napoleon. At the foot of this canvas coffin was placed a cannon shot to insure a speedy burial. We all assembled at the leeward side of the ship, with the body placed on a plank poised on a rail above the bulwark. The order was given to "back the main yard," which caused the ship to lose headway, and remain nearly stationary, with all sail set. It was like the sun standing still in mid heaven, to respect this small world of woe. With tremulous voices we sang the Masonic burial hymn, "Solemn strikes the funeral chime." The captain read the Episcopal burial service—in place of "ashes to ashes" he used the words, "we therefore commit his body to the deep." As the sentence was being pronounced, the end of the plank was raised, and a quick plunge entombed the remains of our fellow passenger where no human eye will rest on his grave, while murmuring faint praises to his virtue.

CIRCLE.—The circle has ever been considered symbolical of the deity; for as a circle appears to have neither beginning nor end, it may be justly considered a type of God, without either beginning of days or ending of years. It also reminds us of a future state, where we hope to enjoy everlasting happiness and joy.—*Old Lectures.*

(For The Michigan Freemasons.)

MASONIC EMBLEMS.

BY M. W. ALERED.

The *Lambskin* reminds us to lead a pure life,
 The *Gage* to divide well our time,
 The *Gavel* divests us of envy and strife,
 And prepares us for joys more sublime.

The *Plumb* to walk upright before God and man,
 The *Square* is morality's guide,
 The *Level* directs us through life's fleeting span,
 To the Land over Death's darkling tide.

The *Compass* doth circumscribe all vain desires,
 Restraining each passion in bond,
 The *Trowel* spreads kindness—affection inspires.
 Whenever a sufferer is found.

These, these were our *emblems* in days now grown old,
 All others are Shadow and Show,
 Whether Emerald, or Agate or Topaz or Gold,
 The Amethyst, or Cameo.

Then Brothers don't wear them—if you're good and true,
 You need not a label of gold,
 If you think they're all Masons who keep them in view,
 You'll find yourself wretchedly sold.

These little gold trinkets—they never can show,
 That you've been in the Freemasons' Hall,
 The thousands who wear them, as doubtless you know,
 Were never true Masons at all.

I've seen Ragamuffins, with ferret eyes,
 On whose cheek bloomed the *rum-bud* so fair,
 And with veins on their noses gigantic in size,
 Who wore a gold compass and square.

Mark how inconsistent to thus *advertise!*
 Your possession of secrets most rare,
 To challenge the gaze of inquisitive eyes,
 With a little gold compass and square.

Then Brothers don't wear them—your emblems should be,
 Most deeply engraved on the heart,
 Truth, Temperance and Virtue—a *live* Charity,
 Those emblems of our Ancient Art.

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

THE ladies of Columbus, Mississippi, on last Memorial Day, decorated the graves of the Confederate and Federal dead. This work of *Charity* and *Love*, was commemorated by the following beautiful lines, which appeared in a New York paper. The soul of its author, whoever he may be, was fired by a living coal from the true altar of poesy.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fired,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

With the silence of the sorrowers
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the morning calleth,
 On forest or field of grain,
 With equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drop of the rain ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day ;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done ;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day ;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-clouds sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red,
 They banish our anger forever,
 When they laurel the graves of our dead.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day ;
 Love and tears for the Blue ;
 Tears and love for the Gray.

AN ENGINE-ROOM STORY.

On a cold frosty Christmas, a few years ago, I was a passenger on board the fine Steamer "Queen," from London to ——. The voyage is not a very long one ; but we were several days at sea, and during that time I struck up pretty much of an acquaintance with the second engineer of the ship : I have always had a taste, rather imaginative than scientific, for watching the working of powerful machinery. The evenings were too cold to allow of my remaining long on deck ; and I was often glad to exchange for a time the saloon stove for the bright glow of the boiler furnaces, and the company of the passengers for a chat in the engine-room with my friend the engineer.

Ten o'clock in the evening, when it was his watch, generally found me seated by his side on the platform that ran round the tops of the cylinders, whence he could in a moment hear any word passed from the deck, had immediate access to the handles of the engines, could see the fire-doors and stoke-hole, with the glass gauges in front of the boilers ; and, even while chattering with me, could be constantly alive to the smallest escape of steam, or the least jarring or chirping sound, which told to his practiced eyes or ears that something about the machinery required lubricating or adjustment.

There was nothing very remarkable about my acquaintance, Angove; he was simply an honest, straightforward, intelligent, self-educated mechanic; one in short, of a class very numerous among our steamboat engineers.

He was about forty years of age, and had spent nearly half that time at sea, in many services and in all parts of the world. He had been in action on board a Brazilian steam sloop; had nearly died from the intense heat in the engine-room of a Peninsular and Oriental boat in the Red Sea; had been wrecked in a West India mail steamer, and afterwards discharged from the service for a smuggling transaction, with which he vowed he had really nothing to do; had served on board a river boat on the Mississippi, and another on the Hooghly; and had seen many a strange event in these and other services, from the plain matter-of-fact point of view natural to his temperament and education.

On Christmas eve we were slipping along fast under steam and canvas, with the wind and sea on the beam; and the ship, though not pitching much, was rolling a good deal.

We had but few passengers on board and of these, four were solemnly playing a rubber, while the others were ill in their berths. There was evidently not much Christmas festivity to be expected in the saloon, so I came shivering off the deck, where I had been smoking a cigar in the moonlight, and seated myself in my accustomed place on the engine-room platform, enjoying the warm glow from the furnaces.

Angove had just lit a cigar which I gave him, when a slight escape of steam from one of the valve stuffing-boxes arrested his attention. The platform on which we had our seat was on a level with the tops of the cylinders, with a railing nearly breast-high between it and the engines: and to get at the stuffing-box in question it was necessary, in order to avoid being struck by the bars of the parallel motion, to wait until the engine took her down stroke, and then vault in over the rail to the top of the cylinder cover before she came up again. Taking a spanner, to screw down the gland, Angove awaited the proper moment, and vaulted over the rail; but at that instant the ship took a heavier roll than ordinary, his foot slipped on the greasy sloping surface of the false cover, and he had the narrowest escape possible from being precipitated headlong among the working parts of the machinery.

He saved himself just in time, by catching hold of the cylinder cross-head, but this cross-head worked up to within half an inch of one of the deck beams; and before he could withdraw his hand the two were nearly close together, the smallest conceivable space of time longer, and his hand would have been crushed between them. Such close work was it, indeed, that he actually felt the squeeze, and the skin was red with the pressure.

I know I was terribly frightened, and started up pale and horror-struck; but Angove finished his work coolly, vaulted out again over the rail, and seated himself at my side, a little pale, but perfectly calm and self-possessed, and smoked away at his cigar as if nothing had happened.

"My dear fellow," I said, "what a narrow escape! I thought it was all over with you."

"Yes, indeed," he said, "it was close work; but, thank God, it is all right. A very small fraction of a second longer," looking at his hand, "and my power of using hammer and chisel wouldn't have been of much account."

We sat for some minutes without speaking, both, no doubt, meditating on what had occurred; and then, full of the subject, I said:

"It must be very dangerous work, going about the engines in really bad weather?"

"Yes, it is," he said, "especially in some engine-rooms: nearly as bad, I think, as it is for the sailors to go aloft. But I have always been fortunate."

"Did you ever meet with an accident," I asked.

"No," he replied, "but I was very near one once—a worse one perhaps than even this would have been—and yet it was not exactly an accident either."

"What was it then?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it is a subject on which I don't much like to speak; and, indeed, I have never told the whole story to any one; but I think a sufficiently long time has now elapsed, and I may as well give it to you, since you are pleased to say that you like hearing my little adventures."

"It was many years ago, when the California gold diggings were attracting everybody's attention, that I went out, as a third engineer on a steamer from Panama to San Francisco. I liked the captain very much, and I had known him by sight before, though he didn't know me; for a short time previously he had several times come on board a ship to which I then belonged at New York to see the captain, who was a friend of his."

"Once or twice he had brought off his wife and little daughter with him—such a sweet, lady-like young woman, and such a dear little girl: I recollect taking them down once and showing them the engine—and the lady appeared so fond of her husband! I wondered how he could leave them to come on this station alone in that lawless time of gold seeking. Our chief engineer, too, was a good sort of a man, and one who knew his work well. The second wasn't a bad fellow either, though too fond of his glass; but the rest of the officers and crew were not pleasant shipmates. The ship was not a comfortable one to me in any respect, and I soon determined that my first voyage in her should be my last, though we had first-rate wages to induce us to stick by the ship at San Francisco, and not run away to the gold diggings.

"We arrived out safely, without any adventure; but we had to wait a long time before we could sail on our homeward voyage. Notwithstanding all precautions, a great many of our crew ran away, and it was impossible to replace them; indeed, the harbor was full of ships, lying useless there for want of crews to take them away.

"But we had also another loss, and a greater one, in our chief engineer. He had been ailing on the voyage out, and he died, poor fellow, while we were lying in the harbor. Our second was not exactly the person to take charge of the engines, being, as I have said, rather too fond of drink, and the captain, we heard, was trying all he could do to get some one in our chief's place. Macpherson, the second, was of course very indignant at this: but so it was.

"I should think we must have been quite two months at San Francisco before we were ready to sail again, for you must understand that we were not a regular packet on the station, but had been specially chartered for the voyage out—and we thought that we were going after all without any new chief engineer.

"We, in the engine-room were pleased at this, for Macpherson was a good sort of fellow enough, except for that fault which I have mentioned, and a first-rate workman; but on the very last day before sailing, the captain, of whom we had seen at

little for some time past, came on board with a person whom he introduced to the engine-room hands as their new chief.

"He was not the only new arrival on board. There were a few, very few, passengers; and a lady, who I heard to my astonishment was the captain's wife, whom he had married since we had been to San Francisco. Now, as I have already told you, I had seen his wife and little daughter but a short time before, so you may think how much I was surprised on seeing this other woman brought on board as his wife now. I was very much surprised at our captain, whom I had taken for a different sort of man: but it was all no business of mine, so I held my tongue about it. This new woman that he had now was very handsome, certainly, though of a bold, masculine style of beauty, and with such an eye! I thought that I shouldn't exactly like her for a wife myself, though she was really handsome, and it was no wonder that any man should be taken up with her.

"Right or wrong, I form my opinions of people pretty quickly; and I didn't like our new chief. He was quiet and mild in his manners certainly—wonderfully so for that time, in that part of the world; but there was a wild, dissipated, wicked look, if you understand me, in his eye, which seemed to me to tell that he could be very different if he chose. I could not help remarking to Macpherson, that I thought we had a rum one to deal with now; and he replied that he should like to know his history, for he guessed it was a strange one. One thing was evident to me from the first time he came into the engine-room—he was not a practical working engineer. That he knew something about engines was plain, and he gave his orders with decision, and without any apparent doubt of himself; but there was a theoretical rather than a practical twang about them, as if his knowledge of marine engines had been gained rather by study than by experience.

"His hands were too white and delicate for a man who had used the hammer and chisel and file much; and, coming into the engine-room suddenly, on the evening before we sailed, I found him doing some job at the vice which was fixed there—something for himself, I fancy, and not for the engines—and from the manner in which he handled his tools, it was plain that he was no workman. I set him down in my own mind for a civil engineer, who had come out to the diggings, had got a bad run of luck, and was glad to work his way home as best he could.

"At length we were ready for sea, having taken on board a small cargo, and also some gold on its way to the States. We had beautiful weather down the coast, and for some time nothing unusual occurred. Macpherson and I kept watch, and watch alternately, our chief of course taking none; indeed, he came very seldom into the engine-room at all, and when he did, he interfered with nobody. He would just glance at the gauges, open a fire door and look in, and feel the heat of the condensers; but he would make no remark, unless there was a little escape of steam, or anything of that sort, which a child might notice. He seldom found fault with any body; and very often—indeed almost every night—he used to send down grog to the stokers and trimmers on watch, so that they began to consider him a sort of sea-angel, and to wish that they could always have him for a chief. Our captain, too, seemed to think more of his wife than of the ship, and also seemed to me to be drinking pretty much; and Macpherson soon found that he might take his little drop when he liked, having nobody to find fault with him, except myself, who was his subordinate. So, altogether, discipline became very lax, and except for the mates, who were blusterers of the genuine

Yankee type, we were quite a happy family at sea. I could not help fancying, however, that it was too good to last long; and so it turned out.

"We had got well down the coast, and I knew we were not far off the land, when one night—a fine night it was, but very dark—it was my watch below from midnight to four in the morning. When I say 'my watch below,' you know, sir, I do not mean my watch below in the engine-room, but my turn to be off duty. Macpherson and I occupied as a sleeping cabin one of the deck-houses abaft the paddle-wheel, in which were two bunks, one his and the other mine. At eight bells—twelve o'clock, you know—I called him, and he turned out as usual, and went to take charge of the engine-room, whilst I turned into my bunk and tried to sleep. Now, a sleep close beside a paddle-box, with the wheel but a foot or two from your head, is, for those unaccustomed to it, and sometimes even for those who are used to it, rather a difficult operation, especially when the ship is rolling. There is a creak and a buzz, as your side rises with the roll; and a roar, and a bang, and a shock, and a sputter, as your wheel is in its turn half buried in the sea, with a continual tremble and shake, never ceasing for a moment, which altogether renders sleep in such a position an art only to be acquired by long practice, and as I have said, not always to be depended upon even then. I can sleep as well as most people, and am not a particular man in such matters; but on the night in question, although there was not much sea on, I soon found that any attempt to get asleep in my bunk was hopeless. I could not afford to throw away my four hours in thinking about it; so turning out again, without much delay, I went below to the engine-room, and crept into a snug little spot between the starboard cylinder and the forward bulk head of the engine-room, which I had several times before, on our outward voyage, used for a similar purpose. I must describe the engine-room to you. It was very much like this one; the engines were side levers like these; and the stokehole, with its fire doors, was adjoining the engine-room, without any separation between. The cylinders were forward, about four feet from the bulkhead, and the boilers and stokehole were aft. There was a platform just like this at the level of the tops of the cylinders, on each side of the engine-room, and across the forward part of it, close to the bulkhead, with ladders at the after ends of the whole side platforms leading down to the stokehole, and another at the middle of the part that went across, by which you descend to a narrow passage between the engines, where the starting-handles, etc., were placed; at the same part of the platform was the ladder which communicated with the deck. You will see from this that there was at the forward end of the engine-room—having the cylinders and ends of the engines on one side of it, the bulkhead on the other, and the cross platform for a roof—a space about four feet wide, and in length the whole width of the ship. The port side of this space was filled with tallow casks, oil cans, etc., for which there was no room in the store-closet; but on the starboard side there was a nice, snug little spot, kept tolerably cool, though so near the cylinders, by the draught air from the deck, and, through some holes in the bulkhead, from the fore-hold. This snuggerly was approached by a narrow passage on the starboard side of the ship—for the ladders and the deck-pump prevented your getting in from between the engines, and the donkey engine was in the way on the port side; and you had to make a rush to get in where you did without a ducking from the starboard waste-water pipe through the ship's side, which was very leaky, so that there was generally a torrent of water falling down from it. But once in, with a bag of cotton wipings for a pillow, I could generally calculate for a comfortable snooze, with

out disturbance from the wheels or anything else. I am obliged to be so particular in my description, or you will never understand what I have to relate. In this favorite spot of mine, then, you will understand that I lay down, and in a very few minutes was fast asleep.

"I had not slept very long when I awoke with a start, and with an uneasy consciousness, that there was something unusual in the working of the engines. I leant on my elbow and listened. They were going much more slowly than usual, and there was a peculiar jerking style about their motion, which seemed as if they were working expansively with high steam, and the well-known rushing sound in the steam-pipe, like the wind through a doorway when the door is ajar, showed me in a moment that they were closely 'throttled,—that is, that the valves in the pipes leading to the cylinders were partially closed, so as to check the flow of steam from the boilers to the engines. I saw, too, that there was a very bright glow from the furnaces, and that the fires were more than usually intense. I fancied, also, from the absence of the usual currents of air, except through the windsail and from the fore-hole, and the appearance of the lights and shadows, that the hatches over the crank gratings and the companion leading to the deck were closed—a thing that was very unusual except in bad weather.

"I was about to creep out of my lair, to see what was the meaning of all this, when I heard two persons in conversation in the passage between the engines, and almost close to where I was. By a slight movement I was able to see them. One was our chief engineer, who had never before been known to be in the engine-room at this hour of the night; he had his hand on the direction handles, and was regulating the supply of water to the diminished quantity of steam passing through the engines. The other, with his back turned towards me, was a person whom I did not know at all. He appeared a slight, gracefully-formed young man, of middle height, dressed in sailor's clothes of a fine texture, and with the voice of a youth, rather than of a man. I should have gone out at once to see what was doing, but the first words I distinguished arrested my attention in a moment. It was the youth, who said:

"How long before we shall leave the ship!"

"Not long now," replied the chief; "but we have nothing more to do except to start when it is time."

"Are you sure the third engineer is all right?"

"Yes. He sleeps in one of the wheel-houses, and I have turned the key upon him. Dick is at the wheel, the rest of the watch on deck, and these smutty fellows are disposed of. We have lowered the boat all safe, and all is ready for a start."

"Then why not go now?"

"No, we might still be discovered in time to spoil all. Let us wait till the last moment, and we shall be sure that we have got rid of the infernal ship and all that could ever give us trouble. But, by G—d," he said, with a glance toward the gauges, "there isn't much time either. The steam mounts quicker than I thought; it is at twenty-five already, and the water is all out of the gauges. Just step on deck, and tell Dick we shall be off at once."

"The youth turned and ascended quickly on deck, and the chief went to the stoke-hole, opened the furnace-doors, looked at the fires, and threw in some coals and tallow.

"I should make a bad hand at describing my feelings, and all that sort of thing:

but I think you may imagine that the unaccountable appearance of a stranger in the ship—the intelligence that the watch, both on deck and in the engine-room—were disposed of—the knowledge that the steam was at twenty-five pounds to the inch, our usual working pressure being fifteen, and rapidly raising, with the safety-valves of course fastened down or very heavy loaded—the engines throttled of half their steam—the feed in the boiler very low—and the furnace fed with oil and tallow—it was altogether enough to make one feel queer. The boilers were new and strong; but for that very reason, when they did give way, the destruction would be the greater and I expected soon a terrific explosion, which might, probably, send the ship to the bottom. I understood at once—indeed, there was no room for doubt, after what I had seen and heard, that the villains had by some means got hold of the gold on board, that they had either drugged or overpowered the watch, and that it was their intention to blow up the ship and escape in the confusion; or to get away a little beforehand, and not trust to the explosion which must inevitably follow, to remove all proof of their crime and dread of capture. I saw what it was; but I confess to you, sir, at the risk of being thought a coward, that I stood at first unable to think or act to any purpose. Had I been prompt and decided, now was my time to have acted, while the stranger was on deck; but I own that I stood rooted to the spot, with shaky knees, with quivering lips, and with the cold, clammy perspiration standing on my forehead.

“I have often been in peril, but I never felt so unmanned before or since as I did then; and I verily believe that, had I been left alone, I would have allowed the ship and the gold, and my own life, and the lives of all on board, to take their chance, rather than venture out to face those desperadoes.

“But I had not the choice. The chief, after looking at the fire, and examining the gauges, crossed the stokehole to the other passage under the starboard platform, with the view, probably, of getting at some of the grease and tallow that were stowed away close by where I had made my couch. I saw that I must be discovered; but with the prospect of a struggle with one man singly, my courage revived, my limbs became steady, and the coward feeling left my heart. He groped his way slowly up the passage, and then made the rush which I have described, as necessary to avoid the water from the waste-pipe.

“This rush brought him close to me before he stopped, and we stood face to face. My eyes were accustomed to the place, while his were yet dazzled by the bright glare of the fires, so that I could distinguish his features, while he was yet uncertain whether there was any one there but himself. I ought to have seized the opportunity and attacked him at once, but I foolishly let the moment pass, and instead of acting promptly, I sung out, ‘Who’s there?’ In a moment his eyes lit up with a look of fierce intelligence, and with a suppressed exclamation he sprang upon me. The suddenness of the attack made me start back, and, my foot being tripped by the bag of cotton that I used for a bed, we fell heavily to the deck together, I being undermost.

“His left hand was on my throat, and clutching my hair with his right, he, with a quick lift and jerk, moved my head to one side towards the engine. I did not resist the movement much, for I had not thought exactly where I was lying; but, oh, think what was my horror at the next instant, to see directly over me the end of the side lever descending, and not more than three feet above my head. By a violent effort I got out of the way just in time; but even then the cutter at the end of the lever grazed

my forehead in its descent. The horror of my position seemed to give me for the moment preternatural strength, and I succeeded in rolling my antagonist over until I became uppermost; and then I struck him with my clenched fists two or three heavy blows on the face with such effect, that his hold of me relaxed, and I thought that I had stunned him.

"In a moment I gained my feet and fled, but had not quieted my antagonist: he was nearly as quick as I was, and pursued me closely. I rushed through the passage by the side of the ship, across the stokehole, through the passage between the engines, and thence to the platform and up the ladder leading to the deck. The chief was close behind me, so that I dared not lose time by turning my head; and I remember how I heard his feet slip as he crossed the iron floor of the stokehole directly after me. I tried to fling open the door—the door of the companionway, and gain the deck—I thought my escape was certain.

"But oh, sir, I had no sooner touched the door, than I found that it was fastened on the outside. I looked down. The chief was standing on the platform at the foot of the ladder; he held a revolving pistol in his hand, and was then in the act of cocking it! There was no time for hesitation, and I flung myself right off the ladder upon him. He fired, but without having time to take aim, and I was not hit. With the force of my fall we both rolled off the platform into the passage between the engines, the pistol being at the same time dashed from his hand.

"How we both escaped from being crushed by the machinery I scarcely know; but so it was, and directly we were both on our feet again and struggling through the passage on the slippery stokehole floor.

"Here, still grasping each other's throats, we paused to take breath; and I saw then that Macpherson and the stokers and trimmers of the watch were lying either dead or dead drunk about the platforms and stokehole. I shouted as loud as I could, but without avail; and then a thought flashed across me—the steam whistle! There was a handle by which it could be sounded from the engine-room. If I could but reach that, I must alarm all the ship, and we might yet be saved! But at that moment the companion was opened, and the chief's accomplice descended.

"He came down the ladder hastily, but he had no sooner turned and seen what was going on, than he paused, as if frightened and irresolute how to act. The chief saw him as soon as I did, and sung out to him:

"The pistol! the pistol! There, between the engines!"

"The youth picked up the pistol, and, coming forward, presented it at me, but I could see, even at that moment, that he omitted to cock it. He pulled the trigger, but of course without avail. The chief saw, as I did, the cause of the failure. 'Cock it, d—n you, cock it!' he cried out, and then I heard the click of the hammer as it was drawn back, and the chamber revolved. It was now or never for me. I am a Cornish man, sir, and, like most from that country, a little bit of a wrestler. I had regained my strength a little, and skill took the place of what was wanting. It was my only chance. So, quick as lightning, I gave the chief the 'toe,' as we call it in our country, and turned him over like a top towards the side on which the youth was standing. He fired at the same instant, but the sudden turn I gave my antagonist changed our positions, and the bullet, after inflicting a flesh wound in my arm, entered his body in place of mine. The youth gazed for a moment with a look of horror, and then, with a scream, threw herself on the body. At that same instant I saw who it was.

It was no youth, but a woman, and our captain's wife. But I did not wait to speculate on this, for I saw that the fires must be drawn at once, and I had no strength left. I sprang to the handle and sounded the whistle. There was the well-known shrill shriek, which could not fail to be heard throughout the ship; and I fell down fainting on the stokehole floor.

"I remembered little more that passed until I found myself in the hospital at Panama. The event of that night, my wound, and the want of medical attendance—for we carried no surgeon—had brought on an attack of fever, and I had been dangerously ill. I had been delirious, and when I did gain my consciousness, the events which had really happened were so mingled in my brain with the extravagant fancies of my delirium, that I found it difficult to distinguish the one from the other. I soon discovered, however, that the people had been told that I had been guilty of gross insubordination toward the chief engineer, and that he had been so maddened by passion as to fire his revolver at me; and that I, having gained possession of the weapon in the struggle which ensued, had shot him to save my own life. Of course I denied this; but my ideas, and no doubt my talk, were still so incoherent, that but little notice was taken of what I said. Soon the captain of the steamer came to my bedside, and begged and entreated me, in the most pitious manner, to allow his version of the story to be believed. He said he had been bewitched by the charms and arts of that woman; and believing that none of the crew knew that he was already married, he had agreed to give her a passage, and had taken her on board with him as his wife. She had obtained from him, by pretending a playful, womanish curiosity, a knowledge of where the gold on board was stowed, and how it could be got at; and this vile woman, with her accomplice and paramour, (the villain whom he had foolishly engaged at her recommendation as chief-engineer,) and another man, also shipped at San Francisco, had between them conceived and attempted to carry out that atrocious project, in which they had been so nearly successful. The engineer's hurt had not been serious, and the captain said that he had connived at his escape, with his accomplices, as soon as the ship got into port. The woman, indeed, had not been seen in her disguise by any one but himself; for he had been first in the engine-room when the whistle sounded the alarm, and had managed somehow to get her out of the way unseen. It would be useless now, he said, to attempt to capture them; and he implored me not to contradict the account he had caused to be circulated, and so cause his ruin, which would be sure to follow, should the owners learn the real truth of his story. He made the most solemn vows of repentance and amendment, and I believe he was truly sorry for his fault, as well as its consequences; but I was deaf to all, until he spoke of his sweet wife and his dear little girl, whom I had seen, as I have said, in New York. He said that his wife was in poor health, and that he was sure, if she learned the truth, the blow would kill her. Well, sir, at length I yielded, and agreed to confirm the account he had given. You may be sure that the crew, and especially Macpherson and the rest of the watch in the engine-room and on deck—who had been drugged by some liquor which the chief had given them—were not altogether imposed upon, and a hundred different versions of the story were flying about; but no one ever knew the right of the affair.

"I returned home as soon as I had recovered, and from that time to this I have never told anybody: but you know how it all happened."—*Masonic Ritual and Gazette*.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF MASONS.

THE burial service of our Order must awaken in the mind of a sincere Mason the most exquisite feelings and solemn thoughts. The aids of religion are called in to raise and cheer our hearts. The announcement of spiritual truths, fill every thoughtful mind with beautiful and sublime conceptions of immortality and the resurrection. In circumambulating the vault; in depositing the white apron and sprigs of evergreen in the grave; in committing earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, our thoughts are carried across the waste of centuries, even unto the beginning, when man was created in the image of God, and when he fell from his first estate. And even from this point, with the first great light shining upon us, we can survey the gracious and mysterious Being who became our surety, and brought life and immortality to light. From the very mouth of the tomb we look back to the Holy Mount, which burns with the footsteps of the cherubim, and there behold the labors of those faithful and obedient workmen who wrought the first temple, which was the beauty and glory of Israel. Much of our burial service is the production of modern taste or invention; but when we inquire into the origin of this service, why it is that Master Masons only are entitled to Masonic burial, why we deposit in the grave the emblems of innocence and immortality, and why we inter the dead due east and west, there is a response full of hope and joy. Not in vain are our funeral signs and ceremonies. When we walk around the vault of a departed brother, we are assured that his soul is living in an unbroken existence. The very earth which falls upon his coffin gives back the sound of freedom and redemption. The state of the present life and that to come is figured by the tabernacle and temple of the Old Testament; the tabernacle, for that it was movable, may resemble the condition of the life present; the temple, for that was fixed and immovable, the fruition of the life to come. To the framing of the Tabernacle came the Jews only; but to the

building of the temple, with the inhabitants of Jewry, the men of Tyre and Sidon, to wit, both Jews and Gentiles, all concur in this building, wherein is never heard the noise of hammer.

The mourning apparel of Masons consists in white gloves and white aprons. White is the native color of the wool of the lamb, and is emblematical of innocence. Solomon knew the beauty and propriety of wearing white gloves and white aprons on funeral occasions. The general use of white was recognized by him, under the inspiration of heaven. "Let thy garments be always white." In all countries and all ages white has been regarded as an emblem of purity. Isaiah says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red, like crimson, they shall be as wool."

In our funeral processions the course of the mourners is frequently changed on their way to the place of interment; and whenever this occurs, a living square and angle are made. At the centre, which is the point where both sides of the angle meet, it is usual for the stewards to elevate their rods, and so place them as to make a square or right angle, beneath which the procession moves; and as each one of the company passes under it, his head should be not only uncovered, but bowed in awe and veneration for the name of God, and in token of humble submission to the will of the Lord, who taketh brethren away.

It is the custom of Masons to bury their dead due east and west. There is a beautiful propriety in this. It is not only in keeping with the ceremonies which are performed at the grave, but it carries our thoughts back to the days of Solomon, and rivets them upon the remarkable events which consecrated the brow of Moriah. It is, then, an ancient custom, originated at the first temple. The situation of the Lodge is due east and west, and Solomon's Temple was so situated. Moses by divine command, erected a tabernacle to God, and placed it due east and west, in commemoration of the miraculous deliverance of the children of Israel, when he conducted them through the Red Sea. From the east the

divine glory first came; from thence came the Bible; and through that, the new covenant. Christ, it is said, died with His face to the west; and the third foundation of the temple, which was the form of a cross, was so constructed, that that which would probably be the upright piece was situated due east and west, so that if that foundation could have been raised, it would have stood to the east, fronting towards the west. The sun, which rises in the east and sets in the west, gives assurance of the coming day.

The scriptural passages which are introduced into our burial servc constitute an excellent and profound commentary upon the principles and doctrines of our Order. The Lodge having been opened in the third degree, with the usual forms, the Master of the Lodge pours forth the most solemn but animating words of divine inspiration.

Here we learn the foundation of our faith, the pillar of our hope, and the keystone of the Masonic fabric. The whole of the funeral ceremonial, from the first sign given and the first word spoken, to the last sign and word at the grave, attests and does homage to the doctrine of the resurrection. We know that the grave is but a temporary habitation, and the lifeless body, instead of being a dishonored and worthless thing, is destined to be found and raised ere our Master's spiritual temple is finished.

“Death is as the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference, even on every part.” and which unite us as with a close and mysterious band with the Lodge unseen. In forming a funeral procession to carry out and lead our dead to the last earthly homes, we are reminded of a far stretching procession winding its way through a hollow, broken land, and hiding its head in some bending vale; it is still all one; all advancing together; they that are the farthestest onward in the way conscious of their lengthened following; and they that linger with the last are drawn forward as it were by the attraction of the advancing multitude. Thus, all mankind are moving to the grave, and pressing beyond the margin of the material world. Those who have traveled the way before us were once as animated with life as ourselves, and had

their hopes and their projects, their joys and sorrows; and we must follow them. There are crowds on all sides; there are enemies posted and armed at every station of life to drive us into eternity. Human wisdom can find no way to deliver man from the land of darkness and the shadow of death. Hence there is something religious in conveying in a solemn and decent state to the grave, that which is sown a natural body, and then erect a monument to mark the resting-place of that which shall be raised a spiritual body. It must needs be a destroyed and ruined temple, but it shall be splendidly rebuilt. Let, then, the spot be marked where it has mouldered to dust. A great day shall dawn, when the rubbish shall be removed, and its ruined arches and its crumbled columns shall rise up, gloriously and indissolubly reconstructed; and then shall be heard the mysterious steppings of Divinity, as He comes to possess its altars, overshadowed with the wings of cherubim.

CHARLES SCOTT.

LODGES OF INSTRUCTION.

EVERY instrumentality designed to promote a knowledge of, and increase the interest of the members in, Freemasonry, merits encouragement. Experience proves that the more men know of the Order, the better its members understand its nature, its peculiar aptitude for good, and the power of its mystical influence over men, the more do they appreciate its benign principles. Its magical power is not alone in its ritualism, but in its peculiar form of social organism, and the means by which it gathers men around a common altar, and moves them by a common interest. The chief reason why some do not take a deeper interest in Masonry, why they are not more frequently at the Lodge, why they do not more extensively patronize its literature and study its philosophy, is because they know so little about it. Ignorance, gross, willful and inexcusable ignorance, is the great difficulty.

Either they do not know of the rich mine they may work, and from which they may gather rarest gems, or they are so absorbed in more *material* matters that they have no desire for purer and better things, or they are too indolent to indure the labor, or too penurious to make the small needed expenditure.

But, whatever the *cause*, the *fact* is apparent to the most casual observer: many of the members *know* but little about Masonry, and as a consequence *care* but little about it. Rarely at the Lodge, they are ignorant of its internal workings; fond of grosser enjoyments, the excitement of passion and pleasure is more congenial than the higher and nobler influences of Masonry. This is lamentable, and yet it is true: if it were not, our Lodges would be filled with earnest, interested members: instead of which, frequently not half, and often not one-fourth of the members of a Lodge attend its meetings regularly. They prefer the theatre, the club-room, or the political caucus, rather than the pure teachings, exalted fellowship, and noble charities of the lodge room.

The question is presented—how may this evil be remedied? and this question is worthy of consideration by all who wish well to the Order, and especially by those who govern and influence our Lodges. Men must be *thorough* Masons, or they will be very *indifferent* ones. In this institution we must

“Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring:
Here small draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again.”

In this city we have what is called a Lodge of instruction for the special benefit of our younger members, who desire to become familiar with the ritualism of the Order. It has been in operation for a number of years, but suspends its meetings during the summer months. By invitation we recently attended its closing meeting for this summer, and found, greatly to our surprise, not over thirty members in attendance, out of some fifteen hundred Masons in the city. The labors of the organization are chiefly directed to acquiring a knowledge of the work, and the ability to perform properly the duties of the several offices in a Lodge. In this,

the members have realized success, and our best workmen in the Lodges are found among its members. There is a laudable ambition among them to excel in this accomplishment, and the Lodge of Instruction furnishes the means and opportunity for success.

It is not enough, however, to have the *verbiage* of the work committed to memory. The manner of doing the work is of far more importance than mere verbal accuracy; a parrot can be taught to utter words and phrases, but it requires human intelligence and human culture to utter them *properly*. The time, circumstances, surroundings, style, manner, emphasis—all enter into the estimate of excellence, and all combine to make the work effective and impressive. All this requires study and practice,—such as the actor on the stage, or the vocalist on the boards, requires to attain eminence. Every Mason has not the ability,—the natural talent—to secure success in these duties; but many have, and in such, especially, the gift should be cultivated and improved by study and effort. The presentation and working of the different grades should be easy, graceful, serious, impressive and, above all, *natural*. There should be as little of the fanciful or imaginary about the work as possible; and in the legend of the third degree, especially, it should appear to be reality. It is this which makes the degree impressive: without this, it is all a failure, if not a farce.

But these Lodges of Instruction are capable of more extended usefulness, as a means of Masonic culture. There is no reason why their efforts should be limited to the knowledge of the rituals. The philosophy of the rituals, the reasons for them, and the objects to be attained by them; the symbolism of the degrees, its origin and end; the history of the Order in different countries, and in its different Rites; the nature and power of Grand, as well as Subordinate Lodges; the jurisprudence and government of the Order; the constitutional or fundamental law; the old Charges and Regulations; the legislative, executive, and judicial functions of Masonic government—all these, or most of them, should be on the curriculum of the Lodge of instruction. The Lodge

should be a *thorough school* for Masonic culture: and the best minds and ablest Masters in the Royal Art should furnish the instruction. By the law of most Grand Lodges, candidates for our mysteries are required to be examined in the degree taken, before they are allowed to advance to higher positions. But when the candidate has mastered all that is required in such examinations, he has only attained the rudiments of a Masonic education. He has the alphabet, and may blunderingly read, but he has not yet penetrated beyond the surface.

In ascertaining the results of these efforts, there should be tests and examinations. The members should be required to write essays on different subjects connected with the Order—and *read* them. How few—*very* few of the Masters of Lodges can read or repeat the charge in conferring a degree. Those charges are beautiful, appropriate, impressive, and full of meaning and instruction; but as they are often delivered, they are a jingling mass of unmeaning verbiage. We have listened to some with positive agony, and wondered that the candidate had patience to “endure to the end.”

The Lodge of Instruction should be encouraged and sustained by the approval and frequent presence of the Masters and officers of the different Lodges, and especially by the old and more influential members. The Masters of each Lodge should frequently call the attention of his members to this means of acquiring Masonic knowledge, and urge the younger brethren, especially, to attend it. In fact he should *go with them*, and give attention himself to the objects of study.

The government of the Lodge of Instruction should be in competent hands,—a learned, experienced and zealous craftsman. He should watch over it as a Master watches over his Lodge, or the President of a college guards the interest of the school and labors for the improvement of his scholars. No outside matter should be permitted to intrude; no dogmatism should be allowed. Over the East should be written—“WHO CAN BEST WORK AND BEST AGREE.” There should be fostered among its members an *esprit du corps*, and an honorable ambition to excel in a knowledge of Masonry. There should be monthly examinations, when “specimens of work”

should be presented, essays and dissertations read, and a general examination as to improvement and progress.—*Review. Cincinnati.*

OUR AGED BRETHREN.

• WE extract the following from the columns of *The Hudson Gazette*, a neatly printed and ably conducted paper sent us from the flourishing Village of Hudson, Mich. We should be glad to receive brief biographical sketches of our aged and honorable Craftsmen from the various Lodges throughout the jurisdiction. Honor to whom honor is due. These aged brethren, who, during long years have stood by and adorned our noble institution, should have their names and honorable deeds duly recorded for the benefit of our young members. Who will follow the example of our Companion, E. C? We will gladly give such communication a place in our Journal.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF OLD HUDSON MASONS.

In your last issue I noticed you mentioned something in relation to old Masons. Thinking it might not be amiss to give to the world some more particular account of these old veterans in that grand old Institution, which has been the saviour, as well as the origin, of our Republican form of government, I thought I would write you a few lines, hoping it might call out from the pen of some one more able, some items of history in relation to the same, which ought not to remain unrecorded.

These old Pioneers of the Masonic Institution are fast passing away; and let us give them a memorial page in the history of every town and village of this nation; for they are entitled to it. Old age is honorable, and we, of all others, should not be tardy to recognize its claims.

The first one I shall mention is Bro. JESSE MAXSON, who was made in Morning Star Lodge, of New York, in the year 1821; and has passed through all the degrees and orders of the York Rite, and those of the A. & A. Rite, to and inclu-

sive of the 32^c; and we feel proud to say that he lives and acts the principles of the order to which he belongs.

Next in order, is Bro. WRAY T. PALMER, who was made a Mason in Batavia Lodge, N. Y., in the year 1820. Bro. PALMER has also passed all the degrees and orders of Knighthood in the York Rite; was well acquainted with Wm. Morgan; and was present when Miller, of Anti-Masonic notoriety, tried hard to make a martyr of himself in attempting to burn his printing office, so as to advertise his work, or what he was pleased to call "Morgan's Exposure of Free-Masonry."

Third, is Bro. W. H. RICHMOND, who received his Blue Lodge degrees in Franklin Lodge, South Adams, Mass., in the year 1825; Dr. J. L. Baker being master; Robert Briggs, S. W.; Bro. Burton, J. W.; Jesse Whipple, Secretary, during the year. Bro. RICHMOND has advanced in the York Rite through the R. Arch and in the A. & A. Scotch Rite through the 16th.

Last, but not least, that I shall mention in this communication, is Bro. SILAS EATON, who was made a Mason in Pitsford, Monroe county, N. Y., in the year 1820. He has also passed through the Royal Arch degree. He also lived and witnessed the times when politicians of the Weed stripe thought they had a "good enough Morgan until after election." He has lived long enough to see the force of the saying that "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." But his sun is now in the west, and the implements of his craft are gathered up ready for a departure from the quarries of earth; and we expect he soon will pass the gate where no Warden's challenge will demand by what right or pass he enters there; for the Grand Architect of Heaven and Earth is calling him up higher to a more glorious work, and will say unto him, "well done thou good and faithful servant."

E. C.

ANNIVERSARY.—The two anniversaries of Symbolical Masonry are the festivals of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, 24th of June and 27th of December.

THE HEATED SEASON.

The heated season is fully upon us. The long, busy days, with the atmosphere at blood heat in the shade, followed by short evenings, with Lodge-rooms illy ventilated, and more resembling ovens heated to the baking point, than resorts for human beings—under circumstances like these, who can wonder that many favor the closing up of Lodges entirely until the heated season shall be passed? Were we to look only to the comfort of craftsmen we should certainly favor the suspension of work until the longer and cooler evenings of autumn should again return, but Masonry means more than bodily ease or mere comfort of body. We look after the welfare of the entire brotherhood, and this as much in the heated, pestilential summer, as in the cooler and more healthful season of autumn or winter. And that reports may be had, it is quite necessary that the brethren should be convened, and that at stated times. And when the sick are to be visited and cared for, it is necessary to have the craftsmen together, that each may stand in his lot, and be appointed to his share of this truly noble work of relieving the distressed worthy members of the institution.

The heated season is what tries our members, and reveals to us who are Masons good and true, and who are drones, seeking a place with us to enhance their popularity, but attending at Lodge meetings only when it is quite convenient, and when the weather is pleasant and cool, and they can enjoy as much comfort there as in their parlors at home! The hot summer evenings are sure to find the seats of all our Masonic drones empty. But this cannot be said of our working members. They were not drawn to our institution by mercenary or selfish motives, and joining from principle, they are there for work, and at all seasons, through heat and cold alike.

But we commenced this article intending to say something in relation to the care of Lodge rooms during the heated season. We ought to do all in our power to render them a

healthful and comfortable as possible. To this end the windows and ventilators should be thrown open several hours before the time for commencing arrives, and as far as safety will admit, they should be kept open during the Lodge session. When it is necessary to remain long in the hall, the session should be divided by calling off once or twice, during which time all the members should endeavor to take fresh air. This is a duty, for it is a sacred duty to care well for our health—a duty we owe to our God, the generous giver, to our families, to our friends, and none the less to the members of the order, who stand pledged to care for us in seasons of sickness.

The Lodge room should also be well supplied with fresh water, kept cool with ice. This should be used with moderation, or as all know, it will produce injurious effects. We have been witness of bad results from the too free use of ice water in the Lodge room; and in one or two cases, know of its being banished on that account. But we are convinced that a moderate use of ice water is healthful, and Masonry teaches us to be temperate in all things.

During the heated season, the work of the craft should not be placed upon a few, but should be cheerfully shared by all. The members should remember that their faithful attendance will do much to cheer the W. M. and principal officers, all of whom are expected to be prompt in attendance, and to do their work well, whether the weather be hot or cold. Duty becomes a pleasure when we feel that our efforts at faithfulness are duly appreciated, and the very best evidence of that appreciation is attendance upon the meetings, and due attention and co-operation.

To close, then, we observe, that Masonic zeal should keep our Lodges open the year round, and bring the members out in respectable numbers. Of course the aged and feeble should always be excused, but in the vigor of manhood we should not shrink from duty because it is not always equally easy to perform it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for July begins the 14th volume of this sterling magazine. The new volume opens grandly, being replete with first-class family reading and fraternal intelligence. Among the contents are: Dick Moon, the Pedlar, a capital story; The conservatory at Washington, illustrated; Thoughts on Odd Fellowship; Scientific and Curious Facts; Useful Information: Humors of the Day; The Patriarchs' Greeting: Products of Pine Forests, illustrated; An Odd Fellow Abroad; Letter from England; The Darwin and Agassiz Theories of Man's Origin treated from a Christian standpoint; Choice poetry and miscellany; Tidings from the Fraternity everywhere; Laws of the Order; full accounts of the Anniversary Jubilee, &c., &c. \$2 50 a year, including a superb premium picture. Published by the A. O. F. Association, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July contains an ample store of refreshing literature, including a continuation of "*Beck at the Farm*," by NEIL FOREST; choice poems and music, splendid illustrations, fashions, household, etc., etc., and a four page engraving of the City of Vienna, the scene of the World's Exposition in 1872. Price, \$3 yearly. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 838 Broadway, New York.

YOUNG AMERICA for July is the most interesting periodical we know for juveniles. The Editor gives us an excellent full length portrait of himself in the present number. "Mice at Play," and "Just my Luck," are continued, more interesting than ever. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York. \$1.00 per year.

A JUBILEE NUMBER! *The Phrenological Journal*, ever in the lead, comes out for July in holiday and patriotic array. Many of the features are eminently attractive; witness the sketches and Portraits of Horace Greeley and Governor Brown; the Sketches and Portraits of all the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Grant; the National Songs and Music; besides the finely illustrated article on Salmon, and Its Culture; and other first class articles, too numerous to mention. This is one of our *very best* exchanges. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

LODGE BLANKS AND BOOKS.

We are now prepared to supply Lodges with Blanks and Lodge Records, Ledgers &c. Our Blanks and Books have been submitted to our Grand Master, and approved by him. Our brethren should not purchase blanks from other jurisdictions without they know them to be in the form recommended by our Grand Lodge.

THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL is up! again. Trains on time, new passenger cars of the finest style and finish, and steel rail track. This favorite Route has always stood foremost, and we are glad to see her occupy her usual place again. We are informed that her troubles during the past winter were caused by the poor quality of the rail purchased at the Chicago Rolling Mills.