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PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

BY J. M. S. M'COCKLE.

[Under this head we design to give from time to time abstracts of the proceedings of Grand Lodges in other jurisdictions, which we think will be acceptable to our readers, as they will thus be kept informed of the action of our Brethren in various parts of the United States, and our neighbors north of us.]

ILLINOIS, 1868.

This Grand Lodge held its 28th Annual meeting at Springfield, October 6th, Bro. James R. Gorin, the Grand Master presiding, Bro. Harmon G. Reynolds, Grand Secretary, with representatives from 490 Lodges attending.

Dispensations for the formation of 36 new Lodges were granted by the Grand Master during the past year, and one more by the Grand Lodge whilst in session.

By the adopting of a resolution to that effect the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia was recognized as a legitimate body.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence was prepared by the Chairman, Bro. Reynolds. It reviews in a concise manner the proceedings of 39 Grand Lodges, including those of Kentucky for 1867, and 5 Foreign Masonic bodies, the latter having been extracted from the report of the New York Grand Lodge.

In answer to a remark of ours that the Grand Lodge of Illinois continued in session only two days, Bro. Reynolds says:

In Illinois, the committees are all appointed for a long time beforehand, and each member is notified to appear for duty at a certain day—say four, three, two, or one—before the meeting of the Grand Lodge, or on the day the Grand Lodge meets, according to the apparent amount of work to be done. The Committees on Appeals and Grievances, Chartered Lodges, Lodges U. D., and Mileage and Per Diem, meet four days before hand, and in the absence of bustle and confusion, with the ready and intelligent assistance of the Grand Master, Grand Secretary, and his Deputy, proceed steadily and surely with their work. The Committee on Appeals resembles a regular trial court, and every case is thoroughly examined. The Committee on Lodges U. D. have an enormous work; but after settling principles and rules of proceedings, the work is parceled out, and every item of business, usage, or work is thoroughly overhauled, and when ready to report, the Chairman takes Lodge by Lodge, and makes up a terse,

clear, and pointed report and table of statistics. The work in Committee on Chartered Lodges is immense, but no point is neglected, and the entire mileage for every officer, committeeman, and Lodge is in readiness. So of all other committees. Everything that can be reported on is ready when the Grand Lodge meets. If all this work were to be carefully and safely done during the sittings of the Grand Lodge, it would take a session of four or five days. By the system now pursued, the revenue, which is less per member than in any other corresponding Grand Lodge, is sufficient to meet expenses, and mileage and per diem, and leave a surplus, while at least one-half of the aggregate time is saved to the persons attending upon the Grand Lodge.

We must acknowledge we are very much pleased with this manner of preparing the business of the Grand Lodge, and would recommend the same, or some other mode, to the careful consideration of our own Grand Lodge, in order to shorten the sessions of that body; and thereby materially reduce its expenses. In the item of *per diem* pay for the representatives, &c, the saving to us would be at least \$3000 annually. To accomplish this object some changes in the constitution would be necessary. The principal standing committees should be appointed the year before, and the time of the closing of the fiscal year should be changed, &c.

Bro. Harman G. Reynolds was elected Grand Master, and Bro. Orlin H. Miner, Grand Secretary.

IOWA, 1869.

The 26th Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge was held at Davenport, on the 1st day of June; the Grand Master, Bro. Reuben Mickel, presided, Bro. T. S. Parvin being Grand Secretary, and the representatives of 148 Lodges being in attendance.

The Grand Master reported that he had granted dispensations for the formation of 23 new Lodges, during the past year.

The proceedings appear to have been entirely local in character.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, prepared by Bro. W. E. Miller, reviews the proceedings of 37 Grand Lodges, among them those of Kentucky for 1868, but reported by mistake as 1869. The report is well written and the opinions of the writer enunciated in a courteous and Masonic manner.

Bro. John Scott, formerly a member of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, was elected Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

INDIANA, 1869.

The Annual meeting of this Grand Lodge was held at Indianapolis, on the 25th day of May, Bro. Martin H. Rice, the Grand Master, presiding, Bro. John M. Bramwell being Grand Secretary, and 394 Lodges represented.

Dispensations for the formation of 21 new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master during the year and two more were granted by the Grand Lodge.

The deaths of Bros. Andrew J. Holmes, Grand Junior Warden, and of Philip Mason, Past Grand Master, were announced, resolutions in respect thereto adopted, and memorial pages in the proceedings devoted to their memories. Proceedings entirely local.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were re-elected.

KANSAS, 1868.

The 13th Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge was held at Lawrence, on the 20th day of October. The Grand Master, Bro. M. S. Adams, presided; Bro. E. T. Carr being Grand Secretary, with 48 Lodges represented.

Dispensations for the formation of 9 new Lodges had been granted during the past year, and one by the Deputy Grand Master.

A resolution recognizing the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick was adopted; otherwise the proceedings were wholly local.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence, by their Chairman, Bro. Carr, reported on the proceedings of 35 Grand Lodges, Kentucky being included in the list of Grand Lodges whose proceedings had been received, but was omitted in the review, we presume through oversight.

Bro. J. H. Brown was elected Grand Master; the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

MARYLAND, November 1868.

This Grand Lodge held its Annual meeting at Baltimore, November 16th, 53 Lodges being represented. The Grand Master, Bro. John Coates, presided, Bro. Jacob H. Medairy being Grand Secretary.

By the Grand Master's address we learn the

Bro. Samuel Pickering, formerly a member of Mystic Circle Lodge, No. 90, had died, and by will bequeathed to the Grand Lodge \$25,000, upon condition that they caused to be kept in good order, his burial lot in Greenwood Cemetery.

Dispensations for 4 new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master, and another was ordered by the Grand Lodge.

By resolutions to that effect, the Grand Lodges of New Brunswick and West Virginia were recognized.

We perceive that the New Temple is rapidly approaching completion, a little less than \$330,000 having already been expended on it.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence by its chairman, Bro. W. J. Roth, made a report reviewing the proceedings of 41 Grand Lodges, not including Kentucky. He quotes largely from the various proceedings, and makes a very readable report of 138 printed pages.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were re-elected.

MARYLAND, May 1869.

The Semi-Annual meeting was held May 10; 53 Lodges represented. The Grand Master being sick, the Deputy Grand Master, Bro. Francis Burns, presided. The proceedings were entirely local.

MISSOURI, 1868.

The Grand Lodge met at St. Louis, October 12th, Bro. W. E. Drunzomb, Grand Master, Bro. Geo. Frank Gouley, Grand Secretary, with 146 Lodges represented.

Dispensations for 40 new Lodges were granted during the past year by the Grand Master, and 5 more by the Grand Lodge.

By appropriate resolutions the Grand Lodges of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were recognized.

Complaints since 1865 having been made that Lodges in Van Buren and Daviess Counties, Iowa, had been infringing on the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Missouri by making Masons of persons residing in the latter State; and that notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Grand Lodge of Missouri the practice still being indulged in, a resolution was adopted directing the Grand Secretary to address an official communication to the Grand Master of Iowa, calling his attention to the fact, and demanding that the evil complained of be corrected.

This is all right and highly proper; Lodges should be strictly confined to their local jurisdiction and not permitted to infringe that of their neighbors; and especially of neighboring Grand Lodges. Indeed Grand Lodges should take steps to prevent such practices, and if necessary to do so, should punish Lodges persisting in so doing.

We all remember the indignant remonstrance of Bro. Guilbert, then Grand Master of Iowa, against a similar act of a Lodge in Washington City in regard to a resident of that State, and therefore cannot doubt that the Grand Lodge of Iowa will promptly apply the remedy.

But whilst we approve the course adopted by the Grand Lodge of Missouri, as indicated in the resolution above noticed, we must condemn another resolution on this subject adopted at the same time, declaring Masons so made to be *clandestine*, and refusing to recognize them until formally healed. These persons, residents of Missouri and initiated in Iowa, in our opinion certainly are not clandestine, for they have received the degrees in lawfully constituted Lodges. Now, a clandestine Mason is one made in an irregular Lodge, one

that has no legal authority for its Masonic acts; and it can not be presumed because the Masonic jurisdiction of Missouri has been invaded, that the simple act of invasion causes the man thus initiated to be clandestine. He may be irregularly made, but still he is a Mason made in a lawfully constituted Lodge. It was certainly improper in the Iowa Lodges to initiate them, but they can not, in any sense of the term, be considered as clandestine.

Freemasons Hall in St. Louis was dedicated by the Grand Master; assisted by the members of the Grand Lodge, with imposing ceremonies, and on the same day the Grand Lodge was present at Bellefontaine Cemetery and assisted at unvailing the monument erected to the memory of Bro. A. O. Sullivan, late Grand Secretary, after which an eulogium on the life and character of the deceased was pronounced by R. W. Bro. T. E. Garrett.

We notice that this Grand Lodge raised her Grand Secretary's salary to \$2000 per annum, with an additional allowance of \$500 for the services of an assistant.

Bro. Gouley presented a brief report as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, reviewing the proceedings of 37 Grand Lodges, and among them Kentucky for 1867. He is mistaken though in saying that our Grand Lodge is about organizing a Masonic Widows and Orphan's Home. That charitable measure has been originated by a society of Masons, incorporated for that purpose, and the Grand Lodge only endorsed it, and recommended it to the patronage of the Lodges and the fraternity, and made a donation to encourage it.

Bro. John D. Vincil was elected Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

MASSACHUSETTS, 1868.

We have received an abstract of the proceedings of this Grand Lodge, from March 11, to December 29, inclusive consisting of the Quarterly and Annual meetings, at which Grand Master, Charles C. Dame presided; Bro. Solon Thornton, being Grand Secretary. At the latter meeting 134 Lodges were represented.

Dispensations for the establishment of four new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master during the past year.

The deaths of Bro. Thomas Power, Past Grand Junior Warden and Past Grand Secretary, and of Bro. Simon W. Robinson Past Grand Master were announced and appropriate resolutions adopted in commemoration of their virtues.

The proceedings were entirely local.

Bro. William S. Gardner, was elected Grand Master and the Grand Secretary re-elected.

We have also received a pamphlet copy of the Report of the Committee on the complaint of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, against the Grand Orient of France, adopted at a Quarterly meeting held June 9, 1869. It gives an historical account of the origin of the spurious Grand Council of Louisiana, and reviews the question at issue in a masterly manner. Gladly would we insert the whole of this luminous and interesting document, if our space permitted us to do so, but find we must be content with the following extracts.

The Freemasons of the United States will repel a dictation made in disregard of their Masonic right of self-government. Their Grand Lodges, the exclusive possessors of Symbolic Freemasonry in the several States, and responsible for its parity and prosperity, will protect their authority with dignity and energy. Their Masonic brethren made at home shall be of the selection of the Free-

masons themselves, and their intercourse with the Masonic authorities of other nations, shall be confined to those who, acting on the divine rule of doing to others as we would others shall do to us, will refrain from disturbing our internal organization and from fomenting political agitation in our calm asylums.

Your committee has only incidentally referred to the legal authorities of the Scotch Rite;—they have looked on this matter in its relations towards Symbolic Freemasonry of the United States. This has been intruded upon, and the Grand Orient offers open encouragement to those who disregard its landmarks, tendering its fellowship in their efforts to subvert Masonic self-government in the United States. Such a violation of anuity and Masonic obligation is grave. Every Masonic authority here will oppose a route on which the first step is to destroy the authority of our Grand Lodges, that next to ruin our harmony, and the last, like the Grand Orient, may be on the wreck of our own freedom. This Grand Lodge clings to ancient Masonry, and relying on the Supreme Architect of the Universe, will not fail to perform its duties of fraternity to those lawfully entitled thereto, and will sustain the Grand Lodge of Louisiana while she adheres to those principles of Symbolic Freemasonry which were first planted in America in the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, and have since spread their kindly influences through the continent.

The conclusions arrived at by the Committee, adopted by the Grand Lodge, are the following:

1. That the pretended Supreme Council of Louisiana for the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite is a spurious non-masonic body, and that no person claiming to have been made a Mason through its authority has any right to fraternal privileges of Freemasonry.

2. That the Grand Lodge of Louisiana has been wounded and injured in her just and lawful prerogatives and relations by the decree of the Grand Orient of France.

And the Committee further say:

They have forborne to recommend at this time the absolute discontinuance of intercourse with the Grand Orient because, perceiving that body to have been misled in some important particulars, they cherish the hope that she will magnanimously disclaim the hostility towards Blue Masonry in the United States which her attitude evinces, reconsider the step which has provoked the just umbrage of the Masonic powers of the United States.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAND CHAPTERS.

TEXAS.

Twentieth Convocation held at Houston, June 14th, 1869, M. E. J. D. Giddings—Grand High Priest, presiding.

The G. H. P. in his annual address announced that he had granted Dispensations for four new Chapters.

A novel case had been submitted for his decision upon which he remarked as follows:

I deem it proper to call your attention to a letter from the Secretary of Mount Horeb Chapter, No. 57, presenting a novel case, an exceptional one, for which I am not aware that any uniform rule of action has been heretofore adopted in our jurisdiction—that of a Comp. Who has become insane, and in arrears for dues, which had accrued during that condition submitting the question, should the unfortunate companion be suspended in conformity with the strict letter of the By-Laws, or what course should be pursued? Suspension for non-payment of dues is a punishment for the neglect of a known obligation. No judgment or sentence in a court of law, or in the forum of conscience, could be binding against a lunatic. He could be guilty of no wrong after the light of reason had been withdrawn, and does it not follow that the status of such should not be changed during such condition? He may be a husband and father. Again reason may be restored, and as his mind emerges from this abyss

of darkness and death, and the sweet and sacred memories of the past return, may he not long to greet his former companions? should any action be taken that would bar the exercise of charity against him, or his kindred?

He announced ninety chartered Chapters, and four Chapters under dispensation in operation, and then remarks:

It will be seen that our numbers are large, but the strength and durability of our temple depends far less upon members, than upon the character and polish of its materials. The overseer having charge of the work, should be ever vigilant, and none should be permitted to pass of unknown, or doubtful character. The great and by far too popular vices of drunkenness, profane swearing and gaming, are still practiced in violation of the repeated edicts of this Grand Body, and all the sacred lessons so forcibly and impressively taught from the thresholds of Masonry to the Royal Arch. Companions, these things should not be so. Let us admonish and entreat such in kindness and brotherly love, and restore the erring, and reclaim the wayward if possible—if not cut them off, and cast them out and cleanse the temple. Let discipline be promptly and firmly administered without malice, and in the spirit of charity. May the fear of God be deeply engraven upon every heart, and Holiness to the Lord be inscribed upon all our actions. Then indeed shall the glory of this latter house be greater than the former, and an abundant entrance shall be administered unto us into that Temple not made with hands eternal in the Heavens.

A committee was appointed for devising a plan for disseminating the work, M. E. W. G. Veal was elected Grand High Priest; R. Brewster, Grand Secretary, and B. A. Botts, Grand Treasurer.

MAINE.

Convened in Portland, May 4th, 1869, M. E. G. H. P. James M. Larrabee in the Oriental Chair.

The Grand High Priest in speaking of the ceremonies attending the constitution of a Chapter—which were witnessed by a goodly number of fair ladies, says:

The social gathering in the evening, enlivened by the presence of the wives and daughters of the Companions, was one of the most pleasant features of the occasion. We need oftener to lay aside the trowel and gavel, the pick-ax and spade, and in holiday attire, with our friends of the gentler sex, march around the outer courts and view the artistic and beautiful proportions of the noble edifice of friendship and brotherly love, which we in our hours of labor are endeavoring to erect on the eternal foundation of truth,—and to bind together with the indissoluble bonds of affection. We need more of this æsthetic element amid the sterner duties of the Craft.

The Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence through Comp. Josiah H. Drummond, made a report containing the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the candidates, who are actual Past Masters, must nevertheless take the Past Master's degree in the Chapter.

Resolved, That the use of "substitutes" in conferring the Royal Arch Degree is strictly prohibited: and if any violation of this regulation shall come to the knowledge of the Grand High Priest, it shall be his duty to discipline the offending Chapter.

The report on Foreign Correspondence prepared by Companion Josiah Drummond is an able digest of Grand Chapter proceedings. With regard to Kentucky he says:

"It was decided that members of a Chapter, must be regarded as members thereof until they are properly dimitted, suspended or expelled? Exactly; but by the issue of Charter to them, and the constitution of a Chapter under it, they are properly dimitted? We therefore dissent from the decision of the particular case, in which the contrary was held."

Jos. Pearson Gill, of Lewiston, was elected Grand High Priest; Ira Berry, of Portland, Grand

Secretary; and Alfred M. Burton of Portland, Grand Treasurer.

GEORGIA.

Held in Augusta, April 29th, 1868. The Grand High Priest delivered the following opinion: "A Master Mason, mutilated since being made a Mason, so as to prevent his being taught, and teaching all the mysteries of the Art, is not competent to take the Degrees."

The Grand Master says: "I would thank Companion Pillans, of the Alabama Committee, whose kindly complimentary notice of the passage I gratefully acknowledge, to read for 'resuscitated,' as printed, 'resurrected,' as it was written."

Bro. Pillans probably made this substitution in kindness to the Grand High Priest—there being no such word as "resurrected" in the English language. We are not disposed to be hyper-critical but when Orthography is insisted upon in this style, we feel that the error ought to be arrested that others may not become victims to it.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence approves Companion Brenham's objection to High Priest's wearing the Roman Catholic, instead of the Jewish mitres, in the following language:

The degrees of Freemasonry are all dramatic in their character, and should therefore be conducted with that accuracy and precision, with which Shakespeare's finest productions would be produced upon the stage. Now, what would be the effect on an intelligent and appreciative audience, to see Julius Cæsar make his appearance in the costume of a Japanese Kubo, and Calphurnia with her occiput surmounted by a ponderous waterfall? Freemasonry, in all things, should be consistent.

The proceedings of this year have not been received.

IOWA.

Convened at Des Moines, October 16th, 1868. J. W. Satterthwaite, Grand King, presiding as Grand High Priest.

The Address of G. H. P., H. H. Hemenway, was presented by the Secretary.

Seven dispensations for new Chapters had been issued during the year.

Companion Pitkin C. Wright, of Dewitt, was elected G. H. P. and W. B. Langridge, of Muscatine, Grand Secretary. The Committee on Jurisprudence made the following report:

In relation to the power, duties and prerogatives of the Deputy Grand High Priest, in the absence of the Grand High Priest, your committee are firmly of the opinion that all the powers possessed by the Grand High Priest must of necessity, in case of his absence, fall upon the deputy, for this among other reasons: The Priesthood was alone confined to the tribe of Levi, and no one not of that tribe was permitted to aspire to or assume the duties and responsibilities of the High Priesthood under any pretense whatever. Not even the king, under the Mosaic law, although clothed with absolute power over his subjects, was allowed to meddle with the duties of the Priesthood, or even to touch the vestments thereof, without incurring the displeasure of the Almighty. Even the ark of the covenant was not allowed to be borne or touched by any except by those of the tribe of Levi, and Uzzah, for his temerity in putting forth his hand to steady the ark, was struck dead, and Korah, Dathan and Abiram, for their presumption in assuming the prerogatives of the priestly office, met with a similar fate. With these views, your committee believe that the Deputy Grand High Priest, being an appointment from the Grand Council for a specific object, and not the King, should preside in the absence of Grand High Priest.

No report on Foreign Correspondence.

MISSISSIPPI.

Assembled at Jackson, January 14th, 1869, G. H. P. Joseph O. Lusher presiding.

The G. H. P., in his address gave the following timely admonition.

I exceedingly regret that I feel myself compelled to call the attention of the Grand Chapter to the system of electioneering, wire-working and log-rolling that has been practiced by members of the Grand Chapter to elect their particular friends to office. The principal officers I see no impropriety in changing, as the honors should not be held by one, but the offices of Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer should be changed as seldom as possible, as long as the incumbents faithfully perform their duties. It takes several years for a Companion to become fully conversant with the duties of his office, and I deem it fatal to the interest of the Grand Chapter to make changes except for good and sufficient cause. This has been and is still the practice of other Grand Chapters, and our own interest demands a similar course of action.

We find the following in the report of the Committee on Masonic Law:

WHEREAS, Universal religious tolerance is a fundamental principle of our Order, therefore,
Resolved, That the right of every Companion to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience must remain unimpaired.

Resolved, That the insult offered to Companion McLeod, a Christian minister, who, at the request of the High Priest of Vicksburg Chapter, No. 3, closed the Chapter with prayer and preferred his requests to the Deity in the name of "Jesus Christ, our Savior," is deserving of severe censure, and the Companion offering this indignity should have been suspended from the Chapter on the charge of gross unmasonic conduct, which was preferred against him by its Secretary.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence presents some incongruities in our Constitution and By-Laws, which the Grand Chapter would do well to scrutinize, and so adjust the matter as shall relieve us from criticism. The Committee says:

One of the By-Laws of the Grand Chapter requires "the Representatives from twenty Subordinates to be present to form a quorum for the transaction of business; and this Grand Chapter shall not be dissolved, while there are three Subordinate Chapters willing to continue its organization."

We can't exactly understand how three Subordinate Chapters could hold a Grand Chapter together, when the By-Laws require the representatives of twenty Subordinates to be present to form a quorum for the transaction of business. One of the Constitutional Rules (5) of your Grand Chapter, says: "No Grand Chapter shall be opened or held unless there shall be present a representation from a majority of all the Subordinate Chapters, either by officers or by proxies." Section 2, of Article 3, of your Grand Chapter says: "Representatives shall not take their seats until they have received the Grand Secretary's receipt in full, for the payment of all dues and demands owing to the Grand Chapter; and this rule shall apply equally to High Priest, King, or Scribe, representing Chapters: *Provided*, That a quorum can in this manner be obtained; if not, the rule may be temporarily relaxed; but in such event, the seats of representatives not complying with the rule aforesaid, shall be vacated as soon as the Grand Chapter can be formed without them."

It seems to your Committee, that the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Chapter is very pliable. It can expand and contract to suit the emergency. It requires that no Grand Chapter shall be opened or held unless there be present a representation from a majority of all the Subordinates. "In Sec. 3, Art. 1, of the By-laws, it requires the representatives from twenty Subordinates to be present to form a quorum for the transaction of business, and this Grand Chapter shall not be dissolved while there are three Subordinate Chapters willing to continue its organization." As before remarked, your Committee cannot arrive at any definite conclusion, whether a majority of the Subordinates, or whether the number of the twenty Subordinates, or only three, to hold together the Grand Chapter of Kentucky.

A silver wedding—Marrying an old maid o sixty.

MASONIC DISCUSSION.

REPLY TO DR. WALSH, NO. V.

In this Article—of July—our esteemed brother begins to post up some of the results of our discussion, and says: "Brother Williams has failed to show that Masonic titles are in harmony with the Word of God." But how does this question really stand? In his first paper, the Doctor distinctly affirmed that to address a Masonic Officer as *Worshipful Master*, is a violation of the letter and spirit of the Gospel.

And now, after thus affirming against Masonry what he could not prove, he suddenly abandons his position as affirmant, changes the language of the proposition, and assuming negative grounds, declares, that I have failed to prove that Masonic titles are in harmony with the Gospel!

Continuing thus to post up, the Doctor further says, that I have utterly failed to reconcile the statement,—that our symbols are dark and meaningless till the light of Revelation shines upon them,—with the fact, that they must ever be dark to those who exclude that Revelation. He unintentionally creates the impression that I have made some attempt to reconcile my statement with his "fact;" but the truth is I have not made such an attempt. I was unable as indeed I now am, to see anything to harmonize. Of course, if there be any Masons, whether Turks or Comanches, that exclude the light of Revelation, or from whose minds that light has been shut off by any cause, our symbols must be dark to them, even as they are dark to many who profess to have the light. But what then? Does the Doctor object to Masonry because some are so situated that they can not appreciate the illustrative honor of its symbols? Does he denounce it as immoral because the full significance of its forms is to be seen only in the light of revealed truth? Does he object to our illustrating and impressing truth by means of symbols, because others may not have the Bible?

The lamb-skin apron, for instance, can not be properly understood without the aid of the Great Light—the revealed will of God. Is it immoral in us to moralize on the lamb-skin, because others may not have the Bible? There are Masons, technically so called, that do not understand the symbols which they see everywhere around them; just as there are Christians, so-called, that do not understand the Word which they have in their hands and profess to revere. Those need the light of the Word to shine upon their symbols; those need the illustrative power of symbols to help their understanding of the Word.

I must remind Brother Walsh that Masons can not be restricted in their symbolism to the few tools and implements of the operative Mason. "The true Mason" says Rev. Dr. Oliver, who was one of the best and most learned of Masons, "wherever he may be, finds himself surrounded by objects which forcibly draw his attention to the science into which he has been initiated. If he survey the heavens,—the sun in his apparent motion, majestically rolling through the expanse, the moon and planets performing their accustomed courses with order and regularity,—the golden stars thickly studding the blue vault—all are included in his system of Freemasonry—all is replete with the divine principles of the Order. There is not a mountain or valley, a tree, a shrub, or a blade of grass—there is not a magnificent structure of polished marble, or a stone rejected from the quarry—there is not an object animate or inanimate in universal nature but it is instinct with the genius of Freemasonry; and the learned brother may find an instructive Masonic lecture in the wing of a moth as well as in the motions of the lights of heaven."

"Besides God's revelation in words" says Richard French who was no Mason, but one of the most thoughtful and spiritual of English Divines, "he has another and an elder revelation, and one indeed without which it is inconceivable how that other could be made; for from this older revelation it appropriates all its signs of communication. This entire moral and visible world from first to last, with its Kings and subjects, its parents and children, its sun and its moon, its sowing and its harvest, its light and its darkness, its birth and its death,—is from beginning to end a mighty parable, a great teaching of supersensuous truth,—a help at once to our faith and to our understanding."

Thus the wise among Masons and Christians meet in the full appreciation of the great fact, that notwithstanding we have the word—Revelation, the elements of moral and spiritual thought are learned from the sensuous and concrete. On this simple axiom of philosophy, Masonry as a mode of doctrine is founded. Hence it is strange that so thoughtful a man as Brother Walsh could have fallen into the error, of supposing that Masonry is limited to the use of a few working-tools!

If the Doctor will not allow Masons to define Masonry, but must force his own narrow definition of it, I do not see how we can give any dignity or importance to this discussion. If there is no Freemasonry beyond the tools and implements of the operative Mason, then let us discuss these tools at once, and be done. I have no desire to waste time in defending what is not an essential feature of Masonry. I am willing to accept—but only for arguments sake,—the Doctor's notion of Freemasonry and confine the discussion if he likes, to the form, size, material, and proper use of the tools of a Mason, I must quote his words:

"I repeat it with all emphasis, there is no Freemasonry outside of the tools or implements of operative Masons, which speculative Masons have seized on to construct a system of morals by obedience to which, they might gain what they call the *Grand Lodge above*. All, therefore, that Pres. Williams says about other symbols, which do not properly belong to the Masonic category, amounts to nothing."

Now, with much respect for my anti-Masonic brother, I must say that he would have saved himself many words, if, in the beginning, he had thus limited his conception of Masonry, and spared his attacks on the Jewish ritual, the pantomime, the oaths, and gibberish, none of which things is any part of Freemasonry.

But, seriously, I can not concede to Bro. Walsh the right to define Freemasonry for me, and then to hold me to the defence of his narrow conception of it. This would be a method of proceeding that I presume has never been adopted before. After arguing for some months that Masonry is a Judaizing Institution, because its symbolic rites and ceremonies are Jewish, and are observed by Masons as though they were still in force—arguing, too, that Masons have Jewish veils, breast-plates and sacerdotal robes, as symbols to illustrate,—after thus opposing Masonry on the ground of its abounding in Jewish symbols, he now seeks to escape refutation, by suddenly narrowing Masonic symbolism down to a few *Tools*, and declaring that all I have said about other symbols amounts to nothing!

Now if these Jewish symbols all lie outside of Freemasonry, as he says they do, his argument to fix Judaism upon the Institution on account of them amounts to nothing; if they do belong to Masonry, as he has also said they do, then his attempt to confine our science to the working Tools, amounts to nothing.

But again: if hammers, saws, crow-bars, and such mechanical tools of the stone-mason, are our only symbols, how can the Doctor say, as he has said, that the Bible is not authoritatively taught in the Lodge, but is there merely as a Masonic symbol? Is it, too, to be considered as a mechanical tool?

Some of our symbols, he admits, are authorized by Inspiration: Now will my brother inform us which of the working-tools have the sanction of the Holy Spirit, and which are still profane?

"What is Masonry? It is a beautiful system of Morality veiled in Allegory and illustrated by Symbols."

Why does the Doctor reject this definition of Masonry, which all Masons give, and degrade the Institution with one of his own inventions, which every intelligent Mason must repudiate?

If the Doctor thinks that we have forsaken the ancient land-marks of Masonry, and introduced new and objectionable symbols unknown to our Ancient Brethren, let him rather exhort us to a restoration of the Ancient order of things,—let him point out the innovations, and labor to reform rather than to destroy. In the meantime, I will defend against his logic the lawfulness of giving a stone hammer to the neophyte, and of teaching him how to moralize upon it. I am willing to place a trowel of mortar into the hands of every fiery captious Masonic citizen or Christian in the land, and to teach him how to spread the cement of brotherly love through the Lodge, the State,

and the Church. I am willing in a word, to defend the morality of the moralizing on the working-tools of the operative Mason.

Bro. Walsh admits virtually that some of the symbols of Masonry are *natural*, though he says, that for the most part they are arbitrary, which might be admitted; he has already said, too, that some of them are authorized by Inspiration; he further admits that the natural symbols may illustrate Divine things or moral ideas. Now as he has made these important concessions to symbolic Masonry, and has restricted its symbolism to the Tools, I see how we may soon come to stand on common ground, and thus close the discussion. Let Bro. Walsh name those tools which are natural, illustrative, and authorized, by inspiration, and I will accept them as he will do also; as for the remainder of the tools, I agree to abandon them, if I cannot persuade Bro. Walsh also to work with them. Thus we have narrowed the ground of controversy: No Freemasonry outside of the tools; these are our only symbols; some of these at least, a Christian may lawfully work with; and as for the rest, I agree to put them into Bro. Walsh's hand, and teach him how to use them!

Bro. Walsh calls my attention to the fact that I have not yet shown how symbols explain the Bible, when they are dark and meaningless till the Bible shines upon them.

The Doctor, in his younger days, may have pondered long and in vain over some statement in Chemistry, or some theorem in Geometry,—these are both Masonic sciences. He may, on the other hand, have looked with a curious but perplexed eye, on some part of the Professor's chemical apparatus, or on some complex, geometrical diagram drawn on the black-board; these things may have been to him as dark and meaningless as the Freemason's emblems. But when he brought the theorem into the light of the diagram, and the diagram into the light of the theorem, he had a demonstration; the figure illustrated the text, and the text lighted up the figure. When he brought the dark chemical formula, or recondite statement into the light of a sensible experiment, the principle was illustrated, and the apparatus was understood.

Thus, moral ideas, when given in artificial, or abstract language often need to be illustrated by means of sensible things. Such things are properly symbols. God has used them, and has taught us how to use them also; and he has made the world full of them. A Mason makes them all subservient to his moral culture;—and others should go and do likewise.

In the April number of the *Banner*, the Doctor asked: "Does Brother Williams teach morals by means of * * * * a block of stone?" Yes; I teach not only moral but religious ideas by "blocks of stone." So do Paul and Peter. Does not Bro. Walsh? If he does not, then I must say to him: Go and learn what this means: "You as living stones are built up a spiritual house;" and this, "Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, chosen and precious;" and this: "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid."

Brother Walsh, objecting to certain Masonic terms, says that "a pure speech is a part of Christianity, but if Christians are to adopt the Masonic vocabulary in speaking of God, morals, and religion, they will soon be found uttering the blasphemous gibberish of Ashdod." But Christians need not cease to speak what the Doctor calls a *pure speech* because they learn the meaning of certain technical terms in Freemasonry. Does a man cease to speak English when he learns Greek? And how can a Mason contract the dialect of Ashdod, when, according to my brother's statement, he is studying and teaching Judaism and reproducing the things under the law?

But at last what does Bro. Walsh mean by *pure speech*? Coarse and profane words defile a man; and chaste conversation and conduct is certainly a part of Christianity, both primitive and modern. But excluding the moral sense of the words, what is a *pure speech*? In speaking of God, Morals and Religion, must we, as a part of Christianity, use only the words of the Bible? If so, what translation shall we use? or must we confine ourselves to the sacred Hebrew and Greek? I, too, am for a pure speech, and a free speech, when talking of God, and Morals and Religion; but I fear that Bro. Walsh and I do not understand the matter alike.

I would certainly pity a man who could not,

or would not express a moral or religious idea, unless in words furnished by King James' translators, or any one else. If all other phraseology but that, is gibberish and Philistine, when speaking of God and morals, what must we do with the language of Paley, and Wayland, and Hickok and Alexander and Hopkins, and a host of other pious and instructive writers on Ethics? Is their masterly style gibberish? Much, I know, has been said about a pure speech; but I fear there are some who do actually believe it to be a kind of profanity to express any Bible ideas unless in Bible words! Will Bro. Walsh, if he thinks it relevant to the questions which we are discussing, please to explain?

"Christians" says Bro. Walsh "should not now learn truth from dramatized lessons." He admits that the Apostles employed the Jewish form and ceremony to express their ideas; but they did not, he says, reproduce them in actual play—and therefore Christians have no right to reproduce them. The Spirit has not sanctioned pantomime, tableaux vivants, and dramas, as means of illustrating and impressing moral ideas; and, therefore, these things are wrong. Such I understand to be Bro. Walsh's argument against the Masonic drama and Pantomime.

Nothing is so fatal to the development of a healthful Christian conscience, and of free, spiritual life as what we may call the legalistic method of interpreting the Divine will. To condemn as sinful every thing not specifically allowed, and to approve as right every thing not specifically condemned is the very spirit of legalism. A thousand things I may or must do, for which I can find no express enactment in the Scriptures; and a thousand things I must not do, which I no where find expressly forbidden. Specific law can not exhaust the right. Most sadly in error is that Christian who expects to find a *Thus Saith the Lord* for every duty. I may not require of another as a condition of fraternization anything but what is specifically enjoined; but to limit my own duties by so narrow and formal a rule, is ethically absurd. I must try to act in accordance with the great principles that underlie all law; and in the application of those principles to my daily walk, I am free. Any restriction of my liberty in this matter, would be intolerance; and resistance on my part, would be loyalty to Christ.

I care not, then, if the Holy Spirit, as Doctor Walsh says, has not sanctioned the dramatic or symbolic mode of instruction, by special enactment; if that mode is not at variance with the great principles of Christian love and purity, I may adopt it. True, if express commandment forbids it, I may not disregard the commandment.

Bro. Walsh's criticism on the fitness of the Mason's Apron to represent purity, is amusing but note-worthy. He thinks Masons sometimes wear the sign without possessing the thing signified which is too true. But he should have learned long ago that Masons do not wear the Apron pharisaically as a boastful profession of their personal holiness, but as an admonition to strive continually after purity in all things. Do all the baptized enjoy the blessings symbolized or secured by that ordinance?

But the Apron reminds us of many other things of which Brother Walsh has not the least suspicion. Shall I disclose to him its beautiful lessons? I am at liberty to tell him all that it teaches; and I hope some day to furnish him for publication a series of Articles in exposition of Masonry, that even Brother Walsh will prefer to any thing that Morgan has ever written.

But since Brother W. has attacked the Masonic Apron with the knowledge he already has, he must continue to war upon it without further light from me. But I must, in conclusion, notice our critic's strictures on our symbology. "The Lamb-skin," says he, "is the proper symbol of hypocrisy and pretence: for we read in Matt. vii. 15, that we must beware of those who come to us in sheeps-clothing, but inwardly are ravenous wolves." I might here raise the question for Brother Walsh's consideration, whether the skins with which God clothed man and woman in the beginning were lambs' skins, or not? If they were, did He design to teach thereby that they were hypocrites?

But I must beg leave to assure Brother Walsh that the lamb's-skin is not the natural or Scriptural symbol of hypocrisy, unless the ravenous wolf is within it. The wolf is an essential part of

the emblem. Is the Lion's skin the Æsopian emblem of arrogant pretence? Not unless the Ass bray beneath it. The Lion's skin is the symbol of royal courage, and the Lamb's skin of meekness and innocence. Let not our critic, then, in his effort to improve the symbology of Masonry, forget the Wolf of Scriptures and the Ass of Æsop!

I must say further that I shall continue to follow Brother Walsh in his chase after the Masonic harlot, as he calls our Institution, "who," he says "is so very moveable in her ways." But while this lively sport is going on, I beg that he will not lose sight of the four issues already raised, nor of the argument submitted last month on the question; Is Masonry, by reason of certain so-called oaths, an Immoral Institution?—Jno. AUG. WILLIAMS.

DIVULGING THE MASON'S WORD.

Curiosity and timidity are two important traits in the character of Ralph Sloogey. The former quality some years ago made him desirous of learning the secrets of the masonic fraternity; but as he had heard that hot gridirons and pugnacious goats with sharp horns are made use of during the ceremony of initiation, to satisfy himself on this point he endeavored to "pump" an intimate personal friend, Jacob Sleeton, whom he knew to be a Mason.

For a long time Ralph tried to worm out something concerning the fraternity. On every possible opportunity he would renew the attempt, until at last Jacob became offended with Ralph's persistency, and determined to punish him. Early one morning, as Ralph and Jacob were hurrying to their respective places of business, the former renewed his inquiries.

"I'd give fifty dollars if I knew the signs and password. If you tell me about the password and grip, I'll promise never to ask you another word about Masonry. Come now, Jacob, you've known me since I was a boy, and you ought to be aware that if I am a little curious, I never blab. Will you tell me? Surely you don't doubt your old school-fellow? Out with the password, and I promise you that I'll be mum as a mouse."

When Ralph had completed his request, which was spoken in a loud tone, Jacob turned his head, thinking that the words might have been overheard by a gentleman who happened to be walking behind them.

This gentleman proved to be a Mr. Hinslow, who, a few weeks before, had been dismissed from his position as keeper in the Bellevue Hospital, charged with stealing spoons. The charges against Mr. Hinslow had not yet been formally proved; but a committee of the Common Council were to inquire into the facts of the case at an early day, and Jacob had been appointed a member of that committee.

The last question propounded by Ralph angered Jacob, and as he returned his eyes and beheld the man who had the stolen spoons, instantly an idea entered his mind. He conceived an admirable plan for punishing Ralph, and resolved to immediately put it in execution.

"If I tell you the password," said Jacob, purposely slackening his pace to allow Mr. Hinslow to pass before them, "if I tell you the Masonic password, you promise never to divulge it even to a brother."

"Never!" exclaimed Ralph exultingly, thinking that at last his curiosity was to be satisfied.

"Upon your soul you swear it?"

"Upon my soul I swear it!" responded Ralph.

By this time Mr. Hinslow had passed on before them, leaving Ralph and Jacob about three yards behind.

"You'll never utter it in the hearing of man, woman, or beast?" asked Jacob.

"I solemnly swear."

"I think I can trust you. Well, Ralph, I am about to make known to you one of the great secrets of Masonry! When you wish to form the acquaintance of a Mason, all you have to do is to whisper in his ear the mysterious password. That password is—SPOONS!"

"Spoons!" O that be—!" ejaculated Ralph.

"I tell you truly; the Masonic password is spoons."

"Spoons! Ha! ha! ha!" and Ralph made a feeble attempt to laugh. "Spoons!—that's a strange password! You must think that I am a confounded fool."

"I am in earnest, Ralph. When Masons get into difficulty, and need assistance, they roar out the word 'spoons' three times. Were you to say 'spoons' three times, even here in the public street, and a Mason should hear you, he would immediately rush to your assistance, thinking that you needed it."

Ralph did not believe him; and to show that he could not be so easily gulled, he roared out at the top of his voice, "Spoons! spoons! spoons!" Ere the second syllable had passed his mouth, Mr. Hinslow turned round and faced Ralph.

"You said 'Spoons,' did you? Take that, and that!" As he spoke, Hinslow struck Ralph between the eyes, and then under the ear, the second blow lifting the inquisitive man off his feet, so that he staggered and fell to the pavement completely stunned.

"I'll give you spoons!" roared the excited Hinslow, as he advanced and repeatedly kicked the prostrate man. As Ralph made no effort to rise, the enraged Hinslow soon tired of kicking him, and slowly passed on, occasionally looking behind to see if Ralph were following to obtain satisfaction.

Ralph did not require satisfaction, thinking he might get too much of it; so he prudently postponed returning to consciousness until his enemy had disappeared.

As he rose to his feet, he said to Jacob in a subdued tone, "Why did that man strike me?"

"Because you uttered the Masonic password, but could not respond to the countersign. He is a Mason; and, as he was solemnly bound to do, immediately answered the password my making the countersign with his hand. You were unable to answer his countersign, and for that reason he knew you to be a clandestine Mason,—a man who has learned the secrets in an improper way. Therefore it was his duty to chastise you. Your life may yet be forfeited for that indiscretion."

"My life! By all that is good, I thought you were only humbugging me when you said that 'spoons, was the password.'"

"Sh-h-h! Beware!" said Jacob, putting his hand on Ralph's mouth. "Never utter that word again. Masons are ubiquitous, and you might lose your life. As it is, you are in danger; for all the Lodges in the city will be immediately convoked to adopt measures that may discover the man who has betrayed them. My life, as well as yours, is in jeopardy. Promise me that you will never again utter that password."

"And so 'Spoons' is the password!" Ralph was at last convinced that his old friend had been telling truth. "Well, may I be broiled on a Mason gridiron, and turned with a red-hot trowel, if ever I halloo 'spoons' again!"

Ralph has most religiously kept his word. Should he need a spoon while at table, he now asks his wife for a "sugar-shovel," fearing that if he mentioned the proper name of the required article, some pugnacious member of the mystic brotherhood might respond to the Masonic password.—Exchange.

PLOD AND PLUCK.—Henry Ward Beecher spoke the other day at the commencement exercises of a business college in New York. We quote a passage on plod and pluck:

"I do not believe a business man who says that he has asked for employment and cannot get it. I know many out of employment, but they are drones; they are not business men of the world. A business man may lack a good many things, but he will get on if he has pluck. There is no business man who has not got pluck, and it is the business of Mr. Packard to teach you all pluck in life as the first incentive to business; and I hope that he teaches you another word, which is the greatest business word in the world—I name it in its homeliness, and it is an old Saxon word—it is called *plod*. 'Oh,' says somebody, 'he is only a plodder.' Only a plodder! Ah! there never was a man—the most brilliant genius in the world, who did not owe much to this process of being a plodder. It is very well for genius to consecrate the light of the path of life, but it must be pluck and plod that carries a man over the paths of life. I would have these words inscribed over the walls: The pluck of life; the plod of life."

A crystal wedding—Marrying a "glass eye."

Miscellany.

A SONG OF LABOR.

Whom shall we call our heroes?
To whom our praises sing?
The pampered child of fortune,
The titled lord or king?
They live by others' labor,
Take all and nothing give;
The noblest types of manhood
Are they who work to live.

Chorus—Then honor to our workmen,
Our hardy sons of toil;
The heroes of the workshop,
And monarchs of the soil!

For many barren ages
Earth hid her treasures deep;
And all her giant forces
Seemed bound as in a sleep.
Then Labor's "Anvil Chorus"
Broke on the startled air,
And lo! the earth in rapture
Laid all her riches bare!

'Tis toil that over nature
Gives man his proud control,
And purifies and hallows
The temple of his soul.
It startles foul diseases,
With all their ghastly train;
Puts iron in the muscle,
And crystal in the brain!

The Grand Almighty builder,
Who fashioned out the Earth,
Has stamped his seal of honor
On Labor from her birth.
In every angel-flower
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches,
—THE HANDIWORK OF GOD!

THE BABIES IN THE CLOUD.

A TRUE AMERICAN STORY.

One pleasant afternoon during the appearance of the comet, ten years ago, an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town in one of the Western States. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon, that, secured by the anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swinging lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could hitch it to the fence. But, before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively, ten, eight, and three, begged him to lift them into the big basket, that they might "sit on those pretty red cushions." While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questions from a neighboring farmer, this rash farmer lifted his darlings, one by one into the car. Chubby Johnny proved the 'ounce too much' for the aerial camel, and then unluckily, not the baby but the eldest hope of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirit rose at once and he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a bound mounted into the air. Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence, but it tore it away and was off dangling uselessly after the run-away balloon. Which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces, peering over the edge of the car, grew indistinct and those pitiful cries of "Papa! Mama!" grew fainter and fainter up in the air.

When the distance and twilight mists had swallowed up faces and voices, and nothing could be seen but that dark cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor father sank helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms toward the inexorable heavens, and called wildly up into the un-answering void.

The aeronaut, strove to console the wretched parents with the assurance that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of town, and that all might be well with the children provided it did not come down in water or deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended; he thought that the elder child might step out and leave the younger in the balloon. Then it might again rise and continue its voyage.

"Oh, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnny in her arms."

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and cried loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Amazed at the strange apparition, they might have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, some little cherubic venture of their own, as heading toward the rosy cloud-lands and purple islands of sun-set splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the West and faded away.

Some company they had, poor little sky-waifs! Something comforted them, and allayed their wild terrors, something whispered them that below the night and clouds was home; that above was God; that wherever they might drift or clash, living or dead, that they would still be in His domain and under His care—that though borne away among the stars, they would not be lost for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all died away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnny was apprehensive that it might come too near the airy craft, and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when sister assured him that the fiery dragon was more than twenty miles away, and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquil, but soon afterward said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself—I'm so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron and wrapped it about the child saying tenderly:

"This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she will hug you close in her arms; and we will say our prayers and you shall go to sleep;"

"Why how can I say my prayers before I have had my supper?" Asked little Johnny.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you or herself, but we must pray all the harder;" solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by the darkness, immensity and silence, by the presence of the great comet and the million of unpying stars, lifted their clasped hands and sobbed out their sorrowful "Our Father," and then their quaint little supplementary prayer.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"There God heard that easy; for we are close up here to him," said innocent little Johnny.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace—for soon the younger sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home, while the elder watched quietly through the long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in contact with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet—or perhaps being cast away on some desolate star-island, or more dreary still, floating on night and day until they should both die of hunger and cold. Poor babies in the clouds.

At length, a happy chance or Providence—we will say Providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve, something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands, or as though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild currents of air, not letting it drop into lake or river, leafy wood or impenetrable swamp, where this strange un-childlike experience might have closed by a death

of unspeakable horror; but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where human care and pity awaited.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer—"rising toward them," she said. But the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the top of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house from which help might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and together they waited and watched for deliverance, hugging each other for warmth; for they were very cold.

Farmer Buxton, who lived in a lonely house on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular morning, he was awake before dawn, and though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So at last he said to his good wife whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his unaccountable insomnolence, "It's no use, I'll just get up and dress and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard of her wakeful spouse, was a frightened summons to the outer door. It seems that no sooner did he step forth from the house, than his eyes fell on a strange, portentous shape hanging on a pear tree, about twenty yards distant. He could see it in no likeness to anything earthly, and he half fancied it might be the comet, who, having put out his light had come down there to perch. In this fright and perplexity he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity, he called on his valiant wife. Reinforced by her he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitering. "Surely a pear tree never bore such fruit!"

Suddenly there descended from the thing, a plaintive trembling little voice. "Please take us down, we are very cold!"

Then a second little voice. "And hungry too. Please take us down."

"Why who are you and where are you?" The first little voice; "we are Mr. Howard's little boy and girl, and are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice; "it's us and we've run away with a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation the farmer getting hold of the dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

He first lifted out little Johnny, who ran rapidly a few yards towards the house, then turned round and stood for a few moments curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so much chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where trembling and sobbing she told her wonderful story.

Before sun rise a mounted messenger was dispatched to the Harwood house, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived, in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay wagon and four.

Joy bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

A child, on being shown the picture of Daniel in the lion's den was affected to tears. "Don't grieve, Pet," said the mother, "he was not devoured." "I'm not crying for that," was the reply, "but do you see that little lion in the corner, mamma? Well, I'm afraid he won't get any, for Daniel is so small he won't go around."

We would invite the attention of the members of the Grand Lodge to the following extract from the proceedings of last year.

"P. G. M. Basset moved the following preamble and resolution which were adopted, viz:

Whereas, in January, 1868, A. G. Hodges, the present Grand Treasurer of this Grand Lodge, believing that it was important to the interests of the Masonic Fraternity in this jurisdiction, that it should be properly represented by a journal that would impartially vindicate its principles and objects, commenced the publication of such a paper at that time in the city of Frankfort, under the name of the Kentucky Freemason—therefore

Resolved, That the Kentucky Freemason be respectfully recommended to the Lodges and Brethren throughout this jurisdiction, as worthy of their patronage and support.

A MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Years ago at the grand cathedral overlooking the Rhine there appeared a distinguished organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright Sabbath morning as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting by the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale, but strikingly handsome face, great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like a raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed and clamored as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes.

When the music at last ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and asked:

"Pray, who are you, sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied; "I have heard that you were in want of an organist, and I have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why you surpass him that's dead and gone."

"No no, you overrate me," said the stranger, with a smile, then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again; and now the music changed from the sorrowful strain to a grand old psalm, and the mysterious old organist—

Looking upward full of grace
Plays still from a happy place—
God's glory smote him in the face,

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the melodies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" eyes fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a bright young girl, with a wealth of golden hair like the violets' hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes were turned towards her as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eye upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The blood faded from her crimson cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long yearning look, and the melody lost its joyous notes and once more wailed and sighed and clamored.

"By faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a masterhand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding."

The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ay, full well she knew who it was, why the instrument seemed to be breathing out the agony of a tormented heart.

When the services were over and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. While he played a veiled figure glided in and knelt near a shrine. There she remained until the worshipers disappeared, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madame, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the door."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me leave me!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft paused beside the organist.

"Bertram!" she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There with the light of a lamp, suspended to the arch above, falling upon her, stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair girlish face.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the Princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and, he continued;

"You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh! Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death."

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rendering my soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl.

"To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you; but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, go, and God bless you."

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had the power to do so, that he—how was it with him! He arose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace and, with a half smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor. At an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the wedding. Flame colored flowers nodded by the wayside—flame colored leaves came dashing down the trees and lay in heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where the marriage was to be solemnized.

It was a bright pageant—far brighter than the entwined foliage and blossoms where the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads and festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snowy palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell—she trembled and would have fallen to the earth, had not a page supported her. A few minutes afterward she entered the cathedral. There, with retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ loft, where she had expected that mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the King, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar-stone; mechanically listened to the services and made the responses.

Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered:

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up."

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why do these eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheeks?

Ah! though the King wore the royal purple and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the humble person; who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar (the Royal Freemason) are one. Forgive the stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new made queen returned her husband's fond kisses, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

THE WASTED FLOWERS.—On the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rosebuds were twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the birds that warbled at her side. The little stream went singing on, and with each gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand—with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee, she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with swift the motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss, she sprang upon her feet and burst into tears calling aloud to the stream—"Bring back my flowers!" But the stream danced along regardless of her tears; and as it bore the blossoming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And, long after, amid the wailing of the breeze, and the fitful burst of chillish grief, was heard the fruitless cry, "Bring back my flowers!" Merry maiden! who are idly wasting the delicious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, observe in this thoughtless child an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its benevolent Giver. Else when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them reeding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the child—"Bring back my flowers!" And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past—"Bring back my flowers!"

A LITTLE GIRL AND THE KING.—The King of Prussia, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate, he asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?"

"The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl.

The king took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom," said the girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the king.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom;" as he thought she would, lest his majesty be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with a brightening eye, she said: "To God's kingdom, sire."

The king was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Thus did the words of a child move the heart of a king. Little children learn from this that even their words may do both good and harm. A pert word from a child may wound the heart of a mother; a loving one may make it glad. My little children, let your words be kind, true and right.

EMPIRE OF GOD.—We have passed from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from system to system. We have reached beyond the limits of this mighty solar cluster with which we are allied. We have found island universes sweeping through space. The great unfinished problem remains: Whence came this universe? Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining from all eternity? Has our globe been rolling round the sun for ceaseless ages? Whence came this magnificent architecture, whose architraves rise in splendor before us in every direction? Is it all the work of chance? I answer, No! It is not the work of chance! Who shall reveal to us the true cosmography of the universe by which we are surrounded? It is the work of an Omnipotent Architect.

Around us and above us rise sun and system, cluster and universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun, and from system to system, heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity an through eternity.—O. M. Mitchell.

At the recent mine explosion at Plauen in Saxony, 276 lives were lost. The victims leave 206 widows and 639 children.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

A. G. HODGES and Rev. H. A. M. HENDERSON.

FRANKFORT, KY.....OCTOBER, 1869.

Bro. R. C. WILLIAMS is now traveling over the State. He is authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the Kentucky Freemason.

HOW TO REMIT.

Subscribers to this paper will remit by a "Post Office Order," if practicable. If they remit money, let it be done in a "Registered Letter," as all Postmasters are required to remit in Registered Envelopes. We will not be responsible for loss unless money be sent us as directed.

"The Masonic Disussion" still continues. Dr. Walsh is a Hydra—abiding in the marshes of North Carolina, instead of in the marsh of Lerna. Bro. Williams has fired at the monster with fiery darts, made him come out of his slimy depths, crushed its heads with his ponderous club, but as soon as he has leveled a blow at one, two have sprung up in its place. The crab of classic fable has aided the Doctor, bit the foot of his antagonist and then backed out. Bro. Williams has killed the crab, and we hope to see no more craw-fish backing upon the part of Dr. Walsh.

We hope Bro. W. in his next number will set fire to the neighboring wood, and with the brands sear the necks of the hydra, as he cuts off its heads.

If he needs the aid of an Iolans we will assist by making it hot—firing the woods.

At any rate we notify Hydra and Hercules that the discussion must end with this volume of the Freemason.

Bro. F. Webber 33° thinks that we did injustice to the Scottish Rite in suggesting that the Masonic Baptism which is alleged to have occurred in New York—at St. John's Church—and which we reprobated, was conducted under the auspices of that rite. He is thoroughly informed as to the usages of the Scottish rite, and, if we understand him, he affirms that there is no such thing as Baptism connected with it. We are not a Scottish Rite Mason—and knowing that that the York Rite had no such attachment, we very innocently supposed it might be the Scottish.

We are not mistaken as to having read an account of the Baptism being conducted under Masonic auspices.

The Rev. Wm. McD. Abbett has been appointed Chaplain of the Penitentiary by its humane Warden, Captain Harry I. Todd. This shows, that our Brother has the moral welfare of the convicts under his charge at heart, and he will not fail to secure the commendation of every philanthropic man for this effort to elevate the religious sentiments and feelings of the convicts.

A Kentucky father keeps his daughter chained to a log in order to prevent her marrying contrary to his wishes.—*Exchange*.

That is queer logic to employ against matrimony. We suppose he calls it the *sortes* or chain argument.

Five hundred Knight Templars went into an Encampment on Cushing's Island, near Portland on August 24th.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRAND LODGE.

The "Kentucky Freemason" will soon complete the second year of its existence, and will enter upon its third, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Its past history is a cause of congratulation to its Editors. We have succeeded in making a paper which has secured commendations from the most exalted sources—Masonic and Literary. We have satisfied our subscribers. We have gained much favor with the wives and daughters of Masons, for we have not failed to cater to their refined tastes, and to make our periodical a most agreeable family companion. We have brought to our patronage many who are not members of our Order, who take the paper simply for the literary gratification afforded by its perusal.

The Masonic press of both Europe and America has yielded us favorable notice, and frequently complimented us by transferring our editorials for the edification of their readers. We have subscribers in distant States, and a few copies find their way across the Atlantic. We have been sustained. The paper has paid expenses—but scarcely more. It is a somewhat costly publication. The typography is of the neatest kind, and from type employed for no other purpose. The paper used is of the best texture. The price is exceedingly low, considering the amount of choice and laboriously selected, and original matter which appears in its columns. We take but few advertisements and hence are shut out from the large revenues which go to the support of the general newspaper press of the country. We spare neither time nor pains in getting up our budget of "copy" for each number. We traverse the wide fields of Masonic and general literature in search of the choicest flowers that blossom and yield fragrance in them. Nothing coarse or vulgar has or will soil our pages. We have a corps of most excellent contributors who deal with living issues. The paper is the organ of the Grand Master, Grand Secretary, and Grand Treasurer. The Reports of the Committees on Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter appear in our columns as they are made up. During the past year our paper has been enriched with contributions from Grand Master Fitch, Grand Secretary McCorkle, Bros. Jno. Augustus Williams, R. A. Holland, Fred Webber, Mrs. Jane T. H. Cross, Miss Augusta Evans and other graceful writers.

We appeal to the members of the Grand Lodge for their sympathy and support. We desire that you should give us your individual influence in extending the circulation of a paper—which is emphatically your own and devoted to the highest interests of our noble Craft. We especially request that each Master of a Lodge, on his return home, shall represent our journal to the brethren over whom he presides and urge upon them a generous support.

Bro. Jno. M. Todd, Assistant Secretary of the Grand Lodge has been appointed our General Traveling Agent, and is commissioned to receive and receipt for subscriptions and to collect dues to our paper.

We ask our brethren, everywhere, to give him cordial welcome, and to assist him in the prosecution of his mission.

Confiding our interests to the scrutiny and patronage of a generous Craft, we feel assured that our future will be more lustrous than our past.

A Masonic hall is to be erected in Danville, on the third floor of the new building of the Central Bank Company.

MINISTERS AND MASONRY.

The "Evergreen," a paper published at Dubuque, Iowa, contains a leader intended to throw reproach upon Masonic clergymen. The underlying idea is, that they are pauper members—do not contribute to the material support of the Order. It is well known that it is a general custom of Lodges to confer degrees upon Ministers without charge, and to continue them as members without dues. This the "Evergreen" objects to and seeks through the common law usage of Masonry, to throw contempt upon the clerical brethren.

For all customs there is supposed to be some reason adequate to its justification. As a general thing Clergymen—considering their education, talents, industry, privations, etc. are the worst paid of all men. A bare livelihood is allowed them. Society, to some extent, feels its injustice in this regard and by a variety of perquisites seeks to compensate for this "lack of service."

Among these is the generous characteristic of Freemasonry releasing Ministers from degree fees, and annual dues.

The lawyer, the doctor, the artizan may increase his revenue *ad libitum*, if he has the power to command the patronage of his fellows—but not so with the Minister. He must be satisfied with a support. There is no chance of enlarging his salary with a growth of influence and ability. Especially is this the case with the Methodist clergy—a denomination, perhaps, most largely represented in our fraternity. A Methodist Minister of talent and culture is constantly subject to fluctuations of salary. One year he may live with ease—another with difficulty. Almost every Methodist Clergyman like the Apostle Paul knows what it is "how to be abased and how to abound." Now a rule established with regard to them must be uniform as to all other clergy.

Another thing. No class of men risk so much as Ministers in joining our fraternity. The present writer has suffered much on account of his devotion to the Craft. People of his charge have refused to receive the sacrament from his hands because he was a Mason. It took grace to bear this with patience. It took love for the Order and its principles to maintain his position toward the Craft.

Against Ministers is levelled the hate of Anti-Masonic Conventions. They bear the brunt of the entire controversy. They are expected by these fanatics to convert their pulpits into denunciatory platforms of Masonry and Masons. Because, they will not do it—they are denounced—and in almost every congregation will be found a few defamers of our Order and its adherents—sufficient to keep the minister's mind disturbed and to destroy his peace. Masonry has no truer friends than Ministers. They give it *prestige*. If they were, in a body to withdraw thousands would follow their lead. They remain—give their approval to our Institution, and this fact gives us power and challenges criticism.

The complaint is made by the "Evergreen" that Ministers are not faithful attendants upon the Lodge meetings. No set of men are so severely tasked, as to time, as Ministers. They must visit their people, and prepare from two to four sermons or lectures *per week*. Think what a sermon is. It is, if written out, at least, thirty pages of Commercial note. If it bristles with ideas its points have been wrought out upon the anvil of study. The time and talents of no class of men

are taxed as are those of Clergymen. Our observation leads us to conclude that Ministers are as frequently found in the Lodge-room as lawyers and doctors, and the proportion of "bright Masons" largely preponderates in their favor.

In this State, no better Mason ever died than the late Grand Chaplain Forsythe, and we know personally of a score of clerical brethren exceedingly adept in the work. Among the best Masons in this State are the Rev. J. M. Worrall of the Presbyterian Church, J. W. Venable of the Episcopal, Rev. Dr. E. C. Slater of the Methodist, and Rev. Lyman Seely, D. D. of the Baptist. The "Evergreen" will not forget Oliver—a preacher—the patriarch—the King of all Masonic authors. Nor will it forget that St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist—our patron saints, to whom we dedicate our Lodges—were preachers, and most probably never paid any dues.

Another thing, to which we would call the attention of our *confreres* the Ministers are most frequently called upon to set forth our principles in public. The general idea of a lawyer is, that he is never to do anything unless he is paid for it. The general idea of a Minister is, that he is to do all he can do without the thought of pay.

The Junior Editor, who writes this article is a Minister—a Mason—an Editor—a Grand Chaplain, and what he says is in the nature of testimony.

He has delivered addresses—"time, and time again;" many of them have been published, and gone the round of almost the entire American, and European Masonic press. He has never received a dollar of compensation for such service.

Another point we have to make is, that the Ministers have never asked for any favors. They have been spontaneously extended by the Craft and a custom that has been so general must have some powerful reason for its root in the great, generous Masonic heart of the country.

THE PERPETUITY OF FREEMASONRY.

It is a fact, which cannot be successfully challenged, that Freemasonry has survived the criticism of ages, grown grander as it grew older, triumphed on all the battle-fields of human prejudice and hate, and to-day, on the westering side of the sun of the 19th Century of the Christian Era—shines with refulgent splendor, and promises to light with purple and gold the clouds that may bank themselves on the sky, at the sun-set of the world.

Nations have gone down, Mythologies have vanished, Philosophies been exploded, and a host of false religions have been swallowed up in the pitiless maelstrom of Time—and yet we behold our order which has been contemporaneous with them all—which has held the torches at their burials, and survived to indite their epitaphs, still living, endowed with a perennial youth, and feeding the fires of its energies from the cruces of eternal truth.

Would Masonry have survived the ravages of Time,—the prejudice, passion, hate, calumny—with which it has, ever and anon, been assaulted, commanding at all times, the regard, the labor and the fealty of the choicest spirits that ever graced our race, and occupy, in this enlightened age of the world its commanding position of honor, and of utility, had it not been based on the adamant rock of Truth, been inherently worthy of its honorable career, and an instrument in the ripening plans of a Divine Providence for the regeneration of our race?

The mere fact that it had its honorable birth in an age of the world eminent for the simplicity of its purposes and the purity of its principles; that it has continued to exist and win a widening way with the March of Time; that it is now on the summits of progress, revered by the truest among men;—is evidence of its exalted worth, noble work, and perpetual mission.

Had it not been true to virtue, it would long since have lost the confidence of the good, been overwhelmed in the whirlpool rage of an indignant public opinion, and been dashed into a thousand fragments by the avenging rod of Divine Providence.

Let the cavalier meditate the perpetuity of our order, the engines of power that have thundered on its citadels, and then ask himself whether he can afford to fire on Gibraltar with a pop-gun, throw straws against the hurricane, shoot arrows at a thunderbolt, or to snuff out the sun with his feeble digits.

Let him tell us when we were not born and when we will die; let him produce testimony of our exposure, if he can, from other than witnesses who acknowledge themselves perjured, and are therefore cashiered from the courts of public opinion.

Will he bring to the witness stand Moses Thatcher, the Reverend wretch—who spit out his venom in the Chicago Anti-Masonic Convention, against our Order? As well produce a convict's testimony to destroy the character of a good and virtuous citizen, templed in the high regards of his fellows. He has been convicted of crimes—if we are to credit concurrent and cumulative testimony from Rhode Island—which strips him of every jewel of integrity, and leaves his statements outside the boundaries of human credibility.

He openly advertises that he has violated the most sacred obligations, voluntarily assumed, without even the importunity of friends, and after by confession exhibiting himself as a perjured man, asks a scrutinizing public to believe his statements.

Let him go. He will die and rot, and our Order will be held in everlasting remembrance.

The proposed "Widows' and Orphans' Home" at Louisville, should receive the attention of the Grand Lodge. Measures should be taken, at once, to secure a competent Agent to canvass every Lodge in the jurisdiction in behalf of this truly noble charity.

The interests of that Institution would be promoted if the Directors would furnish us, from time to time, with items pertaining to its progress, aims, and prospects, etc.

A new kind of oil is before the public called Septoline. It is being prepared in this City by Col. Drake, and is for sale by James A. Hodges and Co., at which house county rights for its manufacture and sale may be purchased.

It is cheaper, better and more brilliant than Coal oil and equally as safe.

We are again under obligations to Bro. Jacoby, W. M. of Hiram Lodge, for favors performed for the Freemason.

If all Masters were as zealously affected for their organ our paper would enjoy an unprecedented prosperity.

We make no effort to be more angelic than the angels.—*Courier-Journal*.

If you did, it would be more angelic than the fallen angels.

In this sense we believe you.

THE SIMPLICITY OF MASONRY.

Some things are sublimest when most simple. We would not paint a lilly, hew square the granite croppings of everlasting hills, nor think the sun grander if ribbons were tied to its disc. The Cross of Christ is grandest in all its rugged simplicity.

"Beauty unadorned
Is adorned the most."

It is the simplicity of the Masonic ritual that makes it sublime. It originated in an early age of the world when manners were simple and character pure. To a man of true taste this is the most engaging feature of traditional Masonry.

Every accretion shuts out some of the simple and sublime elements of its antique glory. Just in the degree in which we attempt to modernize it do we detract from its excellence. It is all important to preserve the *origines* of Masonry. Garish display does not quadrate with the taste of the most cultivated. Every true Mason will be offended at the introduction of any dramatic elements into the work which do not properly belong to it. The pure vernacular of Masonry cannot be improved by the imagined graces of modern rhetoric. The York rite transmits its lessons in the purest Saxon. Masonry has no use for an eclectic language.

Whenever we see a Mason attempting to improve our simple ritual by gorgeous language of his own mintage, we say at once, "there is a man who thinks, in his self-conceit, that he can improve on that which has received the approbation of the most critical taste of the past."

But laying aside the question of taste—of the sublime as embraced in the simple—we challenge the right of a Master to accommodate the ritual to either his aesthetic proclivities, or his ideas of propriety. He cannot alter, amend, abridge or otherwise attempt to improve the work he is commissioned to transmit. He is bound to teach as he was taught. It has been fidelity to this principle that has brought our written Masonry unharmed and unimpaired down the corridor of centuries; it is this alone that can successfully transmit it to all future ages.

An admitted interpolation here and another there, will soon destroy the uniformity of our ceremonial teachings. If one jurisdiction practices a rhetorical Masonry and another the simple speech of the York rite—a Mason passing from the one to the other could not make himself known, and our Order would cease to be a cosmopolitan institution.

But there is another reason for preserving the simplicity of our language and ceremonial. Masonry must be taught and learned orally. Every Craftsman is required to know our unwritten ritual. If it is encumbered with additions and red-ribbon rhetoric, it is that much more difficult to learn. It can be taught and learned, now, with ease, because of its exceeding simplicity and its Saxon construction.

We would say that license may be granted the *lex scripta*—manual Masonry, but positively no liberty with the *lex non scripta*, of purely traditional Masonry.

We were particularly pleased with the apposite and elegant remarks of G. M. Fitch, in his annual address at the last session of the Grand Lodge, and because of the strong sense and classical ele-

gance of the passage we append it to this editorial:

Regarding the Masonic institution in many respects, *as sui generis*, and in these respects, unimprovable, we have been pained to notice in some quarters a disposition to engraft upon the old organization some of the polity and peculiarities of other and younger associations. Having had, for many centuries, our own prescribed orbit, and moved successfully and gloriously in it, without any borrowed light from neighboring spheres, we deem it unwise now to yield to those centrifugal forces which might impel us into "a trackless void." We have also noticed, with deepest regret and humiliation, a disposition on the part of some Grand Masters, if not Grand Lodges, to accommodate the institution, as far as possible, to the fluctuations of the times, and to shape its policy to suit the new relations of society which political causes may have established. This is certainly calculated to excite our alarm, and should be promptly and severely rebuked as a spirit in eternal and irreconcilable conflict with the grand design of our time honored institution. *We can never improve, much less embellish, but on the contrary always endanger and possibly destroy the symmetry of our mystic temple by any additions which may be suggested by the most approved style of political architecture.* Planned by the wisest of architects, erected by the most skillful of craftsmen, and designed for the coming ages, we do not believe that its fundamental structure can be improved, but that its beauty and strength will always be marred and weakened by any effort to modernize it to suit the ephemeral styles of the day!

Morrison Heady—the "Blind Bard of Kentucky" has a volume of poems before the public of extraordinary merit. He lives at Elkton Kentucky, has been blind since he was sixteen years of age. His "Apocalypse of the Seasons" and his "Double Night" are among the finest poems of any age or language. H. C. Turnbull of the Eclectic Magazine, Baltimore is his publisher.

The "Landmark" is a new candidate for Masonic patronage. It is published in New York, at \$3 per Annum. It is a weekly. It is neat in appearance, and creditably edited—an improvement on the "National Freemason"—which so lately died, and from whose ashes we suppose this new-fledged Phoenix to have arisen.

LAYING A CORNER-STONE.

On Thursday Sept. 9th, the corner-stone of "Logan Female College" (Russellville) was laid with Masonic ceremonies—Dr. J. B. Peyton, officiating as proxy for the Grand Master.

Fifteen Lodges were present or represented and six Chapters—making a most imposing procession.

J. H. Bowden, Esq., President of the Board of Directors of the College Company, addressed the Grand Master as follows:

Most Worshipful Grand Master: The Directors of Logan Female College; desiring that the Corner-stone of their edifice should be laid by an Order which in all lands and in all ages has been the friend of virtue and of learning, have requested the Grand Master of Kentucky, to lay it with solemn Rites of Ancient Masonry, and now to you, his proxy, I deliver the work.

After prayer had been offered by the Rev. J. S. Malone, the Grand Master made the usual deposits in the Corner-stone, poured on the "Corn of Nourishment," the "Wine of Refreshment," and the "Oil of Joy," and then laid the Corner.

The Rev. Dr. McTyeire, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, made an appropriate address—representing the Church on the occasion.

The Rev. Dr. R. A. Young, of Nashville, repre-

sented the Masonic fraternity, and the following is a synopsis of his remarks:

The first corner-stone that was ever laid with ceremonies, was laid by the Order from which Masons drew their origin. At the beginning of the building of the Tabernacle and of the first Temple no ceremonies were observed, though their completion was celebrated, and that of the Temple with great pomp. But at the beginning of the second Temple there were ceremonies. And from this we infer that the Order was established during the building of the first Temple, by the workmen who labored on it. The Samaritans, who were worshippers of the true God, offered to assist in building the second Temple, but they were rejected; while the Tyrians, who were not worshippers of the true God were accepted. Why was this? Because the Tyrians, who with the Sidonians had worked on the first Temple, were members of the Fraternity, and the Samaritans were not.

One hundred and sixty years before the proclamation of Cyrus, Isaiah named Cyrus, and foretold that he would restore the Jews from captivity—thus foretelling that Babylon would subjugate the Jews, and that the Persians, then almost unknown, would overthrow Babylon—and one of the first acts of Cyrus was to restore the Jews to their country and to reinaugurate their government, Zerubabel, a Prince of the House of David with forty and two thousand others, volunteered to go up and rebuild Jerusalem. The road from Babylon to Jerusalem, is a very difficult road to travel, and seven months were required for the journey and erection of huts for their wives and children. They gathered around the old altar of sacrifice, and first reconstructed the altar, where all great enterprises ought to commence. In the second month of the second year they met to lay the foundation of the second Temple. A vast crowd was there—the civil and ecclesiastical authorities were present—High Priests in sacerdotal vesture, and inferior priests with music. The Directors of Logan Female College have undertaken to copy the example of Zerubabel. *Here is a vast crowd—you are all here—if there are any more white people in Logan county, I would like to know where they live—I am glad to see you all at once—here are preachers, Bishops and Elders; here, a band of music and a choir of singers.* Dr. Peyton, proxy for the Grand Master, personated Zerubabel, who, with plummet in hand, laid the stone. It is no wonder the Directors should call on Masons, who alone understand how to lay the corner-stone with appropriate ceremonies. In A. D. 600, Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, who was Grand Master of England, laid the corner-stone of the Canterbury Cathedral; in 602 he laid that of Roxbury Cathedral; in 604, that of St. Paul; in 606 Edward, who was then Grand Master, laid the corner-stone of the University of Cambridge. We have the right by succession, to lay corner-stones.

THE PRINCE OF WALES—A JUST CRITICISM.—An English brother, writing, on the great jump which the Prince of Wales was assisted by those of the Grand Lodge of England (who ought to have known better) to take, from the lowest round in the ladder to the topmost, clearly shows that among the English Fraternity there are some independent minds, who are not led astray by the glitter of royalty, and hold that

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;

A man's a man for a' that."

If the reports of the Prince of Wales's moral character be true, we doubt much if any American Lodge would even initiate him, much less thus undeservedly advance him. But to the letter:

With all due loyalty and expedient subjection to rules with regard to social and political matters, I would, nevertheless, call in question the equity of promoting to the high dignity of P. G. M., any person who had not obtained that honor by passing through the trodden curriculum. The Prince of Wales has been thus promoted. Being a mere junior in Masonry, he has not had time to tread his upward way per force of merit, so that his passing to such an elevated stage is a leap which can only be made where justice and truth

are practically contemned, and where rank, or some other corrupt consideration, rides the high horse over them. Are not the laws and rules of the highest fraternity in the world coincident with attributes divine—synonymous with those of the Grand Master of the Universe Himself? They are. The pillars and columns of the building rest ever on his eternal foundations; therefore, in principle unerring and exact. But peccancy is in the midst of us, and our brilliant panoply has become tarnished. The builders are fallible, and their plummet is not true. A fellow-creature, whom the accident of birth has made more fortunate than most others, is permitted to take a lengthened leap—*de jure* but not *de facto*—to one of truth's distant towers, without traversing his weary, noble way with others. Excuses, such as compliment to royalty, present prestige, future patronage &c., are but exponents of corrupt allowances. Ah, Masonry, thy tenets are beautiful, but thy votaries are vacillating and wayward. Grand Lodge, which is the nucleus of thy temple here below, is not itself beyond the influence of current temptation. Its columns lack perpendicularity, and some of its stones are unheven—not chiseled—after the fashion of its own distastes, nor formed in the approved style of perfection's level.

COMMENDATORY.

We take the following extract from the letter of an esteemed friend residing in the City of Louisville, in regard to the Kentucky Freemason. We are proud to have the good opinion of a gentleman who has occupied as prominent a position as he has, for years, among his fellow citizens. We shall endeavor to make the Kentucky Freemason as acceptable to him in the future, as in the past.

"I have just received No. 9, Vol. 2, of your delightful Kentucky Freemason. You will find Ten Dollars enclosed to be applied to my subscription. Each number of the paper has been joyfully received and perused with pleasure—and, I hope, with profit. Like mercy it descends gently upon every object within its influence. The purity of its morality is equalled only by the purity of its diction and the perfection of taste in which it is presented. It is the favorite paper of my household. Like every "thing of beauty, it is a joy forever."

This is from a friend and brother in Jessamine county:

"I have lost my November No. for 1868. Can you send it to me. My wife appreciates your paper so much, that when we get two years complete, we want to have them bound for our children to read."

COMMENDATORY NOTICES.

Kentucky Freemason, Frankfort, Kentucky, monthly, A. G. Hodges and Rev. H. A. M. Henderson, Editors. The September number is before us, and exceedingly interesting. We congratulate our brethren of Kentucky in the privilege of supporting so able a journal, and wish the Freemason the success it merits.—*Home Advocate*.

We came pretty near missing the August *Kentucky Freemason*, which came too late for notice last month. The proceedings of Grand Chapters and Grand Lodges receive leading notice; the discussion between John T. Walsh, of Newbern, N. C., and John A. Williams, President of the College at Harrodsburg, occupies a prominent place, and the paper abounds in rare literary selections. "The Door Tyled" is one of the editor's best Masonic articles; the general make up can not be excelled.—*Masonic Trowel*.

Jones complained of a bad smell about the Post Office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown did not know but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters."

An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time, but didn't like the country. "I was sick all the time I was there," said he, "and if I had lived there till this time, I'd been dead a year ago!"

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY LUCY LARCON.

When for me the silent oar
Parts the Silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

'Mid the crowd that come to meet
Spirits sin-forgiven—
Listening to their echoing feet
Down the streets of heaven—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen, wait for her?

Then will one approach the brink
With a hand extended,
One whose thoughts I love to think
Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, "Welcome! we have died,
And again are side by side."

Saying, "I will go with thee,
That thou be not lonely,
To you hills of mystery:
I have waited only
Until now, to climb with thee
Yonder hills of mystery."

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, like foliage sear,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory round them;
But at first without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes,
Step by step our feet must go
Up to the holy mountain;
Drop by drop within us flow
Life's unfailing fountain,
Angels sing with crowns that burn;
We shall have a song to learn.

He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other—
Who his well-beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the Silent River.
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou Life-giver,
Through the waters, to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before!

Literary Gems.

LIFE.

The following curious compilation was contributed to the San Francisco Times by Mrs. H. A. DUNING. It is the result of a year's reading of the leading English and American poets.

Why all this toil for the triumphs of an hour?—

Young.

Life's a short summer, man a flower.—Dr. Johnson.

By turn we catch the vital breath, and die—Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh!—Prior.

To be, is better, far, than not to be,—Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;—Spenser.

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.—Daniell.

The bottom is but the shadow whence they come,—Raleigh.

Your fate is but the common fate of all;—Longfellow.

Unmingled joys here to no man befall.—Southwell.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere;—Congreve.

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;—Churchill.
Custom does not often reason overrule.—Rochester.

And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—Armstrong.
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;—Milton.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.

Sin may be masked so close, we cannot see its face.—Trench.

Vile intercourse, where virtue has no place.—Somerville.

Then keep each passion down, however dear;—Thompson.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,—Smollett.

With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;—Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;—Massinger.

We masters grow of all that we despise.—Cowley.
Then I renounce that impious self-esteem.—Beattie.

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—Cowper.

Think not ambition wise, because 'tis brave.—Davenant.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray.
What is ambition?—'tis a glorious cheat!—Willis.

Only destructive to the brave and great.—Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on a bed of down.—Quarles.

How long we live, not years, but actions, tell;—Watkins.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—Herrick.

Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.—Mason.

When Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—Hill.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;—Dana.

For, live we how we can, yet die we must,—Shakspeare.

Whom a man hath injured him he hates.—Tacitus.

Whom a man hath injured him he hates.—Tacitus.

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Whom a man hath injured him he hates.—Tacitus.

The universe was created not only to manifest the power of God, but to depict invisible things by visible.—M. de Sacy.

These passages (of the Bible) are as a rich vein of gold which winds its way through other metals of a gross kind.—Richardson.

I am a man, and nothing human is foreign from me.—Terence.

When the dove found, out of the Ark, the unchained winds, the overflow of waters, the flood-gates of the heavens open, the whole world buried under the waves, she sought refuge in the ark. But when she found valleys and fields, she remained in them. My soul see the image of thyself.—Saurin.

Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have KISSED each other.—David.

The profit of the Earth is for all, the king himself is served of the field!—Solomon.

We are not called upon to rule our spirit on a grand and magnificent scale: We are just to do the little task God gives us.—Boyd.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths, and tell them.—Bailey.

In holy chivalry, the churl's blood is no bar to honor. The highest distinctions are as open to the peasant's offspring as to the scion of the Plantagenets and Howards.—Punshon.

All the nobler interest of your life as man begins, when God puts one of these little ones into your arms. Its helpless eyes and hands can reach the inner springs of your being. They can compel you, strong man, all helpless as they are, to gird yourself for a toil which is your sweetest rest, if these little ones are fed by it,—if they grow fair and strong, and rain the sunlight of their joyous tones and glances on your home as your rich reward.—J. Baldwin Brown.

Homer sang of what he said; Phidias carved what he saw; Raphael painted the men of his own times in their own caps and mantles; and everyman who has risen to eminence in modern times has done so altogether by his working in their way, and doing things he saw.—Ruskin.

You have a portrait of the Duke of Wellington at the end of the North Bridge,—one of the thousand Equestrian statues of Modernism,—studied from the show-riders of the Amphitheatre, with their horses on their hind-legs in the saw-dust. Do you suppose that was the way the Duke sat when your destinies depended on him? When the foam hung from the lips of his tired horse, and its wet limbs were dashed with the bloody slime of the battle-field, and he himself set anxious in his quietness, grieved in his fearlessness, as he watched, scythe-stroke by scythe-stroke, the gathering in of the harvest of death? You would have done something had you thus left his image in the enduring iron, but nothing now.—Ruskin.

History is the record of God's providence in the government of man.—Mansfield on American Education.

"We are to account the sanctification of one day in seven a duty which God's immutable law doth exact forever."—Richard Hooker.

TIDINGS.

KENTUCKY.—Through the courtesy of S Knight Munger, Grand Recorder, we have the Transactions of the Grand Commandery of Kentucky, held at Lexington, on the 10th and 11th of June last. From Grand Commander Worrall's Address, we extract the following:

Sir Knights, we are convened at a singularly auspicious era in the history of Knight Templarism in this land. It has not been long since it was a very weak and dependent department of the great Brotherhood of Masonry. Its Encampments were few and not strong. They were far separated in distance; or equally so in want of fraternal coherence and common counsel. They were indeed *Knights Errant*, wandering amid the deserts of life, without a common home or a combined power. Gradually they drew towards each other; they grasped warmly the hand mailed for nobler deeds of moral valor; they planted the standard of the Cross in new and unaccustomed places: they pitched their Encampments far out on the borders of the older civilization of our continent; they bestrode steeds of iron rather than the spirited horse of ancient warriors; climb the mountains that separated our Oceans; swept over the vast plains that stretched away to the sun-set; planted our banners on the highest hills, and in the deep and verdant vales: combined their forces in one great common host, until they are now clasping hands from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and wielding the mystic sword of their noble warfare on every field where truth and virtue are confronting error, and oppression and vice.

Not only is this period remarkable for the wonderful progress the Order has made; but also for the enthusiasm that seems everywhere to characterize its members. There were times of old when the eloquent voice of some devoted champion roused all the nations of Christendom to a common purpose. And, moved by a universal impulse, unnumbered armies swept on with irresistible ardor to the undertakings which they had espoused. Of this common impulse the Knights of the Cross fully partook, and when the trumpet of their leaders sounded the march or the onset, they came like the thick forest in serried numbers and like the tornado in irresistible energy. Not unlike the enthusiasm of the olden time is that which in many places marks the course of the Knights of our order. Their gatherings have been by thousands; their impulse like the swelling waves of the Ocean.

Now these great movings of human impulse may be productive of immense good; or may become the engulfing wave of their own ruin; they may crystallize into grand and permanent results, like the mountains upheaved by the liquid lava; or oversway, and crush, like the same heaving earthquake when it causes the grandest of the works of men to topple and fall; or bury their crumbling ruins in its destruction.

It is not therefore the part of wisdom simply to exult in the glow and grandeur of this great impulsive movement; to sweep on with the excitement of the hour reckless whither it may carry us. But to strive with only the more energy that we may make real progress while we are hurried on so rapidly: to guide the vessel of our destiny that it may ride the wave of prosperity onward more certainly to its noble purpose, and not be swamped by the reflux that must sooner or later follow this swelling tide. * * * * In my intercourse with Sister Commanderies, I had a very pleasing incident in a correspondence with the accomplished and courteous Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Ohio, Sir Kt. John D. Caldwell, in the month of December. A Templar Sword had been taken by the United States Soldiers during the late war from the neighborhood of Warsaw, in our State. A Knight Templar of Columbus, O., recognizing it as belonging to the Order, bought the sword, and very kindly offered it to the Grand Commandery of Ohio, to be returned through its agency to the proper owner. The Grand Commandery of Ohio directed its Grand Recorder to correspond with the Grand Commander of Ky., with a view to accomplish that purpose. In a letter that manifested no less the courtesy of a gallant Knight, than the fraternal kindness of a brother of the magnanimous order, Grand Recorder Caldwell, placed the sword at my disposal, and I am happy to say I found the owner

and although the Sir Knight to whom it belonged had gone to his rest, where the sword can no more be wielded by his hand, yet the family of the deceased were rejoiced to be possessed again of this memento of a husband and father.

THE PATHS OF VIRTUE AND SCIENCE.

"It is a trite saying that the familiar sinks into the unheeded; hence it is that words pregnant with meaning, and full of the grandest significance, become through the force of mere reputation, a monotone, a formalism, and a sham. All of us are more or less impressed with this truth, which is the child of experience; we can each bear testimony to its pernicious effects in the history of the human heart, which ever yearns after something new and strange, forgetting the potentiality which resides in the accumulated wisdom of ages.

It is not our province to define the nature of that virtue which all true Freemasons should cultivate; it is not for us to describe the transcendent lustre of that moral light which is the good man's guardian and guide; but in the belief that the primitive work of Freemasonry is greatly overlooked by the brethren at the present day, we will briefly consider the paths of science in which all Freemasons are invited and expected to tread. We are told by a great poet that "the proper study of mankind is man," but in thus acquiring a generic knowledge of our kind, let us not sink the individual in the species, but analyze our own hearts and learn the mysteries of our own being. Now, this is precisely the science of which we take less heed than of any other—it being the tendency of men's minds in the present generation to ignore all self-knowledge, and to cast themselves blindly upon the stream of events, guided by the floating straws which indicate the current; or, in other words, by the fantasies of the passing moment. Was Burke right when he said, 'The age of chivalry is over, and must we indeed resign ourselves to the gradual effacement of all that is pure and noble because the song of the troubadour has ceased, and the knightly lance is forever laid in rest?' No! The records of departed greatness still remain, and the glories of those mediæval centuries still haunt the souls of the world's unacknowledged legislators.

It is, unquestionably, the mission of Freemasonry to nourish those lofty conceptions which have given birth to the imperishable sentiments of virtue and of true religion; it is her mission to reveal to her children the wonders of that psychological science, whose operations, though unseen, are as marvelous as the greatest triumphs of the natural sciences. It is for her to interpose the rock of eternal truth to the torrent of rationalism, of positivism, and of infidelity.

No greater barrier can be erected against the inroads of materialism than an institution like Freemasonry, which appeals to every human sympathy, brightens every human hope, and is identified with the cause of our common humanity, while, at the same time, it points with steady finger to the Source of all light and power. It is true that the teachings of the Order are often misinterpreted, and oftener, through familiarity, lose their original importance; but it is time that Freemasons awoke to the necessity of studying the whole system of the Craft, not merely as an abstract symbolism, but as a tangible reality—not as a vulgar mystery, but as a mirror in which to read their own hearts, and as a volume in which to seek the solution of those doubts and difficulties which beset every earnest thinker.

To do this, we must ponder well the language of Freemasonry, thoroughly comprehend its signification. The wealth of wisdom cooped in its every phrase will then become apparent, like the revelation of a new and radiant world; and unless we thus follow our celestial guide we cannot be said to walk in the paths of virtue and science."—London (Eng.) *Freemason*.

MEETINGS.—Our meetings, when conducted according to the true spirit of the Order, are characterized by an emulation to excel in wisdom and the knowledge of practical virtue; and that the instruction incessantly poured from the Master's chair, is delivered from an ample and exhaustless mine, stored with the richest gems of morality and religion, to reform the manners, and cultivate genial propensities in the mind.

LOST LITTLE ONES.

Look at each other across the river, across the valley, are the white stones that mark the sleeping places of our dead. The little brown mounds grow more frequent in the village cemeteries, and sad processions have of late, with mournful frequency, wound up the path to the resting place where the cradles, now without rockers, are silent and dumb.

The tiny soul-buds, just softening and swelling in the sunshine of paternal love, just throwing the soft dimpled tendrils around our necks, and tumbling sweet broken syllables in our ears, are with one gust of snow, swept away and hidden in the ground. There are the empty chairs, the silent playthings, the little dress, and the crumpled shoes that will be dented no more with pattering feet; all wreathed with sad remembrances of the happy hours when the closed eyes danced with wonder of each fresh sight of new creation.

Love for the little ones is all the world round the same. The sparrow croons just as tenderly over her brownies' as the oriole over hers, clothed in velvet and gold. Hearts are inside of us all, and no weaving makes love the less or more. Brown hands can build castles in the air deftly as white fingers, and all ring with equal sorrow at the wreck.

But think how full of pleasantness the little lines have been, the unfinished ring of their tiny years has been plaited all around with love and blossoms, the scent of the lilacs and lillies. The memory of caressings that in after years we forget, the dear ones that carry with them to heaven. Banished from one paradise to another—from this, where shadows sometimes drive away smiles, to where there are no shadows any more.

Sad it is to die young. It is not sadder to die old?

How many there are that have babies that never grow up, and live life long in the memories as the little one that never wandered till we laid them quietly down beneath that green coverlid that needeth smothering and softening no more.

Upon that mysterious, unknown sea rolls all around the world, how many little souls easily drift out. Mothers in every land are crying on the shore of their great loss, in anguish and in tears. But yonder invisible hand welcomes the little earth orphans, and celestial voices shout in glad delight that another angel is born in Heaven!—Radii.

FREEMASONRY AND MORMONISM.—Bro. Robert Ramsey, in a letter dated at Great Salt Lake City, and addressed to the *Craftsman* says: "There are only two Lodges in this vast territory. They have a joint Lodge room with the Odd Fellows, which is elegantly furnished, though not sufficiently ventilated. They are charitable in the extreme exhibiting a liberality which, considering the numerous calls made upon their purse-strings, is truly wonderful. Mount Moriah Lodge, for example, contributed five hundred dollars toward the starving sufferers of the south after the war; and Wahsatch Lodge clothed, fed and nursed a brother from Los Angeles, California, who had been drugged and robbed of his money in a neighboring city. This case came under my immediate observation, and alone had cost Wahsatch over one hundred dollars. Our Utah brethren, therefore, are not regardless of the principles of the fraternity.

"I must now give the reasons assigned for the non-admittance of Mormons into the Lodge-room: "1st. That the Mormons at Nauvoo, Ill., had a lodge U. D., and that during that period it is said they initiated women, and were guilty of other unmaasonic conduct.

"2d. It is generally believed that the Mormons, in their endowment ceremonies, have pledge and bound themselves together by an unwritten ritual, with certain signs and words borrowed from Freemasonry.

"3d. The Mormons are living in open violation of a law of the United States, passed by Congress in 1782.

"The above are the reasons generally assigned by our Gentile brethren for refusing admission to Mormon members of the craft, or accepting petitions from Mormon candidates.

An iron wedding—Marrying a blacksmith.

SONG OF THE WIND.

I sport at morn amid flowery beds,
Tossing the leaves that the ripe rose sheds;
Drying the tear from the aster's eye;
Seeking the shade where the violets lie;
Ringing glad peals on the heather-bell;
Summoning the bee from his honey-cell;
Kissing to ripeness the peaches' cheek,
Painting the apple with scarlet streak;
Gathering the pearly drops of dew,
Where the timorous field-mouse hides from view,
Nor caring to think, in my merry play,
That flowers must wither and fruits decay.

I wander afar on the lone hill-sides,
Mid the heather-tufts where the moor-fowl hides;
Where the bracken waves o'er its native rock,
And the shepherd follows his meek-eyed flock;
Where the hunted stag to his covert hies,
And the crags resound to the deerhound's cries;
Through the faint spray of the rushing linn,
And hold my breath at the wild water's din.
I roam afar at mine own wild will,
And wake up the slumbering mists on the hill;
And hither and thither, in conscious glee,
Like a monarch at large, so joyous and free.

I enter unbidden the ruined hall,
Where the ivy clings to the moldering wall;
Where the warder's horn hath ceased to wind,
And the dial hath the lustreless gaze of the blind;
Where the rank nettle chokes the fortalice wide,
And the bramble trails up the buttress-side;
Through the dear court-yard, where the foxglove
blooms,
And the thistle tosses its downy plumes;
Where the young fox cowers on the fireless hearth,
That erewhile resounded with gleeful mirth,
Wondering whither hath passed the pride
Of lordly baron and noble bride!

I have shaken old Ocean's heaving side,
And spurned the Armada's vaunted pride;
I scatter the straining mast to the deck,
And toss the fair ship to a shapeless wreck.
When the angry surge has been lulled to rest,
And the foam-bells whiten the wavelet's crest,
I softly float round the shipwrecked band,
And waft the life-freighted raft to land.
I carry the boat from its destined way,
To succor the hopeless castaway;
Then chant a requiem over the brave,
Unshrouded, who lie in their ocean-grave.

I bear the thunder-clouds on high,
Nor quake at their dread artillery;
I dance in glee, nor bow my head,
When the lambent lightning bolt is sped.
I rush abroad in the pride of my might,
And smite the world with dark affright;
The deep-rooted oak, from its bed have rent,
And laughed at man's proudest monument.
Yet, waving the harebell, or tossing the sea,
I utter his voice who first set me free;
And stay my flight at His sovereign will,
Whose voice of power says: "Peace be still!"

Freebooter.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

The body is the shell of the soul, and the dress

the husk of the body; but the husk often tells what the kernel is.

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, always mind your own business.

One of our exchanges says: Take your religion with you to the seashore, the springs, and the mountain. Too many of us are like the little girl who at the close of her evening prayer said: "Now, good-bye, God; good-bye, Jesus, I'm going to Boston to-morrow."

When a man proves a literary failure he generally sets up for a critic, and like the fox in the fable, who had lost all his brush in a trap, can't see a nice long tail without hankering to bob it.

Many people think themselves perfectly virtuous, because, being well-fed, they have no temptation to vice. They don't distinguish between virtue and victuals.

SECRETS.—There are secrets in and about its every department. Veins, arteries, ligaments and flesh and bone have their secrets. The blood which animates the human frame flows on in silence. And how quiet are the communings of the heart. There are feelings, and thoughts, and sympathies, which never emerge from their solitary retreats. And who has ever heard those mighty spirits which walk so majestically in history, or those associated events and principles which have come down from the past? Time, with a quiet and noiseless hand, is continually drawing out the invisible wires which connect century with century, those mystic lines which enable us to commune with the remotest ages. Yes, there is mystery everywhere—mystery in the present, mystery in the past, mystery in the future.

OLD LEGENDS.—There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Savior had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left to perform his humble duty. When he returned he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words: "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

We can not see by the light of yesterday, nor subsist long upon yesterday's food. We need continued supplies, every moment. So long as we feel our weakness, and lean upon an Almighty arm, we are safe, but no longer.

HOME CHEERFULNESS.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-

arranged house, exerts a moral as well as physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable, and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, sensual and regardless of the feelings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions render them reckless and brutal.

The value of science and its utter truthfulness could not be more plainly established than in the recent eclipse, which was so accurately foretold and so fully described by astronomers, and which fulfilled every prediction in the most minute and satisfactory manner. Such phenomena carry convictions which ordinary demonstrations fail in doing.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Sorrow sobers and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the nights, so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though before their features were fading from our recollection. Let no man dread it too much, because it is better for him, and it will help him to make him sure of being immortal. It is not in the bright happy days, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in the long distances. And it is in sorrow—the night of the soul—that we see the farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity, and sons and daughters of the Most High.

A PRIZE ESSAY.—The Massachusetts Medical Society offered a prize for the best essay on ventilating sick-rooms "at the least expense, with the least difficulty, and at the moment needed," whereupon somebody sent in an exhaustive dissertation in eleven words. It is pointed and practicable. Here it is:

"Pull down the upper window-sash and leave the fire-place open."

EARNESTNESS.—Twenty clerks in a store; twenty hands in a printing office; twenty young men in a village. All want to get along in the world, and expect to. One of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen. One of the clerks will become a partner in a store. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? There is no luck about it. The thing is as plain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money in the bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than the dusty old highway, but the men of the community who achieve something really worth having—good fortune, name, and serene old age—all go this road.

Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win; but without this it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

Wooden wedding—Marrying a block head.

A Mason's Lodge is the temple of peace, harmony, and brotherly love. Nothing is allowed to enter which has the remotest tendency to disturb the quietude of its pursuits. A calm inquiry into the beauty of wisdom and virtue, and the study of moral geometry, may be prosecuted without excitement; and they constitute the chief employment in the tyled recesses of the Lodge. The lessons of virtue which proceed from the East, like rays of brilliant light streaming from the rising sun, illuminate the West and South: and as the work proceeds, are carefully imbibed by the workmen. Thus, while Wisdom contrives the plan, and instructs the workmen, Strength lends its able support to the moral fabric, and Beauty adorns it with curious and cunning workmanship. All this is accomplished without the use of either axe, hammer, or any other tool of brass or iron, within the precincts of the temple, or to disturb the peaceful sanctity of that holy place.

OBJECTING TO CANDIDATES.—The Grand Master of Nebraska holds that "a member, in good standing, can give notice to the Worshipful Master, outside of the Lodge, that he objects to the admission of an applicant. This is a rejection, and the Worshipful Master should so order it entered upon the minutes." Bro. Hough, dissents from this opinion, and holds that there can be no rejection, except through the ballot. The Ancient Constitutions, compiled by George Payne, in 1720, say that, "no man can be entered a brother in any particular Lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members then present, when the candidate is proposed, and their consent is formally asked by the Master; and they are to signify their consent or dissent in their own prudent way, either virtually, or in form, but with unanimity." The manner in which this dissent is to be manifested, whether by secret ballot or otherwise, is not provided for. But it is provided that the dissent is to be made in the Lodge, and by the members then present, or one of them, when the candidate is proposed, and their consent is formally asked by the Master.

THE MASTER'S FACE.—A painter once, on finishing a magnificent picture, called his artist friends around him to examine it and express their judgment as to its merits or defects. The one in whose taste the author most confided came last to view the work. "Tell me truly brother," said the painter, "what do you think is the best point in my picture?" "O brother! it is all beautiful; but that chancel! That is a perfect masterpiece—a gem!" With a sorrowful heart the artist took his brush and dashed it over the toil of many a weary day, and turning to his friends, said: "O brothers! if there is anything in my piece more beautiful than the Master's face, that I have sought to put there, let it be gone!"—*Eclectic Monthly.*

The *New York Times* has an editorial entitled, "The Value of Dirt." We had supposed that everybody was fully aware that dirt was the most valuable thing in the universe, and the dirtier the dirt is the more valuable. Strange that the good father ordained the most beautiful and most delicious things to grow out of and crown with glory the ugliest and most disagreeable objects. Ugly and disagreeable! We use the words after the manner of a world educated in a perverted taste. Were the people properly instructed and disciplined they would cease to find anything in nature either ugly or disagreeable.

WORSHIP, WORSHIPFUL.—The word *worship* was often used in old English to express simple respect or honor. Its old meaning remains in the title "your worship."

"Then shalt thou have *worship* in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee."—[Luke xiv. 10.]

"The servant, therefore, fell down and *worshiped* him."—[Matt. xviii. 26.]

"Of noble state
And muckle *worship* in his native land."

Spenser.

If a young lady has a thousand acres of land, the young men are apt to conclude that there are sufficient grounds for attachment.

A ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.—The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest families in France, became engaged after a long courtship to a lady his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched to the battle-field. During the Count's absence it happened that his beautiful affianced had the small pox; after hovering between life and death, she recovered, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such an extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion.

A year passed away, when one day the Count, immediately upon his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed, and solicited an interview. This was refused. He however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, closely veiled in a veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but stepping aside she tremblingly told him her story of sorrow, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as raising his hand above, he exclaimed: "It is God's work! I am blind!"

It was even so, when gallantly leading his regiment to attack, a cannon ball passed so closely to his eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged, and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him forever of his sight. It is almost unnecessary to add that their marriage was shortly after solemnized.

SPIRIT OF MASONRY.—The Grand Master of Oregon says:

"No one will contend that all the legends and traditions of Masonry are literal and historical facts. Like all other unwritten traditions, there is sometimes a superstructure of fancy founded upon a substratum of truth. Yet whoever will take the pains to examine will find that the traditions handed down in our temple are strong corroborating testimonies to the truth of holy writ. I do not see how any Mason can be an infidel or an unbeliever in the Bible. To say nothing of the respect with which the holy book and the institutions of religion are treated in our Lodges, all the traditions of the Order run parallel with the sacred history, and point to the same religious truths. Coming down to us from time immemorial and with rites and ceremonies based upon them, although sometimes warped or closed by imagination, I see not how it is possible for our traditions to have any other than an historical basis. Such an independent testimony to the truth of scripture history as our rites afford is a more certain and more durable monument than would be pillars of stone or brass."

MASONIC RULES FROM AN OLD MONITOR.—Never recommend an applicant, unless you know him to be a good man, and who will conform to the precepts of the Institution.

Never cast your ballot in favor of a candidate unless you know him to be worthy, and free from reproach.

Never indulge in practices which will bring reproach upon the Institution.

Never forget that you are a Freemason, a link in the chain of the universal brotherhood.

Never be absent from your Lodge if you can help it.

Never make a display of Masonic emblems to attract attention for purposes of business.

A great number of ex-officers of the former Bourbon army of Naples have left for Spain in order to join the Carlist movement.

It is stated that one hour after the gas of London is lighted the air is deoxidized as much as if 500,000 people had been added to the population.

BREVITY.—Josh Billings says he don't care how much a man talks, if he will only say it in a few words.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.—It is related of the saintly George Herbert, the quaint old English church poet, that once, in a walk to Salisbury to join a musical party, he saw a poor man and a poor horse that had fallen under the load. They were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat and helped the poor man to unload his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the Good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh himself and horse. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed. But he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty employment, his answer was that he thought what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whenever he should pass by that place. O, how many might have the anxious thought which often infest their midnight hours changed into music, if they would only be more frequently seen with full hands and friendly words, in the abodes of poverty and suffering! These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight harmonies.—*Christian Standard.*

"Where there is no Christian Sabbath, there is no Christian morality; and without this free institutions cannot long be sustained."—*Justice McLean.*

"As a day of rest, I view the Sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. One day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system."—*Jno. Richard Farre, M. D.*

"So far as my observation extends, who are in the habit of avoiding worldly cares on the Sabbath are those most remarkable for the perfect performance of their duties during the week. I have a firm belief that such persons are able to do it in a better manner, in six days, than if they worked the whole seven."—*John C. Warren, M. D.*

Dr. John Mason Good once asked a young scoffer, who was attacking Christianity on account of the sins of some of its professors: "Did you ever know an uproar made because an infidel had gone astray from the path of morality?" The young man admitted he had not. "Then you allow Christianity to be a holy religion, by expecting its professors to be holy; thus, by your very scoffing, you pay it the highest compliment in your power."

The *Rhode Island Schoolmaster* thinks the following, from Steele's Chemistry, "the most comprehensive temperance address we ever met:

"When pure, alcohol is a deadly poison. When diluted, as in the ordinary liquors, it is stimulative and intoxicating. Its influence is on the brain and nervous system; deadening the natural affections, dulling the intellectual operations and moral instincts; seeming to pervert and destroy all that is pure and holy in man, while it robs him of his highest attribute—reason. It is a blight upon a family, a curse to society, and the bane of our civilization. In a word, it makes drunkards; and a drunkard is the saddest, most shocking sight this world affords."

The too frequent use of authority impairs it. If thunder were continual, it would excite no more sensation than the hum of a mill.

Wit and Humor.

A golden wedding—Marrying for money.

A paper wedding—Marrying an editor.

A tin wedding—Marrying a milkmaid.

The largest ants in the world are elephants.

The currant that was stemmed grew on a bush.

Most people like strength, for it is ennobling; but they don't fancy it in butter.

To keep your wife in constant check, make her dress in gingham.

A lady, speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court house, said she supposed they had gone "to view the place where they must shortly lie."

A well known wit says no Yankee is satisfied with the truth unless you can furnish him with positive proof that it is worth eight or ten per cent.

A Western editor says many of his subscribers would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well.

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive? It is not of much account without its tender.

Motto for female suffragists: "Once more into the breeches, dear friends."

What was Eve made for? Adam's Express Company.

"Thou raineest in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

A judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

Why is a bridegroom worth more than the bride? Because she is given away, and he is sold!

What a striking countenance, said the Yankee to the elephant, when he hit him a clip with his trunk.

There is a man in the moon, and a man and woman in the honeymoon.

Contraband's view of a Horse Power.—"Golly," said he, "a hoss doin' de work, and ride herself."

A man in Iowa has invented a gun that, he says, will kill at a distance of fourteen miles. It is intended to test the valor of the home guards.

A traveler stopped at an inn, in a neighboring village, and finding the landlord and landlady fighting, cried out, "Hallo, who keeps this house?" The wife replied: "That's what we are trying to decide."

The most peaceable way to have a knock down is to get up an auction.

Theodore Parker used to say that women by our civilization "were compelled to choose between marriage and nothing, which was very often a choice between two nothings."

Beecher says that men confess everything but their own besetting sins. They steer clear of these. Whoever heard a man say, "O, Lord, I am proud as Lucifer; humble me;" or, "O, Lord, I am so mean and stingy that 'tis only with great pain that I can uncloze my fist, make me generous."

A fourth of July orator over in Jersey spoke of the United States as bounded on the east by the

rising sun, on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, and on the west by the day of judgment.

If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they murmuring about?

An individual the other day, went to one of the drug stores of Boston and called for a pint of whisky, claiming that he wanted to put it on some roots for medicine. He obtained the whisky, and immediately raised the bottle to his lips and imbibed a grown person's dose of the ardent. The drug clerk remonstrated with the customer for his duplicity, and was informed that it was for the roots of his tongue for which he desired the whisky.

Henry Ward Beecher playfully invites Robert Bonner to come out and take an interest in his farm. He says he has thirty-six acres of land, which is too much for him alone. "We will carry it on jointly," he tells Bonner; "I will lay out and superintend the work, and you shall pay the bills."

Who wrote the most—Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

One of Fenimore Cooper's novels contains the following passage: "He dismounted in front of a house and tied his horse to a large locust," which is rendered by the French translation: "He descended from his horse in front of the chateau, and tied him to a large grass-hopper."

An urchin, on being rebuked for wearing out his stockings at the toes, replied that it couldn't be helped—"toes wriggled and heels didn't."

A gentleman asked a negro boy if he wouldn't take a pinch of snuff. "No," replied the darkey, very respectfully, "me tank you: Pomp's nose not hungry."

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for my sexton to wake up any man that he sees asleep."

"I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

A conductor out West recently demanded two tickets of the Siamese twins, but the twins insisted they were one, and, as the conductor couldn't eject one without the other, he had to let them pass.

A young lady having set her cap for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win, was telling her sorrows to a couple of confidants, when one of them comforted her with these words: "Never mind, Mollie; there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Mollie knows that," replied the other; "but she wants a whale."

A petulant old lady having refused a suitor to her niece, he expostulated with her, and requested her plainly to divulge her reasons. "I see the villain in your face," said she. "That is a personal reflection, madam," answered the lover.

A gentleman traveling in Ireland, overtook a peasant, and asked, "Who lives in that house on the hill, Pat?" "One Mr. Cassidy, sir; but he is dead,—rest his soul!" "How long has he been dead?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yer honor, if he lived till next month he'd been dead just twelve months." "Of what did he die?" "Troth, sir, he died of a Tuesday."

A Frenchman, directing the mixing of his brandy, told the bar-tender not to make it a fortnight. "A fortnight! what do you mean?" said he. "Oh, not a fortnight,—not too week!"

AN OLD LEGEND MODERNIZED.—Mythologists tell us that Io died because of her intense love for Jupiter; but the charm of the romantic story has lately been destroyed by a chemist discovering Io-dide of Potassium.

A woman being enjoined to try the effects of kindness upon her husband, and being told that it would heap coals of fire on his head, replied that she had "tried boiling water, and it didn't do a bit of good."

The last case of indolence is that of a man named Joe Hole, who is so lazy that in writing his name he simply uses the letter J., and then punches a hole in the paper.

"If I'm not at home from the party to-nig tha ten o'clock," said John to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't" said the lady significantly; "I won't wait, but I'll come after you." John returned at ten precisely.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the learned counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, who was a noted wag, replied, "One way they ran up, and the other way they ran down." The learned counsel wiped both eyes, and took a look at the ceiling.

"Come here, sissy," said a young gentleman to a little girl, to whose sister he was paying his addresses, "you are the sweetest thing on earth." "No I ain't," she replied, "sister says you are the sweetest." The gentleman "popped the question" the next day.

A Chinaman's opinion of a trial by jury:—"One of the men was silent; the other spoke all the time; and the twelve sages condemned the man who had not said anything."

The most reflection some young ladies have is in the mirror.

Young ladies who play croquet are known as "maids all for lawn."

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it, with thanks.

The mechanic who bent himself to the task has been very round-shouldered ever since.

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it still."

Why is it important for a physician to keep his temper? Because if he did not he would lose his patients.

If a leaden bullet hits a man, what striking metamorphosis takes place? The leaden bullet becomes felt.

The person who missed a figure was a teacher of dancing. It was afterward found near a pigeon's wing.

Colgus of vantage—Speec.

A great tail bearer—A peacock.

"Account currents"—Tide tables.

Trifles light as 'air—Flax chignons.

A dangerous appendage—The under-toe.

A stirring event—Making hasty pudding.

False hair is quoted lower in Paris—way down the back.

The most popular sovereigns abroad—Those made of gold.

God hath sown sweet seeds within us—seeds of sympathy—whose buds are virtue such as bloom in heaven.

The Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do while he remains in it, but by the world living in him.

Never wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. It takes less time, and is sure to be done.

Venture upon nothing till you have well considered the end.

Good at a distance is better than evil near at hand.

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