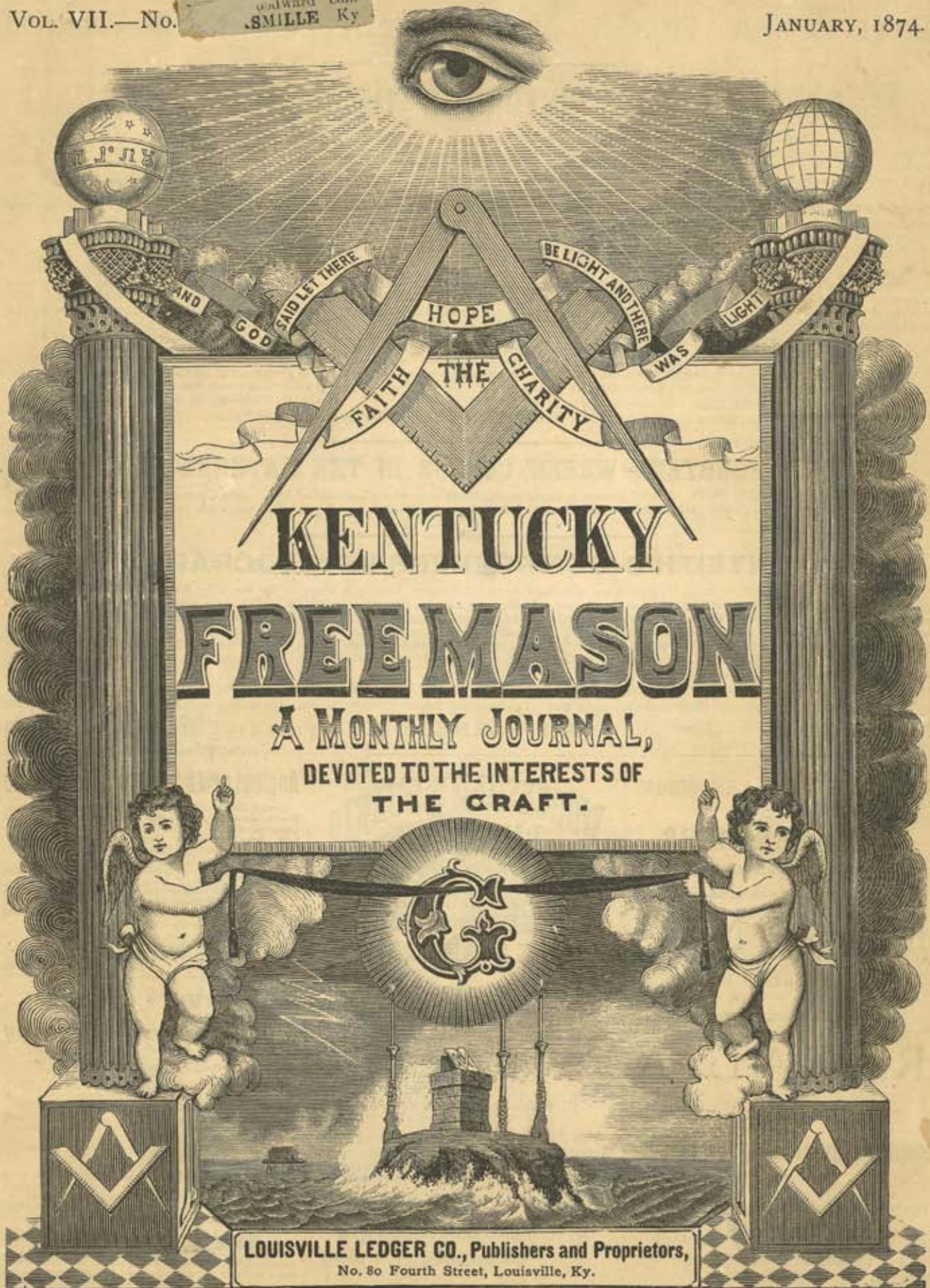


VOL. VII.—No.

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JANUARY, 1874.



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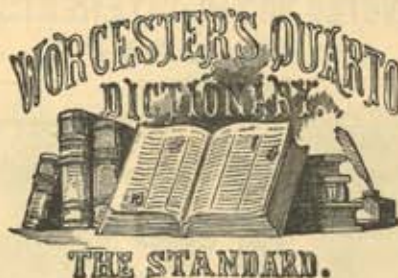
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VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1874.

No. 1.

THE POOR MASON'S JEWELS.

My home it is a poor one
To all who pass it by;
They can not see its beauty,
And neither, faith, can I;
That is, in paint or timber,
In doorway or in roof;
But that it has its beauties
I'll quickly give ye proof.

Come hither, young ones, hither,
Your father's steps are near;
That's Bet with hair so yellow,
That's Sue with eyes so clear,
That's Will with tawny trousers
Tucked in his stocking leg;
And yonder two wee darlings
Are beauties, Jean and Meg.

A cluster of fair jewels,
Five in the rugged set;
If any man has brighter,
I have to learn it yet.
And, Tom, when I am swinging
These arms with weary strain,
Their blessed faces cheer me
And make me strong again.

I sometimes sit and wonder
"What will their future be,"
If they must delve and patter
A tread-mill round like me,
And scarcely at the year's end
Have half a groat to spare,
And see bad men put over them—
'T will be too hard to bear.

But then I think, as nations
Rise in the scale of might,
God puts the poor man forward,
And gives him power and light;
And learning, Tom, will do it,
And Christian truth will show
That Heaven makes no distinction
Between the high and low.

So, though my home 's a poor one
To all who pass it by,
And none can see its beauty
Save mother, God, and I,
The future may be grander
For some great glory won,
Some gem set in the ages
By e'en a poor Mason's son.

(*Brooklyn Review.*)

THE first Lodge established in America was at Savannah, Ga., in 1730; the first Grand Lodge was at Boston, Mass., two years later.

VOL. VII.—1

FROM THE GEORGIA MESSENGER.

YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND OLD AGE.

Upon the master's carpet in every well-governed lodge may be discovered three steps which are emblematical of the three important phases of human life; viz., Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. They are also made to represent the three first degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry as first organized by the M. W. Grand Lodge which met at Jerusalem. Other meanings are attached to them, none the less important, but these are never referred to outside the walls of the lodge, and the peculiar mystic symbols they present then and there are seldom if ever forgotten by those who

"By that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw,"

have learned to look upon Masonry as a volume containing material sufficient to develop the finer instincts of our nature, and make us wiser and better day by day. Unfortunately for us, it may be, we find as we enter the temple of Masonry that we have already passed one of these steps, and whatever advantages or enjoyments may have been attendant upon youth have passed away forever. It is, ever has been, and ever will be one of the *essentials* of Masonry that an applicant for admission must have attained the age of twenty-one years, when as a man, free-born and of lawful age, he may demand a participation of the rights, benefits, privileges, and immunities that as Masons we are permitted to enjoy. In the whole history of the craft but one single exception can be found to this rule—that of our distinguished brother, George Washington, of Virginia, who was made a Mason before he became of age.

Youth therefore—the first step we are about to consider—can only be looked at in a retrospective point of view. To us it is simply a representative of the past, and as such must we regard it. It has gone with its golden-hued memories, and alas! can never be returned. During the time of its existence we have laid the

foundation, so to speak, of our present and future career for good or evil. If we have been led to practice habits of study and industry, and sought eagerly to acquire a knowledge of the arts and sciences, fitting ourselves day by day and hour by hour for the stern realities of life, it is comparatively easy for us to practice in after-life the beautiful tenets of Masonry which are taught in every lodge-room as so essential to the happiness of mankind at large; but if, on the contrary, youth has been passed as one gladsome holiday, it may be that habits contracted during that period may have changed from fragile, spider-like threads to cords of the finest steel, that hold us in their rigid embrace with a tenacity that death alone has the power to release.

With the fraternity youth can only be looked upon as emblematical of the past; we may not retrace a single step of this, by far the happiest portion, it may be, of the pilgrimage of life; and well for us perhaps is it that it is so. From the charmed storehouse of memory we may bring forth at will a thousand pleasant and joyous reminiscences, and enjoy to the utmost the incidents inseparably connected with them; but to participate in the enjoyments once so inexpressibly dear to us is denied us, and most wisely. The errors of the past may be avoided in the future; the successes of the past may be improved upon; the pleasures of the past may for years to come be remembered with an intense feeling of enjoyment; and the sorrows of the past, whatever they may have been, transient or severe, may be consigned to oblivion or remembered with touching feelings of sadness; yet all these have gone forth never to be recalled, and youth can only be enjoyed by the persons of the rising generation around us who may turn to us for lessons of wisdom and experience.

We have bid adieu to youth; we are now perhaps standing upon the second step of Masonry, which is indicated by Manhood. Each and all of us form a dis-

tinct part in the great fabric of Masonry, and in the magnificent panorama of human life as it slowly passes on from the scenes of time to those of eternity. Some, it may be, find themselves surrounded by worldly wealth and worldly honors; blest by the peculiar advantages that education alone can confer, they are regarded by those around them with feelings of pride and attachment; and, true to every trust reposed in them, they advance step by step until their very names become historical, and the fraternity at large take pride in acknowledging them as brethren of the mystic tie. Others, it may be, occupy a humbler station among the world around them, yet their duties, humble as they may be, are faithfully performed, and their reputation in the lodge and out of it may well be regarded as worthy of emulation.

An alliance with the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, an earnest desire to practice the beautiful tenets it invariably inculcates, and a constant observance of its laws, edicts, and regulations, can not fail to make men wiser and better as their lives draw to a close. The attention of many has been drawn to the principles of religion by the zeal and attachment they have felt for Masonry. In being taught the many excellences which proceed from the Fountain of all Good the masonic brother is taught to look deeper into his own heart, and ask himself the important question, Whither are we hastening? Standing by the side of azure-robed Masonry stands her twin sister, RELIGION, clad in garments of dazzling whiteness. She points to heaven, where all good Masons hope to arrive by the aid of that theological ladder which Jacob in his vision saw extending from earth to heaven; the principal rounds of which were FAITH, which gave implicit confidence in his Creator; HOPE, which made every aspiration of his heart yearn for immortality; and last of all heaven-born CHARITY, that induced him to look with pitying compassion on the frailties of his fellow-men. Well may it be with you, my brother, if this important lesson that Masonry inculcates falls not upon unwilling ears. Well may it be with you if, while standing upon the second step of Masonry in all the nobleness of manhood, you can recognize the great and important duties you owe the Grand Architect of the universe, your brethren and fellows, and lastly the duties you owe yourself.

If as a brother of the mystic tie you have been carefully taught the use of the working-tools of your profession, why will you not use them in your days of manhood for the promotion of peace and prosperity among the craft wheresoever assembled? If the uninitiated and profane know you by reputation as a Mason, let them at the same time recognize you as such by your rigid and exact observance of those beautiful principles for which Masonry in all climes and in all ages has been pre-eminently distinguished.

The urgent claims of society are, or should be, more binding upon members of the masonic fraternity than upon the world at large. It is expected, and with reason, that Masons should be good, law-abiding citizens, good magistrates, good husbands, and good fathers, from the fact that Masonry in itself teaches its members the lessons of morality, rectitude, and virtue. The most prominent theologians, world-renowned generals, capable and efficient jurists, artists, poets, and painters have been Masons. Crowned heads have ere now bowed low at the portals of Masonry and acknowledged its sublime teachings; and hence it need not be wondered at that the moment a man's name is enrolled upon the books of a lodge he gives bond and security to the world around him for honesty, uprightness, and integrity.

The third and last step portrayed upon the master's carpet is emblematical of Old Age. Youth has faded away into forgetfulness almost. Manhood seems more like a dream which is told, and second childhood draws on apace, leaving nothing in the world worth looking after. One by one the friends we knew and loved so tenderly in days gone by have been summoned to the spirit-land. Wife, children, relatives, all perhaps are gone. The senses have become impaired, and the aged man, standing himself upon the verge of the tomb, has but one thing to look for or expect, and that is a safe harborage "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Fortunate indeed is he who has learned how vain and futile are all the enjoyments of this present world, and who by the constant practice of those ennobling virtues so beautifully illustrated in Masonry has been taught to diligently prepare himself in the golden hours of manhood for a calm, contented, peaceful old age, in which he can wait without dismay the arrival of that stern messenger who guides

his trembling footsteps down the dark valley of the shadow of death, and opens to his admiring gaze the bright scenes of eternity for which he is so well prepared by a life spent in faithful service to his brethren and fellows in unhesitating obedience and devotion to the laws of his great Creator.

Youth! Manhood! Old Age! Three great links in our chain of brotherhood, emblematical of the *past*, the *present*, and the *future*. Is it not our bounden duty as men and Masons, when we assemble and meet together in the sweet cause of charity, to ponder over these things long and earnestly, and to seek by every means in our power to add to the stock of general happiness and make our institution what it was originally intended to be by its glorious founders? It is comparatively easy for us Masons to resolve, more difficult perhaps to execute; yet in the earnest endeavor to promote each others' prosperity and a firm resolve to adhere rigidly to the beautiful tenets of the craft, remembering always the allegiance we owe to the Grand Architect who superintends our earthly labors, we can ultimately rejoice that in *youth* we remembered our great Creator, that our *manhood* was passed in the practice of masonic virtues, and that in *old age* our work was found *with the mark of the craft upon it*, which entitled us to receive our wages as we pass from labor to refreshment.

THE PATHOS OF POVERTY.—A Detroit newspaper tells the following story: A boy, about ten years of age, leading a lively little dog, called at the central station, and asked if that was the place where they shot dogs. Being answered in the affirmative, he said:

"Well, please shoot my poor little Dan. He's an awful good little dog, and he plays with the baby all day, but father's deaf and mother's sick, and I can't raise money to get a license."

Then, turning to the dog, the boy lifted him up tenderly, and stroked him, saying: "Poor Dan! how Billy will cry when I tell him you're dead!"

Great tears rolled down the boy's face, and in a little while those around him made up a purse sufficient to save his dog, and a person went with him after the license. The boy's eyes fairly sparkled at his unexpected luck, and, speaking to the dog, he cried out: "You're saved! Let's go right home to Billy!"

THOUGHTS ABOUT MASONRY.

BY RUDOLPHIA, A MASON'S WIFE.

Since Masonry existed as an institution there has perhaps never been a time so fraught with interest to the temple of Masonry as the present. The builders have reared its battlements even unto the skies, and its incense, ascending from its numberless altars, descends again to the earth that it may distill its sweet fragrance, like the dews of heaven, upon the sons of men, where it exerts its beautifying and vivifying influence upon their minds, unseen and unheard except as seen, heard, and felt in the mental elevation of those who visit its sacred precincts. And resplendent as it has become with its own beauty and perfection, it is now an object of universal admiration.

Here lies the danger to the beloved order. It stands before the gaze of the world; and although its interior is guarded by every means that the mind of man can invent to protect its landmarks, still it is not inaccessible to the unworthy. Yes, there the beautiful superstructure stands; its own internal light bathing its external in a drapery of snowy purity, rendering it impossible any longer to conceal its comely proportions from the gaze of the multitude. Its beauty has been discovered by the unprincipled portion of mankind as well as by men of stern integrity. Now, guarded as they may be, its inner sanctuaries have been and will still be denied by the villain who, wearing the garb and symbols of a brother, winds his way to their altar, the hearts of the fraternity, and to their homes, that he may insinuate his poisoned influence into the minds of their households, spreading a withering blight over all that man holds dear to him on earth.

Masonry as an institution is not based upon money. Its treasures are filled or supplied by the prudent and industrious workmen—a class symbolized by the beehive accumulations, whether large or small, carefully stored and reserved to be bestowed as charities on the truly needy—that the lone and widowed ones may preserve their purity; that orphans may have help and encouragement to induce them to choose the path of rectitude, and consequently a life of happiness to themselves and usefulness to their fellow-men; reservations to smooth the dying pillow

where want, like a grim specter, has eaten to the very vitals of its victims, and to lend a cheer to age and decrepitude, or to be given where there is a call for humanity.

But hallowed as these treasures are rendered by the uses for which they are intended, they have caught the eyes of a class too numerous in the world—a class who are not of the industrious, prudent ones of earth, but who assume the insignia of the brotherhood and work their way into their midst, vampire-like, to rob them of the widow's mite and the orphan's heritage. These unprincipled men have found their way to the innermost sanctuaries of the temple of Masonry, else why so many proscribed as impostors?

The honors of this ancient order possess a charm for another class in society. Fully accredited, they ascend the masonic ladder until they have reached its topmost round. But not until they have been placed in positions of distinction and trust, positions imposing upon them great and responsible duties for the benefit of the order, do their real characters begin to exhibit themselves through the delegated power of their offices. Not content with the honors their brethren have heaped upon them by making them "rulers over one city," they assume to become "rulers over many cities." Such love honor and power for their own sake; such minds can not create order and harmony among the workmen in the temple; so far from it, that even those who are not Masons can see much discontent and some disorder among the workmen. There goes up with the incense from their altars a murmur of dissatisfaction for the ear of the great Architect, because of oppression among the rules, because they deal not out justice with an even balance, and because the words of their lips carry not with them the sweet intonations of peace among the brethren. They make no balm for the wounded in spirit; they rule not for the benefit of the whole household, but favoritism has crept into their hearts, and while they spoil one with sweetmeats, another is thrust from the fraternal home by cruel injustice. Such ambitious minds love the glittering bauble of honor more than to do righteously, and delight more in wearing the robes of power than the peaceful habiliments of the brotherhood.

Another danger to this time-honored order may arise from its present great

prosperity. At this time when men from every class in the community are presenting themselves for admittance to the rights and privileges of Masonry, with every variety of motives impelling them to search its mysteries, is there not danger that as an institution it may become corrupted? It is sometimes easier to bear adversity than great prosperity; if when every thing seemed adverse to its public prosperity, and there seemed but one motive to impel men to seek an extreme within its portals, they sometimes proved not good men and true, may there not now be great danger that many will be admitted who will ultimately become a disgrace to the order and a "by-word among men," who will be known in its history only as those who defaced its beauty and defiled its purity. "For who knoweth the spirit of man, or can divine why he doeth this or that?"

Beauteous temple! one woman at least loves thee; one at least has felt the warm tear flow and the heart well up with feelings unutterable when for the first time she was pointed to thy great benevolent heart as a friend who turns none empty away when all else has failed. A young wife and mother, a stranger in a strange land, far from home and kindred, lying on a bed of disease, wasted to a shadow, with a sweet little nursing infant by her side pining for its wonted nourishment, weeps. A loving husband, pale, sick, and exhausted from care and watching, ready to sink in his extremity exclaims, "Wife, there is still one hope." Her eager eyes met his to catch, if possible, that hope ere it was expressed. "In Masonry we will find friends."

Nor was it a false hope. Masonry makes no false pretensions. Unworthy members it may have, but its principles are pure. In dispensing its charities it sounds no trumpet, makes no ostentatious display, but with a tact seen only in Masonry its recipients are relieved from every feeling of having received a charity; for the heart is made to feel that it has received from the hands of brethren.

WHEN there is not a breath of air stirring, and you are in danger of stifling, attempt to light a cigar out doors, and you will be surprised at the breeze that will start up. We have seen a man try this experiment in a dead calm, and by the time he had scratched thirteen matches it was really so windy as to be uncomfortable.

**THE BEAUTIES OF RITUALISM
WHEN CARRIED TO EXCESS.**

We have ever held that a fair, honest, and just adherence to the ritual of Freemasonry, as well as a conscientious regard to the forms and principles of masonic law, are essentially necessary to the preservation of harmony, consistency, and efficiency in work, and that without this the whole frame would go to chaos. On the other hand, we have always objected to a cast-iron adherence to every word and letter so long as the true spirit and intent of the law is not violated. We have seen and heard of a good deal of discord created in lodges, because every body did not dot their i's and cross all their t's, and this has put us in mind of the following anecdote, which we clip from an exchange.

There was once a colonial bishop whose see was on the coast of Africa.

He was an energetic bishop, who labored nobly, according to his views, and no man gainsaid him.

In his immediate neighborhood resided a barbarous tribe, the tribe of Canoodle Dummies. You have heard of them.

They were idolaters.

They were a simple race, with a primitive religion. They were a mild and peaceable people, and lived in perfect harmony with one another.

The bishop said (and very properly), "I will convert these poor benighted heathen."

He entered among them, and they received him hospitably. He is indebted to these heathen for teaching him the flavor of ape, which to this day is always served in various forms at the Episcopal banquets. There are few pleasanter dishes than ape stewed with oysters and port wine. But, on the other hand, he found them little prepared to listen to the beauties of the religion he was about to unfold to them.

He began by entering into conversation with their chum, or high-priest.

The bishop learned from the chum, or high-priest, the heads of Canoodle Dummer's faith.

He found that at sunrise they were summoned to prayer by the beating of a tom-tom or the blowing of a horn.

"It does not matter which," said the chum.

"How is this?" queried the colonial bishop; "you say that it does not matter which—this is fearful."

"It does not in the least matter whether

it is a tom-tom or a horn," said the chum.

"Why should it?"

"Oh," said the bishop, "this is a terrible state of things." And he thought to himself, "It is useless just at present to endeavor to inculcate the beauties of Christianity among this ignorant and unsophisticated people. In their present state of mind they will not appreciate what I have to tell them. I will begin by endeavoring to instill a healthier moral tone, so they will the more readily apprehend the doctrine that I shall then lay before them."

With the permission of their chief, he summoned the tribe. They came like lambs.

"O Canoodle Dummies!" said he, "I am pained to find that you are indifferent as to whether a tom-tom or a horn is used to summon you to your devotions."

"We are quite indifferent," said they with one voice, "so that we are summoned."

"But," said the bishop, "observe; if a horn is right, a tom-tom must be wrong. So likewise if a tom-tom is right, a horn is out of the question."

"But why?" said the Canoodle Dummies.

"Why?" echoed the bishop indignantly. "Why, of course!"

"I see," said each Canoodle Dummer thoughtfully. And the members of the tribe looked askance at each other, and each edged away from his neighbor.

And the next day the tribe was divided into two mighty factions, those who stood up for the horn, and those who stood up for the tom-tom.

The chum, or high-priest, endeavored, but in vain, to reconcile them.

"Why," said the chum, "should you quarrel on such a point? You are all amiable, sufficiently virtuous, tolerably sober, charitable, and generally well conducted. You agree on all the vital points of your religion. Why divide on matters of unimportant detail?"

"Why, indeed?" said the tribe. And the two factions embraced.

"Stop!" said the bishop; "I am pained beyond measure to see this. What are the ingredients of a plum-pudding to the shape of the mold in which it is boiled?"

"Nothing at all," said the tribe. And they were again and finally divided.

The bishop persevered. He addressed the Horn party, and said: "I notice with pain that some of your horns are long and some are short. This should not be."

"Which is right?" said the Horn party.

"I am not of your religion," said the bishop, "so I can not undertake to offer an opinion. But one thing is certain, if one is right, the other is wrong."

So the Horn party was divided into two sects—the Long Horns and the Short Horns. And the Long Horns hated the Short Horns even more than the Horn party hated the Tom-tom party. And the Short Horns returned the compliment.

The bishop then addressed the Tom-tom party and said: "I am grieved to see that some of your tom-toms are long and narrow while others are short and stout. If it is right that a tom-tom should be long and narrow, it is a sin to use those that are of diametrically opposite form."

And the Tom-tom party were accordingly divided into two sects—the Long and Narrow Tom-tom and the Short and Stout Tom-tom.

And the feud that existed between the Horn party and the Tom-tom party was as nothing to that which raged between the Long and Narrow Tom-tom party and the Short and Stout Tom-tom party.

The bishop still persevered.

He pointed out to the Long Horn party that some of the long Horns were sharp and some were flat.

So the Long Horn party was subdivided, and became the Sharp Long Horns and Flat Long Horns.

He pointed out to the Short Horn party that some of the short horns were cow's horns and some were ram's horns.

So the Short Horn party were subdivided, and became the Short Cow Horns and the Short Ram Horns.

The bishop still persevered.

He pointed out to the Long and Narrow Tom-tom party that some of their long and narrow tom-toms were headed with the skin of sheep and some with the skin of pigs.

So the Long and Narrow Tom-tom party were subdivided, and became the Long and Narrow Sheep-headed Tom-tom party and the Long and Narrow Pig-headed Tom-tom party.

He pointed out to the Short and Stout Tom-tom party that some of their short and stout tom-toms were bored with wood and some with iron. So the Short and Stout Tom-tom party were subdivided into the Short and Stout Wooden-boxed Tom-tom party and the Short and Stout Iron-boxed Tom-tom party.

And here the good bishop took breath

and rested. For by this time there was only one man to each subdivision, and the process of disintegration could be carried on no further.

A NOVEL EXCURSION.

The following report we extract from the Rocky Mountain News of September 20th, published at Denver, Colorado:

Last Tuesday morning the members of the Colorado Commandery set out upon their long-talked-of excursion to Manitou. The turnout was not nearly so large as it should have been—not half so large as promised—yet there was a very pleasant party, increased by guests from Cheyenne and other points, until it filled two cars. The run to the Springs Station and the stage ride thence to Manitou were without notable incident, the latter place being reached for dinner. Most of the party immediately set out sight-seeing, and as the majority had never before been in that region, they had plenty to occupy all the leisure time of their stay. Excursions were made daily to the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Monument Park, Williams's Canon, Cheyenne Canon, and many other places of note and interest. The Knights paraded for an hour's drill each morning at 6:30 o'clock, and each evening at 5:30 o'clock. The Gilman band, which accompanied them, opened and closed each day with martial music from the broad veranda of the Manitou House, and played for the social hop in the spacious dining-room each evening. The hops, given by the house, were well attended, and a wide and pleasant acquaintance was made between the excursionists and other guests of the house and the citizens of the town.

Wednesday evening Grace Greenwood gave an admirable entertainment of character representations and recitations in the parlors of the hotel, out of compliment to the Knights Templars and their guests. The rooms were crowded to their utmost, and every body was intensely pleased and interested. She gave "Over the Hill to the Poor-house;" "The United States Senate as seen from the Gallery;" Bret Harte's "Sicily, or the Poet of Alkali Station;" "Laughing Dick;" and "Tabitha Tattle;" all of which were loudly cheered.

Thursday morning at six o'clock the following Sir Knights set out from the Springs to ascend Pike's Peak: Wm. N. Byers, Thos. Deegan, John J. Vosburgh, Ralph C. Webster, and F. W. Freund, of

Colorado Commandery, No. 1, Denver; Henry C. Olney, of Washington Commandery, No. 2, Atchison, Kansas; M. J. Fitzgerald, of Omaha Commandery, No. 1, Omaha, Nebraska, and of Wyoming Commandery, U. D., Cheyenne, Wyoming; S. E. Haskins, of DeMolay Commandery, Madison, Wisconsin; Irving W. Stanton, of Central City Commandery, No. 2, Central City, Colorado; and Henry F. Talbot, of Chicago Commandery, No. 19, Chicago, Ill. They went up by the old trail, reaching timber-line in a little over three hours. There they left their horses. Some climbed to the summit in less than two hours from timber-line, and the balance followed rapidly after. At one o'clock a commandery was opened upon the lofty summit of the great mountain, in a little rocky plateau cut off from the main table-like surface by a ridge of higher rocks, and looking out over a boundless extent of plain, the South Park, and a wilderness of mountains, reaching north to Wyoming, west to the National Range, and south to New Mexico. The commandery being opened, the eminent commander said:

"*Sir Knights*: We are permitted to-day to participate in an event the like of which probably never before occurred in the history of the world—to meet in our solemn conclave upon this 'highest hill,' overlooking one of the broadest and grandest views to be enjoyed on earth. When these frail bodies shall have turned to dust, and 'true and courteous Sir Knights' of future generations shall 'march to our posts,' rest assured that the event of this day will yet live in masonic history."

The Sir Knights then engaged in drill and the full manual of arms in use by the order; after which the conclave was duly closed, and the descent begun. It was "severe duty" for some; but the hard climb up and down was made cheerfully, and probably not one would surrender the recollections of the day, despite the hardships, for any mercenary considerations. All were back safely to Manitou before sunset, the entire trip having occupied less than twelve hours. But seldom has it been made in so short a time, and it is even more seldom that in so large a number all succeed in reaching the top. The common time for the expedition occupies a day and a half.

An associated press dispatch was sent from the signal station on the peak. Men were there preparing the foundation for

the house that is to be erected. The new trail is completed by which all supplies building material, fuel, etc., are packed up. Tourists can now ride to the summit with ease and comfort; but it is considerably longer than the old route.

At Thursday night's Manitou hop the Knights appeared in full regalia. Yesterday morning nearly all went to Colorado Springs Station, took dinner, and in the afternoon returned to Denver. A few remained at the Springs. Throughout the four days of the excursion there was not a word or incident to mar the harmony of the occasion, and all returned home well pleased with their holiday. Messrs. Blake & Co., and all their attaches of the Manitou House, exerted themselves to please, and succeeded so well as to elicit nothing but praise from one and all.

STAND UPON YOUR HONOR.

If the lodges in Illinois desire just laws and intelligent legislation, they must look carefully to the timbers selected for masters. First of all they want sensible and candid men, and to that add every available qualification that can be had. Next, masters are wanted who will attend the Grand Lodge in person. The number of proxies given by masters to brethren who are neither past masters, wardens, nor past wardens is *frightful*. It tells of something mercenary and unmasonic. The empty benches disclose absentee proxies, whose mileage and per diem are paid, and whose minds and persons are occupied in the purchase of goods, wares, and merchandise. Absenteeism in the *day-time* has no other solution. The lodges should preserve their honor by electing men for masters who will respect their position and fulfill their duties. If we had the power, the whole proxy system should be destroyed. It is a modern innovation and a loathsome excrescence upon the body of Masonry.—(*St. Louis Freeman.*)

A KENTUCKY editor received the following note from a subscriber, asking that a false notice of his death might be corrected: "Sir, i notis a few errors in the obituary of myself wich appeered in your paper of last wensday, i was born in greenup co. not caldwell, and my retirement from bisness in 1860 was not owen to ill helth, but to a little trouble i had in connection with a horse, and the cors of my deth was not smallpox, please make corrections for which i enclose 50 cents."

PHYSICAL DISQUALIFICATIONS.

Q. A Royal Arch Mason having lost an arm, is he thereby disqualified from receiving the orders?

A. I say no. I know of no law that would exclude him. If our orders were literally military, and if the members were expected in any emergency to be called upon to do active military duty in the field, then he would be. But I do not so understand our institution. Our use of arms is merely symbolic. Our "order is founded upon the Christian religion and the practice of the Christian virtues." Is a man less qualified to perform these duties because he has lost an arm or a leg? I hope not. If the grand object of our order was to make magnificent public military parades, in which the only emulation should be as to which commandery could make the most finished and artistic display in the way of performing fancy military evolutions in the streets, then one-armed men and wooden legs would be at a discount. I think our order has a higher and a nobler mission to perform—a mission in which every good man who is physically sound in his head and heart can participate. To say that simply because a good and worthy Royal Arch Mason has had the misfortune to lose an arm, a leg, or a foot, that he should therefore be forever excluded from the society of Christian Knights is relapsing back into a worse, more cruel, and unreasonable barbarism than that which existed in the Middle Ages, when Hugh de Payens and his brave associates founded the Christian Order of the Temple for the purpose of defending poor pilgrims against the Saracens.

This rule about physical defects is the darkest spot on symbolic Freemasonry. When it was made the institution was *operative*, and it was absolutely necessary that the recipient should be physically sound and perfect, that he might be qualified to perform all the active duties of an entered-apprentice, fellow-craft, or master; that is, that he might be qualified to be a bearer of burdens, a hewer of stones, a practical superintendent of the work. But when Masonry became speculative, when it changed from its operative character into a great "system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols," the necessity for this physical requirement no longer existed, and it is a discredit to the order to retain it, and I hope to live to see the day when it shall be blotted from our "landmarks;"

for, with stupidity equal to the barbarity of the rule itself, there are many, a majority perhaps, of our masonic Solons who persist in calling this a landmark "which it is not in the power of any man or body of men to change."—(GRAND COMMANDER CARSON, of Ohio.)

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THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

It has been said by the oldest Masons that in the early days of Freemasonry in America visitors were welcomed in lodges and chapters with the most sincere affection and courtesy. It has been said by these oldest Masons now living that no act of fraternal etiquette was spared to make them understand that they were really glad to see them. Visitors were greeted with open arms and warm hearts, that showed them that wherever they traveled they found among Masons brethren of the mystic tie who were really brothers indeed. Nothing could be more fraternal or cordial than the greeting such brethren received as they were introduced to the lodge-room. The master invariably sounded his gavel, and ordered the lodge to take a recess for a few moments for the purpose of giving the brethren an opportunity of being introduced to the stranger. The master then took his position beside the visitor, and introduced each member of his lodge by name; and thus, in a true fraternal spirit, a masonic acquaintance commenced. The brethren, surrounding the visitor, made his stay agreeable in the lodge; and when the lodge was closed all partook of substantial refreshments, and pledged friendship and love as united in the bonds of brotherhood.

If the visitor remained a few days in the place, the brethren would call the next and succeeding days at his hotel, and would try to make him happy, and destroy the monotony of life among strangers by all those acts of courtesy and fraternal friendship which make the time pass pleasantly. When strangers settled in the place their first business seemed to be to make the visiting brothers acquainted with the town and its inhabitants, and thus enter on life in a new place under the comforting auspices of the brethren of the masonic fraternity. If a brother from abroad was taken sick, not only was a proper physician procured, but watchers and nurses were provided, and brothers visited the bedside so often that the visit-

ing brother could want neither care nor comfort nor attendance. And when death claimed the visitor his remains would be taken to the loved ones at home with that tender and loving solicitude that characterizes the true Mason from the heartless and ignorant pretender.

All this has changed. Masonry remains the same in its ritual and its principles; but that individual responsibility that each Mason has pledged to another is fast rusting and dying out. Unless it is stopped at once it will entirely change the character of the order we love and cherish.—(JOHN EDWIN MASON, M. D.)

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RIGHTS OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

A case of some interest, involving the rights of secret societies, was tried and decided in the Pittsburg Criminal Court on Wednesday of last week. The parties to the proceeding were Jas. M. Campbell and Benjamin Jewett, members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, an organization for the protection of the craft and the advancement of the interests of the engineers; and it is stated that in pursuance of this design it is found necessary to reprove a member or to proceed sometimes to harsher measures. In the instance above referred to it is stated that Dennison Lodge, No. 17, had applied the discipline to Mr. Jewett, and expelled him for intemperance, and the secretary, Mr. Campbell, was directed to send a notification of the fact to Mr. S. M. Cummings, who has charge of the locomotive department at the outer depot, Fort Wayne Railroad, Pittsburg. Mr. Jewett objected to this method of "throwing him out," and hence brought suit against Mr. Campbell for libel. At the opening of the case Mr. Marshall, counsel for the prosecution, offered the letter written by the defendant; and the document being admitted in evidence, the commonwealth rested. Messrs. Johnson, Fetterman, and Gibson appeared for the defense, and argued that the letter was written by the defendant *pro bono publico*, and that the writer only wrote it as the secretary of a lodge of engineers, and was not individual. Judge Stowe, however, charged the jury that no man in such a case had a right to obey the order of a secret society to the injury of others, and under that instruction the jury returned a verdict of guilty. The case attracted the liveliest interest among the brotherhood and from members of other secret fraternities.

FROM THE PITTSBURG ADVANCE.
ONLY A ROSE.

She stood at a corner and held out her flower, but it seemed that no one heeded her. At last she gathered courage enough to touch one of the ladies who passed and say, "Buy a rose, lady; buy a rose? Please buy a rose?" But the lady hurried on as the rest had.

It would not do to stand still. Millicent walked on slowly. Whenever she caught a pleasant eye she held out her tiny bouquet, and repeated her prayer, "Buy a rose? buy a rose?" But the sun was setting, and she was opposite Saint Paul's, and still no one had bought her flower.

She was growing desperate by this time. Some one should buy it. Jane should have bread that night.

"Buy a rose? See! Look at it! See how pretty it is!" she cried in a voice sharpened by hunger and sorrow. "Look! You do n't look at it, or you'd buy it."

"These street beggars should be suppressed," said the stout man she had addressed. "Young woman, I'll give you in charge if you do n't behave yourself."

"He do n't know; he do n't know," said Millicent to herself. "Nobody could guess how poor we are. Oh, what a hard, hard world!"

Then she went on, not daring to speak again; and her rose drooped a little in her fingers, and still no one seemed disposed to buy it.

In her excitement she had walked farther than she knew. Despair seized upon Millicent. She sank down upon a bench and began to weep bitterly.

The twilight was deepening. She was far from home and little Jane. She was faint with weariness and hunger. Beyond the present moment all seemed an utter blank to her. She covered her face with her hands; the rose dropped into her lap unheeded. She cared for it no more. Fate was so much against her that no one would even buy a beautiful flower like that from her.

There were steps; she heeded them not. There were voices; it mattered not to her. Suddenly some one said, "What a beautiful rose!" And the words caught her ear. She looked up. Three or four sea-faring men with bundles in their hands were passing by, fresh from the docks, evidently embrowned with sun and wind, and with the ship's roll still in their gait.

Sailors were always generous. One

of these would buy the flower. She held it out.

"Buy it, please," she whispered faintly. "Please buy this rose."

"I'm glad to get it," said a stout, elderly man, in a kindly voice. "What is the price, my lass? Will that do?"

He tossed three or four foreign-looking silver pieces into her lap, and took the flower. Then looking at her very closely he spoke again: "What is the matter, lass? Do n't be afraid to tell me. I had a little gal of my own once. She's dead now. Tell me—can I help you?"

Millicent looked up. The man's face was half hidden in his hat, and he was stouter and grayer than her father had been; but she fancied a likeness.

"You have helped me, sir," she said, "buying the rose. Thank you very much. My father was a sailor too, and he was shipwrecked."

"It's a sailor's fate," said the man. "It's time you were getting home, lass. This city is no place for a young girl to be out in after night. But just wait. A sailor's orphan has a claim on a sailor; and my poor little Millicent would be about your age had she lived."

"Millicent" screamed the girl. "Oh, my name is Millicent! I'm frightened. I do n't know what to think. You look like him—you. I'm Millicent Blair. Is it a dream? It can't be true! It can't be father!" But the next instant he had her in his arms, and she knew that the sea had given him back to her.

Wrecked with the vessel, but not lost, he had been cast upon a desert island, whence he escaped, after three weary years, only to find his little home empty. The widow had left her little cottage to earn her living in town, and the news of her death had been carried back to her old home by some one who had been in London when she died, and who had either heard or imagined that he heard that her children were dead also. And the same was told to Roger Blair by kindly people who believed it thoroughly, and he had borne it as best he could, and had sailed the sea again, a weary, heart-broken man.

He had not found all his treasures, but that some were spared was more than he ever hoped; and the meeting between father and daughter was like that between two arisen from the dead.

And so the rose-bush had done more for Millicent than she could have dreamed, and to this day is the most cherished

treasure in the little home where the old man lives with his two daughters; and when, once a month, its blossoms fill the air with their fragrance, they crowd about it as about the shrine of some sainted thing, and whisper, "But for this we should be parted."

ICEBERGS.

The magnificent icebergs of the northern seas are only the terminal masses of arctic glaciers which have pushed themselves into the ocean, and been worn away and broken off by the action of the waves and the tides. The description of some of these icebergs sounds more like the rioting of oriental imagination than sober truth; the gorgeous coloring, the exquisite molding, the effects of light and shadow, surpass the descriptions of Aladdin's jeweled cave. Every crevice and fissure seem filled with an exquisite blue vapor. Every crevice where a shadow can lurk is filled with "a blue, the softness and beauty of which can not be described nor easily imagined. The lovely azure appears to pervade and fill the hollows like so much visible atmosphere or smoke; one almost looks to see it float out of the crystal cells where it reposes and thin away into colorless air." Great masses of the icebergs are often split off, presenting very singular and beautiful forms. At times the demoralization of the mass, which has been silently in progress for weeks, manifests itself by a terrible thundering peal, the berg goes down with a plunge under the green waters to rise again in new forms of beauty. One of the fragments is described by Noble, whose enthusiasm at the beauty of the forms and colors of this "glorious architecture of the polar night" knows no bounds. He says: "Quite apart from the parent berg and close to the rocks it first appeared, rising out of the sea like some work of enchantment. Ascending higher and higher till it stood in the dark water some twenty feet in height, a finely-proportioned vase, pure as pearl or alabaster, and shining with the tints of emerald and sapphire throughout its manifold flutings and decorations. It was absolutely startling. As it was ascending from the sea the water in the Titanic vase, an exquisite pale-green, spouted in all directions from the corrugated brim, and the waves leaped up and covered the pedestal and stem with a drift of sparkling foam."—(From *January Home and School, Louisville, Ky.*)

REV. PINKNEY'S ROOSTER.

BY THE DANBURY "NEWS" MAN.

Rev. Mr. Pinkney, of Slawson, bought a game rooster from a Danbury dealer, Saturday. Mr. Pinkney informs us that he was not aware the fowl was of the game species; he bought it because of its shapely appearance. We believe this statement, and are confident that the good people of Slawson will acquit him of all blame in the unfortunate affair of last Sunday, the particulars of which are as follows.

At the time the trouble commenced Mr. Pinkney was engaged in arranging his neck-tie preparatory to putting on his coat and vest. Happening to look out of the window, he saw his new rooster and a rooster belonging to the Widow Rathburn squaring off in the street for a fight. Surprised and pained by this display, he immediately started out to repel the disturbance, but was too late. When he got there a half dozen young ruffians with cigars in their mouths and evil in their eyes had surrounded the birds, which were already in the affray. They would thrust their heads out at each other and ruffle their necks, and then dance around and strike out with their spurs, and jump back and strike out their heads again. And when the boys saw him they shouted out, "Hurry up, Baldy," (Mr. Pinkney is a little bald) "or you'll miss the fun."

Mr. Pinkney was inexpressibly shocked. It was Sunday morning; the homes of two of his deacons and several of his most prominent members were in sight, and here were those roosters carrying on like mad, and a parcel of wicked and profane boys shouting their approval and noisily betting on the result. He made an effort to secure his fowl, but it eluded him. The perspiration streamed down his face, which burned like fire; his knees trembled; and he felt, as he saw the neighbors gathering, that if the earth would only open and swallow him he could never be sufficiently grateful.

Just as he attempted to catch his rooster a rough-looking individual with pants in his boots and a cap with a drawn-down fore-piece came up, and, taking in the scene at a glance, sided in with the other rooster.

"Fair play," shouted the new-comer for the benefit of the crowd, and "don't step on the birds, old codger," for the particular benefit of Mr. Pinkney, who,

crazed beyond reason, was jumping about, swinging his arms and muttering incoherent things, to the great danger of stepping on the combatants.

"Good for old Pinkney's rooster!" screamed the boys in delight, as that old fowl knocked a handful of feathers from his opponent's neck.

"The parson knows how to do it," said the one-eyed man gleefully.

Mr. Pinkney could have swooned.

"I'll go you five dollars on the widder," said the rough man earnestly, winking at the clergyman.

"Take him, Pinkney; take him, Pinkney," chorused the crowd of ragamuffins.

"My friends," protested the minister in a voice of agony, "I can not, I can not" —

"I'll back you, sir," said an enthusiastic man with a fish-pole; "I'll put up for you, and you can let me have it from your donation."

The clergyman groaned.

"Catch the widder," shouted the rough man to Mr. Pinkney, indicating the lady's bird by a motion of his finger.

Mr. Pinkney clutched it, dropping on his knees as he did so. At the same time the rough man, by a dexterous move, caught the clergyman's bird, and also dropped on his knees opposite.

Just then Mr. Pinkney looked up, and there saw two of his deacons and several of the members staring down upon the scene with an expression that brought the blood to his face, and with a groan of intense pain the unhappy man dropped Mrs. Rathburn's fowl and darted into the house.

As soon as he recovered from his mishap he sent in his resignation, but a critical examination had been made in the mean time, and it transpired that as far as the worthy man was concerned there was not the least blame. The resignation was not accepted.

THE TRUE MASONIC PROGRESSION.—The *first* degree leads the candidate to view his moral blindness and deplorable state by nature.

The *second* is emblematical of a state of improvement and trial.

The *third* prefigures a state of a good man in his pilgrimage below.

GOOD nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others.

DEATH OF J. G. BOTTS.

The following is a copy of the resolutions on the death of Bro. J. G. Botts, adopted by Burlington Lodge, No. 264, F. and A. M., December 20, 1873:

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, to take from our midst another beloved and honorable brother, be it therefore

Resolved, that in his death is evinced the loss of a loving husband, a father deeply appreciative of the happiness and prosperity of his children, a brother with a devotion unceasing in the family circle. As a friend he was sympathizing and ready to aid; as a Mason ever willing to go the length of his cable, to or even beyond the square and angle of his work.

Resolved, that a memorial page be set apart on the records of this lodge to the memory and in recognition of the many virtues of our deceased brother.

Resolved, that this lodge be draped in mourning, and that our members be requested to wear the usual badge for thirty days.

Resolved, that to the family of the deceased we offer our deepest sympathy; but while we tender our condolence in this their sad hour of bereavement, we are happy to administer the solacing comfort that as his career in this life was associated with the noble and good, his abode in the next world will be a continual feast of the peace and consolation he so richly merits.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the *Kentucky Freemason* and Saturday Advertiser for publication.

WM. F. MCKIM,
G. G. HUGHES, } Com.
J. M. RIDDELL,

Attest: A. B. PARKER, Secretary.
Burlington, Ky., December 16, 1873.

MASONRY THE MODERN METHUSELAH. The long and uninterrupted existence of Freemasonry in the world is a circumstance which can not escape the observation of the contemplative, or fail to excite some degree of wonder in those at least who understand not its pure and well-formed system. It has stood the waste of time through many revolving ages; amidst the successive revolutions of states and empires, of human laws and customs, it has remained without any change in its principles and without any material alteration in its original form. Placed on the immovable basis of the best natural principles of the human heart, its pillars have remained unshaken amidst the rage of every varied storm, and to this hour have suffered no decay.

"WHAT mean you, fellow-citizens, that you turn every stone to scrape wealth together, and take so little care of your children to whom you must one day leave it all?"—(Socrates.)

The Kentucky Freemason

JANUARY, 1874.

TO THE CRAFT OF THE SOUTH.

The *Kentucky Freemason* has completed its sixth volume, and enters upon its seventh with no mean promise of better success than has thus far attended its publication. While the past has not been lucrative, it has made us friends that we value higher than we do bonds or gold. We have made no enemies. From every quarter words of good cheer have floated to our ear. Not a sentiment we have ever uttered has been protested. Those who have differed with us have done so with kindly dissent. We have written nothing which an inquisitorial memory brings to mind that "dying we would wish to blot." With the help of a generous fraternity we hope to tide the shoals of the financial troubles and reach the broad seas of an enduring prosperity. We have poled our way so long down the narrow current upon which we have been floating that we long to reach that broad expanse of public favor where we can unfurl all our canvas and careen before every propitious breeze born of the air.

We trust that none of our old subscribers will see cause to desert us, but that they will aid us in extending our circulation. Our paper is traveling southward, and we are a candidate for a wide circulation in that sunny land where we spent our earliest days and enjoyed and suffered so much.

We have reached the coveted excellence of typography, and are able confidently to say that the present number of the *Freemason* is not equaled by any publication of a similar kind. The price is exceedingly low. We shall spare no labor to make the *Freemason* meet the largest expectations of its most ardent friends. Owing to circumstances that will not re-appear, we have been somewhat unfortunate in the closing numbers of the last volume. The barnacles are now scraped from the hulk of our bark, our canvas is bleached, our bearings ad-

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justed, and the year is destined to mark a prosperous voyage.

We beg all those who have or shall receive our prospectus to aid us in increasing our subscription-list, and we promise a paper that in its mechanism and literary and masonic matter shall be acceptable to the intelligent craftsman and a welcome visitor to every masonic home in which it gains admission. Especial attention will be given to the department of Masonic Jurisprudence, and all the grand officers will avail themselves of our columns to make their decisions known. The committees on foreign correspondence will give us their best excerpts. We have every masonic paper in the world for an exchange, and whatever is deserving in the current literature of the order shall be presented to our readers. Whatever familiarity we have with classic literature, ancient and modern, shall be utilized to give interest to our pages. Our editorials shall bear the distinct mint-mark of our brain, and all communications will be closely scrutinized before transferred to the printer. Relieved from all its business care, we shall devote our leisure hours from public duties to the paper. 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.

SUBSCRIBERS remitting the price of subscription for 1874 will address the "Ledger Company," Louisville, Ky.

Those making remittances for past dues will send to H. A. M. Henderson, Frankfort, Ky.

Exchanges will continue to address *Kentucky Freemason*, Frankfort, Ky.

All business letters should be addressed to the "Ledger Company."

Communications to the editor should be addressed to Frankfort, Ky.

FRANKFORT Commandery has assessed each of its members thirty dollars. That's what it costs to entertain the Grand Commandery.

THE Masons of Ruddell's Mills, Bourbon County, had a festive night December 27th. We hope the "Home" reaped some benefit of the feast and dance.

A SHORT HISTORY.

The first regular lodges in Kentucky received their charters from the Grand Lodge of Virginia. In the year 1800 there were five working lodges in the state. Upon the invitation of Lexington Lodge, No. 25 (Virginia register), a convention of delegates from these lodges was held September 8, 1800, in Lexington, when it was resolved to constitute a Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and an admirable address was issued setting forth the reasons that impelled them to a separation from Virginia. The Grand Lodge of Virginia received the address in a fraternal spirit, and immediately gave her motherly approval to the movement. The convention met again at the same place October 16, 1800, and proceeded to establish the Grand Lodge. The delegates then severally surrendered their Virginia charters and received new ones from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. Wm. Murray was the first grand master.

The Grand Royal Arch Chapter was organized in Frankfort December 4, 1817. James Moore was the first grand high-priest.

The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters was organized December 10, 1827, Robt. Johnson being the first grand president.

The Grand Commandery Knights Templars was established October 5, 1827. Henry Wingate was elected grand commander.

The corner-stone of the Masonic Temple at Louisville was laid with imposing ceremonies June 16, 1851. It was completed in 1857 at a cost of \$150,000.

Among the illustrious sons of Kentucky who have held office in the Grand Lodge we mention the following and their highest rank: Geo. M. Bibb, John Speed Smith, Henry Clay, Daniel Breck, Leander M. Cox, W. W. Southgate, Philip Swigert, grand masters; John Rowan, Garrett Davis, James M. Bullock, deputy grand masters; R. J. Breckinridge, Richard Apperson, senior grand wardens; Jos. C. Breckinridge, Jas. F. Robinson, James O. Harrison, Chilton Allen, Wm. S. Pilcher, James A. Simpson, William S. Downey, C. F. Burnham, Green Clay Smith, grand orators.

AN exchange says: "Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, an old friend of the late Hiram Abiff, delivered a historical address on Masonry at Terre Haute, December 1, 1873."

PARSON GILES.

Henry T. Stanton, Kentucky's poet-laureate, has written a poem bearing the name of "Parson Giles." Like every thing from his pen, there is music in the rhythm and rhyme. The language glitters like brilliants, and we have no fault to find with it as a work of art. It is

"Faultlessly faultless."

The sentiment is, however, beneath the dignity of poetry. If we understand the mission of the tuneful muse, it is to elevate and purify humanity. When it is used to garland vice or to satirize virtue it is but the green-and-gold baldrick of the serpent, with all the loathsome slime beneath the glittering cestus. Poetry sneering at religion is as unseemly a sight as a spider pursuing its prey into the blushing heart of a rose. We have as profound a contempt for cant and hypocrisy as any man, but a profession of religion does not necessarily put a man in the category of phariseism.

Take this verse as a sample of our poet's idea of the Christian profession:

"Men of Adam's form and feature
Seek to rise above the creature,
And to spurn their brother clods—
Egots, saying to the masses:
'Ye are dying things and asses;
We are living things and gods!'"

Now there are many men who will relish that verse as savory salad, but the poison of asps is in it. We say for the pulpit that it has never claimed for itself that superior holiness which is intimated in the stanza we have quoted. A few men here and there may lift up their white hands and white eyes, and thank God that they are not as other men are, and say to the humble publican smiting on his breast and crying his penitent prayer, "Stand off! I am holier than thou;" but they are exceptions to the class, and not representative. The preachers of the land are the friends of the masses, and assert no claim to superiority over them of any kind. This caricature drawn by our poet will not be recognized in one minister of the gospel in a thousand. As a general thing, they are men of "finer natures," who turn their kindly-beating pulses in warmest sympathy to their falling, suffering kind. They are the friends of the poor and the relievers of their needs; they have gentle words for the erring, and breathe brave hopes into the hearts of the failing; they go with soft step and bated breath to the bedside of the sick to soothe the aching head or hold the wan and wasting hand; they sit in tenderest sym-

pathy with those who are tearful beneath the shadow of a great sorrow. In all this they do not "spurn their brother clods." It is a profane calumny to represent the clergy as mounted upon a self-erected pedestal, looking down from their statuesque egotism upon the masses, and regarding them as dumb and burden-bearing "asses."

But Parson Giles is represented as "full of tender kindness," and abounding in "earnest, honest preaching." It is claimed for him that he felt a genuine interest in "Billy Jones," the village drunkard. He set himself to reclaim this festive tanner. He associates with him to this end. The result is the reclamation of Billy Jones and the fall of Parson Giles.

If the poem has a moral it is this, that preachers when they associate with men of the world will be corrupted; that when license has run its circuit vice will be transformed into virtue, and the day will come when professed virtue will wallow in the slums of degradation. We have this *thesis*: Billy Jones in his dissipation is a better man than Parson Giles; though he may rollick for a season, yet returning manhood will assert itself and rehabilitate his soiled nature; and when the Parson is down, the mask of his hypocrisy stripped off, then Billy Jones will be enthroned in the recovered regards of society. Parson Giles must keep to his pulpit-pounding; for if he goes down to be a friend of Billy Jones, he will become the drunkard and Billy will become the saint.

The poem gives the preacher a fair warning to keep aloof from the masses—to let Billy Jones go his way if he would escape himself.

Many a man given to his cups will read "Parson Giles" and lay the flattering unction to his soul that he will reform and be an honorable member of society when scores of these warning preachers who unnecessarily busy themselves about their habits are "swaying in an atmosphere of toddy."

For Mr. Stanton's own sake we wish he had chosen some other theme than the clergy for his satire. Very many of them are among his most ardent admirers and eulogists, who will be pained to see him caricaturing their office. We had even heard that he had thought better of the matter himself and given it to the ashes. It were better in the ash-heap, for it will be no enduring block in that monument

of fame which his genius is steadily building for him. It is a "Carrier's Address" for the Kentucky Yeoman, and we were no little surprised to see the name of the author of "Moneyless Man" attached to a penny pamphlet hawked about the streets of Frankfort on New-year's day. If the poet would make an inscription that would last, let him cut in marble rather than mud.

MURDER OF A MASON.

For nearly six months Bro. Nathaniel French, Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Masons in the Bermudas, and Representative Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, has been missing. His last known appearance alive was when he landed in New York from the steamship City of Havana. It has recently been discovered that within twenty-four hours after his arrival he was robbed and brutally beaten while in the First Ward of New York City; that he afterward died in one of the hospitals, and his body was buried in the Potter's Field among the unknown and uncared for. Search was made for the body by his masonic brethren, and his ignoble grave discovered, from which it is to be raised for more decent interment, upon which occasion the Freemasons of New York City will pay those burial honors so richly due so good and great a man.

MANY brethren are neglectful about attending masonic funerals. It is the duty of every Mason to be at the burial of a brother of his lodge. It is a mark of respect highly appreciated by the bereaved and admiringly observed by the profane.

At the wedding of Mr. Jas. Rodman to Miss Flora Garrard, both of Frankfort, the Knights Templars attended in a body, out of respect to the memory of James Garrard, deceased, who was one of the best-beloved members of Frankfort Commandery.

THE 27th of December was observed with festivities, a public installation, and a speech from Past Grand Master Fitch, by the brethren of Owingsville, Ky. The craft at that place has a beautifully furnished lodge-room.

BRO. T. L. Jefferson received his friends in a handsome manner at his elegant residence in Louisville.

AMENITIES OF MASONRY IN WAR.

During the latter part of the late civil strife we were a commissioner for the exchange of prisoners of war on behalf of the Confederate States. We once went to Cahaba, Ala., a prison-post, and a request was made to us by an old gentleman confined there for a personal interview. It was granted.

The old gentleman told his story, and it was a most affecting one. He had come down South to get the body of a Federal soldier who had been killed in battle—the son of a widow lady. His mission was executed from motives of pure, disinterested kindness. He had secured the body, and was returning, when the train was captured by a squadron of cavalry, and all the passengers, soldiers and citizens, made prisoners. The old gentleman thought it very hard that he should be detained; but the law of retaliation was then in force, and captured Union citizens were being held as hostages for Confederate citizens in northern prisons. We informed the distressed prisoner that our discretion in such cases was limited by our orders in such a way as to render it impossible to effect his release by any ordinary means.

Finally the old gentleman—a Mr. St. John—asked, "Are you a Mason?" We responded in the affirmative. An examination ensued, and we became satisfied with each other. Bro. St. John then made an earnest masonic appeal to us. We replied: "Bro. St. John, as a private individual I am a Freemason, and will do any thing practicable to relieve your necessities as a prisoner and to make you comfortable during captivity; but as a colonel of the C. S. A. I know no masonic obligation that requires me to relax my integrity to the government whose commission I bear, even to aid a brother. However, I will say this to you, that if an occasion offers for an early exchange, I will bear your case in memory and give you the advantage of it."

A few days afterward we heard of the captivity of an old citizen friend of North Georgia, at Camp Chase, Ohio, who was also a master-mason. We determined to endeavor to effect his release. We went to see Bro. St. John, and made the following proposition: "Will you accept a parole to go North and endeavor to effect an exchange of yourself for Mr. Sharp (my friend), confined at Camp Chase? If you fail, will you return and report yourself a prisoner to me at Cahaba?"

Will you give your masonic word to me that you will faithfully fulfill the conditions of the proposed parole of honor?" All these questions were answered in the affirmative.

We took Bro. St. John with us to Memphis, where the parole was ratified by General Washburne, commanding the Department of West Tennessee. Bro. St. John proceeded North, spent a single night with his family near Cincinnati, and then went to Camp Chase; saw Bro. Sharp and the officer in charge, but could make no arrangement for an exchange there. Nothing daunted, he went to Washington, had interviews with the President and Secretary of War, and finally, after the lapse of three weeks of persevering effort, succeeded in his purpose, and returned to Camp Chase with an order for the exchange. When Bro. Sharp was released he gave him clothes, money, and transportation, and started him rejoicing in his liberty southward.

Two months had elapsed since we parted with Bro. St. John, and the time of the parole had expired. We had begun to think we had been deceived, when lo! one morning while on our way to Hernando, Mississippi, to consummate an exchange, Bro. Sharp appeared like an apparition upon the bank of the Blackwater River. His eyes filled with tears of gratitude, and speechless with emotion he rushed forward and with a masonic grip expressed what was filling his heart so full.

Since the close of the war we have received a letter from Bro. St. John, in which he says: "Had I failed in securing the release of Bro. Sharp I would have returned to captivity, according to the conditions of my parole, for I would rather have suffered the pains of imprisonment than to have violated my masonic word."

BRO. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON gave an elegant party to his friends in Frankfort during the recent holidays. There was feasting, music, and dancing. We are told by those present that the occasion was a most enjoyable one. We did not have the pleasure of attending, though we passed the house during the evening and saw it ablaze with festal lights, and heard winding out the broad portal the silvery music of the happy guests.

THE past master's degree is an indispensable prerequisite to the installation of a master of a lodge.

WM. T. BARRY.

Wm. T. Barry, the distinguished Kentucky statesman, was a Freemason. He died in England, where his body remained for eighteen years, when his remains were brought home by order of the legislature and interred in the beautiful necropolis at Frankfort, upon which occasion the gifted Theodore O'Hara delivered a funeral oration, of which we revive the exquisitely beautiful peroration:

"Here beneath the sunshine of the land he loved, and amid the scenes which he consecrated with his genius, he will sleep well. Sadly yet proudly will his fond foster-mother receive within her bosom to-day this cherished remnant of the child she nursed for fame, doubly endeared to her as he expired far away in a stranger land, beyond the reach of her maternal embrace, and with no kindred eyes to light the gathering darkness of death, no friendly hand to soften his descent to the grave, no pious orisons to speed his spirit on its long journey through eternity. Gently, reverently let us lay him in this proud tabernacle, where he will dwell embalmed in glory till the last trump shall reveal him to us all, radiant with the halo of his life. Let the autumn's wind-harp on the dropping leaves breathe her softest requiem over him; let the winter's purest snows rest spotless on his grave; let the spring entwine her brightest garland for his tomb and summer gild it with her mildest sunshine. Here let the marble minstrel rise to sing to the future generations of the commonwealth the inspiring lay of his high genius and his lofty deeds. Here let the patriot repair when doubts and dangers encompass him, and he would learn the path of duty and of safety. Here by this holy altar may be fitly devoted to the infernal gods the enemies of this country and of liberty. He claims no tribute of sorrow. His body returns to its mother earth, his spirit dwells in the Elysian domain of God, and his deeds are written on the rolls of fame."

THE General Grand Chapter has the really standard Royal Arch work; and as our Grand Chapter has resolved to re-enter that body, we may expect a uniformity in our jurisdiction that has not hitherto prevailed. The General Grand Chapter meets once in three years, the next session to be in Nashville in the fall of 1874. Our Grand Chapter will be represented there.

THE MASTER.

Many of the lodges have new masters, and a word of admonition is seasonable. The master of a lodge while he occupies his chair is clothed with absolute sovereignty over the members. No scepter in a czar's autocratic grasp was ever wreathed with more complete authority than is the gavel in the master's hand. If its sound is not perfectly obeyed, he has the right to instantaneously close the lodge. There is no appeal from his decision to the lodge. It can only be taken to the Grand Lodge. He can close his lodge at will, and a motion to adjourn is always out of order in a lodge. It is not the will of the majority in this respect that governs, but of the master. The master has the power to inflict punishment on an offender, and no one can say in the lodge, "What doest thou?"

The power of a master being thus absolute, there is the greater reason for him to exercise his office with consideration for the feelings of the craft. While firmness is essential, it should always be exercised with a discriminating courtesy.

The master is to a large extent responsible not only for the peace and prosperity of the lodge, but for its standing in the community. He should be exemplary in his own conduct. If he is profane, lewd, or dissipated, he will bring himself into merited contempt and blot the escutcheon of his lodge. If he is lax in discipline, and permits every kind of character applying for membership to be gratified with admission, he will soon find himself presiding over a corrupt mob instead of a guild of pure-minded and generous-hearted brothers. He has the power by his single ballot to keep out the gambler, drunkard, and libertine, and if he fails to exercise his prerogative his sovereignty will rapidly degenerate into a dishonorable presidency of a vulgar and immoral club.

The master must rapidly familiarize himself with the landmarks, constitution, by-laws, and lectures of Masonry. He must study the traditional work, so as to fluently deliver it and suit the action to the word. He should insist upon all his officers learning the work, so that the beauty of our great moral drama may not be marred by hesitation, stammering, or blank ignorance. Whenever he hears an officer mispronouncing a word or committing any other error that will jar upon the sensibilities of a candidate he should take the earliest opportunity to correct him. He should see that the poor are relieved

and the sick visited. So will he perform a noble office among his fellows, and enshrine his memory in crowned gratitude within their hearts.

PROFESSOR BLANCHARD, of Wheaton College, Ill., is crushing out Freemasonry. In one of his lectures against the order he says "the institution is irreligious and immoral, and that no good man ever has been or ever can be a Freemason." We have often gone over a choice lot of eight or ten thousand Masons and picked out two or three whom we thought were good men; but of course they were regular cut-throats and horse-thieves compared to the pure, sinless Blanchard. As it will probably be the last chance we shall ever have to witness such a spectacle, we will be greatly obliged to that sweet, incarnate saint if he will be kind enough to advise us as to the exact day upon which he intends to be translated to heaven in a chariot of fire.—(*Courier-Journal.*)

This Rev. (?) Blanchard has been gnawing a file long enough to have fled to the mountains of Hepsidam, or to "gum it up." We feel very sad that he does n't think us a good man, but we find a modicum of comfort in reading the parable of the pharisee and the publican. When Blanchard goes to heaven in a chariot of fire Elijah will be sorry that he went that way. If such an equipage is furnished for his ascension, we hope the reins may be of lightning, that he may receive "the shock of enlightenment" as he rides up the sky. We beg him not to drop his mantle.

WE have recently heard of the death of Mr. A. B. Griffin, of Alabama. He was our adjutant for a considerable period during the late war. He was a Christian gentleman whose memory shall be to us as ointment poured forth. Many an hour we have taken masonic and other counsel together without a shadow of unpleasantness crossing our interviews. We were paroled together, and when we bid each other good-bye we seemed both to feel that we were to meet no more. In the temple not made with hands we shall look for our ascended brother with the fullest confidence that we shall find him near the East.

THE physical qualifications of a candidate are that he shall be free-born, of mature age, sound in limb and body, and bearing the report of a good moral character.

WE hope to hear of Ascension day being observed by the Knights Templars next year.

A SECRET organization exists in Cuba not less terrible than the famous "Thugs" of India. A few days ago five dead bodies were found in the streets of Havana, each with a stab through the heart. Scarcely a morning passes that the ghastly traces of this secret body are not discovered. It is a terribly significant fact that in every instance the victim of midnight assassination has been a Spaniard who was known to have been conspicuous in the horrible outrages that have been perpetrated upon the families of Cuban sympathizers and members of the masonic fraternity.—(*Exchange.*)

We have seen the above going the rounds of the secular press. The semi-barbarians of Cuba have practiced such enormities upon our brethren, their wives and children, in that island, that it is no wonder private revenge is being visited upon the perpetrators of these cruel enormities. Masonry is not to be credited with this practice of the *lex talionis*, but it is to be set down to the individual vengeance of those whose homes have been rifled of their treasures by the heartless bigots who with bloody hands have violated their peace. When the strong arm of civil authority is impotent to protect, or wantonly encourages such indignities, the spirit of retaliation in outraged breasts is apt to rise and vindicate its own inherent sense of retributive justice.

UNIONTOWN, KY., JAN. 5, 1874.

Editor Kentucky Freemason:

Please ventilate this fellow.

J. H. DUPEN,
GEO. ZELLER, } Com.
T. J. SWEETS, }

An impostor calling himself John Morgan, and that he is a member of Apollo Lodge, No. 437, A. Y. M., Penn., claims to be a sailor in distress from Liverpool, England, via New Orleans, and that he is on his way to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he has two children living with his mother. He is about thirty-seven years of age, five feet ten or eleven inches high, dark complexion, black hair, full whiskers except mustache, closely trimmed, prominent eyes, speaks very slowly and low.

WE have received from Brother Leon Hyneman two volumes of a masonic library which he is engaged in publishing, respectively entitled "Ahiman Rezon, or a Help to all Masons in understanding the Book of Constitutions," and "The History of Initiation." To those interested in the history and philosophy of Masonry they will furnish an invaluable aid in procuring knowledge in regard to our secret art. He can be addressed at Philadelphia.

LATE HOURS.

The credit and respectability of a lodge are greatly injured by the habit of holding protracted sessions to a late hour of the night. Nearly all the female opposition to Masonry—and it is far the most potent exercised—has its source in the late hours spent in the lodge-room. Let the master, when a reasonable amount of work has been done, promptly close his lodge, and the brethren depart to their homes. If the brothers linger to engage in conversation or go to other places of resort, the lodge has to bear all the blame of their protracted absence from home, which is making Masonry responsible for habits with which it should not be charged.

DURING the latter stage of the yellow-fever epidemic in Memphis the Masons of Louisville gave a promenade concert for the benefit of sufferers by the pestilence. Before the funds, amounting to over eight hundred dollars, could be forwarded the scourge abated, and aid was no longer needed. Bro. A. J. Wheeler, editor of the "Jewel" and chairman of the Masonic Relief Committee, wrote informing the Louisville brethren that the money was not needed for the purpose for which it had been raised, and requesting that it be turned over to the Widows and Orphans' Home, which has been done. The magnanimity of the Memphis brethren in declining assistance when the necessities of the case were no longer exacting is a beautiful illustration of the independence and unselfishness of the masonic heart. Those who contributed to the original purpose will be satisfied with the benevolent direction the money has taken.

THE December number of the *Kentucky Freemason* came to hand last week, greatly improved, and neatly and handsomely printed. This number itself, to many a brother, if carefully studied, is worth the price of a year's subscription. It is full of interest. The article on Jurisprudence is undoubtedly prepared with an experienced, masterly hand. The Grand Master's Department is a good feature—valuable to every lodge. The "History of the Grand Chapter" is an "eye-opener" to those who have blindly favored insubordination. If this number is a foretaste of what is to come, no Mason can afford to do without it. Subscription price \$1.25. We furnish it in club with the *Patriot* at one dollar. (*Franklin Patriot*.)

HOME AND SCHOOL.

The January number begins the third volume of *Home and School*. It has the usual variety of scientific, literary, and professional articles, and there is a bright promise in it of a most useful and attractive volume for the year 1874. A brief presentation of the table of contents will show what is in store for those of our readers who have not yet subscribed, but who, we hope, will at once send \$1.50 to John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky., for a year's subscription. "Poetry of Science," by Dr. L. P. Yandell; "Water," (illustrated), by Mrs. S. Bledsoe Herrick; "Types of Educational Systems," in which the Bruyérean scholar and the Froudean man are happily taken off; "Finishing her Education," a sketch; "Female Education," a thoughtful essay; a series of practical lessons in geography for primary classes; a beautiful short story entitled "A New-Year's Temptation;" a lively charade for a school-exhibition or for private theatricals at home, called "Mad-cap;" and a poem on "Summer and Winter." The editorial department contains short, pungent essays, news of educational and scientific enterprises, etc.

A KNIGHT TEMPLAR asks "if a frater can be suspended for the non-payment of an assessment without a notice to him to appear and show cause why he should not be suspended?" A commandery has the right in a constitutional manner to make its *dues* what it pleases, but it has no right to arbitrarily assess its members, and then punish them with suspension because they did not pay. None can be suspended from any branch of Masonry without a notice to appear and show cause why he should not be suspended.

A LITTLE ward of the Widows and Orphans' Home was burned so badly by his clothes catching on fire from a grate that he died from his injuries. He had been sent to the "Home" by the brethren of Bath County. It is the first death that has occurred in the institution. He was buried by sorrowing brethren, and his spirit reposes in the bosom of the Great Father of the fatherless.

THE assets of the Grand Lodge exceed \$100,000, of which \$97,000 are invested in the Masonic Temple Company. Bro. A. G. Hodges, Grand Treasurer, has proven himself a successful financier for the Grand Lodge funds.

BRO. HENDRICKS, of Mt. Carmel Seminary, Bourbon County, Ky., has in his possession an autograph letter of Gen'l George Washington, addressed to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, which he proposes to present Forsythe Lodge, No. 307, Ruddell's Mills. Would it not be well to form a masonic library and museum at the Widows and Orphans' Home, where our literature and all such interesting relics might be gathered and preserved for the edification of visitors? The text of the letter is as follows:

DECEMBER 28, 1796.

Fellow-citizens and Brothers of the Grand Lodge of Penn:

I have received your address with all the feelings of brotherly affection, mingled with those sentiments for the society which it was calculated to excite. To have been in any degree an instrument in the hands of Providence to promote order and union, and erect upon a solid foundation the true principles of government, is only to have shared with many others in a labor the result of which, let us hope, will prove through all ages a sanctuary for brothers and a lodge for visitors.

Permit me to reciprocate your prayers for my temporal happiness, and to supplicate that we may all meet thereafter in that Eternal Temple whose builder is the great Architect of the Universe.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

THE president of the Widows and Orphans' Home informs us that a Mason informed him a few days since that he had insured his life in the sum of five thousand dollars for the benefit of the "Home," and intended with sacred fidelity to keep the policy alive. Many who can not give large donations can avail themselves of this method of doing something handsome for the Home. Of those dying, as this brother will, leaving a blessing behind him, it may be fitly said, "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MEN talk of death, and say it is a dreadful thing to come into the presence of the living God! Are we not always in thy presence, O living Father? Are not these flowers thy gift? And when I blossom out of the body, and the husks of the flesh drop away, is it a dreadful thing to come into thy presence, O living God, to be taken to the arms of the mother who bore me?

CLOSING the first or second degree does not close the third; but closing the third closes all below it.

THE oldest lodge in the world is Antiquity Lodge, London.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

OHIO having decided that a master-mason who has become maimed in person is not thereby prevented from receiving the degrees conferred in a Royal Arch Chapter, Companion Lockwood facetiously comments as follows: "We are glad to know this; for if we ever visit Ohio again, and a Royal Arch Mason without arms shall offer his foot in welcome, we can reciprocate the warm pressure, and safely infer that he has been duly called by a chapter which is its own and sole judge of the necessary physical qualifications of its candidates. Again, how deeply must we all sympathize with *legless weary sojourners*. Do they *wade* streams or pass bridges in Ohio? The idea of the lame, the halt, and the blind rebuilding the house of the Lord! It might be consistent, for they ought to be willing to work without hope of fee or reward. The subject grows, but lost legs, hands, arms, and feet will not."

THE power to open a chapter is vested in the three first officers only, one of whom must be present with the charter to legalize it and the business transacted during the convocation. The power to open a chapter and preside may be delegated to any R. A. Mason in good standing if done in the presence of one of the first three officers with the charter, the only exception being the prerogative of the grand high-priest, who may delegate the same under his hand and seal.—(*New Jersey*.)

A COMPANION who is in good standing, and having paid up his dues to the chapter, desiring to withdraw his membership, is entitled to a dimit. If, upon applying for it, objections are made to granting it, these objections must assume the form of charges, and be sustained to prevent him from receiving it. The high-priest should allow time for charges to be presented.—(*New Jersey*.)

A BROTHER writes that an offended member several months ago made the boast that no more members should be admitted to that lodge. Since that time several of the best citizens have been rejected. He wishes to know the remedy. Prefer charges, try him, and if found guilty suspend him. To use the ballot in spite of gross unmasonic conduct.

SUSPENSION or expulsion in the symbolic lodge works a like result in chapter, council, and commandery.

WHEN a by-law prescribes suspension as the penalty for non-payment of dues, then it is lawful to suspend for that cause. But charges must be regularly preferred against the Mason who offends against such by-law, and the case ought to be proceeded in with the same regularity as if the charge was for any other offense.

IF a companion making objections to the advancement of a brother in the chapter dimit, or is suspended or expelled, the chapter can proceed in the same manner as if such objections were withdrawn formally.

A MASTER of a lodge under some circumstances has *two* votes. He has one vote in common with the craft, and should there be an equal division he has another.

A LODGE may be "called off" from time to time in the *same* day or evening, but it is irregular to "call off" from one day to another.

A LODGE of emergency to confer a degree can not be held except by permission of the grand master.

A MASON under charges merely is not divested of any of his masonic privileges thereby.

PROFICIENCY in the master's degree should be required as a precedent to chapter degrees.

A HIGH-PRIEST can not be installed by proxy. No other person than the one elected could take the obligation.

A SUSPENDED member can not be admitted into a lodge.

WE are in receipt of a circular from Briggs & Bro., the famous Seedsmen and Florists, informing us that the January number of their Illustrated Floral Work is now in press, and will be issued about the middle of December; that it will be the grandest work ever issued and eclipsing their famous catalogues of '73 and '72; that the list has been thoroughly revised, prices still further reduced, and the work arranged to conform to the necessary demands of the public. From the well-known character of this house we may expect something elegant in the coming number, and it will be advisable for our readers not to order seeds until they have seen Briggs & Brother's Catalogue. It is sent with the three subsequent issues, to subscribers only, for twenty-five cents. Customers for one dollar or over are credited with a yearly subscription.

ROYAL AND SELECT MASTERS.

The "Transactions of the Convention of Royal and Select Masters," held in New York June 11 and 12, 1873, have been issued in a pamphlet of twelve pages. The following is an abstract of the work performed.

Comp. J. H. Drummond, of Maine, president; and Comp. Thos. J. Corson, of New Jersey, recorder.

Nineteen Grand Councils were represented, Rhode Island not being among the number.

The majority of the Committee on Work recommended that the order of the degrees be royal and select, the super-excellent to be conferred at the option of grand councils.

The minority proposed that the select master's degree should precede the royal. The proposition was not accepted, Massachusetts and Maine alone voting for it.

Work for the royal, select, and super-excellent degrees was adopted; also forms for opening and closing councils in the several degrees.

A committee of six was appointed to memorialize the Grand Encampment of the United States, asking that body to make the council degrees a prerequisite to knighthood.

It was voted that it was expedient to form a General Grand Council for the United States, and resolved "that the convention adjourn to meet in New Orleans on the Monday before the first Tuesday of December, 1874, for the purpose of forming a General Grand Council for the United States, and that the representatives be requested to bring this subject before their several grand councils for their action."

In forming a General Grand Council we trust they will *not* be successful.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT I. O. O. F.

The Grand Encampment I. O. O. F. of Tennessee was held in Nashville Oct. 20 and 21. All the officers were present. As the M. W. G. Patriarch was dead, Hugh Carroll, M. E. G. H. P., filled his place. All the usual business was discharged. Rep. Bentley, from the special committee on uniform style of dress, presented the following report, which was adopted:

Resolved, that the encampments of the state of Tennessee be and are hereby authorized to provide themselves with a street-uniform, which shall consist of a black chapeau, trimmed with two black and one purple plume, rosette and cross crooks; fatigue cap of black cloth, navy style, purple velvet bands one inch wide, gilt cord on each side of velvet, gilt encampment buttons, gilt metal struck-up tent in front, cover of oil-cloth; baldric of purple velveteen, ends lapped, trimmed with one half gilt lace and narrow gilt braid all round, with or without gloves attached—but black gloves must be worn; belt of purple velveteen or leather, gilt plate, gilt chains and buckles, and two or more lines of gilt lace; sword with plain blade, gilt scabbard, with one or more embossed mountings, emblematic cross hilt, black grip; all to be worn over a plain black suit of clothes; which motion was adopted on motion of Representative Day.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN AGE.
FREEMASONRY.

From two very different quarters attacks have been made on the order of Freemasons. In a late allocution, in speaking of the trouble of the Roman Catholic Church in Brazil, the Pope holds the following language: "The Masons are there, as they have penetrated elsewhere, and not content with sitting among the counselors of the sovereign, they now aim at intruding themselves into the various associations of charity, and this they have done by pretending that the Freemasons of America are not excommunicated as are those of Europe, but that they are only a charitable association. *In America, as elsewhere, the Masons are excommunicated and anathematized.* Thus by a lie these insidious persons have done their utmost to penetrate even into the administration of pious works; and now that the bishops cry out with John the Baptist *non licet*, the Masons of those countries to which I allude have turned against the church with all the bitterness of offended vanity and hate, thereby placing both in peril—the church, their mother, and the throne of their sovereign."

From the American Missionary, a Congregational paper, we copy the following: "Attention has been called anew to this subject by the refusal of an ecclesiastical council at the West to ordain a young man to the ministry for what was regarded as a too tenacious adhesion to the lodge. Of the merits of the case we are not well enough informed to pronounce a judgment; but it is clear to us that the growth and power of Masonry is no light matter. The principle of secret organization is unsuitable to a republican government and contrary to the open spirit of Christianity. Among the colored people the prevalence of Masonry would be a great evil—involving a waste of time and an expenditure of money they are little able to bear, as well as exposing them to undue political influence, and diverting their attention from an intelligent and pure Christianity, their only hope. Our teachers and ministers at the South already see these effects beginning to appear, and deprecate them."

We certainly have all due respect for the authority of the Pope over his own communion, and for the authority of all presbyteries or synods or conferences whatever in their respective jurisdictions. We are also in favor of freedom of speech and thought. It is quite proper that any

contemporary who believes Freemasonry to be injurious should publish his sentiments on the subject. Using that same freedom, and maintaining our respect for the sources of the utterances we have quoted, we are ready to pronounce them eminently unwise. If Freemasonry be an evil institution, that is not the way to extirpate it.

Freemasonry is probably as old as papal authority, and certainly very much older than the American Missionary Association, whose organ we are quoting. It has frequently been attacked with the violence which has been shown toward Judaism, yet neither the Jews nor the Masons have been exterminated. It would appear that there must be some vital element in both. To us it seems most curious that the reference of "the Holy Father" should be directed against the South American Freemasons because they had "intruded" themselves into various societies of charity. The very phrase is funny. How can one "intrude" one's self into charitable work? Does not every Christian hail every man as a welcome worker in every charity? Did the Holy Father dictate this allocution in sheer simplicity, not seeing the absolute ridiculousness in which he would place his denunciation in the eyes of intelligent Christians?

Was it quite charitable in the Pope to class Freemasons with Herod, and the principles and practices of Freemasons with the rank, bad living of that very corrupt monarch?

When John the Baptist said *non licet* he forbade a man's living in open violation of the law of God. To say *non licet* to a man who joins an association which reveres the Word of God, which can never hold a meeting without the presence of the Bible, which teaches faith in God, charity toward men, and hope of immortality, is not to take the place of John the Baptist, but rather the place of the persecuting Nero. It is well known that the principles we have just stated are announced by Masons to be fundamental to their order. The professions they make to the world are in harmony with their private practices, or they are not. If they are not, no man can know unless he makes himself a Freemason. Now we presume—we do not know as a fact—that the Pope has never been a Mason. If so, he had no right to declare that Masons publish one set of principles and privately cherish another. But Roman Catholics acknowledge the

duty of submission to the authority at Rome, and so long as they are members of that church we think they must yield to the edicts of the Pope. It is, however, to be borne in mind that when European monarchs and hierarchs speak of "Freemasons" they do not usually have in mind the order of Free and Accepted Masons as it exists in this country. The secret political associations known as the *Carbonari* are sometimes called by this name, and confounded with this order, and it is rather in the interests of the state than of religion that the Pope denounces all societies which he can not control as "Freemasons."

But what shall we say when a Protestant ecclesiastical council refuses ordination to a man on the ground that he is a Freemason? What shall we say of the body that protests against the inquisition, papal bulls, and ecclesiastical persecution, when it undertakes to say what benevolent society outside his church a minister may or may not belong to? Many of the very best laymen in America, many of the very best ministers in the United States are Masons. Is it to be presumed for a moment that these Christian gentlemen, of high character, would witness from week to week improper proceedings in a private meeting, and not denounce them to the world?

This old platitude about a great organization being unsuitable to a republican government and contrary to the open spirit of Christianity we thought long ago worn out, especially in its application to the order of Freemasons. They are not a secret organization in a bad sense. They are a well-known organization. The place and days of meeting of every lodge in the United States are published. The names of all the officers are published. The principles of the order are published. The Mason need never conceal the fact that he is a Mason. The order transacts its private business in private, as the Senate in the United States holds its executive sessions, and as the official boards of all our Christian churches hold their sessions in private. The only secret seems to be just this: they have money in a safe, the door of which is fastened by a combination-lock; the combination is imparted to those who have a right to the funds, and rightfully to no others. That we believe to be the whole object of the secrecy; and the lodges of Freemasons in the city of New York are no more secret organizations than are the several

commercial firms. It seems a waste of time to reply to these puerile objections. It is most unchristian to urge them. In the face of the history of the past it really looks malicious to speak of the order as being politically dangerous, when men of all political principles belong to the same lodge. And each man knows that he would be violating his obligation as a Mason to take part in, or allow to proceed in his presence, the discussion of a political question at any regular communication of his lodge.

In view of these facts, stated from time to time by men as holy as the Pope and as wise as any of us editors, it really would seem modest to forbear writing of what we do not know as if we knew it all. We can not injure Masonry; we may injure ourselves.

Moreover, does not the American Missionary know that if Masons charged that churches and missionary societies occasionally subject both white and colored people to "undue political influence," we should find it exceedingly difficult to disprove the charge? Would it be fair in Masons to denounce us unless they knew these allegations to be true?

Masonry is not religion; nor is the church. Belonging to a masonic lodge can not save a man's soul; neither can belonging to a church. There is but one name given among men whereby Masons or churchmen can be saved, and that is the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. If a man can not rise as yet into the higher Christian life, let him at least be a Freemason; let him have what assistance he can. He can not enter a lodge without declaring that he is not an atheist. He can not remain in the lodge without being perpetually rebuked if he be false, licentious, cowardly, or irreligious. In regard to every institution we shall do well to take the ground of our Divine Master, "For he that is not against us is on our part."

THE MASONIC CLOAK.

To shroud the imperfections of our brother and cloak his infirmities is truly becoming a Mason. Even the truth should not be told at all times, for where we can not approve we should pity in silence. What pleasure or profit can there arise in exposing the errors of a brother? It is virtuous to exhort him; it is inhuman to revile him; but to ridicule him before the world is infernal.

BELIEF IN THE BIBLE.

Masonry is not a religion, nor is it a sect, neither does it enforce any theological *interpretation* on a Mason's belief. Its demands in this respect are fully satisfied when the existence of God is acknowledged as a *fact*. It in a like spirit accepts the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, and man itself as *facts*, and does not require any interpretation of the facts. The Indian who believes in the "Great Spirit," and the Jew who reverently adores the "Great Jehovah," the Trinitarian and the Unitarian, the Calvinist and the Armenian, the Catholic and the Protestant, the Mohammedan and the Hindoo, can all harmoniously kneel at masonic altars, and recognize their mutual fraternal relations. This is so because each knows that every other brother who kneels there has avowed his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being; and furthermore, because each one knows that his own *interpretation* of his own belief will not be questioned or challenged; neither will his freedom of conscience be restricted or controlled by Masons or Masonry.

This is one of the grand secrets of that wonderful vitality that Masonry has always shown, from its origin in a remote antiquity down through all the variations and divisions of religious belief until the present day, when we see within its mystic folds the representatives of nearly every race and nation, and the principles of nearly every faith in the known world. And it is because Masonry permits us thus to meet at her altars as men, as the representatives of a common humanity, and as brothers who trace their origin to a universal Father, that it is the only human institution which presents the sublime spectacle of a really universal brotherhood.

While our landmarks admit no atheist to our ranks, they do not authorize us to demand of a candidate or a brother any declaration of his specific belief concerning the origin of the Holy Scriptures, the manner of their communication to man, or the precise signification of their contents. We as Masons do not undertake to *decide* questions on which theologians themselves do not agree. The Bible, the square, and the compasses are recognized lights in Masonry; and we have no more right to demand that the Mason or the candidate shall declare what he believes to be the origin or nature of the Bible than we have to require him to declare

what he believes to be the origin or the nature of the metal in the square. The former we leave wholly to the theologian and to every man's conscience, and the latter to the chemist and to every man's investigation. The uses we make of these masonic lights *do not require* that these questions be mooted or decided by us.

Inasmuch therefore as our landmarks do not demand of the candidate any declaration of *faith* or of *religious belief*, except that of the existence of a God—a supreme being, the great ruler of the universe—it is *ordered* that the lodges of this grand jurisdiction can neither *add to nor take from* the requirements in this respect which were established by our ancient brethren.—(HUGH McCURDY, *Grand Master of Michigan.*)

MORMON LODGES.

An esteemed correspondent writes us from Iowa that he is satisfied that the report of the existence of spurious lodges at Salt Lake City is not strictly correct. He says that he visited that city three years ago, and made diligent inquiry of regular Masons relative to Mormon Masonry, and was informed that no irregular masonic lodges existed, but that the Mormon Church had what they called the "Endowment," composed of scraps of masonic forms, through which all the members of that church had to pass before they could be received into full connection. It is possible that our information from Salt Lake City may have been erroneous, and that our correspondent was misled by the *quasi* masonic "Endowment" society here referred to. We shall be glad to know that this is the case, though these "scraps of masonic forms" referred to by our correspondent may mean more than appears on the face of them. At all events, it may be well for our lodges to be a little particular in the admission of visitors from that quarter. (*Moore's Masonic Magazine.*)

A MAN'S reputation is not in his own keeping, but lies at the mercy or the profligacy of others. Calumny requires no proof. The throwing out of malicious imputations against any character leaves a stain which no after-refutation can wipe out. To create an unfavorable impression it is not necessary that certain things should be true—that they have been said. The imagination is so delicate a texture that even words wound it.

FOUL WEATHER AND FAIR,
OR A MASON'S TRIAL.

BY C. P. NASH.

In sailing up the majestic Hudson from the city of New York, about thirty miles brings the traveler to the entrance of Haverstraw Bay, the largest and widest bay on that picturesque river. The bay is entered just above Nyack on the west side and Tappan on the east, and extends to Stony Point, of revolutionary notoriety, a distance of about twenty miles, and at the widest point it is five miles wide. About the center of this bay, north and south, and on its west side, is the city of Haverstraw, numbering now some ten thousand inhabitants, but which was at the time the incidents occurred of which I am about to write only a village of a few hundreds.

Haverstraw stands on a table-land, underneath which is one of the most extensive beds of fine blue brick-making clay in the United States; and, as a consequence, the bay shore is lined for miles with brick-yards standing in close proximity. Here probably half the brick are manufactured which supply the New York market. Running back of this table-land is a combination of that chain of mountains which forms the Palisades on the west side of the river above, and which forms a half circle around the city on the west, touching the river at Stony Point on the north, and near Nyack on the south. Directly in the rear of Haverstraw a peak of this mountain tosses its head toward the clouds, and emerges from the soil in the form of a solid, almost flat-surfaced rock. This peak is known in all the region round about as the "Torn Rock," or, as some style it, "The High Torn." The Torn Rock is visited by many travelers, as from its summit a view is obtained of the entire surrounding country for thirty miles in every direction; and but for one other intervening peak the city of New York itself would be in full view.

But the path up the sides of the mountain leading to it is a winding one, difficult of ascent, and up which every traveler is obliged to clamber a part of the way—the last part on foot. There are also a number of wood roads leading off from the main path; for, steep as are the sides of the mountain, it is covered with a luxuriant growth of timber, of which the inhabitants on the west side have found a way to avail themselves for fuel, which fact renders it necessary that all strangers visiting the

Torn Rock should avail themselves of a guide. Furthermore, the rock can only be reached at all from the west side, as the east side is a perpendicular precipice, unless a path up the east side, some distance at the south of the rock, be followed, known as the "Deer Path," which leads up through a gap in the mountain, from which a path more difficult than the other follows the summit longitudinally to the rock.

Near the base of this mountain, on the west side, lived a boy by the name of Charley Von Orden, who oftener than any other boy in the neighborhood acted as pilot for pilgrims on their way to the attractive elevation, which service kept his pocket filled with "coppers." And this describes about all of interest that occurred in his career until on one beautiful, bright autumn day, in the year 1841, a party of gentlemen without ladies—for, difficult as was the ascent, fully as many ladies made it in the course of a season as gentlemen—sought his home and asked his safe conduct.

One of these gentlemen wore a bosom-pin which particularly attracted Charley's attention; for masonic emblems were then more modestly worn than now, humbly nestling on the shirt-bosom instead of pretentiously glittering on the lapel of the coat or vest-collar, and in dimensions they were far more diminutive than now. Charley had never witnessed a piece of jewelry of such design before, though to those familiar with such ornaments it was not peculiar. It was a simple trowel, the blade made of gold, the handle of ivory, and on the blade was neatly but plainly engraven a square and compass, in the center of which was the letter G, and above all an eye indicative of the "All-seeing Eye," "which is ever upon us." The boy, though naturally reticent and timid, ventured, after wondering for a long time what it might represent, to inquire the meaning of the to him "strange device." He was of course informed that it was a master-mason's pin.

"What!" said the boy, in some bewilderment; "is it simply the lodge of the 'boss' who superintends the men who lay stone and brick?"

It was a *gentleman* who wore it; and though he was under no legal obligations to the boy, beyond the payment of the few "pennies" he had promised him, he did not deem it beneath his dignity to explain to a mere boy fourteen years of age the nature and character of an "in-

stitution" of which he had never heard before. And so he described its ancient origin, the gorgeoussness of the temple erected by the labors of its entered-apprentices, fellow-crafts, and master-masons; how it had been the means not only of greatly improving and beautifying architecture, but also of spreading moral light throughout the known world; how it had cared for the widow and protected Masons' wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, and orphans. Charley's eyes fairly stood out of his head with interest. And when with boyish simplicity he inquired whether they took in any boys as apprentices, and was informed to the contrary, he said, "When I become a man then I will join them, if I can find a lodge and they will have me."

"That is right," said the gentleman; "keep that resolution, and you will do well." And as he said it he caressingly laid his hand on the boy's head; and there was withal such an impressiveness in his manner, coupled with such kindness of tone, that the words burned down deep in Charley's heart.

He only added in reply: "A gentleman can not talk as you do, sir, and lie; and if you have told me the truth, as I confidently believe you have, *I will.*"

With that the subject dropped. He re-conducted his charge to safe footing, threw into his voice an unusual emphasis as he thanked the party for as many dimes as he had expected cents, and went home pondering what had been said to him, feeling sure beyond all shadow of a doubt *now* that the gentleman had told him the truth. He could not believe that such generosity *could* go hand in hand with deception. But how unsuspecting is innocence; how unsuspecting was Charley; and yet how near unto trouble!

With the air of one who had made a great discovery—such a one as we may suppose Columbus to have worn when he discovered the western world, or Newton when he discovered gravitation, or Fulton when he noticed the power of steam, and thought of the uses to which it could be put as a motive-power—Charley embraced his first opportunity to relate to his father all that had transpired between himself and the gentleman, and with the expectation that he would go off into ecstasy over it. But how rapidly did his ambition run down, his inspiration evaporate, and his resolution tremble, as his father said:

"Charley, that man is a base hypocrite,

and has basely deceived you. Had I suspected that he had designs upon unsophisticated boys you should not have gone with him. I am sorry you have so much as heard of the Freemasons. They are a vile set, banded together for the most nefarious purposes. Nearly all the thieves, highwaymen, and burglars in the country belong to them. They seek to get hold of the political reins of the country, that they may drive all who are not of their number to ruin. Beware of them, my boy. But why should I warn you? When you are a man, and learn more about them, I have no fear of your meddling with them."

"But, father," interposed the boy, "you are not a Freemason, and never was; how do you know them to be such characters as you describe?"

"One of their number—Mr. Morgan by name—has written a book which gives a complete expose of all their secret rites, and I have read it."

"How do you know it is true?"

"Because it corroborates so fully the previous opinion had of them by so many good men; and among them Bro. Allwise, the pastor of our church."

The boy thoughtfully hung his head a moment, and then asked, "May I read it too, father, and know for myself the wicked things they do?"

"Certainly, my son. As you have had your head partly turned in the wrong direction, I will be glad to have you employ the means that will set it perfectly right again, if what I have said has not already done so."

The book was brought forth from the family chest, where it was securely kept under lock and key, and handed to the boy, with the charge to keep it securely and to return it when finished. Charley carried it up to his room, put it in his box, turned the key upon it, and came down and did his chores; when, being weary from his tramp up the mountain-side, he retired to his room; not to sleep, however, but to read an hour or two before committing himself to the arms of Morpheus.

He read until the family clock struck twelve, when he sprang up in astonishment that so long a time had elapsed, prepared for bed, offered his evening devotions, and was soon lost in sleep, to dream of the kind gentleman, and his firm denial of the truthfulness of all his father had said.

In a few evenings he had finished the

book, and as he closed it, after reading the last page, he said to himself half audibly: "And if this all be true, what of it? I fail to discover any thing about it very bad, even at that." He wanted to tell his father so, but the frequent introduction of the subject into the family circle and the tenor of his remarks only satisfied him that a knowledge on the part of his father that he was not satisfied would only produce a state of things it would be far better to avoid. So when he handed back the book, and his father asked, "Now, my son, are you satisfied?" he only answered, "Yes, sir, I am satisfied." But satisfied of what was not asked, and he did not volunteer to tell.

He dismissed the subject as far as circumstances would allow, with the reflection that he had several years to live yet before he could act in the matter; and perhaps before then some new developments would be had, or his father change his mind.

We will now skip over seven years of his life, which brings him to his twenty-first birthday. With it came the recollection of the former resolution, and the declaration of it made to the gentleman he had shown up the mountain seven years before. And circumstances now occurred which revived the fire of his former desire, and it burned fiercer than ever. It was on the 27th of December, 1848, the Masons of Haverstraw were to have a "public installation."

He went; and when the orator of the occasion arose to speak, who should he recognize but his first masonic acquaintance, the gentlemen who wore the pin!

As the orator spoke of the achievements of Masonry, of its principles, and finally of the unfounded accusations against it and the persecutions suffered, ostensibly on account of Morgan's revelations, but really in consequence of a spirit of bigotry and intolerance, fostered in too many of the churches and by too many of the members, all based upon absolute ignorance of the order, there was not only an earnestness and eloquence in his words which swayed the minds of his audience, but a pathos which touched their hearts, and many were prepared to say at its close, "Surely the Masons have been persecuted." And more than one young man was heard to say, "I will send in my petition and join them, if they will have me."

Charley Van Orden believed every word the speaker said. He said the dis-

course possessed the internal evidence of truthfulness: not absolutely infallible, but as reliable as any class of evidence alone.

He waited to see Mr. Oakney, for that was the name of the speaker, and after recalling to his recollection the circumstances of their first meeting and the promise he frankly stated his present difficulty, arising from his burning desire to carry into effect that resolution and his father's uncompromising opposition.

"But surely your father will not attempt to control you now that you are of age," said Mr. Oakney.

"Of course he can not successfully," said Charley, "if I choose to disregard his wishes; but that is just the thing I do not wish to do; for, with all his prejudices, he has been one of the very best of fathers to me, and he is really a very excellent, amiable Christian man."

"Well," said Mr. O., "if I am to advise you, go to your father and tell him frankly your desire. Ask him to suspend his objection; assure him of the pain it would give you to oppose his wishes; and promise him in such a manner as he shall dictate, however solemn, that if you find any thing corrupt or corrupting in the institution, or even that when initiated you find yourself among bad associates, that you will never take another degree after making such discovery, and that you will then abandon the whole thing, once and forever, even if you have attained the degree of master-mason before you make the discovery. If your father is a reasonable man, he will accede to that."

"Grand suggestion," said Charley; and bidding his friend farewell, he hastened home to put into execution his new resolution at the first opportunity.

The opportunity presented itself the next morning; and though James Van Orden showed by every lineament of his face how deeply pained was his heart that such a desire should rankle in the breast of his darling son, after discussing the point at some length he reluctantly consented.

The petition went in, and in due time Charley was elected and initiated. He had admired Masonry before, now he was charmed with it; but to his dismay he learned the next morning after his initiation that his father had hastened home from the prayer-meeting before it closed to renew his demand that Charley should not go forward; and that, not finding him at home, he had followed him over the mountain in hot haste, in hope of over-

taking him before he should reach the lodge-room; that he had even ventured so far as to go up and knock on the outside door, requesting of the tyler, who presented himself, that he would request his son to step out, as he wanted to see him a moment on urgent business; and that the tyler had informed him that he would be obliged to wait a while, as his son was in the lodge-room being initiated; and that upon receipt of that intelligence he had retraced his steps with a burdened heart.

The cause of this new demonstration was one of the "brethren" at the prayer-meeting, who, being worried until all further resistance gave way by Rev. Mr. Allwise, who was a bitter anti-mason, had "made a clean breast of it" by confessing that the whole thing was full of iniquity, and by renouncing all further connection with it forever. Could James Van Orden endure that his son should be lost by entering such a cesspool of corruption? No; and so he acted as has been described.

"Well," said the discomfited and now almost exasperated father, "what is done can not be recalled; but this thing must stop just where it is; you must not advance one step further."

"But, father," remonstrated Charley, "I stand by my contract in good faith, I assure you, and am willing to swear to you, if you will, that I will do precisely as I agreed. I not only have found nothing objectionable so far, but the entire initiatory ritual is most ennobling and inspiring. How any one can pass through it and not be a better instead of a worse man I do not understand."

"But, Charley, they are only drawing you on. Probably you will see little to object to in the next degree, and that little so offset by what is pleasing and instructive that the latter will entirely outweigh the former in your judgment: and so you will be willing to be led on to the third degree, in which, before you are aware, you will find yourself tied by oaths which you can not recant without virtually perjuring yourself, and then you will feel bound to stand by the institution right or wrong."

"But, father," still persisted the young man, "do you think Bro. Snyder perjured himself in what he said at the prayer-meeting last night? If so, why do you believe him? Why have further confidence in him as a Christian? If not, can not I renounce as consistently as he?"

"With him it is a peculiar and trying case. It was a choice between his duty as a Christian or his obligations to a vile organization. Besides, the obligations he had taken were extorted from him before he knew what they were. He answered them unsuspectingly, and in full belief that they were innocent and righteous; and when he found they were not he had the same right to renounce them that a man would have to violate pledges extorted from him by a highwayman when his purse is being purloined—pledges simply given to save his life."

"Well, admitting all that to be true, father, would not the same state of facts apply to me under the same circumstances?"

"Yes; but the circumstances can not be the same, for you are forewarned and he is not. What you do you do with your eyes open, knowing what is before you."

"But was not he forewarned in the same way? Had not Morgan's book been published when he joined? And had not others made the same renunciation he has? He went forward because he did not believe them; I do the same thing. I can not see why the cases are not exactly parallel."

This was a drop too much for the bucket of the good man's temper.

"You do not believe!" said he with emphasis. "Then you mean to charge Bro. Snyder, a member of your own church and class, with lying; and you have lost all confidence in the warning voice and counsel of your own father!"

"But, father, you forget that this is a matter about which you know nothing of your own knowledge," humbly responded the young man; "and that, according to their own confession, Morgan and all his followers in the line of renunciation are convicted of voluntary perjury. On the contrary, you seem to ignore the fact that I do know, in part, for myself. Is it not you who are losing all confidence in me, who never willfully deceived you, and who never will? If I find what you suspect, I will back squarely out."

"I want to hear no more of your arguing," now almost thundered the enraged father. "It is enough for you to know that I object to and protest against your advancing another step; and if you do, I shall set you down as a willful, disobedient son, and you and I will dissolve partnership at once and forever."

"Hear only one word more," pleaded the now anguished young man. "Do not

forget, dear father, that I am now of age. Remember your own feelings when you reached that important period of your own life. It is possible that you may bind burdens so heavy on my shoulders that the most filial affection and obedience may stagger and fall under them."

"You know my views; take your own course," was the only response to this as the father strode hurriedly from the room.

Troubles rarely come singly. Charley had an affianced in the neighborhood, in the person of Miss Sarah Brownell. They were playmates in childhood, attended school together in the "old school-house," over a mile away, and were engaged when he was nineteen and she was seventeen.

Her father, Azariah Brownell, or "Az. Brownell," as he was usually called "for short," was under the complete dictation and control of the Rev. Mr. Allwise, and like the latter was one of the most prejudiced and unreasonable anti-masons in all the country round.

The news that Charley had joined the Masons soon came to the ear of his affianced and her father. Sarah had been taught to conceive of Masonry as the embodiment of every thing vile, wicked, and criminal. This impression had come of listening to conversations had upon the subject between her father and the Rev. Mr. Allwise.

How she was affected by the foregoing intelligence may therefore be easily imagined. Had she heard he had been stealing some neighbor's horse, set fire to his barn, robbed a traveler upon the highway, or even become intoxicated and in a mad broil murdered his antagonist, she could have felt no worse. She wrung her hands and tore her hair in very anguish, could not eat or sleep, and refused to be consoled by the only consolation her father could give, "that the best are liable to fall, and there are plenty more young men as good if not better than he." She regarded him as lost to her forever, and when Charley Van Orden fell, when such as he could prove corrupt and disappoint the hopes of his friends and admirers—for he was regarded by all as an estimable young man—when he could prove false to her who had known him best and loved him most of all, in whom could she have confidence? She was prepared to see her own father and dear pastor, Mr. Allwise, go down next.

Such was the storm that wildly raged in her torn and shattered heart, until her mother—ah, how many balmy words have

fallen upon bleeding hearts from the angel lips of *mother!*—ventured to whisper very softly in her ear, lest she should be overheard, "Perhaps the Masons are not so bad, after all, as we have thought." And when she had said it she looked frightened, and cast a furtive glance at the cat upon the floor and at the canary on the wall, as though suspicious that they might prove tell-tale and repeat her words. She could not divine herself why she had said it. The words seemed to have come to her as the whisperings of some unseen angel; and without pondering them she had at once breathed them out. Will she repent their utterance? Whether she does or not, they brought a light into Sarah's eyes, a color to her cheek, and a hopefulness into the expression of her whole face, of which they had been entirely innocent since she heard the sad news two days before. And oh, how much of life is sometimes crowded into the brief space of forty-eight or even twenty-four hours!

The evening of that day was the usual one for Charley's visit to the home of the Brownells. He went now to pour into the ears of his beloved the bitter anguish of his own broken spirit, flattering himself that there was one heart that would sympathize with him, as would the heart of his own dear mother were not her place occupied by another at the family hearth. He went fresh from his mother's grave, imagining that he could almost hear her words of consolation now that his own father had become his enemy.

Filled with these thoughts, in which sunshine and shadow so weirdly played at hide-and-seek, he was totally unprepared for the reception that awaited him.

Mr. Brownell answered his familiar rap, presenting himself in person at the door, instead of bidding him enter, as had been his custom; and so startled him that he staggered back and clutched the gate-posts for support by the unexpected words: "How dare you, villain, presume to set foot on my premises again after joining those wicked Masons? Would you make us accessory with your guilt? There is no one here who wishes to see you; your presence is pestilential; Sarah despises you, and we all hate you. Begone and let us never see your face nor have occasion to speak your name again."

The young man waited not for a second invitation. He went, bewildered, not knowing whither, as one laboring under the incubus of a nightmare. And all

before Sarah, to whom this proceeding was as unexpected as to her lover, had sufficiently recovered from the shock it gave her to utter a word. With a wail she at last said, "O father, how *could* you do that?" and flew to her room.

We will draw the curtain around the bed of both for that night. Only a demon could witness their emotions with the least degree of satisfaction.

The acts in the drama—might it not be styled a *tragedy?*—succeeded each other rapidly.

Next came charges against our hero before his church; next a trial conducted by bigotry and relentless prejudice, headed and led on by the devout Mr. Allwise. Some hearts throbbed with sympathy; but who but the charged himself dare say a word in opposition to their pastor?

Result, expulsion by a vote declared to be unanimous, though the minority, not daring to brave the fierce spirit which reigned, and comforting themselves with the assurance that it would be useless, besides stirring up strife in the church, did not vote at all.

But one point was gained, for Freemasonry received the best vindication the promising talent of the young man could give it; for it would be carrying the matter a little too far to deny him the right to self-defense when there was no other to speak for him. To the wholesale and sweeping charge made by Mr. Allwise that the Masons were a set of thieves and robbers, clanned together for mutual protection in their nefarious schemes, Charley replied that the archives of Masonry showed John the Baptist and John the Evangelist to have been master-masons. But as that would not be believed by the profane or uninitiated, it was known to all who were not too full of prejudice and spite to inquire that George Washington, the father of his country, Lafayette, the distinguished French patriot, many of the best men among statesmen, moralists, philanthropists, and even many of the most celebrated ministers of the gospel, were also Masons. "And," continued the accused, "take the men of your own acquaintance, who make no secret of the fact that they belong to the order, with many of whom you are acquainted, and what better class of citizens have we among us; what better Christians than many of them?" And when he triumphantly asked, "Are all these men, with the immortal Washing-

ton at their head, 'thieves and robbers?' Are they banded together merely to carry on their 'nefarious business?'" there was a manifest sensation, and many turned uneasily in their seats.

But what power has logic in the presence of such willful predetermination, when the assembly convened, not to determine what was to be done, but to do a certain thing already decided upon. And so he was expelled.

Impelled by a feeling of sheer desperation, he now determined to know the end, and he did. In due time he was "passed" to the degree of fellow-craft, and then "raised" to the sublime degree of a master-mason. And to him it was a *sublime* degree. Before he had admired Masonry, now he extolled it; before he was its apologist, now its brave defender. And when, having been forbidden his father's house, he wrote him to say that he found in Masonry only that which commanded his admiration and love; that he had been unwarrantably and cruelly persecuted, and by those who should have been his best friends; and that he could not renounce so excellent an institution simply because of the blind misconception of even his own relatives; the old gentleman read it, mainly because he hoped to find in it the coveted renunciation which would afford him the opportunity for which he longed of folding his son to his heart again, and it cost him a severer struggle than he had anticipated to decide that his own formerly truthful son was willfully lying to him. But a consideration of what it would cost him to take sides with his boy decided him, and he went on in the tenor of his very sad and uneven way as before.

Consoling himself for the loss of his old friends, so dear to him, by the acquisition of his new ones among his masonic brethren, some two years passed away in the life of the young man, when a new chapter of events began to open up.

Sarah Brownell had rapidly sunk into a decline, and being the idol of the household her father had employed the best medical faculty to be had, without regard to distance or expense. To do this for two years had obliged him to add mortgage to mortgage upon his farm, his only property, until, failing to meet even the interest when due, the sheriff had sold him out of house and home, and left him upon the world with his charge, little better than a beggar.

But he could hardly believe his ears when he heard the sheriff announce, "Sold to Charley Van Orden for thirty-four hundred and forty dollars."

The truth was "The Brothers" had found Charley a good situation as traveling agent for a manufacturing house, the "Gurnee Calico Works," and he had saved by close economy \$1,000 a year from his salary. With this and \$1,500 more advanced him by his employer, upon security furnished by one of his masonic brothers, he bought the Brownell farm, one of the best though not one of the largest in the county. And every body said that it was nearer worth \$6,000 than what it brought.

"Az. Brownell" was humbled; and as Charley's praise was upon every body's lips he sought an interview with the rising young man. He wanted to rent the farm of him, as he could not persuade himself that Charley intended to leave his present lucrative business to occupy it himself. Note his surprise when he informed him that he had bought it as a home for Sarah while she lived; that as he could not have the privilege of caring for her personally he could not endure the thought of her being cast forth from the home of her childhood in her sad extremity.

"Remain here, Mr. Brownell, without rent while she lives, and take good care of her, is all the remuneration I ask," said the noble young man, no longer a "boy" nor "the young man."

There are emotions which can not be described, and of this character were those which heaved the bosoms of the Brownell family.

"That is all the business you had with me, Mr. Brownell?" said the young man, rising.

"No," was the answer; "stay; be seated again." These words came forth sepulchral and in choked utterance, while suffused eyes baptized what he said. "Mr. Van Orden, I am confident we have done you great injustice. However bad Masonry may be in the abstract, you certainly are not a bad man, though a Mason; and deep as my prejudices have been burned into me against that institution, I am prepared to declare that in my opinion so good a man as you are would not remain in its communion if there was any thing radically bad about it. Nay more; I am fully persuaded that you would not remain in it one hour if it was not absolutely good. What can we do, Mr. Van Orden, to repair the injury I

have done you? For it all rests on me. I have never heard another member of my family say aught against you."

Charley caught these last words eagerly. "Do you mean to say," he eagerly inquired, "that Sarah never spoke against me, sir?"

"Never, sir, to my knowledge."

"A renewal of her love, Mr. Brownell, will more than repay me for all I have suffered. O sir, the privilege of watching by her bedside in her last sad hours; no price could be put upon such a privilege. Where is she now? Can I see her?"

Mr. B. led him to her room, through the open door of which she had listened to this conversation. Oh, how pale and emaciated she was; but her deeply-sunken eyes looked up through the overhanging lashes with an expression they had not had for months. Enough; let us close the door and leave them to talk over their trials in solitude.

When Charley, after an hour's absence, rejoined the family, it was to assure Mr. B. that though the course of true love never did run smooth as between himself and Sarah, it had never ceased to run; that they had renewed their troth, and even fixed upon an early wedding-day, that they might enjoy in each other's society as much as possible what little remained of life to her.

In a few days it was gossiped about the neighborhood that Sarah Brownell's health was decidedly better; and so rapid was the improvement that her physician was dismissed, and his physic, what remained in the house, "thrown to the dogs." The wedding-day was deferred in consequence three months; and when the time arrived the neighbors all said, "Who would have believed six months ago that Sarah Brownell would ever have made such a blooming bride?"

And among that happy wedding-party none were happier than James Van Orden, Charley's father. For no sooner did he learn what had transpired at Brownell's on the day of sale, and a short time subsequently, than he sent for his son to come home; and when he came, as he was most glad to do, the old man pressed him to his heart with tearful eyes, and held him locked in his embrace until it seemed as if the muscles of his hands would never relax their grasp.

The remainder of the story is soon told. The Rev. Joseph Allwise left for a new field of labor, his time having expired, and was voted an old fogy by all

the younger members of the parish. His successor, the Rev. John S. Flemming, was a master-mason and regular attendant upon the sessions of the lodge.

Charley soon had the satisfaction of carrying in two petitions to his lodge—one signed by Azariah Brownell and the other by James Van Orden as petitioners, both of whom were duly elected and made master-masons; and none were louder in their praise of the institution than they. And woe betide the man or woman after that who dared say a word against Charley Van Orden or Freemasonry.

Many years of happy life have followed the matrimonial alliance of Charley and Sarah, and if spared they are soon to celebrate their silver wedding. He years since became a leading partner in the "Gurnee Calico Works." And so, in time, fair weather and bright sunshine came out of the foul with its somber clouds.

MASON v. ANTI-MASON.

A few days ago two bricklayers, refreshing the "inner man" at noon at the place where they were at work, got into discussion on the merits of Freemasonry. Neither of them were members of the ancient fraternity, but both thought they knew considerable about it. While they were warmly expressing their opinions one of them noticed that their hod-carrier, a genuine specimen of Ethiopia's race, who was sitting near them, appeared very much interested in the discussion—so much so indeed that his corn-bread and pickled pork lay upon the scaffolding untouched.

"Well," said he to his brother laborer, "it is foolish in us to be discussing so warmly something we know so little about. If either were a Mason, there would be some sense in it."

"I know more about the Masons than you think I do," said the other.

"Pshaw! that's nonsense. There's Jack, the hod-carrier, listening very attentively, and I should not be a bit surprised if he knows more about them than both of us. Jack!" he cried to the colored individual.

"Sar."

"Do you know the difference between a Mason and an anti-mason?"

"Yes, sar; I believ I does."

"Well, what is it?"

"If my brain tell de truf—an' it neber fails—*Mason is de man what lays de mortar, an' de anti-mason de man what carries de hod!*"—(*Cincinnati Times*.)

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

One of the most distinguished masonic writers in this country communicated to us the following *jeu d'esprit*, but without vouching for it as strictly true. (*Masonic Journal*.)

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

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

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

And first, to disguise her from bonnet and shoon,
The ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breeches—ah! forgive me—I meant pantaloon;
And miraculously did they fit her.

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

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

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

"Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn,
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him all grim and gory."

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

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

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

Again they dance, but twice as bad;
They jump and sing like demons mad;
The tune is Hunki-dori—
"Blood to drink," etc.

Then came a pause; a pair of paws
Reached through the door, up sliding doors,
And grab the unhappy candidate!
How can I without tears relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw them sink in fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! my soul!"
While roars of fiendish laughter roll,
And drown his yells for mercy!
"Blood to drink," etc.

The ridiculous woman could stand no more;
She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
'Midst all the diabolical roar.
What then, you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all;
She dreamed that she 'd been in the Masons' hall.

FROM MACKER'S FREEMASONRY.

THE MYTHICAL CONSPIRACY IN MASONRY.

There is in Freemasonry a legend of certain unworthy craftsmen who entered into a conspiracy to extort from a distinguished brother a secret of which he was the possessor. The legend is altogether symbolic, and when its symbolism is truly comprehended becomes surpassingly beautiful. By those who look at it as having the pretensions of a historical fact it is sometimes treated with indifference and sometimes considered an absurdity. But it is not thus that the legends and symbols of Masonry must be read if we would learn their true spirit. To behold the goddess in all her glorious beauty, the veil that conceals her statue must be withdrawn. Masonic writers who have sought to interpret the symbolism of the great masonic conspiracy have not agreed always in the interpretation, although they have finally arrived at the same result—namely, that it has a spiritual signification. Those who trace Speculative Masonry to the ancient solar worship, of whom Ragon may be considered as the exponent, find in this legend a symbol of the conspiracy of the three winter months to destroy the life-giving heat of the sun. Those who, like the disciples of the Rite of Strict Observance, trace Masonry to a templar origin, explain the legend as referring to the conspiracy of the three renegade knights who falsely accused the order, and thus aided King Philip and Pope Clement to abolish the Templarism and to slay its grand master. Hutchinson and Oliver, who labored to give a Christian interpretation to all the symbols of Masonry, referred the legend to the crucifixion of the Messiah, the type of which

is, of course, the slaying of Abel by his brother Cain. Others, of whom the Chevalier Ramsey was the leader, sought to give it a political significance; and making Charles the First the type of the Builder, symbolized Cromwell and his adherents as the conspirators. And lastly, the masonic scholars, whose aim has been to identify the modern system of Freemasonry with the Ancient Mysteries, and especially with the Egyptians, which they supposed to be the germ of all the others, interpret the conspirators as the symbol of the Evil Principle of Typhon slaying the Good Principle or Osiris; or, when they refer to the Zoroastrian Mysteries of Persia, as Ahriman contending against Ormuzd. For ourselves we prefer the explanation of Philosophic Masonry, which interprets the myth as signifying the constant warfare of Falsehood, Ignorance, and Superstition against Truth. This interpretation suits in every point the symbolism. The conspiracy may for a time be successful, and Truth may for a time be overwhelmed—only, however, for a time; for

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

NO PERSON IS WITHOUT INFLUENCE.—Some persons fall discouraged on the highway of life because they can not be this or that great eminent person. Why not be willing to be themselves? No person who ever lived or ever will live is without influence. Why not make the most of that? Since you can not grasp that which you wish, why let what you have slip through your fingers? No person in the world is exactly like you. You have your own faults, but you have also your own excellences, individual to yourself. Give them air. Because you are not a poet should you not be a good merchant? Because you can not go to college should you therefore forswear the alphabet? Because you can not build a palace should you not rejoice in your own humble roof, and that because it is your own? Will not the sun also shine into your window if you do not obstinately persist in shutting it out? If you can not have a whole hot-house full of flowers, may you not have one sweet rose?

LOVE knows no age; it foresees no grave; its happiness and its trust behold on the earth but one glory melting into the hues of heaven, where they who love lastingly pass calmly on to live forever.

FROM THE ADVOCATE.
A FAIR BARGAIN.

It is seldom we have been better pleased with a little masonic story than we were in the recital of the following, which was told us the other day by a brother who was well acquainted with all the parties.

A gentleman who lived some years ago in Northern Ohio, and who was a man of good character and influence, somehow took a notion that he would connect himself with the masonic fraternity—that is, if they would accept of him.

He knew, however, that his good wife had rather a poor opinion of the body; but then he was aware of the fact that she knew nothing really about them, and therefore he did not think it was his duty to consult her very especially in regard to his intentions. After mature reflection he sent in his petition to the lodge, which met at the county-seat, and in due time he was accepted, and informed that he must be on hand at the next regular meeting to receive the first degree.

The day came, and he got ready without saying a word about the matter to his "better half." Mounting his horse, he made for the town, some ten miles away, where he found the brethren ready to receive him. That night he was among the Masons, while his wife supposed he was in town only on business.

But a friend from the county-seat, who was a Mason himself, and not dreaming of any thing being cloudy in regard to Masonry at the home of the applicant, called and asked the good lady what she thought of her husband joining the Masons?

He saw in a moment that he had stirred up a hornet's nest, for her face turned red and then pale, and then she broke out:

"What! join those cut-throats? No, sir, John has too much respect for himself ever to do any such thing. I know," she added with a frown, "that he will come back to-day the same as when he left home."

The unsuspecting brother Mason, of course, hauled in his horns, and got out of the way as soon as possible.

When the newly-made brother returned the partner of his bosom, as they say, "went for him."

"Have you joined the Masons, John?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have."

"O my! my! my! We're ruined—ruined forever."

"Hold up Betsy, hold up. You are getting wild."

"O John, I did not think you would ever join a set of cut-throats."

"Well, now, Betsy, just sit down here, and I will tell you what I'll do. If you will agree to say no more on the subject, I'll make a fair bargain with you. That is, if I do n't make a better husband than I ever was, I'll agree to quit them, and never go among them again. Will you agree to it for a year?"

After holding up in a sort of Quaker silence for a good little time Betsy wisely consented to the fair proposition, and the subject of Masonry was dropped by them and not mentioned again until twelve months had rolled away, when John came in one day and informed her that they had a dispensation to organize a lodge in the village, and he wanted to know of her who could make the necessary aprons for the brethren.

Betsy looked at him and smiled.

"Why can't I make them, John?"

"Why, certainly, if you will."

"Well, bring on your stuff and give me a pattern, and I'll have them ready for you in a day or two."

The aprons were made. They were nice ones too, and Betsy said to our informant while she was working on them, "John and I are both strong Masons now."

LADIES, READ THIS!

It needs not guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the muttering of spleen, the untidy dress, and the careless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted heart—these and nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of despair. Oh! may woman, before the sad sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth; and, cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promises she then so kindly gave! And though she may be the injured not the injuring one—the forgotten not the forgetful wife—a happy allusion to that hour of love, a kindly welcome to a comfortable home, a smile of love to banish hostile words, a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss, loving and contented—the soother of a sorrowing hour, the source of comfort, and the spring of joy.

THE STANDARD RULES OF MASONRY.

1. The grand objects of Freemasonry are to cause Jehovah's name to be honored and respected; to increase love and good fellowship on earth; to cultivate the human intellect; and to lessen the hardships of the human lot.

2. The Holy Scriptures contribute the divine pattern by which Masons work.

3. King Solomon's system of true religion and morality, drafted upon Phœnician science and fraternity, and symbolized in God's Holy Temple at Jerusalem, affords to Masons all their landmarks and principles.

4. Of all the Masons' decisions and systems of work that conflict in whole or in part with each other, the oldest is the best.

5. The ancient charges of Masonry are above all grand masters and grand lodges' control—the indisputable and unchangeable chart of masonic government.

6. No change in any part or point of Masonry can ever be tolerated.

7. Nothing can legally be offered as the work or lectures of Masonry but what admits of a rational explanation.

8. The election of masonic officers is for a definite period, and by the free, unbiased vote of the working brethren.

9. The master of a lodge, having been duly elected and installed, is the only source of wisdom to his constituents during his term of office, and is only responsible as such to the grand master.

10. The material proper to be offered and introduced into the masonic temple is the good and sound, and none other.

11. The obligations of Masonry are lifelong—once a Mason, always a Mason.

TRUTH and love are two of the most powerful things in the world; and when they both go together they can not easily be withstood. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love twisted together will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

THE trouble between the Freemasons of Brazil and the Roman Catholic priests was taken to the courts of the highest judicial authority in that country, and it has been decided against the clergy. The right has triumphed, and a man in Brazil can now become a Freemason without the fear of any ecclesiastical powers, be they priest or pope.

MASONIC WIDOWHOOD.

"Does a masonic widow who marries a profane and afterward becomes a widow reclaim her masonic privileges?"

Answer.—No. Bro. Dodge, the foreign correspondent of Arkansas, disagrees with us, and holds that on the death of the second husband she fell back to the rights of the first. If this be true, then we hold that when her first husband died she fell back to the rights of a maiden, and as such had no masonic rights. We can not go back on the first widow without going back on the girl. Hence when Miss Jones became Mrs. John Smith (John being a Mason) she was possessed at once of masonic rights, etc., both as wife and widow after John's death, and this all depends on *marriage* and nothing else; therefore if she married Brown, a profane, her second marriage canceled all the relationship between her and Mrs. Smith as much as her first marriage did between Mrs. Smith and Miss Jones. If, according to Bro. Dodge, Mrs. Brown became Mrs. Smith, then at Smith's death she became Miss Jones; therefore Brown married Miss Jones. No, no, Brother Dodge, "not much." Brown knew better than that. He was not one of those bird-students who say that "old hawks like young chickens;" he was one of those philosophers who ask, "How long do young chickens like old hawks?" Therefore he married a widow (contrary to Sam Weller's advice), and she in saying "yes, my dear," lost all her masonic rights, unless she consented afterward to Brown taking the degrees. To tell the truth, a good deal depends on that. In this case Brown did not do it, and therefore Mrs. Brown must look to her last husband's estate.—(*St. Louis Freemason.*)

HAIL! mystic art ineffable, sublime—
The bond of charity 'mid every clime,
Whose silent cord in love fraternal binds
Ten thousand thousand various forms and minds;
I bid thee hail! Bless'd magic power, 'tis thine,
Thou sun of life and light and peace divine,
One tide of bliss far round a world to roll,
And human nature breathe one kindred soul—
A soul that feels for joy, that melts at human woe,
And beams with kind philanthropy's celestial glow.

"THOMAS," said a father to his son,
"don't let that girl make a fool of you;
look sharp; remember the adage that love
is blind." "O, that adage won't wash,"
said Tom; "talk about love being blind!
Why, I see ten times as much in that girl
as you do."

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

I have learned better to know and more to value the principles of our order. The beautiful tenets of Templarism are linked to the very heart-nerve of our Christian civilization. Men as true Templars can not bind themselves to the narrow lines of sectarian bigotry or become altogether hardened by the rough life-work of our times. To take away from the heart of our nation the truths we as Templars teach, and strive to learn and to live, would be to rob the inner national life of much of its purest glory and most abiding strength. Not we alone share the truth, but it is the truth which we share. "*Magna est veritas*" is a grand motto to keep flying in these days of deceit and corruption, and "*prevalebit*" may well be the Templar's work and prayer. Though it be centuries since the crusade of Louis the Saint faded and faded away on the heated sands of Carthage, yet cross-bearing fights are not over. There are foes under other standards than the crescent, and we may well remember the sign of our conquering. But the motto and the sign are naught unless there be truth in the heart and in life—truth to our high conviction of duty; to our vows of generous charity, faithful deeds, and pure manhood; to the lofty, liberal Christian principles of our order. Wearing the cross, we must strive toward the crown—to reach it, God grant, by and by.—(OREN ROOT, JR., *Grand Com. of Missouri.*)

ALWAYS there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and every where there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labor. We reap what we sow, but nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

THE comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is inimitable for its point as well as eloquence: "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough, but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much. Dey do n't die dat way. Bredren, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do, just let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to dat church; and I'll climb, by de soft light of de moon, up de moss-covered roof; and I'll stand dar and lift my hands to heaven and say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

A NIGHT PICTURE.—It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorse for sins and short-comings, memories of passionate joys and griefs, rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me that have long ceased to shine. The town and fair landscape sleep under the starlight. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch here and there in what may be a sick-chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and I feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

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TESTIMONIALS.

We daily receive letters from all parts of the country, from the most prominent teachers, commending our school-publications, and indorsing our enterprise of furnishing text-books suitable for the schools of the South and Southwest. They are more largely used in these schools than other similar works. In many sections of Kentucky they have been exclusively adopted, and their use is rapidly extending throughout the state. They have always received the cordial recommendation of the State Boards of Education.

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