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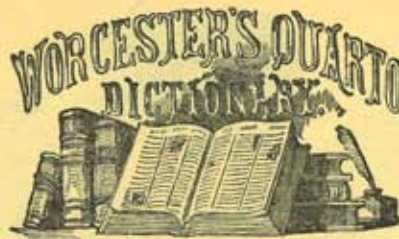
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"FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE."

H. A. M. HENDERSON, D. D., Editor

VOL. VII.

LOUISVILLE, KY., MAY, 1874.

No. 5.

THE ODD FELLOWS.

ELEGANT ADDRESS OF DR. HENDERSON.

The celebration of the fifty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of Odd Fellowship in the United States, in this city on the 27th of April, was, in all respects, a grand success. Not only was the procession larger than was anticipated, but the whole affair was exceedingly creditable to all concerned, and will have the effect to increase the high estimation in which the Order has heretofore been held.

The procession, which numbered about two thousand, after following the line of march published yesterday, were disbanded at the corner of First and Jefferson streets, from which point the several Lodges marched to their respective halls.

IN THE EVENING

Library Hall was densely packed by a large and enthusiastic crowd, which was largely composed of members of the Order, who assembled to listen to the address of Dr. Henderson. While the audience was being seated, Moebius' Orchestra rendered some excellent music, after which prayer was offered by Rev. J. H. Heywood. At its conclusion, W. W. Morris, Esq., Grand Marshal of the day, came forward and in a few appropriate words introduced the Orator of the evening, who spoke as follows:

MR. HENDERSON'S ADDRESS.

Nations have their anniversaries, upon which they celebrate with garlands, music, speeches, festivals, and salvos of artillery great events; such as the birth of their illustrious men, the victories of their armies, or the nativity of their liberties. Throughout the United States to-day, in response to the behest of the chief executive officer of our Order, Odd Fellows have convened to regard the birthday of our society, and to review the history, contemplate the principles, estimate the

benefits and prognosticate the future of Odd Fellowship.

An encouragement like this is a grand encouragement to philanthropy, and is prophetic of a nobler future than we are apt to forecast amid the busy scenes and jarring interests of our commercial life.

We are not here to concert measures that shall advance our personal fortunes, that will protect us from the power of moneyed monopolies, that will open to us avenues of promotion, that will forefend us from the destroying pestilence—but we are here in the spirit of humanity—in the spirit of a brotherhood as wide as the capabilities, the wants and woes of our race. We are not men of one pursuit, one rank, one party, one sect, one nationality—but we are brothers in sacred bonds—children of the same great All-Father. It is this that lends dignity to such an occasion as this, and makes it rise in majesty upon the field of contemplation. Were we here to compare judgments upon questions in which we have a sordid interest or to be entertained by the stage rant of some buskined tragedian, or the warblings of some queen of song, we could not feel the personal dignity that attaches to our presence on such an occasion as this. The fact that we are here to honor an institution that has for its field of activity the education of the orphan, the wardenship of the widow, the relief of the afflicted, the burial of the dead, and the ennobling of the living, is that which lifts the day and the night out of the ruts of that dull and gross routine in which the wheels of life seem to run.

Men are apt to be startled with a summary of magnificent results and to lose sight of the unimposing agencies which inaugurated the producing cause. Christianity to-day is a splendid system to contemplate. It is templed in the grandest buildings the architect's genius ever conceived and the money and masonry of

the world ever constructed. It chants its *Te Deums* and requiems with the sublimest organ accompaniments, the voicing of the sweetest-throated singers, and rings its chimes from silver bells in steeples that climb the skies; it dwells beneath vaulted roofs, pictured over by the frescoed fancies of the deftest thoughts and hands that ever wielded the artist's pencil; it commands the culture and talents of men skilled in ethics and dialectics; it is surrounded with the choicest marbles that ever took form beneath the chiseling of the sculptor's chisel; it has challenged philosophy and science and counter religions, and introduced into the thought of mankind the most perplexing puzzle with which its curiosity ever wrestled, being the gage over which the battle of science and religion has been and is being fought, but how humble its origin. A manger-born babe, a carpenter's son, a despised Nazarine, a more homeless wanderer than the foxes of the field and the birds of the air, a hungry, weeping, grief-acquainted man, a crown of thorns, impalement as a felon on the cross, a lottery on his paltry wardrobe, a few scattered disciples, a rallying of forces that seemed contemptible in their promise and prestige—a line of martyrdoms and then a reign of power, such as we have seen in the history of the past and as dominates in the present. Without expressing any opinion as to the secret of that wonderful success which waited upon the inauguration and early propagation of Christianity, I desire to say that Odd Fellowship, in its origin, gave less promise of success, and that the prosperity which has attended its career teaches us to look to the principle of life that lies at the root of the movement rather than to the green and spreading branches that unfold in the upper air. The five pioneers of Odd Fellowship—Willey, Welsh, Duncan, Cheatham, and Wadsworth—were humble

men, little dreaming that they were laying the foundation of a superstructure which should gather beneath the ample roof thousands of yet unborn who would make its amplitudes ring with the minstrelsy of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of all Good that he ever put it into the hearts of this quintette of pioneers to initiate a movement destined to be felt as a factor in the civilization of the Age, and to fire trains of triumph upon the tracks of distant magazines. A "little one has become a thousand." The Fifty-fifth Anniversary, which we celebrate, enables us to present the following statistics: There are 440,000 members of 6,150 lodges. The annual revenue aggregate \$5,500,000, of which more than \$2,000,000 is spent in the relief of suffering humanity. The Order owns \$20,000,000 worth of property. In 1873, our society was reinforced by the admission of 80,000 members. When the statistics of 1874 are compiled they will, doubtless, show a growth of 1,000 new lodges with an added membership of 100,000. When we reflect that there are many men living who saw the birth of Odd Fellowship and guided its first feeble footsteps, and then look upon the grand organization of the Order; contemplate its capacity for usefulness and as an agent in the civilization of the century; reflect that each year increases the ratio of its power and that it is destined to continue to win its widening way in the regards of true men, we should lift up grateful hearts to God that he has thus blessed the working of this leaven in society, and breathe to the Father of Spirits a prayer that the benediction of His favor may continue to light its path. The harvest of Odd Fellowship shows the nature of God's husbandry. Do the right deed. Do it in faith that love's labor will not be lost, and prayerfully commit it to God, and though it may be wafted by the winds that breathe in zephyrs or howl in storms, and may be handied by the billows on even tempestuous seas they only convey it, like bread cast on waters, to the place prepared by a divine providence for its lodgment and growth. And whether on an earthly or a celestial shore, the result will be found, and the reaper will rejoice that he was once a sower.

If I am asked for the secret of the success of Odd Fellowship, I respond that it resides in the principles upon which it

is organized. It has love at its heart-core. Nothing can stagnate that has this life-giving principle in it. Human love has its analogue in that yearning of elements toward each other which lies at the heart of all the movements and circulation of the world. Love and its reciprocations develop the full form of life. The co-operation of those who love is the most perfect co-operation; they draw out the utmost from each, and love swiftly repairs the waste. In one form or another, with all our grinding and sharp practices and shrewd bargainings, love is the scepter at whose beck men bow down and do homage. I have read of a hard, miserly man, whose heart the people thought had indurated into adamant, who died, leaving an opulent estate. To find his will, diligent search was instituted. At length, in a case of old drawers, the will-hunters found a secret spring and said, "Now we shall find the decedent's testament."

At the touch the door flew open. But what? the will? Nay; a bunch of faded flowers and a lock of a dead woman's hair. Ah even in that cloister, the miser had treasure above silver or gold. In the most abandoned men there are spots that will reflect love. Friendship, Love, and Truth, these are the three links in our chain of brotherhood. Love is the seraph, and friendship and truth are but the wings with which it flies. Love is the sun truth around which every subordinate virtue revolves; it warms into life and binds to a common center the heart of every true brother of our Order. Rob us of this majestic principle, and we would fall to pieces, as the universe would be crushed to chaos were the grasp of gravitation withdrawn.

The great family of worlds warm at the hospitable fireside of the sun, and all men become one under the genial rays and sweet and irresistible attractions of love. Love is sovereign, and every where reigns grand with the authority of empire. You never saw a man who did not believe in the immortality of love when following the body of a lovely one to the grave. Love to God and love to man is the principle that directs all the noble activities of our institution. Wherever the Order exists there is the hand of friendship extended in Christian charity—the link of love interlocked with truth. When a man embraces Odd Fellowship he steps out of his selfishness, is no longer an independent

unit—a self-centered ego—but has become a factor in a brotherhood that has for its covenant end the exercise of mutual aid. His benevolence, then, is systematized, and, by entering into an organic charity, becomes more powerful for good. As we look at the vast number of men who compose our society, the aggregate of money which they annually pay, the sum of suffering which they mitigate or relieve, the guardianship they give the orphaned, the friendly counsel and assistance they yield the widowed, the night-watches they keep with the sick, the wages they pay the disabled, the tenderness with which they bear to burial their dead brothers—all the kind offices of love—and then reflect on the fact that these are no mere provincial results, but are distributed over the civilized world, we may well rejoice with grateful hearts that we are identified with an Order which protects, prosecutes, effects, and prophecies such universal good.

It is easy to perceive that, founded on the principle of love, Odd Fellowship is a bond of union among them. It recognizes none of the factitious distinctions that divide men into classes in society, parties in politics, and sects in religion. It honors a man only for his nobility of character. The virtuous hod-carrier it more regards than the profligate prince. It throws a panoply around the worthy poor, the humble, and tramples under foot the pretensions of power, riches, and ancestral pride. It teaches that there is a higher distinction for man than power and position. It looks to the principles of the living agent, and makes the dignity of human nature to reside in one's moral appreciation of his own being, in reverence for his Creator and a scrupulous regard for the rights of his fellow men. It teaches that there is in a good man's breast a distinction as a living and moral creature, a dignity that overshadows, infinitely, all earthly distinctions. Its sentiment is set to the lines of Tennyson:

"How'er it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good;

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood."

The equality of Odd Fellowship is but a practical recognition of the Golden Rule—a principle of action which, if universally accepted, would sweep away with deluging power all usurpation, all tyranny, all that prerogative claimed by

kings and nobles, to ride, booted and spurred, over the mass of humanity, trampling them down at will. By teaching a man self-respect it decorates him with the insignia of a royal line. God is his father, and God is the King of Kings. The great family of men are the children of God and, therefore, all of a noble rank. If one fall out of this consciousness of nobility it must be when he forfeits self-respect.

"For a' that, and a' that
Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that."

There is high utility in this fraternity. It is announced by inspired wisdom, "None liveth unto himself, and none dieth unto himself;" also, that in the organization of society, "if one member suffer, all suffer together; if one is honored, all are honored together." The church is compared to the human body in which every part is correlated to and conditioned upon every other part. This figure applies with equal force to the great fraternities. The law of sodality applies to every thing—hence, boards of trade, workingmen's unions, benevolent societies. We have our existence, as a personal being, intertwined with many distinct personalities, and oftentimes well nigh consolidated with them, so that it seems almost impossible to act without their co-operation. Hardly anything exists independent of relationships. Among the worlds we have confederations into systems, and these each but parts of one grand cosmos. Minerals and plants fall into classes, general and species. Even the dead rocks display their elective affinities, and like leaps to like and crystallize into useful and beautiful forms. Animals congregate in herds, flocks, covies, and shoals. Men associate in schools, guilds, states, and churches. Even the Godhead, according to the dominant theologies, is a procession of personalities—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. As we breathe in a common atmosphere and warm at the great family fireside of the sun, enjoying a community of interest in the grand hospitalities of the universe, so are we inseparably related in the bonds of a humanity as wide as the race. The Bible speaks of "following a multitude to do evil," as if

the masses were a stream of units, flowing into some great gulf of sin which aggregates the whole, as the Atlantic is the result of confluent rivulets.

Such possibilities presuppose a society from which each individual composing it takes complexion. The question, then, "Am I my brother's keeper?" rises into a high significance. We are involved in a great law of derivations and absorptions. We take on characteristics from the family, we absorb sentiments, which reproduce themselves in actions from those with whom we daily associate. Any other hypothesis involves the idea of a separate creation of each individual, and perpetual conditions of solitude. This would retire from the human scheme all notions of parentage, brotherhood, association—all initiative qualities and all forces arising from affection or admiration. Of course life, constituted on such a plan, would be abstracted from all loves and friendships. Commerce even, much less States and Nations, could not exist. The barbaric motto,

"He shall take who has the power,
And he shall keep who can,"

would dominate, and physical force would take the place of mind and morals. The weak in body would perish. Mental and moral gianthood would be impossible. Existing, in this supposed state, as solitary factors, sympathy, relief, benevolence, would be unknown.

It follows that humanity triumphs as it finds its widest associations upon the platform of good principles and practices which can be commonly accepted and acted upon. Every society, therefore, organized to bring men of diverse stations, opportunities, characteristics, and activities into one bond of virtuous union, upon some principle or principles capable of wide application to the purposes of life and the achievement of a common end, contributes to the establishment of a perfect community, in which one law shall answer all needs, and that the law of universal love. Grand consolidations—large aggregates of units—will, as these societies increase, gather greater momentum for good, and institute a beneficent control over the conduct of individuals. The golden age of classic song, the "good time coming" desired by every true heart—the millenium of prophecy, can never come until the law of association has completed its circuit of development.

The universe is not moving in a groove of adamant. The race of man is destined to recover the Eden from which it was expelled. In the heart of every thing God hath set its era. There is a "sure word of prophecy"—"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fattling together; and a little child shall lead them." The principle of universal brotherhood shall prevail; ferocious elements shall be tamed; the savage and the gentle shall be brought into tranquil unity—the symbol of which blessed unity shall be the tiny, dimpled hand of an unfearing child on the shaggy mane of the lion, leading him to lair with the sportive calf and the harmless lamb. The sleepless pendulum of the clock of time is always swinging, and at each beat there is a change of the hands on the dial plate. We can not read the inscription of the mystic cogs as they go slowly round; but each of them is revolving on a divine errand, and carries in its teeth of brass a providence of the eternal God. As one of the great agents of Providence for the reimparadising of the earth, I recognize our order. I believe God put the birth-idea into the minds and hearts of its humble founders. When such societies as the Odd Fellows and Masons, and those of kindred character, overspread the world, a nation will be born in a day. This is what the poet had in the vision of his muse when he sang—

"One God, one law, one element,
One far off, Divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

Vice loves company. The good must combine as an opposing force to the naturally vicious tendency of mankind. The lodge-room is a great check on vice. The fraternal assembly, met in the interest of benevolence, is a powerful re-enforcement to virtue. The prayers, the songs, the ritual, the clasping of brotherly hands, the ennobling topics of consideration serve, immensely, to take man off his pivot of selfhood, and to put his better feelings in motion around some great sun-truth, or virtue, or activity. A millionaire and the horny handed son of toil must feel brotherly as they sit in benevolent council, or hold night-watch by the bedside of some suffering fellow-man. It always lifts up my heart to see a great fraternity bearing a dead brother to burial. Death is a great leveller, and it is impossible for

a man to feel contempt for his fellow beside an open grave. Our bond of death, the common devastator of splendid hopes, is the one great tie that links all men together. "God is no respecter of persons," and nothing teaches this so eloquently as suffering and the graveyard. How impressively our Order imparts this lesson! She shows in a scene solemn as death that—

"Man's part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is—that his grave is green."

Did any one ever stand by the *death-scene* to be taught the vanity of the pomp and glory of the world, and in that awful presence feel that he was in truth king, noble, savior, affluent, powerful? To see a man in darkness and chains, gazing amid the lurid light of funeral torches upon the pale and pulseless body, sets the heart throbbing to humanity's music, and mounts to the cheek the proudest jewel sympathetic beings can wear—a *tear*. As members of our Order we are groveling when we simply look at our books to find how much money we have dispensed in charity. We shall only find the true test of the worth of our institution by considering how much it has contributed to hasten the coming of the day when smiles shall be more powerful to rule than edicts; when love shall reign sovereign over a universal empire, whose subjects are hearts that yield so readily to duty that there shall be no more consciousness of being governed than the sun is elated at shining and binding the worlds together in the brotherhood of planets. I could employ this hour in marshaling statistics, that would prove, with the unerring certainty of mathematical demonstration, the valuable utility of our order. But there are values that can not be estimated by a money standard. They are less patent to sense, but none the less real. Silent influences are indeed the most powerful. The sunbeam descends on its life-giving mission, silently kisses the frozen earth, and, as if by magic, the icy bands of winter are broken—the unfettered rivulets sing for joy, and the wild flowers smile at the laughing waters. The dew drop comes silently, and yet sets like a jewel on the petal it blesses, and borrowing hues from the flowret, again ascends the skies when the sun is up, and as silently gives us the rainbow of the evening. The storm that strands navies and

whistles the dirge of wrecked mariners is not so beneficent as the zephyr, which, like a guardian angel, comes to fan with its wings the fever from the cheek of the suffering. All the grand forces of nature are silent. In the mighty revolutions of worlds we hear no creaking of axles and no whirring of wheels. The diamond is wrought on no iron anvil; the sea shell is not polished by grating emery; the grand old forests, as they build their shady fanes, echo the sound of no hammer; the sun on his throne of fire reigns not with proclamation, and gives away its gold without ostentation. What is the power of the silent influence of Odd Fellowship to restrain the passions of men we can not tabulate, but I believe it to be immense. It moderates the intemperate zeal of the religious bigot, the rancor of the political partizan and the sordid jealousies of the market places. It has done much to heal the wounds made by the late civil war, and to reunite men's hearts that had traveled far apart amid the animosities engendered by internecine strife. By its gentle and silent ministry during the war it lent a beauty to the desolation that seemed born of Heaven.

Let us be taught, brethren, that we, too, have influences that are silently powerful. That smile or frown, that inward curse or prayer, that unheralded charity, that night-vigil by the pillow of suffering, that gentle hand laid kindly on an orphan's head, that meek submission to affliction, that patient endurance of wrong—all these and such like influences, though noiseless, are powerfully operative for good or evil, according to their kind. Think not, then, brother, that thou art without strength, for thy heart, eye, hand, are all full of power. Fill the first with love, the second with light, and the third with a gift.

Let us translate into practical life the great principles of our Order. We will begin at home, but as all vital forces work from the center outward, we will widen the circuit of our love for man, until it shall hold the race in its embrace as the atmosphere envelops the globe. Drink in the beautiful sentiment of that sweetest of all allegories—the poetic gush of the generous heart of Leigh Hunt:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in the bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'the names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more slow,
But cheerily still, and said: 'I pray thee,
then,
'Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

I can not violate my sense of the proprieties of an occasion like this by entering upon any defense of our institution. Our enemies are few and harmless. We do not try to prove the violet fragrance by a botanical analysis. We know that the breath of Heaven is upon it by the odor it distills on the air. We do not answer the objector who asserts that the sun is an opaque body because it has spots on its disc, by an elaborate discourse upon light, but we simply say, "look at the universe that is swimming in the splendor of its smile." So we say to those who are disposed to cavil concerning Odd Fellowship, that the aroma of its good deeds is floating on the air, and the light of its benefactions shines in the faces of the widowed, the orphaned, and gilds with a golden glory even the dark doorway of the tomb.

We heed not the thin voice of disapproval while surrounded with a great cloud of witnesses who attest the worth of our Order. What Job said of himself or of institution, if it had articulate voice, might fitly adopt: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness and it clothed me; my judgment was a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out."

Here we are to-night, surrounded by an approving public. This vast audience is a proof of the interest the city feels in

your mission. Here are commercial men who are building up the permanent glory of your city, and they are bidding you a hearty "God Speed!" Here are workmen whose independence no domination can subdue; whose jewels of manhood the grime of their shops can not tarnish or obscure and their prayer for your success in climbing to heaven. Here are religious men, and they hail you as co-laborers with the Church of God in the great work of recovering a fallen humanity. Here are ladies, clothed with virtue as a garment and radiant with loveliness, and they shower their smiles upon the occasion. And here is God, and his benediction lights upon your heads. Fifty-five years of charity are vocal with your praises. The dead you have buried so tenderly speak from their graves in your behalf. Your future is radiant with promise. The years as they go by will chronicle your good deeds. Your order is to shine with increasing refulgence as its sun mounts the zenith, and will embroider with purple and gold the clouds that may bank themselves on the sky at the sunset of the world.

But some one may inquire why we do not admit the ladies to our secret mysteries. It is well known that the Degree of Rebekah was instituted that we might associate our wives and daughters with us in our philanthropic work; but this is only adjunct Odd Fellowship. Why are they not admitted to the Lodge and Encampment? I answer, because they are so good that we do not think they require the restraints we impose upon ourselves. Man, bound in chains of obligation, yet chafes for the liberty of evil. Woman opens her heart to heaven's purest sunlight, and, like a flower, brightens into beauty beneath its golden kiss. When we think it necessary to use musk to perfume hyacinths, lucifer matches to light the star-fire of the firmament, and vermilion to paint the petals of the rose, then we will consider a scheme for improving woman through the agency of Odd Fellowship. Think of calling ladies odd *Fellows!* They are never odd. If we were to initiate Miss Jane Smith, she might be Mrs. John Jones in less than three months, and there would be confusion in keeping the roll of members. A young girl who was reproached for not remembering the name of a friend, responded, "why, I don't know what my own name will be in a year." And if it

be true that, when a clergyman marries a man and woman, they are made *one*, then, every time a lady Odd Fellow married a gentleman Odd Fellow we would lose a member. Then, if the ladies were permitted to come to our Lodge-room we would become so engaged with them that we would forget our work.

Lastly, we want women in our houses. This is her empire. Let her rule it, and she will rule over a grand domain. Let the mothers raise their sons to reverence Odd Fellowship. Let the wives encourage their husbands to practice the principles and do the work of an Odd Fellow. Let the young ladies exhort their sweethearts to join the Odd Fellows. We want your influence, for we know that nothing can succeed that is assaulted with the battery of woman's frown. Every enterprise is enveloped in rayless night that is not illumined by your smile. Lift, then, the light of your countenance upon us as Odd Fellows and our toil will be sweetened and every privation we suffer will receive its perfect compensation.

At the conclusion of the address the exercises of the celebration were closed with music from the orchestra and the benediction by Rev. J. H. Heywood.

FROM THE MASONIC ADVOCATE.

THE HOOSIER PILOT'S WIFE,
OR,
HOW A CONVERT WAS MADE.

BY JEFFERSON.

BOB WINGATE, some thirty years ago, was well known as being one of the most genial and reliable pilots that ever guided a palatial steamer down the Mississippi to the Crescent City.

Being raised in Indiana he had married the daughter of one of his father's old neighbors, and therefore he always claimed the sobriquet of the "Hoosier Pilot," and when away from his home steering his vessel, or lying at the wharfs along the river, he never failed to vindicate his favorable cognomen, or turned his back upon any one whom he found to be a Hoosier traveler.

A member of the Mystic Tie, and as true hearted as he was generous and brave, Bob never made a trip that he did not add credit of some sort to his humanity, and make the list of his friends a still longer one. That he was well liked, even in the

most popular sense, both as a man and an officer, was neither strange nor wonderful. Indeed, all who knew him spoke well of him, and he never lacked for friends or was left out in the cold by a single one of his associates.

When at his wheel, guiding the mammoth steamer to its destiny up or down the great Father of Waters, which he often was, both by day and by night, he always stood there ready for any emergency, conscious as he ever seemed to be that on the faithful performance of his duty depended the success of the trip, as well as of the valuable lives of the vast and ever changing crowd of passengers from time to time on his boat.

In his profession as a steamboat pilot, Bob never had a difficulty that embarrassed him, or brought him into any serious conflict with either his associates or his employers. His freedom from dogmatic manners, in connection with his genial nature and sound good sense, gave him the character of being generous and humane, and in these regards it was not mysterious or hard to learn from whence he came, as a pilgrim traveler or as a practical economist in the science of morals.

But as is frequently the case, Bob's good little wife was rather doubting in the Masonic faith. Her prejudices against the Craft were, however, only of the doubting kind, and she would say nothing more than that she had but little confidence in their professions of charity, or in their fraternal sympathies. She often told her friends that Bob was a Mason just because it gave him a better opportunity of giving away what he earned.

"But, Nettie," Bob would always answer, "You never want for anything because I now and then help a brother Mason."

Mrs. Wingate knew that her husband was a good provider, and that whatever he did in the cause of Masonry, he had never, in any sense, proved faithless to her or their only little daughter, and yet she would frequently say, "She did not want any of his Masonic brethren ever to come sobbing their sympathies around her." Indeed, with her hand of love in Bob's pocket-book, she had no present necessities that she could not meet; but like many others she never dreamed of what the future might bring forth. The sun of her life had always been bright, and she never anticipated that any contingency of cir-

cumstances would, or could, occur by which she might become a beneficiary of any personal Masonic sympathy or charity.

In the Spring of 1841, Mrs. Wingate and her little daughter of eight summers, at the earnest solicitation of the husband, consented to take a trip with him to New Orleans. Such an excursion had often been talked about, and several times almost resolved upon, but it had as often been given up because Mrs. Wingate was delicate in her health, and fearful that if she should undertake the journey something might occur to mar the pleasure of the voyage.

At that early period there was not a railroad in Indiana, and their only recourse of public travel was the stage coach, which was better known by the more appropriate title of "mud wagon." In one of these they left Noblesville, on a bright morning in May of that year, passing through Indianapolis, then but a city in embryo, and from thence on to Madison, where they met the splendid steamer Sultana, at whose pilot wheel Bob Wingate was one of the presiding pilots. Going on board, Mrs. Wingate was escorted to a spacious and well furnished state-room, where she and her little daughter were made to feel at home, and were comfortably cared for, as every possible attention was paid them by the attendants and servants of the boat, as if the wife and mother was the only queen of the voyage.

The magnificent and ever changing river scenes, which for many days Mrs. Wingate witnessed along down the mighty stream, as she stood on the hurricane deck in the wheel-house with her husband, inspired her with new life, and almost gave her a living desire to accompany him in all of his future trips.

After a safe and pleasant trip of nine days and some hours, the Sultana landed in at the New Orleans wharf, when Bob Wingate was at leisure to show his wife and daughter around and over the city. To him this was a most pleasant duty, for Bob was ever a kind-hearted man to his wife, and just such a husband in his generous emotions as any woman would be proud to claim as a life companion. Always free with his money, and ever anxious for his wife and little daughter to enjoy their visit to the Crescent City, he for a number of days gave them every attention in his power. But alas! when the

day came for the Sultana to start out again on her upward trip, Bob Wingate was down, on his bed with a high fever, and as it was thought to be imprudent, and perhaps dangerous, for him to go out with the boat without a physician, he was taken to a hotel, where his physician continued to give him every attention, and his now sorrowful wife watched over him with much more than the tenderest care. Three, four weeks witnessed the mighty struggle of disease with the manly form of Bob Wingate, and finally the grim monster Death came in with his iron grasp, and the emaciated corpse of the noble pilot was all that was left of the father and husband. But two days before he died the dying man called his wife to his bedside and told her to look in his valise and she would there find his Masonic Diploma, which she did, when he said:

"Nettie, my dear, I am going to die here in this land of strangers, and I want you to take this Diploma when I am gone, and you are ready to return home, and show it to any of the steamboat captains who may be going up the river, and they will see after you.

With tearful eyes Mrs. Wingate laid the Diploma down on the table, and gave her entire thoughts and attention to her dying husband. A few brief hours told the story—the good-hearted and generous pilot was no more. But stranger as she was in the great city, Mrs. Wingate was not deserted, for just as soon as it was made known that a Master Mason was dead in the hotel, several brother Masons called and offered their services in the interment of the corpse. With kindly attentions the widow was cared for, and the body was borne to its last resting place with the solemn ceremonies of the Fraternity.

Having exhausted all the funds she had with her, Mrs. Wingate was deeply distressed in regard to necessary means to pay her passage home; but remembering the words of her dear dying husband, she went the next day to the landing where she found Capt. Mills of the Baltic, who was bound for St. Louis. Having seen the Diploma, and having learned who Mrs. Wingate was and the fact of her bereavement, the captain sent at once to the hotel for her baggage, and furnished her with a state-room, where everything was done to make her comfortable.

Just as the night came on, the Baltic pushed out and began to stem the current, when the feelings of Mrs. Wingate awoke afresh to her deep afflictions as she heard the dash of the paddles of the gallant steamer, and it was not until she sank in restless slumber at a late hour of the night that she found any relief. Little Grace was lying by her side, but sleeping in that sweet dream of peaceful innocence which is only realized in childhood years. Capt. Mills was a kind gentleman, as well as a fast friend of the Mystic Tie, and he intended taking his passengers to St. Louis, but meeting the Reindeer just as she was entering the mouth of the Ohio, he hailed her and the two boats came alongside of each other, and Mrs. Wingate and her daughter were tenderly transferred to the Reindeer, Captain Brasheer's, who took charge of her and brought her safely to Madison, at whose wharf he stopped his boat and conveyed the widow and her sweet little child to the hotel, where rooms were ordered for her accommodation, and the Reindeer passed on.

The next day, without asking a word, she was placed on board of the stage-coach for Indianapolis, where without any expense she arrived after two days travel, and was landed at the old city hotel of Bazel Brown, who the next day sent her in a carriage to Noblesville, where she was safely set down at her father's door, deeply, sadly afflicted and bereaved.

At home once more Mrs. Wingate felt that she owed to the sympathy and generosity of Masonic principles much more than she had ever expected, and she entered her father's house as a Mason's widow better satisfied than ever before that there was something, after all, in Masonic kindness, which she had never understood until she was brought under the necessity of their personal realization.

In relating this story, and the fact of her conversion to the faith of Masonic integrity, sympathy and charity, Mrs. Wingate assured Rev. John V. R. Miller, now of Knightstown, Indiana, who related it to us, that she should always respect the Masonic institution for its charitable teachings and its benevolent sympathies.

WHENEVER I see a knot of religious disputants together it puts me in mind of a story or fable, whichever you will, of a company of apes that had gotten a glow-

worm among them, upon which they heaped sticks and other combustible matter; and laying their heads together, blew with all their might, hoping to make some improvement of that little shining particle; but, when they have done all they can, are neither able to increase the light, much less to warm themselves by it. So these busy disputing wits after all their blustering, neither bring any useful truth to light, nor warm their own or other men's breasts with any spark of true piety or charity, but, contrariwise, frequently obscure the one and extinguish the other.—*Goodman.*

Two Sides of Life.

There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for every one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their saddest robes,
The sun refuse to smile,
And sorrow, with her troops of ills,
May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart has power
A sunbeam to provide;
And only those whose souls are dark,
Dwell on life's shady side.

THE BARN'S HYMN.—Dr. Cuyler, in the *S. S. Times*, says: I have been reading with moistened eyes the touching story of the last hours of the great and eloquent Dr. Guthrie. He was the king of all preachers; but what a child he was in spirit! He loved children, even the wretchedest, and when thirty thousand people of Edinburgh thronged to his burial, and when the great dignitaries had finished their funeral ceremonies, two little children from his "Ragged School" stepped forward and laid a wreath of flowers on his grave. And all the multitude melted into tears. Just before Guthrie died, he asked his family to sing for him. "What would you like?" And the great orator replied, "Give me a Barn's hymn!" So they sang for him, "There is a happy land, far, far, away!" He listened to it as the prelude to his own-heaven song. And when Guthrie reached his Father's house, there was only one more little child in the kingdom of heaven. He sings a "Barn's hymn" before the Throne.

HEROES.

BY EMILY MAGUIRE.

O, KNEEL to your heroes, you worshiping men!
No matter what kind, of the sword or the pen:
Come give all your homage, your idols uphold,
You may be deceived by the trappings of gold.

You willingly worship a creature of clay,
A god that is made in an hour or a day;
But pass by the heroes whom long years have
taught,
At what a dear ransom the life-blood is bought.

Come with me down yonder dark ally to-day,
Away from the crowds of the thoughtless and
gay;

Nor turn because squalor and filth meet you
here,
They are human with souls that before you
appear.

See that poor crippled boy, his frame how 'tis
bent,

All the years of his life in this wretchedness
spent:

No hand stretched to save him, unaided, alone,
He earns the poor price that secures him a
home.

A home though it be in the midst of despair;
A place that his young heart and hands have
made fair,

By the flowers that have bloomed for him, in
the dim light,

For the sun never shines on the pitiful sight.

But one step farther on—see that man stand-
ing there?

Why he laughs just as though he had never a
care:

His right arm for freedom and home he once
gave,

And shattered in limb he will creep to his
grave.

Once rang his proud step as he marched to the
foe,

And loud his hurrah when he saw them laid
low;

True hero in heart and in soul had he grown;
But now he's undone, to the world is unknown.

That world owes a debt, though 'twill never
be paid;

Not e'en when in death his poor body is laid;
Neither drop for his memory one silent tear,
Nor one word of thanks utter o'er his bier.

Come up these dark stairs, till just under the
roof,

I will show you a sight, though your heart be
as proof

Against misery's voice as a cynic of old,
That will make your heart ache, for the half
is not told.

For 'tis only a woman, and dying, they say,
With no murmured blessing to cheer the dark
way:

Friends, loved ones, all gone, many long years
before,
She was left like a wreck on the pitiless shore.

But the struggle for life, that must come,
though hearts break,
And so weary to work, that the stoutest souls
quake,
Through the winter's hard storm, and the
sun's lurid heat;
No rest by the way for the poor weary foot.

I am glad it is over, this struggle for life—
This hard, grinding poverty's unequal strife;
That the long double thread she has sewed with
for years,
Has finished the shroud, the life, and the
tears.

High stand the world's heroes, low lay these
of mine,
No hands for them ever will laurel wreaths
twine;

But in His holy sight, though they suffer un-
known,

When He makes up His ranks, He will call
them His own.

Of What Use is Masonry to the Ladies.

The question is often asked "of what use is Masonry to the ladies, as it separates man and wife to some extent by giving the man certain secrets and duties which the wife cannot share?" Ladies, you are connected with Masonry by ties far more intimate and tender than you are aware of or even than I can inform you. The widow and orphan daughter of a Mason takes the place of husband and father in the affection of the Lodge. If their characters are unjustly assailed, the brethren are in duty bound to defend them; if they are in want or distress for the necessities of life, the brethren will divide their means with them. How many widows have been provided with comfortable homes, their children educated and reared up to honorable stations, their own hearts cheered and comforted by the blessed influence of Masonry! To you ladies are given all the advantages of the society, its protection, its hand of relief, its voice of sympathy, while it does not require of you any of the labor or expense of sustaining it. The only privilege denied you is that of visiting the Lodge, and this could be of no advantage to you, if it were possible to grant it. But, ladies, do not anticipate me and suppose I am going to say it is because you are unable to keep a secret. Not so; you are excluded simply because the same necessity does not exist with you for the controlling influence of Masonry as with

the sterner sex. Our rugged passions need discipline to keep them within due bounds and to develop those pure feelings of our nature which cause us to sympathize with the distressed and relieve their wants. Woman needs no art to be able to subdue her passions, to urge her to deeds of charity, her ear being ever open to the cries of distress, her hand ever ready to relieve want. Ladies need none of the implements of the Craft, as there is that within her bosom which causes the chords of sympathy to vibrate without the aid of such symbols. Admit them into the Lodge, our labors would be abandoned, jealousies would arise, peace and harmony would be destroyed. In a word, ladies, it is your charms that exclude you.—*Robert Clark.*

When Men are at their Best.

Dr. Beard states that from an analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men, in all the great branches of human effort, he made the discovery that the golden decade was between thirty and forty, the silver forty and fifty, the brazen between twenty and thirty, the iron between fifty and sixty. The superiority of youth and middle life over old age in original work appears all the greater, when we consider the fact that all the positions of honor and profit and prestige—professorships and public stations—are in the hands of the old. Reputations, like money and position, is mainly confined to the old. Men are not widely known until long after they have done the work that gives them their fame. Portraits of great men are a delusion, statues are lies. They are taken when men have become famous, which, on the average, is at least twenty-five years after they did the work which gave them their fame. Original work requires enthusiasm. If all the original work done by men under forty-five were annihilated, they would be reduced to barbarism. Men are at their best at that time when enthusiasm and experience are most evenly balanced; this period on the average is from thirty-eight to forty. After this the law is, that experience increases, but enthusiasm decreases. In the life of almost every old man there comes a point, sooner or later, when experience ceases to have any educating power.

The Widow and the Fatherless.

BY REV. PIERRE A. HANAFORD.

Forget them not—the lonely heart,
Which grieves for joys departed,
The loving soul whose light has fled
And left her broken hearted,—
The child of one, thy brother here,
Translated to a higher sphere.

Forget thou not, but to their needs
Be thine aid freely given,
So will the Master smile on thee,
Who rules the Lodge in heaven,
So will he, brother, say to thee,
"Thy kindness all was done to me."

Forget thou not, when in thy home
Is plenty's horn o'erflowing,
But bid sweet blossoms in their path
To richer fruit be growing,
So shall the Master say to thee,
"Well done, true Mason, come to me!"

STRANGERS TO FIRE.—Greek mythology tells us that Prometheus first gave fire to men, bringing it to them from heaven in a hollow stick. This may mean, at least, that some tribes of men were once ignorant of the use of fire, or how to make a fire.

According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians, and when a celebrated astronomer showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanon, Mola, Plutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations which, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire, and had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it in the desert on one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood.

Brother Robert Burns, was drawn to Edinburg to superintend the publication of a second edition of his early poems, the Poet's letters from this proud old city, clearly show that his highest social pleasure was found, not in the salons of the titled leaders of fashion, but in those circles

"Where secrecy round
Was the mystical bound,
And brotherly love was the centre."

In the edition of his works, already quoted from, we find a letter written from "Edinboro' town," to a dear friend at home, in which he thus describes his visit to St. Andrew's Lodge:

"I went to a Mason Lodge yesterday-night, where the Most Worshipful Grand Master Charteris and all the Grand Lodge of Scotland visited. the meeting was numerous and elegant; the different Lodges about town were present in all their pomp. The Grand Master, who presided with great solemnity and honor to himself, as a gentleman and a Mason, among other general toasts, gave: 'Caledonia, and Caledonia's Bard, Bro. Burns,' which rang through the whole assembly with multiplied honors and repeated acclamations. As I had no idea such a thing would happen, I was downright thunderstruck, and, trembling in every nerve, made the best return in my power. Just as I had finished, some of the Grand Officers said, so loud that I could hear, with a most comforting accent, 'Very well indeed!' which set me something to rights again."

We have seen it stated, apparently on good authority, that Burns was subsequently appointed Poet Laureate to old Kilwinning Lodge—an honor in which he was succeeded by the "Etrick Shepherd."

The distinguished Robert Chalmers, speaking of the Poet's brilliant reception at Edinburg, says:

"Masonry was the keystone of the Arch, and Burns was doubtless indebted to the Brotherhood for his brilliant reception in the capital, and the generous homage it called forth. If he had not possessed the mystic key to unlock the door of the inner sanctuary, he might have had to wait longer for the recognition of his genius. All honor then to the Brotherhood who rallied around him, introducing him to their homes and families and interesting themselves in his fame."

The anniversary of our Poet Brother's birthday occurs on the 25th of January; and while, in all lands, not only Scots, but all who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue, unite to bear witness to the power of his genius and the immortality of his song; we too, venture to lay an humble but fraternal tribute on his tomb; and to remind "the sons of light," that, to the inspiration of our mystic mother, belongs the honor of many of his noblest and grandest thoughts.

FROM LABOR TO REFRESHMENT.

If masonry teaches anything, it does that there is a time to work and a time to play. A certain time is to be given to labor, another to refreshment, and another to sleep. This is the lesson of the gauge. People who mistake the world for a great workshop have misapprehended the purposes of a kind God and the necessities of human nature. Providence has fitted up earth and sky with magnificent apparatus for human entertainment. The firmament often yields an entrancing exhibition—eclipses, the phosphorescent path of the shooting star, the incandescent train of the comet, and nights radiant with myriads of planets and the soft light of the moon. What variety in terrestrial scenery—the vast expanse of blue ocean, the swell and roll of billows, the wide savanna, the undulations of surface, the cloud-piercing mountains, the ripple of rivulets, the clapping of cataract floods, the plashing of cascades, and the graceful movements of grand rivers! Then the meadows are dimpled with daisies, and the air is tremulous with songs and the whirl of birds of gorgeous plumage. This variety which makes nature a sublime Kaleidoscope, presenting a new pattern at every turn, was designed. It was intended by infinite benignity to answer the needs of man's capacious nature.

Were the sky always one broad arch of blue, unflecked by the cloudlet, unembroidered by the storm-cloud and the lightning; were the earth one vast plain of green with no hillock or mountain to break the wide stretch of landscape, with no flowers of varied hue to decorate the emerald carpet, the eye would become sated, the *ennui* that always attends monotony would be intolerable—and life would become a chronic woe.

So, a man fed to death on solid food with no luscious fruits, sweet berries, succulent esculants, or manufactured deserts—what more terrible? It seems to us that the most afflicting of all deaths would be to die from a surfeit of pork and beans. A man always fed on hog and hominy must either become a drivelling idiot or sink down to an early grave in grim despair. It is now understood by those who have studied the laws of health that the lighter food is quite as necessary as that which is solid and coarse.

That grim and ghastly system of Puri-

anism from whose awful nightmare the world has not fully awakened was simply an attempt to live on solid food—i. e. on work and worship.

It made the roundheads tough and wiry and awful men for a crisis—but the world has had to suffer from many godless generations because of the rigid prohibitions and hard moral diet of these self-same saints.

If nature has a voice it is as articulate in her inviting nooks and pleasing pastimes, with the exhortation: "Now rest awhile and play," as she is stern in her command for work and worship. Her Elysiums and Hesperians are not places beneath whose bowers bandits lurk to destroy the weary wanderers who turn in from the desert-wastes to taste of their refreshing waters, and to rest beneath the shade of their palms. We need yet to learn that God is as glad with us at our festivals as he is sad with us at our funerals—that to be virtuously happy is to be religious—that "sour godliness is the Devil's religion." Of course recreation cannot be made the business of life. It must be parenthetical. We have no right to kill time. Time is entitled to live. What of it we spend in relaxation from labor or in play must be to gather force for a fresh grasp upon our work.

Recreation should be free. We should never indulged in it with a timid spirit—a craven conscience. There are people who always suspect some danger nigh when they feel a pleasure, and that every sweet is a snare to the soul. Such always see death-heads grinning in the rose bushes and cross-bones in the sky. Life is a grim thing with them—a funeral march. There is no piety in making a dismal thing of life. We are not sure but what the world would have been better had not the Church put in its powerful protest against all amusements. We do not see why there should not have been a religious dance as well as a harmless game of croquet or cricket—a theater that would not have abused people's consciences as well as a Church Fair with all of its doubtful expedients for making money. Had the Church controlled and said to every manager: "You must give us plays that will educate our people—elevate the tone of their moral sentiment—work with the pulpit in affording the best illustrations of practical life when organized after the best models of action,"

why should we not have an innocent drama which could have been patronized without the fear of evil to its patrons? This thing of calling one thing religion and another business, or pleasure does not seem to us to be quite philosophical. Religion ought to permeate a man's entire being and attend him in all his pursuits and pleasures.

Then our Sunday School libraries are filled with a vast deal of sickly and sentimental trash which are intended to be substitutes for fairy tales—when the cultivation of taste and sensibility to the beautiful, derived from such imaginative productions, would be much more likely to lead to spirituality by encouraging faith than are the silly hypocrasies called "ministering children,"—who always die young seemingly because they covet the wings of angels.

The restraint that is learnt of freedom has more vital force in it than can be developed by forbidding. That is the reason the Gospel is denominated "the perfect law of liberty." You teach a child that to save his pennies instead of buying whistles and good things to eat, and that this is the kind of economy that builds up fortunes, and the chances are that when he sees that men of large means and liberal, generous natures are the money and society kings of the world he will soon burglarize his own bank, and make the nickels fly in the bar or billiard room. It would have been better, we verily believe, to put children in the way of getting money that they might spend it freely, and thus teach them that a part of life consists in a liberal use of it, than to have pursued the general method that to save is the only secret of life and the great interpreter of its financial power. A boy who has been made to believe in early life that "playing money for keeps" is a species of gambling to be rephended, is more apt to run a roulette table or "fight the tiger" than one who has been permitted to go from the irksomeness of the school-room to toss the ball, or roll his white alley.

We think that a boy who has been taught that to kill cock-robin was a great offense is just as likely to become a murderer as he who has been given the greatest freedom among the feathered tribe in the use of his bow and arrow.

None leap so madly into violent pleasures as those who have been chafed through life up to manhood by cruel and unnatural restraints.

We now consider the fundamental idea of recreation. It is the free and virtuous play of the faculties for the sake of the

exalted pleasure the exercise affords. The object is to rejuvenate the powers—to give tonic tide to the blood, as the earth comes forth each day from its bath of dews, and man from his libation of rest. Each sunrise is a transfiguration of the earth and the skies—and its flush is just as brilliant on nature's cheek as while the morning stars shouted when the sun kissed its family of planets. There is a mating among the stars every time a day is born. The end of recreation is to make us sing at our tasks. Rest is not recreation. We have seen a tired horse the moment his traces were unhitched, drop down in the furrow with his harness upon his back. We have seen a weary mechanic fall into the shavings of his shop with the first stroke of the master's bell and a poor sewing girl lean her aching head upon her machine and rest, as if she were pining for the unbroken repose of the grave.

This kind of rest has not an element of recreation in it, unless indeed at times, the mind in dreams goes a gamboling athwart green fields never trodden by their feet. When we hear a shop full of workmen singing at their benches and lathes, as if their tools were instruments of music, inviting the accompaniment of song, we say here are men that sometimes unbind the yoke and go a daisy through the meadows, or binding violets that have blossomed by some laughing stream, or who have been baptized the night before by a descent of golden glory as they have walked, to the sound of horns and flutes beneath the light of the friendly stars, or may have been to some literary lecture, or to the sweet retreat of their Lodge-room, and that is the secret of the smile which seems to make saw dust shine. Music, poetry, the fine arts all have a magnetic power to some natures to draw out faculties commonly unused, and to turn the thoughts and feelings of tired craftsmen into currents in which everything has a sweet and rhythmical flow.

We, Americans, are perhaps too much in earnest in our play. The game of base ball, in particular, has been abused. It has become a battle, a contest of skill, and to that extent the idea of a play has passed out of it. When men have to go into a game with a desperate courage arising from fear of a ball nearly as hard as a canister shot, and a bat wielded with the force of a catapult, then the sport is no longer such—it has become a business and a severe one too.

The boat-club recreation is unstringing the nerves and muscles of many of our young oarsmen, and unfitting them for either after pursuits or pleasures.

Then, can we think that Solomon ever meant that there was any such time to

dance as that generally engaged in modern times.

An atmosphere poisoned with carbonic acid gas, and fumes of bodies rendered seven times hotter than they were wont to be by whiskey or wine; the ladies dressed with perfect indifference to the weather or exposure, or the violence of exercise, the late hours—all these constitute a catalogue of objections to the modern ball quite sufficient to cashier it as a recreation. Excess is dissipation, and all dissipation is but a drain of vital force. As Masons the Junior Warden warns us against intemperance and excess while at refreshment. Let all true recreations be brief, simple and accessible.

For the Kentucky Freemason.

LOUISVILLE, May 13, 1874,

REV. H. A. M. HENDERSON,

Editor Kentucky Freemason.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

The Masonic Fraternity of this city are exerting themselves to make the next St. John's Day, 24th of June, a grand and glorious one in the interest of our great charity, "The Masonic Widow's and Orphan's Home of the State of Kentucky," and in this field they will not only be discharging a high and noble duty, but providing cheer and comfort to gladden the hearts of our now about 150 beneficiaries. We are also in receipt of letters of the most encouraging character from different portions of the State. Owensboro, is preparing, Henderson is in the field and promises one thousand dollars from St. John's day. Paducah does likewise. Our agent, Rev. S. L. Helm, reports great enthusiasm in the section he is now traveling in in Western Kentucky. Hon. W. F. Darby, State Senator, writes from Princeton that large preparations are being made there and in adjacent counties. Grand Master Pickett, sends encouraging reports also from Paducah.

The future building of the Home is now actively progressing, our present building is near full, the remainder should be completed at the earliest practical moment to meet the demands constantly making upon us. Will not Frankfort and Lexington, and all eastern Kentucky, join actively in the movement and help make our approaching festive day one long to be remembered in the history of Masonry in Kentucky? True the Home is located in Louisville, but it is in every sense a State institution. Its walls enclose Widows and Orphans from all parts, from every section of the State.

In the name of the Board of Directors'

whom you have for the present entrusted with the management of this Institution, we now appeal to every Mason in the State to unite in some way in celebrating June 24th, to raise funds. Invite your wives, daughters, and mothers and lady friends to participate in getting up Picnics, Excursions, Dinners, Suppers, Parades, &c., to raise funds for this charity.

The Board have contracted for the expenditure of some fifty thousand dollars for building purposes this year, and desire, as heretofore, to pay as we go and not be encumbered in any way for debt. This entire amount can and ought to be raised on St. John's Day. We promise that Louisville will do her whole duty. Will the balance of the State do likewise.

Yours Fraternaly,

THOS. L. JEFFERSON,

President Widows' & Orphans' Home & Infirmary.

[From Mackey's National Freemason.]

THE LECTURES OF FREEMASONRY.

An Imperfect Sketch.

BY BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, P. M., &c.

Evidently the earliest form of initiation in the history of modern Freemasonry was by the method known as the "Lectures," which subsequently were divided into "sections." How, when, and where these lectures were first of all manufactured, it is impossible now to decide; but that they had an operative origin cannot, we think, be gainsayed. The original mode of initiation, when the Freemasons were mainly operative, appears to have been simple and effective. The apprentice was formally bound for the period of seven years; and, though we do not know what the *secret* was (or the mysteries) which was communicated to him, we, at all events, are aware of the lecture which was read to him by the clerk; for many versions of these are still preserved and inscribed on long parchment rolls; some twenty of which we have had at various times reproduced, and several have been carefully reprinted in these pages. Added to which the minutes still in existence, dating from the sixteenth century, afford irrefragable evidence of the general character, at least, of such receptions; and whatever may be *fancied* as to the existence of *degrees in Masonry* prior to the revival of 1716-17, no records of

Lodges have yet been discovered which would lead us to believe that any esoteric customs were observed in the assemblies of our early brethren at which Apprentices were not as welcome to be present as Fellow Crafts or Master Masons. "Fellow Crafts," meaning those who had ceased to be Apprentices, having become of lawful age, and Master Masons, describing those able and willing to undertake the management of the work, we cannot see any reason why we should suppose the Craftsmen in former centuries had either the inclination or the ability to indulge in elaborate ceremonials and exclusive lectures for the favored few, seeing that at all meetings Apprentices, so far as we can judge, were permitted to attend, excepting, of course, private gatherings of the Master Masons for the regulation of the work, &c.

We can only truly reason as to Masonry from what we know, and no one has any right to dogmatize and claim for Operative Masonry what it never was, or at least what there is no evidence of its being. Those who differ from our view, by submitting the proof to the contrary, will secure for us an absorbing attention and immediate retraction of the foregoing, provided actual documentary evidence is afforded to establish what at present we know nothing of beyond the *ipse dixit* of brethren and the fancies of would-be historians. For several brethren who have labored in the "good old cause" for many years we have the greatest respect; and, though they are of the opinion that the probabilities are in favor of the lectures in early times referring to several degrees, they are too conscientious and careful to say that such was *really the case*. So long as tradition is kept distinct from fact, we do not complain, and really acknowledge the importance of the former in such a study as Freemasonry; all we object to is its being confounded with the realities of our ancient history. The earliest forms of the lectures we have traced originated in the third decade of the last century. Many of the questions and answers are very curious; and, though we have abundant records to establish the fact of the *third degree* being worked by certain Lodges, nothing has transpired respecting its ceremonies until several years later:

Question. "In the name of —, are you a Mason?" Answer. "I am."

Q. "How shall I know you are a

Freemason?" A. "By signs, tokens, and the points of my entry."

Q. "Where were you made a Mason?"

A. "In a just and perfect Lodge."

Q. "What Lodge are you of?" A. "The Lodge of St. John."

Q. "How does it stand?" A. "Perfect east and west, as all temples do."

Q. "Where is the Mason's (or Master's) point?" A. "At the east window, waiting at the rising of the sun, to set his men at work."

Q. "Where is the Warden's point?"

A. "At the west window, waiting the setting of the sun," &c.

Q. "How many lights?" A. "Three: right east, south, and west."

Q. "How many steps belong to a right Mason?" A. "Three."

Q. "What particular points pertain to a Freemason?" A. "Brotherly love, relief, and truth."

The oath believed to have been taken at that period was simply the old form of O.B. condensed, and included our duty to God, our neighbor, and particularly fidelity to the king, concluding with the promise of "assistance to a brother, as far as your ability will allow. The O.B. has been a needless obstacle to many joining our Body. In England we accept true and lawful candidates on their promise to keep our mysteries inviolate, either by an obligation sealed on that volume of the Law which is sacred to them, or, if they are Friends or Quakers, we dispense with the oath and accept an affirmation. There appears to be just this difference in the old method of reception and the modern, that whereas the old Masons administered the O.B. after the lectures had been mainly communicated, though they commenced with a due warning of the pledge to be required, we now demand the "pledge of fidelity" when entering on the threshold of our sanctums. We have a copy of another ritual and lectures of about the same antiquity, or a trifle earlier; but we have not been able as yet to see our way clear to communicate it; and partly, we fancy, it had reference to some initiation *other than Masonic*, the purport of which we have so far failed to discover. Then we come to the fourth decade, where our MSS., &c., evince an amplification of the lectures to a considerable extent, and the "three degrees" receive their full share of attention. Prior to this time we never meet with any other degrees, not even those of the Royal Arch,

or of the "Ancient and Accepted Rite," which are the seniors of all other Masonic degrees, and in all probability some twenty years older than the Templar offering in connection with Freemasonry. The "higher degrees," so called, are but Masonic *by adoption*, excepting a portion of the Royal Arch and certain integral parts of the "Ancient and Accepted Rite," in the lectures of which many references and ceremonies were directly the continuations (and the property formerly) of Craft Masonry.

In the fourth decade the lectures are so voluminous that we can only glance at a few questions and answers, and as the learned editor of this Magazine has already referred to these peculiar ceremonies of our Fraternity and thoroughly examined into the changes effected in later days, we shall close this sketch by presenting some of the more prominent portions which demonstrate the likeness of the old to the modern lectures:

Question. "What do you come here to do?"

Ans. "Not to do my own proper will,
But to subdue my passion still;
The rules of Masonry in hand to take,
And daily progress therein to make."

Q. "How is the Lodge situated?" A. "Due east and west."

Q. "Why so?" A. "Because all churches and chapels are or ought to be so."

Q. "What supports a Lodge?" A. "Three great pillars."

Q. "What are they called?" A. "Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty."

Q. "What is the other furniture of a Lodge?" A. "Bible, compass, and square."

Q. "How many jewels have you in the Lodge?" A. "Six: three movable and three immovable."

* * * * *

Q. "Why were you made a Fellow Craft?" A. "For the sake of the letter G."

Q. "Where did you receive your wages?" A. "In the middle chamber."

Q. "How got you there?" A. "By a winding-stairs of seven or more."

Q. "What did that G. denote?"

A. "By letters four and science five,
This G. aright doth stand;
In a due art and proportion,
* You have your answer, friend."

Q. "How were you passed Master?"

A. "From the square to the compass."

Q. "From whence come you?" A.

"From the East."

Q. "Where are you going?" A. "To the West."

Q. "What are you going to do there?"
A. "To seek for that which was lost, and is now found."*

Q. "What is that which was lost and is now found?" A. "The Master Mason's word."

Q. "How was it lost?" A. "Three great knocks, or the death of our Master Hiram."

* * * * *

Q. "How was Hiram raised?" A. "By the five points of Fellowship."

Q. "Where was Hiram interred?"
A. "In the Sanctum Sanctorum."

Q. "What are the Master's jewels?"
A. "The Porch, Dormer and Square Pavement."

Q. "What is a Master Mason named?"
A. "Cassia is my name,
And from a just and perfect Lodge I came."

*This portion was altered in the next decade after the institution of the Royal Arch.

At a meeting of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home and Infirmary of the State of Kentucky, held at Masonic Temple on Monday, May 4th, Bros. T. L. Jefferson, Charles Tilden, C. Henry Finck, L. B. Pouch and D. E. Richardson, were elected Directors to serve the ensuing three years. At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors held for organization, T. L. Jefferson was elected President; Geo. C. Buchanan, Treasurer; J. M. S. McCorkle, Secretary; and T. L. Jefferson Trustee of the Endowment fund.

MASONIC WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' HOME AND INFIRMARY.

Rev. S. L. Helm, D. D., Agent for the above institution, was in the city last Wednesday and Thursday. While here he delivered an address to Jerusalem Lodge, No. 9, and a public address at City Hall to a large and appreciative audience. As the fraternity of Henderson had already begun the good work and organized their Committees, no effort was made by Mr. Helm to raise money for this great charity, but he left the matter in the hands of the Committees appointed, to solicit contributions for the purpose of completing the Home, who will take pleasure in calling upon our citizens to contribute to this noble enterprise, and we bespeak for them the cordial reception and liberal

contribution which is so characteristic of the good people of Henderson. The following gentlemen compose the Committees:

H. W. Fuller, Geo. W. Fallon, A. S. Winstead, B. G. Witt, Bona Hill, C. H. Johnson, A. Dixon, Jr., T. M. Jenkins, O. Collins, J. G. Staples.

One wing of the building, which is one-third of the entire structure when completed, is now finished, and is much larger than our public school building, and is now sheltering and feeding one hundred and twenty fatherless children and eight widows. The building and ground, so far, are all paid for, and as the present capacity is not sufficient for the demands, it is desired by the directors to complete the entire building as soon as possible, and for this purpose it is expected that Henderson will contribute at least one thousand dollars. Therefore, let every one who has it in his heart to aid the unfortunate and helpless, remember that the opportunity will soon be presented to them by the Committees.

The Widows' and Orphans' Home is located at Louisville, and is an institution of which, not only Masons, but the people of the whole State should feel proud, it being the first and grandest scheme ever before devised by the Masonic fraternity for the succor of their widows and orphans.

A LOVELY INCIDENT.

What parent, on reading the annexed extract, can fail to reflect on the lesson it suggests? How important that, when the parent has departed, the example left behind them may be such as the child can be thankful for? To watch for and train the budding thoughts of an artless child, is one of the noblest offices that father or mother can fill. Truly hath it been said, that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" strength hath been ordained. What could give greater strength to that widowed heart than such a scene with her little daughter!

She knelt at the accustomed hour, to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for care through the coming night; then as usual, came the earnest "God bless dear mother, and"—but the prayer was stilled! the little hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneel-

ing child—"I cannot pray for father any more!" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after mother's name, for he had said that must come first; and now to say the familiar prayer, and leave her father out! No wonder that the new thoughts seemed too much for the childish mind to receive.

I waited for some moments, that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and with a voice that filtered too much almost for utterance, she said, "O, mother, I cannot leave him *all out*; let me say, Thank God that I had a dear father *ONCE!* so I can still go on and keep him in my prayers." And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child. Remember to thank God for mercies past, as well as to ask for blessings for the future.

No friends have a perfect suitability to each other, and roughness and inequalities that are nearest us are most troublesome. The wonderful variety and contrariety of apprehension, interest, temperaments, and occasions and temptations are such that, while we are scandalized at the discord and confusions of the world, we must recall ourselves, and admire that all-ruling Providence which keepeth up so much order and concord as there is.—*Baxter.*

THE wheels of nature are not made to turn backward. Everything presses on toward eternity. From the birth of time an impetuous current set in, which bears all the sons of men toward the interminable ocean. Meanwhile heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature—is enriching itself with the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent and divine.—*Robert Hall.*

THE nature of the good angels is a humble, loving, and kindly nature. An angel's is a fine, tender, kind heart. As if we could find a man who has a heart sweet all through, and a gentle will; without subtlety, yet of sound reason; at once wise and simple. He who has seen such a heart has colors wherewith he may picture to himself what an angel is.—*Martin Luther.*

WHEN we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, and in company our tongues.—*Hannah Moore.*

BARDSTOWN.

This classic Kentucky town was seen by us for the first time during our late visit. We had known it long for the memories that clustered about the names of Hardin, Rowan and the Wickliffes—those intellectual legal giants who once graced it far and made it famous throughout the land. We had known it as the center of a vast educational interest under the patronage of the Catholic Church. We had known it through its wide-spread reputation for hospitality. All this for years had kept alive in our breast a desire to visit it. We have been gratified, and though we failed to meet several friends whom we prize, who were absent, we were charmed with all that we saw and heard. The distinguishing characteristic about the appearance of the town that will differentiate it from others to the stranger is the presence of the large number of beautiful English elm trees which shade the streets. This is a rare tree in Kentucky, and yet it abounds in this locality. We were told that a Catholic priest, in the early part of the century, brought over several and that now there are thousands in the neighborhood the product of this importation. The English elm grows as rapidly as the water maple, is far more beautiful and is longer lived. Some friends have promised to send us some next fall, and we promise to plant them in memory of their kindness to us, and to think of them whenever the eye lights upon these trees. Thus, we delight to surround our home—so that by the law of association of ideas with things we may be constantly reminded of those whose friendship we cherish.

A Bardstown audience is appreciative. Our efforts to please and profit were received with such demonstrations of approval as to make us feel that we had not been beating the air. Upon Sabbath morning we preached for the Presbyterians, all the other denominations uniting with us in the service. At night we preached for the Baptist and the same courtesy was shown us as in the morning. This exhibition of Christian comity was peculiarly gratifying to us, organized as we are into antipathy to all bigotry in religion or rancorous partizanship in politics. Masonry has served to give us the spirit of toleration, and we rejoice when we see Christian brethren, as we see Masonic, dwelling together in unity.

The citizens were hospitable and spared no efforts to entertain us with pleasant company and tempting viands. We had a most delightful evening at the residence of J. W. Muir, Esq.—where we had the pleasure of meeting that genial gentleman and gifted statesman, Gov. Charles Wickliffe, of Louisiana, and a number of ladies representing some of the old and famous families of the locality.

We were the happy guest of Jno. D. Wickliffe, Esq., who will be remembered by all who have attended the several last meetings of the Grand Lodge, as the efficient chairman of the Committee on Finance. He and his excellent wife possess that most to be coveted of all domestic arts, the power to make a stranger feel at home "within their gates."

To many Masonic brethren, to the Revs. Mr. Cosby, Chambliss, and Lyon, to our old friend David Hardin, to Dr. Muir and others, we return hearty thanks for attentions which we hope never to forget.

Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home.
May 14, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:

Our Superintendent, Dr. Wheeler, asks us to write a short letter for the May number of the KENTUCKY FREEMASON. We hardly know how to begin, as it is a beginning in reality for us, having never even thought before of writing for a newspaper. We will say however, that we enjoy ourselves at the Home very much, have our regular duties to perform, when not in school. Those duties are not irksome, and are so regulated that among so many we get along admirably. We are learning to sew, and during the last month we have made for the Home, twenty pillow cases, eight pillows, nine beds, four bolster cases, forty-seven sheets, thirty towels: for the boys, twenty-two pairs of pants, five coats, and for ourselves, seventeen dresses, three skirts, seventeen aprons, two night-gowns, five pairs drawers, two chemise; also some fancy work and a considerable amount of patching and darning; in this part of our work we have had the assistance of the widows of the Home. We also, with the assistance of the Superintendent and his wife, our Matron, stamped in one week, working only after supper each night, twenty-five thousand tickets for the proposed jubilee on the 24th of June, and would be glad to stamp as many more, if that would insure the sale of them.

We are making great preparations for enjoying ourselves St. John's day, trimming our hats, making new calico dresses, practicing our songs and recitations, and bleaching our hands and faces. If not disappointed in these calculations, you shall hear from us after that day has passed, until then; good bye, with many, very many, wishes for the prosperity and success of the KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

BETTIE YOUNG,

Bath Lodge No. 55.

FANNIE LEWIS,

Bowling Green Lodge, No. 73.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.,

April 21st, 1874.

BRO. HENDERSON—I have no doubt Fred M. Marks would be pleased to have himself noticed by so respectable a paper as THE KENTUCKY FREEMASON. Let him be noticed.

Marks is a tall man; six feet would have to be stretched to measure his height. Small twinkling eyes, bronze skin, about fifty years of age, german accent, familiar in manners. When we had the pleasure of making his acquaintance and relieving his necessities ten dollars worth, he was dressed in brown jeans cloth, pants in boots, and a slouch hat. That was three years ago last February. He came through our city looking jaded and worn and riding a jaded horse, hunted me up as Master of the Lodge, and represented to me in the presence of Brothers J. O. Ellis and Jas. Wallace, as follows:

He lived in Missouri and was a member of the lodge where he lived. He and two friends had come to this State trying to recover some horses which had been stolen; arrived and learned the thieves had gone into Tennessee, where they also pursued. Marks was taken sick and could travel no farther, and must needs "rest and refresh himself;" preparatory to returning home gave what money he had to his companions that they might continue the pursuit, and trusted to the charity of the Order which he adored, to get him back to Missouri. We gave the Brother ten dollars, we often do the like even when we suspect we are being swindled. But what are such losses compared to the regret we would feel should we refuse and afterward find we had locked our Treasury against a good and worthy Brother. "Give me some paper, brothers, that I may give

you my due bill and return this money as soon as I reach home." "No, Brother Marks, we do not want you to send it back, we give it to you and are pleased to do it." But that would not do, Brother Marks could not accept pecuniary gifts, he must send it back.

To this date Brother Marks has not sent the money back nor have we heard from him except from outside sources. Five letters have come into my hands enquiring about him since then. Three from Illinois and two from Indiana. Would you believe, sir, the man is still in pursuit of those fugitive thieves and horses, and still deceiving the craft into assisting him wherever he stops. The five letters were all from Lodges or Masons, and all enquiring about Brother Marks. In all these letters we are informed that Marks represented himself a member of Hopkinsville Lodge No. 37, or referred to our Lodge for his Masonic standing, and one of the letters told us he said he was Sheriff of our county, and still in pursuit of fugitive horse thieves. The last letter we got was from Brother Joseph Davis of Reno, Indiana, who plaintively requests that we suggest to Brother Marks that he send back the five dollars which Brother Davis loaned him to assist him in his pursuit. Brother Davis enclosed us the obligation which Marks gave him.

It reads "received of Brother Joseph Davis, five dollars, which I agree to express him to Concordia, Ky."

FRED. M. MARKS,

Hopkinsville Lodge, No. 37, Ky.

Notwithstanding the respectable membership he claims, we must, even if it be with tears, repudiate him. If he was ever in our city more than once, and that during the hour it took him to swindle us out of ten dollars, none of us ever heard of it.

If the membership of our State should hereafter be filched by this man it will be because they are wanting in that sentiment which should make them all feel it a duty to assist, by their subscriptions, our excellent home Massonic Journal.

Fraternally,
R. M. FAIRLEIGH.

PARSEE MASONS.—The *Chaine d'Union* contained a letter from Bro. Mastral, in which he says he visited at Bombay the Lodge Cyrus, composed entirely of Parsees. The Master was a Parsee, and there were many Hindu and Mohammedan visitors. They worked, he says, in the Scottish Rite pretty much as we do, with some slight modification.

Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 15, 1874.

BRO. HENDERSON:

We have visitors every day, and regularly once a month one from you (your paper.) I need scarcely say that it meets with a hearty welcome.

In the April number, we find several columns devoted to the interests of the "Home," for which we thank you.

We propose to let you hear from us each month; and if, at any time, you lack space or deem our letters of too little importance for publication, pass them by in silence.

We have one hundred and twenty-two children, and nine widows with us, also one widow and four children admitted by the Board of Directors, but not yet arrived.

The Superintendent appoints, each week, certain boys to perform the work that is requisite; and during the last month, and so far in May, they have been quite busy white-washing, gardening, and storing away two thousand bushels of coal; besides their regular daily work about the house, they do this cheerfully and well, without interfering with their school duties or depriving them of the necessary amount of time for recreation. The matron likewise selects the number of girls required by her, the lists are read to them every Saturday night for the ensuing week. Their work consists in assisting the cook and laundress, and keeping in order the different dormitories, halls, store-room, pantry, linen-room, dining-room, wash-room, bath-room, work-room, and wardrobes.

From May to September, we rise at 5 o'clock, have worship at 6, breakfast at half past 6, school from half past 8 to half past 11, dinner at 12, school from 2 to 4, supper at 6, worship at 8, and retire at 9. We have Sunday school every Sabbath morning, conducted by Bennett H. Young, Esq., and preaching in the afternoon by ministers from the city, representing the various denominations.

During the months of February, March and April, we had seventy cases of Mumps, and after that, forty cases of whooping-cough. We had one death on the 8th inst., Smiley Wallace, a beneficiary of Ion Lodge, No. 301, Jessamine county. She was a general favorite with the inmates and visitors. A telegram was sent to her mother, who reached her the evening be-

fore she died; at her mother's request the Board of Directors granted permission to have the remains taken to Nicholasville for interment. They also very appropriately and kindly sent two young gentlemen with them.

The workmen have been busy at work on the new house, and from present appearances a magnificent building will be erected at no very distant day.

We are looking forward to the Jubilee on the 24th of June with a great deal of interest, and hope to be able to do our part toward making it a grand success.

We close by giving you a list of donations to the Home since last report:

Abraham Lodge, No. 8, 10 barrels Potatoes.
J. Bush & Son, dried beef and fish.
Mrs. Kate Davis, 1 lot clothing.
Capt. J. H. Leathers, 1 lot clothing.
Mrs. Ryan & Co., beautiful trees.
Mrs. A. S. Newton, 1 picture, Shakespeare and his Friends.

March 31, Cash from Orphans' box, \$13 50.
C. Henry Finek, lot candy.
Jno. J. Davis, Lodge No. 389, 6 hams.
A. Moorman, Bradenburg, Ky., 1 barrel salt.
April 30, cash from Orphans' box, \$5 80.
Geo. L. Vallandigham, 2 large bags table salt.

We hope for a longer list in our next. There are Masons in all portions of the State who could, and doubtless would, assist us in this way, if the idea was only presented to them, a barrel of flour, a few bushels of potatoes, three or four hams, butter, eggs, dried fruits, a few barrels of apples, a few yards of jeans or linsey, articles that would be very acceptable to us, and very easily spared by them; to all such we say mark any article intended for us, "Masonic Home," and send by Adams Express Company.

Yours, truly,

J. H. WHEELER, Supt.

Dr. Adam Clarke, commenting on this passage, says: "As truly as the living God dwelt in the Mosaic tabernacle and in the Temple of Solomon, so truly does the Holy Ghost dwell in the souls of genuine Christians."

And this it is that the French writers mean when they say that Masons build temples for virtue. The body is the temple, which is to be made holy by a life of virtue. And this, too, is what we mean when we say that our ancient brethren wrought in Operative Masonry, and built material temples; while we work in Speculative Masonry, and erect the spiritual temple of a holy life.

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY,
May 11, 1874.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON:

In so excellent a periodical as the FREEMASON, we are always glad to hear mention of our flourishing little city.

Improvement is discernible on every hand. The Southern Kentucky Bank building is almost in a state of completion, and is an ornament to the town.

The two Masonic Lodges are in splendid condition, both officers and brethren are "live, active stones in the building." The only fault one can find with them is that they don't take enough numbers of the FREEMASON, but Frank Gerard, W. M. of Jno. C. Gerard Lodge, is raising a club for the FREEMASON.

A movement is on foot to institute a Commandery, and I think under the systematic and energetic efforts of Thos. J. Smith, H. P., we will make it a success.

Your April number is full of good things, and we hope to see the day when your paper will be in every Master's family.

Our Public Schools have closed with a great credit to our excellent corps of teachers, under the efficient management of our Commissioner, T. J. Smith.

Under the new law, the Eclectic Educational Series was adopted with satisfactory and good results to all. In the course of another year Warren County will make grand strides in educational advance. We are thankful to Dr. Henderson for the cheery words of encouragement he gave us when last in our midst.

Wishing the FREEMASON success in disseminating light,

We are yours, etc.,
MASON.

Although, as Freemasons, we have met, amongst others, with these three great losses—the Word, the Builder and the Stone—the fact that our quest for the two latter was successful, will always stimulate us to live in the hope of one day recovering the Lost Word. The immortal part that is within us is not lost, and cannot be. With it dwells all possibilities. There is an angel in man, which, enveloped as it now is in clay, will one day assert its pre-eminence. The Lost innocence of Eden will be found again; the dismembered body of Truth recovered; the Sacred Word be pronounced by man with all of its wonder-working power; and the

Lost Mason's Word fall from the lips of him with whom it once perished, but who, when raised again by the Grand Master of the Universe, shall lawfully communicate it to all Craftsmen. Or, it may be, the Grand Master Himself by its omnific power shall call us all from our graves. Only the last day can unfold for us this mystery. [Keystone.

[From the St. Louis Freemason.]

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

RESTORATION.

Question 1—Will you please inform us what course to pursue to re-instate a suspended Mason before the time of his suspension expires?

Ans.—Petition for restoration stating reasons for the same. Petition is read, members notified, and lies over till next stated meeting; and then, if the same vote which was necessary to suspend is obtained in favor of restoration, that ends the matter.

A DEMIT IS NOT A VOUCHER.

Ques. 2—Will you be so kind as to answer me one question? It is this: There was a Lodge near this place that was burned down a year or two since, and the members took demits from the Grand Lodge. One petitioned our Lodge for membership by affiliation, and none of the members of our lodge had ever sat in lodge with him. Is it proper for us to go on and ballot on his petition without first taking him through an examination or not.

Ans.—No petition can be received and balloted on for affiliation unless the party is properly vouched for, and neither a certificate nor a demit can be accepted as a voucher. If no one can vouch, then the party must be examined.

TRIALS.

Ques. 3—**COPY OF CHARGE.**—I hereby charge A. B. with the following acts of unmasonic conduct, viz: Specification 1st—Non-payment of dues. 2d—Failing to obey a summons issued by the lodge.

Ans.—In this case the dues were paid before the trial come off and that ended first specification. A certificate from his physician showed that he was sick and could not obey summons, and on this the lodge should have voted not guilty, as no willful intent was apparent. The vote then recurs upon the general charge of "gross unmasonic conduct," and, as a mat-

ter of course, the lodge would vote "not guilty," although the vote must be taken.

POSTPONING A MOTION.

Ques. 4—Is it the prerogative of a W. M. to postpone a motion (only seconded) when he thinks it better to do so?

Ans.—It is the prerogative of the W. M. to rule out of order all questions which are irregular or unmasonic, but he cannot refuse to entertain any motion not in conflict with the laws or usages of Masonry.

RIGHT OF ASSESSMENT.

PITTSBORO', MISS.

Ques. 11—George Frank Gouley: Please answer through the columns of the FREEMASON the following:

Has a subordinate lodge the right to assess its members with any amount outside of their regular dues, and can the lodge force its members to pay said assessments?

This is a question that has come up in our lodge (Pittsboro' Lodge 155), and I would like to have your opinion on the legality of the matter.

Yours fraternally, W. T. SMITH.

Unless you have a special law of the Grand Lodge to the contrary, a lodge cannot enforce the collection of special assessments outside of dues fixed in the by-laws. General usage is against it.

Note by Editor.—The same decision applies with equal force to a Chapter or Commandery.

In Connecticut, a certain magistrate was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor. "Well John," said the magistrate on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth \$20, and never will be?" "Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question. "I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the magistrate, "I can swear the rest, so go ahead." And the man was sworn and discharged.

SPOILING MATERIAL.—In the ancient charges we are told that the younger brethren should be instructed at their work, so that they may not spoil material. Vast amounts of material are annually spoiled in our country by neglecting this important injunction. Fortunately our Zeradatha and Lebanon are exhaustless in material, or we should have been ruined long ago, and, as it is, the spoiled material in our temples have rendered many almost useless.

Influence of Females.

It is better to pass an evening or two in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation be slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, a tavern or the pit of a theater. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society, have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure; your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to the hunker; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another: but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated kindly woman, about her girl Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the greatest benefits a man can derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we light our own pipes and say we wont go out; we prefer ourselves, and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—[Thackeray.

The Symbolism of the Two Temples.

The temple of the Lodge, the first temple, the Temple of Solomon, the only temple with which the Master Mason is acquainted, is a symbol of the present life—transitory like that temple, falling into decay and ruin like that temple, and yielding to the stroke of death as that temple did to the hard blows of the Chaldean invader. But the temple of the Chapter, the second temple, the Temple of Zerubbabel—that temple which, in a more enduring form, was built upon the foundations of the first, and wherein the Holy One was again to dwell—is the symbol of the second life, the life eternal, the life beyond the grave, and where the weary sojourner is to rest when he has at length found the precious treasure of divine truth.

Such is the temple symbolism of Freemasonry, developed from the Temple of Zerubbabel in the Chapter, and its type, the Temple of Solomon, in the Lodge.

The temple of the Lodge, or the life here, is a symbol of darkness; and the temple of the Chapter, or the second life hereafter, is a symbol of light. *That* is the darkness and ignorance of a brief night, in which we now blindly wander, *this* is the clear light and bright knowledge of an eternal day.

When the world is enshrouded in the thick veil of night, we look abroad, and our dimmed eyes meet with nothing but the deep and impenetrable mystery of darkness. The black sky enwraps the earth as with a funeral pall, amidst whose gloomy folds the stars, with pale and ineffectual fires, serve but to make the "darkness visible;" the mountains seen at a distance mingle their dusky summits in an almost indistinguishable outline with the scarce separated gloom of the murky firmament; and the valleys and the plains robbed of their verdant covering, lie beneath the feet, a sable shroud. All is unknown, uncertain, undefined, and the belated traveler wanders with unsettled steps, all landmarks hidden in the gloom, or pauses abruptly at some precipice, to whose yawning edge his unguarded course has led him. The hooting of birds of ill-omen, and the roar of beasts of prey, come as the voices of the night to terrify his ear, and flickering shadows perplex and confuse his path. But in the east breaks forth at length the shining light of day. The sun arises, and the black pall is rolled away from the sky, and the blue ether begins to cover the new-born world with its azure garment. The mountaintops are tipped with a bright coronet of gold; the earth re-assumes its garb of green; the flowers put on a thousand hues of beauty; the trees resound with the matin song of birds; and man, invigorated with the blessed light, goes forth with new courage and new hopes to the labors of the day.

A man giving his name as Henry Williams, while walking along Vine street, Friday evening, was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs and fell in front of George Cunningham's residence. He made himself known as a Mason, and was taken by some members of that body to the Thurston House, where he was kindly

cared for, and sent to Covington Saturday evening. He says his father's family were refugees, having fled from Tennessee during the war, and he, thinking they were still here, had come to visit them. Arriving here he learned that they had gone back to Tennessee, and his brethren of the "Mystic Tie" will pass him from point to point, until he reaches them.—*Kentuckian.*

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor; I knew that, but I din't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."

SAVINGS FOR OLD AGE.

No one denies that it is wise to make provisions for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight; yes save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy, which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then how much he will want it! It is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism at three-score. It is a fact that overtaking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good in regard to health as to money—"waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for age, but save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures, and pure thoughts; save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish nor death take away.

From the Boston Journal.

The Language of the Beasts and the Birds.

It is a common saying that man is distinguished from brutes by the noble gift of speech, but in this we are assuming altogether too much. We call all animals dumb, and imply a certain pity in the word; but in some native language of their own they may be calling us likewise poor dumb creatures, and commiserating our inability to frame their speech. The sounds they utter, which are so unintelligible to us, and which we are content to describe as crowing, cackling, neighing, mewing, chirping, barking, may each be the articulated words of unwritten dialects, in which every species finds expression for its thoughts and desires. Whoever heard a flock of ducks quacking together as they waddled along in single file toward a pond, and was not convinced that they were holding sweet and earnest converse by the way? Who can listen to a quarrel between martins and swallows in early Spring, before some besieged and airy domicile, and believe that all their vociferous chatter is meaningless to them? It is plainly evident that they are calling each other feathered rascals and villains, and dealing out threats and oburgations in epithets that no hearer can mistake. The deep-voiced frogs, that croak through all the country side under the starlight and dews, may be gurgling tender serenades, in their cold-blooded fashion, to lady-loves beneath the waves, although Aristophanes failed to translate them into his rough Greek. When we come upon a solemn company of crows that have settled on the tall tree of a lonely wood, we stop to listen to their hoarse notes, in full faith that they carry much meaning in such sepulchral tones, and that they have halted there to discuss their prospects and determine upon some plan for the next campaign. For aught we know they may be repeating the substance of that fine old English ballad, which tells how three of their race sat upon a tree, debating where they should dine, and that one described how, in a lonesome glen, a noble knight lay freshly slain, and then summoned them to a banquet on his bonny blue een, and his white breast bone, adding that the golden down on his young chin would do to wrap their young ones in. At any rate they have, doubtless, their orators and demagogues, who are versed in all

tricks of stump-speaking, and who sway at will the less gifted of their kind. But until they shall invent writing for themselves, and an alphabet, and furnish us with a skilled interpreter, we shall have to call their eloquence and their talk the veriest jargon, and find pleasure only in the sweet warbling of merrier birds; since music and laughter, in which these joyous little souls delight, are the only utterances that possess a universal and unvarying speech.

"I WISH I HAD CAPITAL."

So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day. We concluded that he wanted a little practical advice, and we will give it to him.

You want capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? Haven't you hands, feet, muscle, bone, brains, health, and don't you call them capital? What more capital did God give anybody?

"Oh, but they are not money," say you. But they are more than money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it's time you were learning. Take hold of the plow, or hoe, or jack-plane, or broad ax and go to work. Your capital will then, in due time, yield you a large interest. Ay, but there's the rub; you don't want to work, you want money on credit, so you can play gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond.

Or you want a farm with plenty of hands upon it to do the work, while you run over the country and dissipate; or you want to marry some rich girl who may be foolish enough to take you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame on you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it to give you as much money as you need, and make you feel like a man. If you can not make money on what capital you have, you could not if you had a large amount in cash. If you do not know how to use bone, muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle, and waste and rust out, it would be the same with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste it.

Then don't stand about idle, a great helpless boy, waiting for something to turn up, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you do it well. Yes, whatever you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can not or will not manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any other to manage. Do you hear, young man?

A Beautiful Sentiment.

The following exquisite extract by a distinguished Mason commends itself to the whole fraternity. We esteem it so highly that we would gladly see it incorporated into our monitorial instructions. Our brethren ought to commit it to memory, for it vibrates through the soul like the sweetest harmonies of heavenly music.

The name of "brother" has everywhere been held sacred and holy. Around the home fireside 'tis ever the watchword of affection; in the church a title of reverence and faith; but in masonry it reaches the sublime height of being a name which levels all distinctions, castes and nationalities, all creeds, faiths and dogmas; all politics, religions and beliefs, and binds in one common mass all the varied conditions of mankind. The king and the peasant, the lord and the tenant, the rich and the poor, the titled, and he who is content to well fill his sphere on the lowest plane of life, all meet and receive the warm grip of friendship which speaks a brother's welcome. In this one title, the one most familiar, most loved and most honored among men, we find one of the Mason's strongholds. With the Mason it is never forgotten; in the family it may be, and, indeed often is; in the church it is lost with one who has in his honest convictions changed his creed, but among Masons, wherever found, whether in the frozen North, the burning South, on the fertile plain or the desert, be he orthodox or heterodox, Calvinist or Armenian, be he Jew or Gentile, or whatever he may be, so he believes in the Supreme Being, God, Jehovah, the name "brother" is as sacred as life, a rallying cry which brings relief while there is life, and closes the eyes of the stranger and friend in death, and brings the tear of sympathy over a

loved one lost. For this we cling to this mystic temple, and gather around the universal altar, there to learn the lessons which heeded among us bring so great blessings, so great love, so great power for good. The infidel may scoff, the unbeliever scorn, the renegade denounce, yet will we strive to emulate thy noble teachings, and bound by the ties of brotherly love and affection, continue on until the last setting sun when it declines beyond the western horizon shall shed its golden rays upon the unshaken dome of Freemasonry.

Sectarianism.

An Irishman, entering the Fair at Balinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large, round head bulging out the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillelah; down went the man. Forth rushed from tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction.

"Och, Nicholas!" said they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brain ye hit?"

"Truth, did I not," says he, "bad luck for me for that same; but sure, if my own father had been there, and his head so nice and convenient, I could not have helped myself."

Poor Paddy! true type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. "They scent the battle from afar." And many mooted points for which they have done fierce fight, are so infinitesimally small, that I would not give the turn of a button-shank to get them infallibly decided.

Many contentions arise out of sheer misunderstanding. Disputants are often metaphysical according to the explanation given of metaphysics by the Scotchman, who said:

"Why, ye see, metaphysics is when two men are talking together, and the one of them dinna ken what he is talking about, and the other canna understand him."

Drs. Chalmers and Stuart must have been a "wee bit" metaphysical that day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said:

"I have time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put in

a recent tract, called 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.'

"Why," exclaimed the astonished Dr. Stuart, "that is my own tract! I published it myself!"

That man was surely wise who prefaced every debate with, "Gentlemen, define your terms."

During the Peninsular War an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in the wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way:

"Well aimed, Captain; but no more; they are our own 39th."

This sad blunder has been repeated too often in the armies of Jesus Christ. With what fatal frequency have great guns of the church, which might have battered down citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren! There are surely deviltries enough in the world to shoot at, without firing into each other.—*Rev. S. Colley.*

DON'T COUNT THE STEPS.—It is, perhaps, well for us that we do not count up in early life the number of steps, many of them weary ones, we shall have to take in treading the long road that reaches from the cradle to the grave. It is well for the young housewife that she does not estimate the number of million of dishes she will be required to wash during the period of housekeeping forty years long; in each of which years the table must be cleared and the dishes washed over a thousand times. It is well that the poor seamstress does calculate the miles of "seam, gusset and band, band, gusset and seam" her tired fingers must form, till the lamp of life, like the table lamp, gives out. It is wise and well, that she, who sits from one year to another in the same little room, does not realize that her hand moves, in forming stitches, more miles than a steamship travels in crossing the Atlantic.

One day a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked. A look like sunshine came into her little face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby: "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.

Keep Straight Ahead.

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their back-biting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been afloat to your disadvantage, by some meddling busybody, who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and, in combatting them, give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the back-bitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time, and the slow, but steady justice of public opinion."

MASONIC LOTTERIES.—Bro. Hill, Grand Master of Nebraska, having been asked if there was anything unmasonic in a Lodge engaging in a gift enterprise, or lottery, for the purpose of building a Lodge room, replied as follows:

"The purposes for which you wish to raise money is truly commendable, but the manner is, in my judgment, highly improper and unmasonic. I could not give my consent for a Masonic Lodge to become engaged in such demoralizing speculations, however commendable might be its object, without doing violence to my own feelings, and to the feelings of many good Brethren who have done much to bring our Order to its present high moral standard. A Lodge of Masons should never engage in any enterprise, the moral effect of which would be to prevent any of the fraternity from participating therein."

THE WIDOWED SISTER'S LODGE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

There is much in the nomenclature of Masonic Lodges worthy of record. We have gathered up many curious statistics under this head. Many a noble deed is hidden under some lodge name, that, conveying no meaning to the uninformed, is significant to those cognizant of the christening, of charity, fortitude, or undying truth. When the disciples were "first called *Christians* at Antioch," the christening was not a matter of popular interest—to the mass, indeed, the name must have fallen dead upon the ear; but to the enlightened, to those who knew the story of the miracles, the supper, the agony, the crucifixion, the resurrection and the ascension, the name *Christian* recalled incidents dear as the apple's eye to the persecuted band; pregnant, more than any other word that the language contained, with mournful, triumphant, deathless interest.

"Jacob called the name of the place Peniel; for I have seen God face to face," says the sacred record, "and my life is preserved." "Therefore was the name of it called Galeed and Mispah; for he said, the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another." "He was afraid, and said, how dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And he called the name of that place Bethel." "He called that place Beersheba, because there they swear both of them." "Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh; and as it is said to this day, in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." "He called the name of the well Ezek, because they strove with him." "He called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, for now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.

These Scriptures, like all others, are for our instruction; and surely there is an eminent propriety in entitling our Lodges by names significant of God's gracious dealings with us. If we adopt those of living or deceased benefactors of the Order, let us use those only whose worthiness will reflect credit upon the system we profess to cultivate. Names so often in men's mouths should be *good* words.

Widowed Sister's Lodge was worthily named, as the reader will acknowledge, when he is advised of the circumstances

from which the cognomen was derived. Mrs. Page is the honored widow of an honored Mason of the ancient stock. She is of that class of widows whom Paul credits with the epithet "widows indeed," and describes as "trusting in God, and continuing in supplications and prayers, night and day," and concerning whom Timothy was exhorted to give special honor. She is not overburdened with the riches of this world; yet, by prudent foresight and management, she is enabled to keep her little family upon their inheritance—rising early and retiring late to secure this object.

Of this estimable widow it shall be said, in her funeral eulogy, in the words of the wise man: "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eyes saw her, then it gave witness to her: "Because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. She was eyes to the blind, and feet was she to the lame. She was a mother to the poor."

After the hurricane of political excitement which grew out of the disappearance of William Morgan had in part subsided, and men began to breathe again with freedom the same atmosphere with Masons, the craft in and about the village of Spafford gathered together to enquire, "Shall we revive the Lodge or not?" Their temple was, indeed, in ruins; the Chaldeans had "broken down the wall of Jerusalem, and burnt all the palaces thereof with fire, and destroyed all the goodly vessels thereof." Their furniture, books, charter, everything that could identify them as a Lodge, were scattered broadcast and lost. They had forgotten the work, forgotten the lectures, alas! in two instances, forgotten the *principles* of the institution which once they had solemnly vowed to cherish. But they retained, some of them at least, *the love of Masonry*, and remembered with a keen relish, the employments and enjoyments they had once experienced in its exercise. And when a voice, as the voice of King Cyrus, was heard proclaiming, "Who is there among you of all God's people? the Lord his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem; a response, feeble but sincere, was heard from them, "Here I am! I will go up."

But a survey of the existing obstacles chilled the zeal of these few, and appalled the remainder of the brethren to whom the project of re-organizing the Lodge had been broached. The *expense* was great—a house, a charter, jewels, furniture—it was very great. The *trouble* was more; to visit intelligent Masons abroad; to commence again the very rudiments of Masonic instruction. But *the opposition* to be encountered, this was the worst of all. Ridicule might be anticipated from all that generation which had sprung up since last a Masonic procession was seen in the streets of Spafford. Annoyances of various sorts would, undoubtedly, be thrown in the way. The trash of anti-Masonic literature was in every house; and, vile and mendacious as it was, there were many men, otherwise of good estimation, who believed in it, and were influenced by it. But what matters this long array of objections which was presented before the little meeting of the brothers assembled in the parlor of Sister Page! They were sufficient to justify the conclusions to which the party came, "that the reinstatement of Masonry at Spafford, under the present untoward circumstances, was impracticable, and was for the present postponed."

The brothers, however, would not disperse until they had announced their decision to the good sister herself, and a messenger was sent to the door of her sitting room to announce it. She came at their summons, leading by either hand a stout boy, stalwart lads, once the pride of the father as they were now the hopes of the mother. She listened, with downcast eye, to their statement of the obstacles which had deterred them from pursuing their desire, and answered not a word until the catalogue was complete. But then a change came over her face; her eye kindled with meaning as she directed it toward them. She arose with a dignity they had never seen her exhibit before; and, placing her two boys before her, thus began: "This is not what I looked for from the companions of my deceased husband. On his death-bed he charged me to prize as one of my highest privileges, *my claims as a Mason's widow*. He said that these boys would never want a father while there was a Mason in the land, and that a Mason's Lodge was the widow's home!" From this startling exordium, she went on to make known, what was clearly evident to her mind, that without

the establishment of a Lodge, it was useless for men to profess themselves Masons; that all the benefits of the Order flow out of the Lodge as the fountain; and that as her husband was buried at the hands of the brethren in Lodge assembled, so she hoped some day to see her sons initiated by the same body. In short, she pursued to its legitimate conclusions the argument, "that every brother ought to belong to a Lodge," and that "without the Lodge there is no Masonry;" and she pressed it so earnestly home upon each of her hearers, that he could not resist it.

Perceiving with a woman's tact, that she had convinced them as to the expediency of the effort, she proposed to furnish a vacant chamber in her dwelling, and to see to it that all necessary furniture and clothing were supplied for the work of the Lodge. She offered—we have a copy of her letter before us as we write this—she offered to furnish the Lodge gratuitously with refreshments, at every meeting, until they could do better; and that the public might not be deceived as to the respectability of the institution, she would march with the Lodge in its first public procession, and *protect* it.

Of course she triumphed—of course the petition was prepared and signed that very night; forwarded to the nearest Lodge for recommendation that week; sent to the Grand Master for approval that month; and returned *accepted* ere the moon waned. At the organization of the Lodge the subject of a *name* was agitated; but all suggestions and debates ceased when a brother proposed "Widowed Sister's Lodge;" it was too good to admit of a moment's hesitation. The aprons were ready, made of white silk, furnished from her own old-fashioned wedding dress! Her family Bible made the first Great Light—could a better be desired? The gavels and other implements were provided at her charge. An ample supper was ready at the close of the meeting, and she presided at the head of the table, with her little boys at her side. Her own domestic wine made the beverage in which the regular toasts and her own name, the best of all, were duly honored.

But the occasion of her public appearance as a *Mason*, is the most interesting part of our tale. Father Lawson, the oldest member of the Lodge, died suddenly, yet not so suddenly but that he had time to request a Masonic burial. The brethren

hesitated. They were not quite prepared to meet the public eye. They referred the matter to Sister Page. She, good soul, unhesitatingly told them they were *bound* to obey a dying Mason's request—much *she* knew of the matter!—and declared her determination to go with them! The procession formed at Brother Lawson's—the whole population of Spafford gathering together in doubting whether to laugh or applaud—and, true to her word, the resolute woman marched at its head! It must have been a moving spectacle to see the dear lady, dressed in deepest mourning-weeds, leading her little sons one by each hand, and walking the whole of that weary two miles in front of the Tyler! Many was the proffer from the gentlemen to lend her a conveyance; many was the door opened to invite her in to pause and rest; but she refused all entreaties; was the first as well as the last at the grave; and joined, by permission of the Master, in casting clods of earth upon the coffin!

That day's exercises settled the question for all this generation as to the popularity of Masonry in Spafford. After that, there was no room for ridicule; for the thoughts of that devoted woman's adherence to the institution in its hour of adversity incontinently banished it, or gave it a favorable turn. Men, who knew nothing of Masonry, admitted that it must be a good thing to deserve the support of so estimable a lady as Mrs. Page. The first effect of her devotedness was to bring in the adherence of many of the demitted Masons of the vicinity, who form timidity, probably, had stood thus far aloof; and this gave great additional strength to the Lodge. Its second effect was to allure a few outsiders, whose parents, long ago, had taught them the value of Masonry as a social tie, and thus the temple was still further enlarged. The next thing was to nerve the fraternity to a public procession, an address, a public dinner, and all that sort of thing; and when that was over, they felt strong enough, as Brother Rakkoone somewhat lightly remarked, "to outmouth His Satanic Majesty himself." Was not "Widowed Sister's Lodge" rightly named.

Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces.

Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself.

WHY SHE LOVED MASONRY.

BY MRS. ADELIE HAZLETT.

"Ticket, ma'am," said the conductor.

"Yes, sir, in one moment;" and Mrs. Herbert sought in her pocket for her portmonnaie, in question. But it had mysteriously disappeared, and the lady arose hastily and cast a rapid, searching glance under and about her seat.

"O, sir, I have lost my ticket, and not only that, but my money and checks for my baggage!"

The conductor was a young man who had been but a few weeks upon the road in his present capacity, and felt himself greatly elevated in his position. He prided himself in his ability to detect any person in any attempt to avoid paying the regular fare, and had earnestly wished that an opportunity might offer which would enable him to prove his superior powers of penetration, and the ease with which he could detect imposition. Here, then, was a case just suited to his mind, and he watched Mrs. Herbert with a cold, scrutinizing, suspicious eye while she was searching so eagerly for the missing ticket. With a still extended hand he said:

"I must have your fare, madam."

"But, sir, I have no money! I can not pay you."

"How far do you wish to go?" he asked.

"I am on my way to Boston, where I reside. I have been visiting relatives in Wisconsin."

"Well, you can go no further on this train unless you pay your fare."

A bright thought occurred to Mrs. Herbert—

"I will place my watch in your keeping," she said; "when I reach Detroit I will pawn it for money to pursue my journey. My husband will send for and redeem it."

"That will do," said the conductor. "I will take your watch and give you a check for Detroit. I have no authority to do so from the railroad company, but may, upon my own responsibility."

But Mrs. Herbert's embarrassment was not to be relieved so readily as she hoped. Searching for her watch, that also was not to be found.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said, her face growing very pale. "My watch is gone too! I must have been robbed in Chicago."

"You can leave the train at the next

station," he said quickly and decidedly; "that's what you can do."

The whistle sounded for "down brakes," and the conductor stepped out on the platform of the car. Mrs. Herbert looked around her. There were few passengers in the car; some were reading, some looking out of windows on the town they were just entering. No one seemed to have heard the conversation between the conductor or herself, or at least to have become interested in her behalf.

The train stopped, the conductor appeared, and, taking her shawl and traveling basket from the rack above her head, bade her follow him. In ten minutes more the train had gone, and Mrs. Herbert sat alone in the L depot, trying to decide upon the course best to pursue. She had no money to defray her expenses at a hotel; she had nothing with which to pay a hackman to take her to one; but after a few minutes' reflection, she resolved to inquire for the residence of the clergyman of that church of which she was herself a member, and ask him, in the name of Christian charity and kindness to give her a home until she could send a telegram to her husband and he could furnish her with means to pursue her journey.

Inquiring of the ticket agent the name of the clergyman she hoped to find, and being politely directed to his house, she was soon at the door and ringing the bell. He answered the summons in person, and in a few hurried sentences she made known her misfortune and her request.

The Rev. Mr. Ripley was thin, tall and straight. He was apparently about forty-five years of age; polished, but pompous; no particle of dust could have been found upon his fine, black broad-cloth, or nicely polished boots; the tie in his cravat was faultless; his hair was brushed carefully forward to conceal coming baldness. Very dignified, very important, very ministerial appeared the reverend gentleman; but as Mrs. Herbert looked into his cold gray eyes, she felt that benevolence was by no means as strong an element in his composition as selfishness. Her heart seemed to chill in his presence; she could not help contrasting him, mentally with the good Mr. Weston, who was pastor of her own church at home. Ah, not often had the hand now thrust into the bosom of the tightly buttoned dress coat been prompted by the cold heart beneath it to place a

bright little coin upon the palm of beggered childhood; not often had his footsteps found their way to poverty's door! Yet this unworthy representative of the Christian Church preached charity to his rich congregation at least twice every Sabbath; and so far as himself was concerned, made preaching supply the place of practice.

"Madam," he said, after eyeing her from head to foot, "You have a pretty story, but the streets of L, are full of such stories at the present day. Did I listen to one-half I hear of the kind, I should have my house filled with poor mendicants all the time, and perhaps few of them would be worthy my respect. I can not keep you as you request.

Mrs. Herbert turned from the inhospitable door of the Rev. Mr. Ripley. The cool insolence with which he had treated her had almost driven courage from her heart, but she determined now to seek a hotel, where at least, she might rest herself and decide upon some new course of action. She had eaten nothing since morning; indeed, she had not even thought of food, but now she felt faint and weary, and the consciousness that she was alone, in a strange city, friendless and penniless, with the shades of evening already falling, quite unnerved her. As she glanced up and down the streets the first thing that attracted her attention was—not a public house sign, but in large, gilt letters the words—"Masonic Hall." Her heart gave a quick, joyful jump. Her husband belonged to the Masonic Fraternity, and she knew that any duty a Mason owed to his brother, he owed equally to that brother's wife or daughter. She remembered also that to that noble order she was indebted for nearly all of the happiness she had known in her life. But, familiar as she had been with its workings in her native city, she had never realized its universality; and never understood how, like some great talismanic belt, it circles the earth, embracing all mankind in its protecting folds; softening the asperities of dissenting religionists; shedding the purple light of love on the fierce rapids of commercial life, enlightening and ennobling politicians, and harmonizing their conflicting sentiments upon a sense of kindred.

Mrs. Herbert paused irresolute. What would she not have given for a knowledge of one mystic sign, by which to call her

husband's Masonic brothers to her side?

Men were passing rapidly up and down the street; elegantly dressed ladies were out enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening, for the day had been sultry, but among all the busy throng there was not one whom she felt at liberty to accost.

A gentleman was passing her leading a girl by the hand. With a quick gesture she arrested his step. She had observed nothing peculiar in the stranger's face; indeed, she had not noticed it all; but a Maltese cross was suspended from his watch-guard, and the moment she discovered it she had involuntarily lifted her hand to prevent his passing her.

The stranger looked at her inquiringly. She pointed at the cross and said, "That, sir, is why I stopped you; will you excuse me for addressing you, and please tell me if you are a Mason?"

"I am," he replied.

"Oh, sir, my husband is a Mason, and perhaps you would be kind to a brother's wife."

"Where does your husband live?"

"In Boston. His name is G. W. Herbert; he is of the firm of Herbert, Jackson & Co., L— street. I was on my way to him from Wisconsin, but have been robbed of the means of paying my fare, and the conductor refused to take me farther. I have applied to Rev. Mr. Ripley, and he turned me insultingly from his door."

"The old hypocrite," muttered the gentleman. "Mrs. Herbert, my house is but one block distant, and it is at your service. My wife will make you welcome and comfortable. Will you accept our hospitality?"

"O, sir, how gladly!" And half an hour later Mrs. Herbert was refreshing herself at the well-spread table of Mr. Henderson, first officer of Eureka Commandery, No. 12.

When supper was over, Mr. Henderson said to his wife, "I have a few minutes' business down town; I will return immediately. Make Mrs. Herbert feel at home."

He walked directly to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and addressed the following message to his brother in Boston: "Is G. Herbert, L— street, a member of our order, and his wife in the West? Answer immediately."

When Mr. Henderson returned he found his wife and Mrs. Herbert in an

animated discussion; and was surprised to note the change in the strange lady's appearance, now that she felt herself among friends. Her face wore so genuine an expression of sweetness and purity; her conversation was expressive of lofty sentiments, such real goodness of heart, and betrayed so highly cultivated a mind, that Mr. Henderson found himself regretting that he had taken the precaution to send a telegram to Boston in order to prove the truthfulness of her statements.

Mrs. Henderson seated herself at the elegant piano, and after performing several pieces, invited Mrs. Herbert to play also. She gracefully complied, and after a low, sweet prelude, began to sing:

"A stranger I was, but they kindly received me."

She sang the piece entirely through, her voice quivering with emotion; and when she had finished it, both Mr. and Mrs. Henderson stood at her side, and the gentleman said:

"Mrs. Herbert, it is we who are blessed, in being permitted to form the acquaintance of so entertaining a converser and musician. You are not a stranger, but a dear friend, a sister, my brother's wife; you have a right in our home. A Knight Templar's house is ever open to the unfortunate. But you must not leave the piano yet; play another piece for us, your own favorite."

"I do not know that I have one."

"Your husband's, then," suggested Mrs. Henderson.

Again Mrs. Herbert's practiced fingers swept the keys, and then her clear, rich voice arose in the popular Masonic ode:

"Hail, Masonry divine."

As the last sweet echo died away she arose, saying, "That's my husband's favorite."

Mr. Henderson was standing with his arm around his wife's waist. Tears were in his eyes, and he drew her closer to him, as he said, "O, Jennie, will you not learn to play that piece for me?"

"But I could never make it sound like Mrs. Herbert's," she replied, "for you know I do not like Masonry."

"And why do you not like it?" Mrs. Herbert ventured to ask.

"Because it rises like a mountain between me and my husband; I am jealous of Masonry!" and the glance she cast upon him at her side told Mrs. Herbert

with what depth of love a true wife regarded her husband, and she almost pardoned her for her dislike of masonry, upon the ground she had mentioned. But she felt that Mrs. Henderson was in error, and she said:

"Will you allow me to tell you why I love Masonry?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Henderson, "I should be glad to feel differently if I could;" and she drew a large arm-chair for Mrs. Herbert, in front of the sofa, upon which she and her husband seated themselves.

Mrs. Herbert began: "My father was a commission merchant in Boston, and in consequence of causes which I never fully understood—for I was very young at the time—he failed in business. Our beautiful home was taken from us, and father removed mother and me to an humble, but comfortable cottage in the suburbs, while he procured employment as a clerk in a dry goods establishment.

He was disheartened by his sudden and heavy losses. It was seldom indeed, that he was heard to speak cheerfully and hopefully. His health declined, and before we had ever dreamed of the threatening danger, he was a confirmed consumptive. But he was a Mason, and we were not allowed to feel his inability for labor had deprived us of the comforts of home. Supplies of provisions, clothing and fuel came regularly to our door. But one chill September, we were gathered around the bedside to take the last farewell. The friends of our prosperous days were not there—they left us with our riches—but a circle of true, manly faces were there, and tears were brushed aside which were the overflow of sympathizing hearts. I stood beside my grief-stricken mother, who knelt beside the couch of death, her head bowed helplessly upon the emaciated hand, upon which she had ever depended for guidance and protection. My father kissed me tenderly, and turning to his Masonic brothers said:

"I cannot but leave my dear ones to your care, and I know I can trust you. I feel that my poor Alice will not long survive my loss, and then this poor little one will be a helpless waif on the great sea of humanity. I give her to you, not as a child of one, but of all—the child of the Lodge."

A few moments more and I was fatherless. One of those strong, noble men

lifted me in his arms and bore me from the room. I had heard what my father had said, and although a child of but seven years, I comprehended it all. I threw my arms around the good man's neck, who held me so tenderly, and sobbed, "O, sir, will you be my father?"

"Yes, my dear little girl," he said in broken voice, "you shall never want."

"My mother was a delicate creature, and her constant watching at my father's bedside combined with the last terrible shock, threw her into a fever from which she never recovered. We remained in the cottage until my sweet mother's death, and my father's Masonic brothers anticipated our every want. And when I was at last an orphan, my protectors took me away. All felt that I was a sacred charge. I was placed under the care of the most reliable instructors, and my health was carefully guarded. I lived in the house of him whom I asked to be my father, and I believe he loved me as his child. When I arrived at the age of twenty years, I was married—with the full approbation of my guardians—to Mr. Herbert, confidential clerk in a dry goods house. The young man was a Mason; he was honest and attentive to his business. That was not quite ten years ago. Now he is a partner in the same house. We have an elegant home, and a wide circle of friends; but none are so dearly prized as the tried and true; and once every year our parlors are opened, to receive with their families the few remaining of those to who at the time of my father's death, were members of the Lodge to which he belonged. You understand now, my friends, why I love Masonry."

Mrs. Henderson lifted her eyes to those of her husband. He looking at her so wistfully, so pleadingly.

"My dear wife," he said, "Mrs. Herbert's story is but one of thousands. It is the aim of Masonry to relieve the distressed every where, and to elevate and ennoble ourselves. Our labors take us often from our home-circle, but it would not be manly in us to spread a knowledge of the good we do. To many of the recipients of our charity it would be bitter relief, if trumpeted forth to the world." Mrs. Henderson placed both her hands in those of her husband, and said, her eyes filling with tears, "I will learn to play that piece for you, and I think I can give it some of Mrs. Herbert's expression,

for I think differently of Masonry than I have ever done before." The next morning, when breakfast was over, Mrs. Herbert, said, "Now Mr. Henderson, I must send an immediate telegram to my husband, for I am very anxious to meet him, and I must not trespass upon your genuine hospitality longer than necessary."

"Will you entrust me with your message?" "Yes, sir, and it was soon ready. "Ah! I was about sending you the answer to your telegram to Boston," said the operator to Mr. Henderson, as he entered the office. He took the paper extended toward him, and found the message to read as follows: "G. W. Herbert is a worthy Knight Templar. He stands well, socially and financially. His wife is in Wisconsin." Mr. Henderson called upon a few of his Masonic friends, and then hastened home. Taking a roll of bills from his side pocket, he layed them beside Mrs. Herbert, saying, "I did not send your message, I have taken the liberty to draw on the Bank of Masonry. A deposit made by your husband for your benefit."

"The Bank of Masonry! A deposit for my benefit! I do not understand you."

"Well, then, I will explain. Every dollar a man contributes towards the support of the Masonic institution, is a deposit to be drawn upon at any time he or his family may require it. I know, positively that your husband is a worthy Mason, and this money—one hundred dollars—is as really and truly yours as if he handed it to you himself. If you wish to continue your journey to-day, I will see you safely on the one o'clock train."

Mrs. Herbert's lips quivered, but she only said, "O, I shall be so glad to go."

"Now, I have only to say, beware of pick-pockets," said Mr. Henderson, smiling, as the train began to move.

A week later, the Secretary of the Eureka Commandery announced to his brothers in regular conclave assembled, the receipt of a letter, which he proceeded to read:

"M. L. Henderson, E. C., and six Knights of Eureka Commandery No. 12."

"I enclose you a check for one hundred loaned by you to my wife, who arrived at home in safety yesterday. My gratitude to you for your timely sympathy and care is only equalled by her own. She says that her experience in your city has

added a new chapter to her 'Reasons for loving Masonry.'

"Should any of you visit Boston, do not fail to call upon us, that we may return you our thanks in person, and invite you to the hospitalities of our home."

What Constitutes Hell.

Dr. Norman Macleod is credited in one of our exchanges with the following:

Let the fairest star be selected, like a beauteous island in the vast and shoreless sea of the azure heavens, as the future home of the criminal from the earth, and then possess what they most love, and all that it is possible for God to bestow; let them be endowed with undying bodies, and with minds which shall ever retain their intellectual powers; let no Savior press his claims upon them, no God reveal himself to them, no sabbath ever dawn upon them, no prayer ever be heard within their borders; but let society exist there forever, smitten only by the leprosy of hatred to God, and with utter selfishness as its all pervading and eternal purpose—then, as sure as the law of righteousness exists, on which rests the throne of God and the government of the universe, a society so constituted must work out for itself a hell of solitary and bitter suffering, to which there is no limit except the capacity of a finite nature! Alas the spirit that is without love for its God or its neighbor, is already possessed by a power which must at last create for its own self torment a worm that will never die, and a fire that can never more be quenched.

If you have an affliction in your home it is a blessing to you, unless you fail to improve it. To those who are exercised thereby, it always comes as a help and none can afford to do without it. And if God does not send it to your fireside, He means you should cross the threshold of your neighbor and find it there. "Weep with them that weep." It is a sad misfortune to live a long life unchastened and unsoftened by the discipline of God.

When character is lost, when honor dies, there is nothing left. Many have started in life with fair prospects at every turn; prosperity met them; but having no chart or character to guide, they have finally sunk, and ruin marks the spot where once dignity, energy, skill, nobility, reigned royally, triumphantly.

Remember the Widow and Fatherless.

"Brethren! by the precious token
Which the sons of mercy wear,
By the vows you oft have spoken
Graved with truth and sealed with prayer,
Penury's pathway strive to brighten,
Misery with compassion meet,
And the heart of sorrow brighten
Till your own shall cease to beat."

—Mrs. Sigourney.

STREET EDUCATION.—A city missionary visited an unhappy man in jail, awaiting his trial for a State prison crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, the tears fast running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my *street education* that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house, and go off with the boys in the street; in the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer. Oh, sir, it is in the streets the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young!"

The brotherhood of Freemasonry means neither more nor less than a social sentiment founded on the belief that all men being in the sight of God equal as to their simple humanity—descending from one common origin; tending to one common end, are placed here on earth to institute a community of mutual helpers. This brotherhood is a chain whose links are all united to form a bond of love. Such a sentiment of brotherhood teaches us that it is the duty of men to—

"Give each other pity, aid, and strength,
And consolation—man was made for man."

For the sake of your success and your manhood, young man, lay broad the foundations of your education; don't be afraid of learning too much, or of preparing thoroughly for your life's career. And, whatever that career is to be, remember that you cannot safely be ignorant of the great facts of science and its applications in human industry. This knowledge will be ranked hence forward among the necessary elements of a liberal education.

Long before St. Paul or St. Peter, or the advent of the Gospels, a Roman dramatist had described the true principle of brotherhood, when he exclaimed, or rather made one of the personages of his drama exclaim: "I am a man, and nothing that pertains to man is foreign to me."

Children expect the truth, and if they find themselves deceived, it not only shakes their confidence in others, but they, being very apt scholars, will soon learn to lie and deceive too.

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DULY PREPARED.—The Temple should be a model for every Masonic Lodge. The material should be carefully examined, to begin with. Unsound stones or timbers can never do any good. They will only rot or crumble away and endanger the structure. They should always be firm and true and sound; and they should be carefully fitted, and made perfect ashlers; so that they will exactly fit their places in the Masonic Temple. They should be prepared by Prudence and Wisdom, adorned by Charity, and cemented into the Temple by Brotherly Love. A Masonic Temple built of such material, so fashioned, so adorned, and so cemented, will stand all the storms of adversity and all the assaults of enmity. It hath its foundation sure; peace is within its walls and prosperity within its gates; its labors are labors of love, and its works seen and known of men, bring it honor and insure to it peace and prosperity. With different material the Order will perish.—*The Craftsman*.

If there is a past in which men have done ill, let them have hope, for there is a future in which they may do well.

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