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(Founded by CORNELIUS MOORE.)

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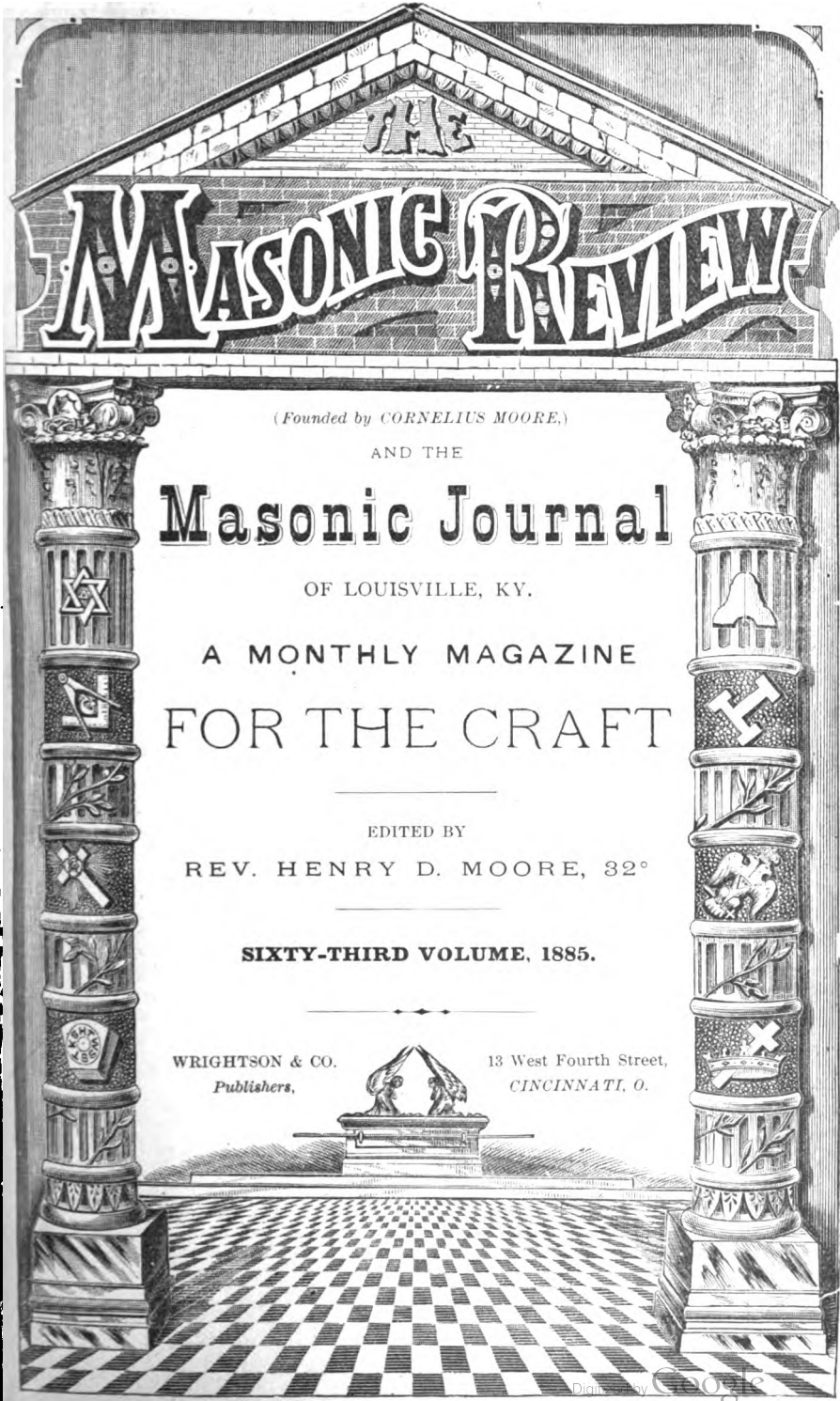
EDITED BY

REV. HENRY D. MOORE, 32°

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME SIXTY-THREE.

	PAGE.
A Chivalric Ballad. <i>Poetry</i>	22
A Wayside Violet.....	73, 139, 198, 264, 330
Allocution of Albert Pike.....	92
Ancient Symbolism—Persia.....	278
A Spring Fancy. <i>Poetry</i>	287
A Memory of Bro. James C. Luckey.....	342
A Few Historic Glimpses of Malta and Rhodes.....	346
Albert Pike, Allocution of.....	92
Abraham, The Parable of, and the Fire Worshiper.....	219
Ballad, A Chivalric. <i>Poetry</i>	22
Banquet, The. <i>Poetry</i>	353
Blucher as a Mason.....	102
Chivalric Ballad, A. <i>Poetry</i>	22
Craft Tidings.....	52, 113, 181, 242, 304, 370
Constitutions, The, of 1876.....	103
Cold World, The. <i>Poetry</i>	329
Changed. <i>Poetry</i>	352
Cheops and Jezeeh.....	129
Cuba Letter.....	215
Chapter, The Status of Unaffiliated Masons in the.....	217
Editor, The.....	36, 104, 161, 221, 291, 354
Encyclical Letter, The, "Humanum Genus".....	193
Freemasons' Day at New Orleans Exposition.....	287
Fire Worshipers, The Parable of Abraham and.....	220
"Great Light," Revised, Our.....	284
"His Sepulcher on High".....	257
"He is Risen." <i>Poetry</i>	290
Hebrew Metrology.....	321
Historic Glimpses of Malta and Rhodes.....	346
Impossible, The. <i>Poetry</i>	97
Isis, The Unveiling of.....	3
Ignorance vs. Knowledge.....	158
James C. Luckey, A Memory of Bro.....	342
Journey, Sketches of.....	I, 65
Jezeeh, Cheops and.....	129
Knowledge vs. Ignorance.....	158
Looking 'Round New York.....	33
Letter, The Encyclical, "Humanum Genus".....	193
Letter, Cuba.....	215
Light, Our Great, Revised.....	284
Morris, Rob., LL. D.....	29
Masons in Chapter, The Status of Unaffiliated.....	217
Masonic Poems of Robert Burns.....	272
Metrology, Hebrew.....	321
Malta and Rhodes, A Few Historic Glimpses of.....	346
New York, Looking 'Round.....	33
New Orleans Exposition, Freemasons' Day at.....	287
Our Tracing Board.....	48, 112, 179, 239, 365

	PAGE.
Onward. <i>Poetry</i>	134
Order of Heredom of Kilwinning.....	155
Opal, The. <i>Poetry</i>	197
Ohio Outrage, The—Serious Thoughts.....	219
Our "Great Light," Revised.....	284
Past and Present. <i>Poetry</i>	8
Pike, Albert, Allocution of.....	92
Persia—Ancient Symbolism.....	278
Platanus.....	211
Parable of Abraham and the Fire Worshiper.....	220
Royal Order of Heredom of Kilwinning.....	158
Robert Burns, The Masonic Poems of.....	272
Revised, Our "Great Light,".....	284
Risen, He is. <i>Poetry</i>	290
Rob Morris, LL.D.....	29
Sketches of Journey.....	I, 65
Shadow and Sunshine.....	9
Sea, The.....	24
Spiritual Temple, The. <i>Poetry</i>	72
Sunset. <i>Poetry</i>	97
Shall we take Health Lessons from the Talmud.....	134
Sonnet.....	214
Status of Unaffiliated Masons in the Chapter.....	217
Serious Thoughts—The Ohio Outrage.....	219
Sepulchre on High, His.....	257
Symbolism, Ancient—Persia.....	278
Spring Fancy, A. <i>Poetry</i>	287
Superstition. <i>Poetry</i>	345
The Sea.....	24
The Editor.....	36, 104, 161, 221, 291, 354
Tracing Board, Our.....	48, 112, 179, 239, 365
Tidings, Craft.....	52, 113, 181, 242, 304, 370
The Spiritual Temple. <i>Poetry</i>	72
The Impossible. <i>Poetry</i>	97
The Unveiling of Isis.....	98
The Constitutions of 1786.....	103
The Royal Order of Heredom of Kilwinning.....	158
The Encyclical Letter, "Humanum Genus,".....	193
The Opal. <i>Poetry</i>	197
The Status of Unaffiliated Masons in the Chapter.....	217
Thoughts, Serious—The Ohio Outrage.....	219
The Parable of Abraham and the Fire Worshiper.....	220
The Ohio Outrage—Serious Thoughts.....	219
The Windmill. <i>Poetry</i>	262
The Masonic Poems of Robert Burns.....	272
The Cold World. <i>Poetry</i>	329
The Banquet. <i>Poetry</i>	353
Unaffiliated Masons in the Chapter, The Status of.....	217
Violet, A Wayside.....	73, 139, 198, 264, 330
World, The Cold. <i>Poetry</i>	329
Wayside Violet, A.....	73, 139, 198, 264, 330
Windmill, The. <i>Poetry</i>	262

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NO. 1.

SKETCHES OF JOURNEY.

BY BRO. LEOPOLD BURCKHARDT.

THE GLEICHEN LEGEND.—CHAPTER V.

THE Princess sent her followers away. A good sign! She walked to the bower and found, of course, the Count, who did not intend to play hide-and-seek; but when she was approaching with down-cast eyes he fell on his knees, and looked as a criminal on whom the judge is going to pronounce sentence. The Princess spoke with soft and tender voice:

“*Bostangi*, arise and follow me to this bower.”

The *Bostangi* obeyed, and when the Princess sat down she said:

“The will of the Prophet be done! For three days and nights I have called on him to show me a sign if I am wrong. He keeps silence. He approves of the resolve which the dove made, to loosen the chain of the slave and to nestle with him. The Sultan's daughter has not despised the *muschirumi* from the hand of a slave. My lot is cast! Go to the *Imam*, he will bring thee to the mosque and give thee the seal of the Faithful. Then my father will, at my intercession, allow thee to grow as the Nile when it floods the valley. And when thou rulest as Bey a province, thou canst look up to the throne; the Sultan will not reject the son-in law whom the Prophet has provided for his daughter.”

Vol. 63.—No. 1.—1.

1

The Count was thunderstruck; he looked at the Princess without life or motion. His cheeks paled, his tongue was tied; he understood, in *loto*, the Princess' words. But how he could become the son-in-law of the Sultan of Egypt was a riddle to him.

Not a very happy position for a lover whose wishes are accepted! But love, in its budding, gilds all, like the rising sun. The Princess saw in his silence an excess of raptures. Yea, her maiden heart spoke in its turn. Had she been too hasty?

"Thou art silent, *Bostangi*. Do not be astonished if the fragrance of the *muschirumi* brings back to thee the fragrance of my love; my heart has never known the cloak of dissimulation. Why should I, by wavering hope, make heavier the steep path which thou must ascend before the bridal-room opens to thee?"

Meanwhile the Count had come to himself, and, as a warrior surprised in his sleep by the alarm-bugle, he took heart and said:

"Glorious Flower of the World! how could a miserable sprig, growing among thorns, dare to bloom under thy shade? Would not the watching hand of the gardener weed it out? When the breeze blows a little dust on thy royal diadem, are there not a hundred hands ready to wipe it off? How could a slave dare to look for the precious fruit which blooms in the Sultan's garden for the happiness of princes? At thy command I sought a costly flower for thee, and found the *muschirumi*, of which I knew neither the name nor the mysterious meaning. I intended but to obey."

The words were clear. The well-arranged plan of our Princess went off in bubbles. How could a European misunderstand the meaning of a *muschirumi* offered to a lady? But the mistake was evident; and yet Love, once rooted in the little heart, knew to turn and twist the thing, as a seamstress does when she has made a wrong cut, and finally succeeds in making the whole come out pretty correct. With her beautiful hands she played with her veil, hiding her confusion, and after a few moments' silence she said, with tender affection:

"Thy modesty is like the violet hiding from the sunbeams, nor anxious to show her beautiful colors, but to be loved for her sweet fragrance. A happy luck has become the interpreter of thy heart, and drawn forth the affection of mine; thou knowest it. Follow the law of the Prophet, and thou art on the road to obtain thy wish "

Matters became now more and more clear to the Count, and the tempter, whom he had expected in the barred prison, came to him in the form of a winged Cupid, and began to press on him. He should deny his faith, betray his tender-hearted wife, forget the pledges of chaste, connubial love.

Said the tempter: "Thou canst exchange the chains of slavery with the bonds of love. The princely beauty of Egypt smiles at thee; a flame as pure as the fire of Vesta is burning in her bosom, and will destroy her, shouldst thou, in ignorant obstinacy, refuse her favor. For a little time hide thy faith under the turban. Father Gregory can wash the blot off. Perhaps thou canst gain the maiden's soul and bring her to heavenly abodes."

The Count listened with some complacency to the speech of the tempter, when his good angel pulled his ear and said: "Stop listening!" And the Count, a brave Knight as he was, ceased consulting with flesh and blood, and saw that he had to gain the victory in a hurry.

"When the traveler has lost his way in the Libyan Desert," said he, "the wish to quench his thirst in the cooling springs of the Nile were a craven wish, since at the end he must perish. Therefore, O most lovely Princess! do not imagine that such a wish could arise in my soul; as a gnawing worm, it would consume my heart. Learn that in my home I am bound by sacred vows to a virtuous wife, and the mother of three sweet children, who lisp the name of father. How could a heart, torn by grief and yearning, strive for the pearl of beauty. to offer her a divided love?"

This was clear talk, and the chivalrous Count imagined he had decided the battle with one well-aimed blow. He expected the Princess to see her error and give up her plan; but he was much mistaken.

The handsome maiden could not believe that the young and thrifty Count had no eyes for her; she knew her charms, and what he said about his heart's situation did not at all distress her. A child of the Orient, she did not at all expect to appropriate to herself its sole possession. In her eyes the tenderness of man was like a silken thread, which may be untwisted and divided; and had she not seen the Sultan's favorites live in sisterly concord?

"Thou callest me the Flower of the World," replied she; "but see, in this garden are many blooming flowers, rejoicing eye and

heart with their variegated beauty; nor do I hinder thee to divide this joy with me. And should I require from thee to plant in thy own garden but one flower, whose constant view might tire thine eye? Thy wife shall partake of the happiness which I prepare for thee; thou shalt bring her into thy harem; for thy sake she will be my dearest companion; for thy sake she will love me, too; and thy little ones shall be mine. I shall give them shade and room to take root in our country."

Count Ernst was touched, and, as far as he was concerned, might have yielded; but then, Lady Otilia—would *she* like the partnership? And, above all, that visit to the *Imam*! No, he could not do it! He said so, and the "conference" ended, yet in such a manner as to surmise a resumption of the same.

Brave Curt had seat and voice in the secret musings of the Count. That evening he told him all, and we verily believe that a love-spark had darted from the maiden's heart into that of the Knight, and began to stir a fire which the ashes of his lawful love could not quench. Seven years' absence, lost hope of reunion, a chance of busying the thirsty heart anew—these three are enough to cause a fermentation.

With wondering eyes and open mouth the honest squire listened; then he thought awhile and spoke:

"Sir Count, you are erased from the book of the living in your country. From the depths of slavery you can not escape, unless drawn by the bonds of love. Your dear lady must be dead or married. But to deny your faith, that's a hard thing. That won't do; nor is it necessary. Nowhere is it customary for the wife to teach the husband. I, too, have a wife there at home. Well, if I lay in the portal of hell, I'm sure she would run after me and cool me with her fan. Therefore, stick to it; the Princess must give up her lying Prophet. And as she loves you really, she will certainly exchange her Paradise for the Christian."

Long did Curt talk and press the necessity of forgetting older bonds, to break the bonds of slavery by those of love; but the poor fellow made a gross mistake in quoting his faith in the love of his own wife. It reminded the Count of his sweet Otilia. He became restless; no sleep for him that night. But toward dawn, exhausted by mental and bodily fatigue, he fell into heavy slumber. He dreamt as one is sure to dream at that time! He had lost one of

his snow-white teeth, and looked with dismay in the mirror to see if it disfigured him very much. But, lo and behold! a new tooth had grown up, as white as all the rest, and the loss was not perceptible. He awoke and was anxious to know what the dream could intend. Our smart Curt was quick at work and found a Gypsy, whose business it was to explain palm and face, and, what was more to the point, to unfold the mysteries of dreams. The Count narrated to her his night vision. Long did the dark-faced sorceress think and speculate. At last she said: "What most thou lovest death has taken away, but fortune restores to thee."

Now it was clear as daylight. The squire was right; Otilia had died in grief and sorrow. The poor widower suffered, but soon come to the conclusion: "It is God's will; we must abide by it."

Considering himself free of all restraint, he began to hoist all sails, and intended to run his skiff with flag and color, so as to reach the port of loving happiness. When he next saw the Princess, she appeared to him more beautiful than ever; his yearning eye admired her elegant figure, and as a goddess, she seemed to glide toward him.

"*Bostangi*," said she, in musical melody, "hast thou spoken to the *Imam*?"

The Count kept a moment's silence, lowered his fiery eye, put his right hand on the manly breast, and, bending one knee, he said, with decision:

"Serene daughter of the Sultan, my life depends upon thy wink, but not my faith. The first I am ready to sacrifice at any time for thee. But leave me my faith, which is one with my soul."

The Princess foresaw an end of her lovely plans. She tried, *en dernier resort*, a rather powerful means: she drew the veil from her face!

There she stood in the full splendor of her matchless beauty, as the sun in the heavens. A soft hue of red was spreading over her cheeks, and the purple of her lips began to glow with brightened tint; two arched eyebrows over-shadowed the love-speaking eyes, and two golden locks seemed to kiss each other on her lily-white bosom. The Count was amazed and kept silence, while she spoke with angel's voice:

"See, *Bostangi*, if this form pleases thee, and if it is worthy of the sacrifice I require."

“The form of an angel!” exclaimed the Count, in rapture, “and worthy to shine with the halo of a saint in the portals of the Christian heaven; and what empty shadows are the joys of Paradise, which your Prophet promises, in comparison with these.”

His words, spoken with the glow of real conviction, found a ready entrance into the open heart of the damsel, and the halo seemed to her a rather acceptable addition to her toilet. Her oriental imagination caught at the idea; she desired some explanation, and you may be sure the Count did not fail to paint her the Christian heaven in glowing colors.

May be heaven was propitious; may be the foreign tastes of the Princess extended even to religion; may be the personal appearance of the new-fangled apostle had something to do with it: but one thing is certain, the Princess was all ear, and if it had not been for the approaching evening, she would have listened for hours more. As it was, she dropped *at last* her veil, and returned to the seraglio.

It is said that royal children learn fast. It may be true, we don't know; but it is certain that the Sultan's daughter knew in a very short time the whole church system of those “enlightened” days, and that the tables were turned: not that the Count should be converted, but she would be converted by the Count, and with a direct view of culminating in loving union.

But how to bring this about? She asked the Count, the Count asked Curt, who decided the matter at once.

“Beat the iron while it is hot; tell the Princess of your rank and birth; propose to her to flee with you, to cross the waters, and in Thuringia to live together, as Christian people united in lawful marriage.”

The Count rejoiced in the plan, and, forgetting the endless difficulties to overcome, at his next “catechetical” lesson he thus addressed his pupil:

“Thou glorious image of the holy Madonna, elected by Heaven from the midst of a reprobate people to conquer error and prejudice, and to receive an inheritance in the abodes of bliss! hast thou faith enough to renounce thy country? Then prepare for a sudden flight. I'll lead thee to Rome, where the guardian of heaven's gate, the Vicar of St. Peter, dwells. He will receive thee in the bosom of the Church, and bless the bond of our love. Thou

needst not fear the far-reaching arm of thy father: the clouds of heaven will become our vessel, guarded by thousands of angels invisible to mortal eye. Nor will I hide from thee that by birth and fortune I am all that the Sultan's highest favor could make me. I am a Count, a born Bey, who rules over land and people. In my domain are cities and villages, also palaces and strong castles, Knights and squires are at my command; horses and chariots. Free from the walls of a seraglio, thou shalt rule in my country as a Queen."

The Princess took the words of the Count for a message from heaven: she had not a moment's doubt of his truthfulness, and she was not sorry that the "dove" should nestle with the "eagle."

Her warm heart, so full of pleasant images, was as ready as whilom the people of Israel to cross the Red Sea. Such was her confidence, that she would have followed her guide immediately. But he made her understand that many things had to be prepared for a happy result.

And, indeed, it was not an easy thing. The Princess filled her jewel-case with as much of her treasure as she could; then she exchanged her royal costume for a *caftan*, and, thus arrayed, slipped one evening, in company with the Knight, his faithful squire, and the water-carrier, Veist, quite unobserved, out of the palace into the garden, to begin her distant journey to the far-off West.

The maiden's absence was soon observed; her waiting-women sought her in vain; great was the amazement in the seraglio.. Now and then her secret audiences with that *Bostangi* had excited comment; suspicion and fact came together, and the ladies had to report to higher authority. Judge of the Sultan's mood! As a sudden awakened lion he shook, and swore by the beard of the Prophet ruin and destruction to all, if before sundown the Princess was not found. The Mamelukes were ordered to mount, and chase in all directions; and a thousand oars swept over the broad Nile, to overtake the fugitives, should they have left that way.

(To be concluded in March.)

The tender words and loving deeds which we scatter for the hearts which are nearest to us are immortal seed, that will spring up into everlasting beauty, not only in our own lives, but in the lives of those born after us.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

I.

Some wish they'd lived in "the good days of old;"
 But *when* those "good days" were, they cannot tell;
 Yet they have day-dreams *once* all things went well,
 In some forgotten time. Though we behold
 Much that is evil in the present age,
 I deem it better than all days of yore;
 But much remains to be reform'd before
 We near perfection. Let us, on the stage
 Of life, play well our parts, as men who soar
 To higher objects than did e'er engage
 Our fathers in the past; and let us wage
 War to the death with evils that are hoar
 With long antiquity, and prove that we
 Are worthy of thy blessings, Liberty!

II.

Think not I under-value what the Past
 Has won and handed down to us, because
 I would press forward until all the laws
 Of Nature are obey'd. I stand aghast
 When learned men, with eloquence, would fain
 Persuade us to retrace our steps; would have
 Us call the By-gone back from its cold grave;
 And forfeit blessings won with toil and pain,
 Through centuries of progress, howe'er slow.
 All Prejudice must die, and War will then
 Cease between the nations; and Commerce, when
 She is unfetter'd where'er waters flow
 To bear her argosies, with sails unfurl'd,
 Will bind, in love, mankind around the world.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley, Yorkshire, England.

"To regard the institution of Freemasonry merely for its forms and ceremonies is an idle waste of time. To appreciate its importance, and make it a medium of usefulness, we must have a correct conception of its real purposes. Hence, a recognition of Masonic duties requires application of mind to fully understand the laws and regulations governing the Fraternity."

Written for THE MASONIC REVIEW. [Copyright by Adna H. Lightner.]

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

BY ADNA H. LIGHTNER.

CHAPTER XXVI.—LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

The distress that had come like a thief in the night to the home of Harry Vanarden, snatching the young girl from their midst, can better be imagined than described. Both hearts dreaded the worst, without putting their dread into words. And now, at the close of the day, Harry and Rachel sat side by side very sad and dejected.

A quick imperative rap upon the door, leading out into the hall, fell on Harry's ear, and springing to his feet suddenly, he threw open the door, as he did so a boy handed him a letter for "Mr. Harry Vanarden."

As soon as the messenger had departed, Harry went back to the light, and in trembling haste, read Goldie's note, telling of her safety and where she was.

For one moment his delight seemed more than he could bear, then with glad tears in his dark eyes he sprang to Rachel's side, throwing his arms around her neck and crying out joyfully :

"Oh, Rachel, Honor is safe! The letter is from her!"

"Don't, Harry, you will choke the breath out of me! Leave off your war-dance, and read me what the dear girl says."

"All right, Rachel, I guess that would be the best plan," he said, as he began reading :

"DEAR HARRY and RACHEL :—I know how distressed you both are at my absence from your home, and I hasten to write that you may know I am safe and well. I have passed through most deadly peril since last I saw you, but thank God, escaped unhurt. When I see you, I have much to explain. I am with my own dear mother. We are at the Continental. Come to me at once. Ask for Mrs. Leslie.
HONOR."

"Glory to God in the highest!" exclaimed Rachel, her eyes streaming with glad tears. "Put up your hat, Harry, you must not think of going to the dear child to-night. You must wait until morning. Don't you see it is almost nine o'clock, and that is much too late for a call."

"So it is, but how can I wait?" said Harry impatiently. "I never knew a boy in my life that could wait. But, Rachel, if you

say so, I must give it up. I always find that you know what is best."

At the first peep of day Harry was up eager to go and see Goldie.

"Get breakfast quick, Rachel, and you shall go with me. Honor—I mean Goldie—will want to see you just as much as she will me. Now, don't shake your head. You have got to go, so hurry and get ready."

Rachel could not resist Harry's pleadings, and without any more words she hastened to make herself ready.

At the hotel, Goldie was almost as impatient to see Harry, as he was to see her—every moment seemed an hour to the waiting girl.

When Mrs. Leslie came out from her bath the snow-white hair was gone, and soft masses of gold-brown waves had taken the place of the wig she had worn so long.

"Oh, Mother! what does this mean?" cried Goldie, bewildered beyond expression. "Am I a victim of some fairy transformation scene! Is it possible that your white hair was false? Why did you ever wear it? Oh don't put it on again, mother? I will not allow it. Do please, let Nono arrange your hair. I want to see how you will look without it. Why, little mother, I expect that you will completely overshadow your daughter, you will be so handsome!"

"Ah, sweet flatterer!" said Mrs. Leslie with a fond smile on lips. "I cannot refuse my child her first request. Nono, lay out my silver-gray silk, and you may arrange my hair to suit Goldie and yourself. And Nono, my navy-blue silk—I think Goldie can wear it—we are so near the same height."

Under the skillful fingers of the delighted maid, Mrs. Leslie and Goldie were made most bewilderingly lovely. Mrs. Leslie looked fifteen years younger without the gray hair, and as they stood side by side before Nono, they seemed more like sisters than mother and child.

"Why don't Harry come, Mother?" said Goldie, as she impatiently crossed the room and looked out of the window. "I believe he is staying away just to tease me, the rogue!"

"Youth is always impatient, darling. When you are as old as I am, you will have learned to wait."

Mrs. Leslie had started across the room to join Goldie at the window as she spoke, but a tap at the door arrested her steps.

"Ah, he has come at last! Nono, go to the door."

"Let me, Mother! Harry would rather see me first," said Goldie, springing across the room.

"As you please, child."

Goldie flew to the door and opened it with the name of Harry upon her lips. But he was not alone. She saw her lover Roy, her cousin Erle, and the smiling face of old Rachel.

"Goldie!"

Roy sprang past them all, his heart overflowing with a rush of gladness that was almost a pain, and caught the blushing, bewitched girl in his arms.

Erle, Harry and Rachel entered more slowly.

A lovely, shrinking form seemed trying to hide itself amid the heavy lace curtains at the other end of the elegant room, but Rachel espied her, and cried out joyfully:

"It is Miss Maud! I knew it would be so! Heaven be praised, I have found her at last!"

It did not require that wild cry of delight from Rachel to arouse the slumbering soul of Erle. He too had recognized the lovely face looking out from the billowy wave of lace as the bride of his youth—his wronged darling. All the love of his life-time came flooding his heart, like the sweep of mighty waters, and he unconsciously moved nearer to her, his face lighted up with expectation, his arms out-stretched.

"Maud, forgive?" he faltered.

The slight form trembled and swayed like the willow in a storm, as the loved voice fell on her ear. She raised her eyes to his face in one long-searching glance, then without a word she sprang to his embrace.

All the sorrow and bitter misunderstanding were forgotten, and the kiss of forgiveness swept away forever the regrets and mistakes of many weary years.

At last, with gentle dignity, Goldie's mother drew herself away from the clinging embrace of her husband, and taking him by the hand, she led him up to Goldie, who stood looking on in amazement—a wild, daring suggestion, striving to take possession of her bewildered, agitated mind.

"Erle, you ask me to forgive," she said, "There stands the token of my forgiveness—your child and mine! Our little baby-girl!"

"Mine! Goldie, our baby? Maud what means this?"

Erle looked from his wife to Goldie in astonishment, surely he had not heard aright.

“ Yes, Erle, Goldie is our child. After you cast me out from your heart with the brand of shame upon me, our little girl was born. Oh, Erle, I can never tell you how it tortured my heart to know that I had no name to give her! I could not bring her up nameless, to be pointed at by the finger of scorn; and in a moment of desperation, I took her to Rosehill, hoping that you might love and care for her, and in time adopt her, thus giving her the name that was rightly her's by birth. None knew of her origin but faithful Aunt Lucy, who promised me, upon bended knee, never to betray my trust. She is in truth, Goldie Ransom—your child, and mine!”

A great joy spread over Erle's face as he listened, comprehending many things which had seemed mysterious and strange to him, and as she ceased speaking, he gathered Goldie to his throbbing heart as he had never held her before.

“ Wife, child, both mine! Oh, what bliss, what a Heaven upon earth! Roy, do you understand! Goldie is my own flesh and blood—my little daughter! And, to think that I never, even for a moment, suspected it. Harry, come here. Goldie is your own cousin, and this is your Aunt Maud.”

What a joyful hand-shaking all around, when the startling assertion was fully comprehended. Goldie was almost beside herself with all that had happened, her violet eyes filled with surprise, and her sweet face half-tearful, half smiles.

“ Father, Mother, and Roy!”

Old Rachel could do nothing but stand sobbing and praising God, as she looked on.

After awhile, when they could talk with some degree of intelligence, Erle told to Goldie and Roy the sad story of his wasted life. How one fatal moment of passion had laid in ruins his beautiful home for seventeen years. Sometimes with bitter tears of self-reproach, but always with words of praise for his wronged wife—his patient, trusting darling—now all his own again, through her forgiveness.

Then Goldie, with her hand clasped in that of Roy's, related all that had transpired since her midnight walk through the woodland to the depot. She told of her meeting with the brave, sweet com-

forter, Honor Wayne; of her death, and how after reading an account of the dead girl being spoken of as Goldie R., she thought it no more than right that she should make use of the name she had left. Her voice grew tremulous with emotion when she spoke of the providential appearance of Harry, the kindness of old Rachel, and of Mr. Bishop, her employer. When she told how treacherous Myra Teasdale had been, and hinted at the cruel persecutions of her brother Grant, Roy and Erle were filled with rage, and threatened quick and complete punishment for both.

Then Maud Ransom told of her weary wanderings, her heart-aches and days of despair while living at Mossyside, not daring to claim even her own child, though her heart was bursting with love and craving.

Harry could not endure any more, and he walked to the window to hide his tears. When he had regained his composure, he came back to the side of Erle, and said :

“ Uncle Erle, I haven’t got any story to tell, but I am so happy that I don’t know what to do with myself. And I know if I don’t do something to relieve my mind I’ll be crying like a baby in no time. Only think of a fellow finding an uncle, aunt, and the dearest girl in the world for a cousin, all at once ! Uncle Erle, do you think I better resign my position in the store ? ”

“ Yes, my boy, certainly you must resign your position. No more drudgery for you and Goldie. Let those who are in need of the pay fill your places. Eh, Roy ! What say you ? ”

Roy looked up with the old roguish smile on his face, and then down upon the lovely girl at his side.

“ I agree with you, Erle,” he said, as he caressed the hand resting in his. “ I think that I can find a suitable position for Goldie—in fact I have one in view at this moment, the vacancy only waiting her acceptance. Do you think it would please you, Goldie ? ”

“ She is not of age yet, and I, being her father, insist upon her accepting it,” answered Erle, in playful earnestness, not waiting for Goldie to speak. “ This is Wednesday—one week from to-morrow is Thanksgiving day—and it is the desire of my heart to place my child in your keeping upon that day. I would not be at all responsible for her safety, now that I have found my sweet-heart. Why, Roy, I expect I will be as foolish as a young man just married, and have no thought for any one but my wife and self.”

"What does my darling say?" whispered Roy in Goldie's ear. "I know it is sudden, but Goldie, I have waited so long for you, and suffered so much in consequence of that waiting. Shall it not be as your father wishes? I want you all my own, darling?"

"If it is your desire, Roy," said Goldie, with sweet hesitation and a rosy blush, "I can never love you more than I do now."

"Thank you, Goldie! You have made me very happy by your answer, so honest and candid. Does the idea please you, Mrs. Ransom?" said Roy, turning to Maud.

"Yes, Mr. St. John," replied Maud heartily, remembering his eager, never-tiring search for her child. "You have shown yourself so faithful and true, that I can feel perfectly willing to trust my darling child in your keeping."

"Then it is all settled!" cried Erle gleefully. "I will go home to Rosehill and prepare for your coming. Maud, you and Goldie shall stay here and purchase the wedding outfit, and Roy may go and inform his parents, that upon Thanksgiving day they are expected to appear at Rosehill, at their son's wedding—any spare time he may have can be devoted to his lady-love. Rachel, you and Harry are going home with me. I could not arrange everything without Harry. He will be my right-hand man at Rosehill—and Harry could not do without Rachel."

And upon the following day, Erle, Harry and Rachel started for Rosehill, with light hearts, to make ready for the wedding party.

CHAPTER XXVII.—GOD'S SUNSHINE OVER ALL.

At Rosehill all was excitement and joy, as each one lent a willing hand to prepare the marriage supper, and make ready for the fair young bride.

Old Aunt Lucy's delight was solemn and deep, when Erle related to her the circumstances connected with the recovery of Goldie and his wronged, discarded wife; while George, who seldom left his room, because of his afflicted condition, ventured the sage assertion, "I tole you so!"

Erle could not censure the faithful old servant for keeping the secret of her mistress, although it had caused much trouble to all—he was too happy for that now.

Maud's old rooms were opened and aired, and made ready for her coming. The large portrait which had hung so long with its face to the wall, was taken down and turned around in its original position, showing a beautiful, smiling face, so like Goldie that it seemed impossible for it to have been painted for another. It was Goldie's mother, the wronged bride of Rosehill, as she appeared when crowned with Love's chaplet—when she was a merry, light-hearted wife.

Of course the glad news soon reached every house in Hazelton, and the hearty rejoicing was general, because Erle was loved and respected by all. And when Thanksgiving day came, bright and fair, everything was in readiness for the home-coming.

Harry, with boyish eagerness, had explored every nook and corner of the grand old place. He had visited Mossyside, the home of his Aunt Maud, and was as much delighted with its mossy-banks as Goldie had been in her happy childhood. He had made friends at once with Princess and Carlo, had teased Aunt Lucy until she was almost wild, and now, like the hero of old, was sighing for other worlds to conquer.

All the long morning he had spent in forming wreaths for Princess and Carlo, from the beautiful ivy and fall roses, which grew so luxuriant around the terrace.

At last Erle came out from the library, looking so young and handsome, because of the great joy that filled his soul, and made luminous his dark eyes. Harry sprang quickly to his side, and slipping his hand in Erle's, he said :

“Uncle Erle, there will have to be an advance guard to the grand pageant, and I think I would fill that position to a nicety. I am going to ride Goldie's pony to the depot, won't that be fun? And won't it please her?”

Harry looked eagerly up into Erle's face, to see how he would receive the suggestion, fearful that he would say nay.

“It would be very nice, Harry, I will admit, but I am afraid the little vixen will not let you,” replied Erle, stroking the boy's dark curls. “No one has ever succeeding in riding her but Goldie, that I know of, and it would not be at all safe.”

“Oh, yes, Uncle Erle, you are mistaken!” Harry exclaimed. “I did not tell you about it for fear she would throw me, but I have ridden her twice, and she was so gentle and kind that I

am not the least bit afraid of her. Say yes, do, please, Uncle Erle? I know it will please Goldie."

Erle laughed merrily at Harry's prudence in keeping his first ride a secret from him, and at his argument to secure the animal for the desired ride.

"Well, yes then, Harry, If you are not afraid of her. It will certainly be a surprise to Goldie, if not a pleasure."

"Marsa Erle, does you know its most two o'clock?" said Aunt Lucy, appearing before them, dressed in her very best, her honest old face shining like polished ebony, "an' Jim all ready to go to de train. It wouldn't do nohow, Marsa, to be behind time to-day."

"That is true, Auntie, we must have no discord in the arrangements of to-day. Harry, if you are going to ride Princess you must make haste. Here comes Jim with the carriage."

"Princess is all ready, Uncle Erle. I almost knew that you would not say no, so I had Jim put the saddle on her, a half hour ago. Hurrah! Aunt Lucy, for the wedding party!"

Harry tossed up his hat as he spoke, which Carlo caught quickly in his mouth, while Aunt Lucy, forgetting her age, waved her trembling hands above her gray head with a glad shout.

Erle entered the carriage driven by Jim, then came another carriage for Roy's father and mother, while Harry upon the delighted pony, with Carlo at her heels, was now behind, then in front of Erle, almost wild with the novelty of his situation.

"De good Lord bress dat boy!" said Aunt Lucy, as she watched them pass through the gate, then turning to Jess, who had come down the hall, as she spoke, she continued, "Jess, is you sure dat eberything is all nice and bright in Miss Goldie's rooms?"

"Sure, mammy! I guess I is, I'se went ober dem 'bout twenty times, 'cause I'se nuffin else to do," answered Jess, with a toss of her head.

"Well, chile, if you's got nuffin else to do, praise de Lord! It's only frough His mercies and goodness dat dis bressed day is come to us. For nigh seventeen years dis ole stammering tongue bin praying for de crooked ways to be made straight—for de wrong to be righted. An' de Vine Master has answered dem. Praise His holy name! When I think how Miss Maud bin wandering all dese years all alone, an' how Miss Goldie was trubbled and surrounded

by white-faced debils, trying to ruin my baby, I jis gets so mad—you see Jess, de good book says, “be ye angry an’ sin not,” cause it can’t be helped sometimes, de subject demands it. When I thinks ob dat bressed boy, Harry, watching ober de chile, widout eber knowing she was his own ’lation, den I ’member de mysteries ob God, an’ de secret workings ob de spirit. An’ when dat sweet chile runs right inter de open arms ob her mother, it tells ob de power ob de Heavenly Father to make all wrong right, an’ all things plain. An’ when dey all gits home to Rosehill, t’will be de crowning glory of de Lord our God! Jess, neber say agin dat you is got nuffin to do. Praise de Lord, chile, praise Him always!”

With a solemn shake of her head Aunt Lucy went up stairs to look over once more the pleasant rooms of her mistress, to convince herself that everything was in perfect order. It was not long until Jess’ voice was heard calling at the foot of the stairway—

“Here dey comes, Mammy! Listen to de bells!”

The bells of Hazelton were ringing out the glad tidings, on the clear November air, of the arrival of the reclaimed wife and daughter of Rosehill.

In a moment, the steps and verandah were filled with eager black faces, waiting for the bridal party.

Harry came first, Princess almost spurning the ground with her flying feet, and Carlo capering behind, barking his joy, that his old playmate had returned. Then came the carriage, containing Erle, Maud, Goldie and Roy, followed by another with Mr. and Mrs. St. John.

Erle handed out his wife, who was quickly clasped in the arms of faithful Aunt Lucy, her sobs preventing words of welcome.

“That will do Mother! Don’t take all the strength out of Auntie. I am waitin’ for my welcome,” said Goldie, as she threw her arms around Aunt Lucy’s neck, laughing and crying in the same breath. “Oh, Auntie, I am so glad to see you, and to be back home!”

“Bress God, I’s glad too, honey!” said Aunt Lucy, wiping her eyes with her apron. “But dis ole stammering tongue can’t tell it. I’sel ike Carlo, at your feet; I can only look what I wants to say.”

“Lucy, we well know how your faithful old heart throbs with joy at this moment, and we all realize how earnestly you have prayed for this blessing, although you are powerless to tell us. And, next

to the God who rules and regulates all things, none deserves more heart-gratitude than you," said Maud, earnestly.

"Oh, Miss Maud, if you say another word dis ole heart ob mine will done break wid gladness! My bref most gone dis bery minute!"

"Well, then, Mother, you had better wait till Auntie gets her breath!" said Goldie, laughingly. "We could not do without her now. Carlo, you scamp, what is the matter with you! You did miss me, I know."

Goldie tried so hard to keep back her tears, until she would reach her own room, but she did not succeed. She sank down by Carlo's side, and hiding her face on his neck, burst into a flood of tears, but there was none to look on with derision—every eye was dimmed with sympathetic emotion, and every voice hushed with the solemnity of the moment.

After a few moments, Roy gently lifted Goldie up, and together they passed up the steps into the hall. Ready servants conducted Mr. and Mrs. St. John, Roy and Goldie to their respective apartments, while Erle and Maud went slowly up the stairway to the well-remembered rooms, which had been fitted up for the young English bride.

When they arrived at the door, old recollections flooded Maud's heart, and turning to Erle she put her arms around him, and laid her head upon his breast, sobbing like a child.

"Oh, Erle, have patience with me a moment! I must cry, else my heart will break. My dear old home, that I never thought to see again! It seems but a day since I left it!"

"Darling, I cannot chide you!" said Erle, kissing her fair face. "Although bitter has been our trials, yet I can but remember and take comfort from the words, 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.'"

Maud's soft, love-lit eyes sought her husband's face, and solemnly, penitently, she said:

"Tenderly the Shepherd o'er the mountain's cold,
Goes to bring his lost one back to the fold."

As the evening wore on, Erle's neighbors gathered in to witness the ceremony which would give Goldie Ransom, the heiress of Rosehill, into the keeping of Roy St. John, for life.

A low murmur of admiration came from the hall, a suggestive hush fell upon the waiting assembly, and radiant as the morning,

came Goldie, leaning upon the arm of Roy, followed by his father and mother, Erle and Maud.

The beautiful and impressive ceremony was soon over, and after congratulations had been given the groom, and kind wishes showered upon the blushing, radiant bride, Erle stepped forward with his wife, and said :

“ FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS,—You all remember the time when I left your midst, and became a wanderer, you all guessed, many knew, that some dreadful blow had fallen, like a mantle of night, over my domestic life. And now, as I stand before you, with my wronged wife by my side, I wish to confess my mistake—my almost fatal error. At the time I left my home, I thought my wife false to me—false to her marriage vows. I saw her clasped in the arms of a stranger, and willingly receiving his caresses, and in a moment of passion, I denied her an explanation, I would not listen. God pity me! I bitterly denounced her with taunting, insulting words, and fled across the ocean. My wife returned to her father’s home, and in time a girl-baby was born to her, and having no name to give it but her maiden name, she came back to Rosehill, in my absence, and left the babe with old Lucy, hoping that upon my return I would learn to love the child and adopt it as my own. It all happened as she desired. And now, after all these years, wasted in sorrow and remorse, comes the positive proof of my wife’s innocence, and a knowledge of my child—my daughter Goldie. It was the brother of my wife whom my jealous anger was kindled against, and recklessly I cast my happiness away. I tell this sad story to you, thinking that it may prove a lesson to some hasty one, and because I feel that it is due my innocent and wronged wife, and also my kind neighbors.”

As Erle’s voice trembled upon the solemn hush, there was silence for a moment, then came a wild shout of appreciation, which almost shook the massive walls, and caused the merriment to cease for a moment in the halls below.

“ Three cheers for Erle Ransom and his beautiful wife ! ” came from the lips of some enthusiastic friend.

Never had Rosehill rang with so glad a shout as that which went up from the impulsive hearts of all, given with a universal good-will. Happy tears, that did not shame his manhood, streamed down Erle’s face as he bowed his thanks for their kind reception of the bride of his youth.

The congratulations had to be repeated, with hand-shakes, far too warm and honest to be called conventional. Maud and Goldie were made heroines of a strange chain of incidents, and praised and flattered, until the becoming crimson remained to grace their lovely faces.

In truth, all went merry as a marriage bell.

Upon the following day, Erle and his happy wife, Roy and Goldie, with Rachel and Harry, started to accompany Mr. and Mrs. St. John to Philadelphia.

After the party had reached the depot at Hazelton, they found that they had some little time to wait, and Goldie and Roy stole away and sought the grave-yard behind the old moss-covered church, and reaching the grave of Honor Wayne, Goldie knelt upon the grass, her warm heart overflowing with pity for the one who had died by her side, in all her fresh, young beauty.

During the week that Erle had been home, he had placed a beautiful monument over the stranger-girl who seemed so near to each-heart, with the simple inscription, "Honor Wayne," and the words, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord," written beneath a broken rose-bud.

"Poor Honor!" murmured Goldie. "It seems to me it would be so hard to die young."

Roy stole his arm around the slender form and drew her to him as he said:

"I wonder, Goldie, if some-one did not love her, and grieves that she did not answer his letter, thinking perhaps, that the fascinations of the city had wooed her from him, little dreaming that cruel death had claimed her fair form as his bride? But this I do know, she was not loved as I love you, else that 'some-one' would have found her resting place ere this."

"Ah, Roy!" said Goldie, archly, half-earnest, half-teasingly, as she nestled in his loving arms, "How about the young lady, Miss May, that you was going to wed?"

"Nonsense, Goldie!" replied Roy, blushing. "I never loved but one girl, and she was not May Morrison. It is true, I paid her some attention before I met you, but that was all, Miss jealousy!"

Goldie, entirely satisfied, closed his laughing mouth with her rosy palm, and taking his arm, they silently wended their way

back to their friends, leaving the dead resting peacefully upon the grassy slope of Hazelton.

After a pleasant stay of a week at Roy's home, they embarked for old England. As the bridal party stood on the deck of the steamer watching their friends, and waving a last good-bye, the form of a woman pushed her way to the front of the crowded pier, and throwing back her veil with an impatient motion, disclosed the lovely, wistful face of Myra Teasdale. She gazed long and eagerly at the noble form and smiling, satisfied face of Erle and his happy, bewitching wife, until at last, through the mesmerism of that powerful glance, Erle's roving eyes met her's, and with her face radiant as the dawn, she waved him a last farewell. It was but a glance forced from Erle, but it was new life to her poor, misguided heart—it was more to her than the warmest smile or loving caress from any other, and as she turned sadly away, her heart echoed the mournful and never-ending refrain :

“ Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves,
No vail to hide the past,
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and mis-spent day,
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves! ”

Her early training had too surely done its work of destruction, and with many others she was slowly drifting upon that wave, so fatal to all who trust it, which breaks upon the shore of eternal love.

It had been arranged by the merry voyagers, that after visiting the English home, so sacred to Maud, they were to return to Rose-hill. Erle and Maud to occupy their pleasant home, and Roy and Goldie to live at Mossyside, during the summer months. If it was the mutual desire of Harry and his grand-father, the boy was to remain in England, to fill, in some measure, the place of the wayward son, who was lost in mid-ocean.

And now, after our Heavenly Father has made smooth and plain all the rugged paths, uniting heart and hand, and reconciled His children together, we will leave them in His keeping, knowing, that if faithful and true, every moment of their lives will be crowned with a rich blessing.

Written for THE MASONIC REVIEW.

A CHIVALRIC BALLAD.

THE OUTSET.

Two doughty Knights set out one day,
Two Knights of haughty mien,
Both loyal to a Kingly sway
As ever Knights had been.

But far removed from Kingly eye,
And hid behind their casques,
There lurked a ranking rivalry
That reached beyond their masques.

It vexed the *plasma* of their brains,
Their wildest fancies fed;
It filled their brows with racking pains,
Their cheeks with hectic red.

It vexed them thro' their waking hours,
It vexed them on their beds,
Sleep wasted half its balmy powers
On these puissant heads.

As time wore on, *dis-ease* grew worse,
Its might increased amain;
Till calm existence seemed a curse,
To die were larger gain.

To free his brain from such a toil,
Each doughty Knight this day
Resolved, or else his mortal coil
To shuffle into clay.

THE CHALLENGE.

By chance they met: hot angry parle
Displaced once courteous phrase,
And windy epithet and snarl
Fanned fury into blaze.

One cried, "I am the KNIGHT KADOSH!"
The other, "I'm SIR NEAU!
"Thy Knightly claim is ghastly bosh,
"Twere quickly proven so."

"I challenge thee the proof false churl,
"Retract the flaunting lie,
"Or at thy heart my lance I'll hurl:—
"Beshriven, fight or die!"

Thus spake he, of Kadoshly fame,
And set his lance in rest,
To raze the base Sir Neauncan name
From his opponent's crest.

"Mean-hearted minion," cried SIR NEAU,
"I'll neither shrive, nor die,
"But give thee thrust for thrust and show
"How craven hearts will fly.

"That thou art craven shall appear
"As clear as light of day;
"For proof abounds in very fear
"That prompts to this affray.

"There is no slave like him who throws
"Away his self-command;
"No bigots ever equal those
"Whose faith comes second-hand.

"And no adherents of a King
"Show fealty half so bold,
"As fawning parasites, who cling
"While hope renews their hold.

"Unset thy lance, be shriv'n thyself,
"Reclaim thy self-command,
"Forbear henceforth to make for' pelf,
"Reprisals through the land."

"Nay, hold! Have done, thou slanderous
churl!
"To-morrow 'll see thee prone;
"For then my banner I'll unfurl
"Supported by the throne."

Thus spake this much-most vallant Knight
Nor fought his equal foe;
And while the day withdrew his light,
Withdrew him from SIR NEAU.

THE COUNCIL.

The morrow and that vallant Knight,
Which drew him from SIR NEAU,
Rose smartly with the orient-light
And faced the morning-glow.

His brow wore signs of Knightly work,
His cheeks were blanched as snow,
For he had fought, like storied Turk,
In dreams, a doughty foe.

Last night, in Council with his King,
They eke together planned
How he should wear his monarch's Ring
Of signet and command.

How, when that signet were displayed,
Each churl were straightway prone,
Each foeman's lance and flashing blade
Were sheathed or overthrown.

That such assurance must endure,
The King gave his support,
And made assurance double-sure
By maxims in this sort:

"*In primis!*" cried the pious King,—
Who dealt in foreign phrase,
Which vague respect oft serves to wring
From men of devious ways;—

"*In prime,*' 'DEUS MEUMQUE JUS!'"
And then he paused to rest.
For Satraps shout before a fuss,—
"SPES MEA DEO EST!"

With this, and other godly speech,
He prologued to a plan
Which, should their foeman over reach
Would hold him under ban.

And thus set out: "Coerce our friends
"Who, neutrals in this fray,
"Will, thro' their meekness make amends,
"Or, haply save the day.

"A little craft will firmly bind
"Them to our needy side,
"So that, on later, they shall find
"With us they must abide.

"For know thou, brave and gentle Knight,
"This difference 'twixt ye twain,
"Is not a vulgar private fight,
"But broadens, as the main,

"And reaches outward, far and wide,
 "Expanding as it goes,
 "One wild, involving, seething tide,
 "With treach'rous under-tows."

He would say more, in Kingly phrase,
 With classic maxim clad;
 But, *cui bono?* Need they raise
 More friends? The King forbade.

THE ONSET.

'Twas in this frame he quit the throne,
 To battle 'gainst SIR NEAU,
 While his mind's eye, before him prone,
 Perceived his vanquished foe.

But his fond dream was quick dispelled,
 For, scarcely had he sped
 From palace gates, when he beheld
 This foeman hard ahead.

He quick bethought him of the Ring,
 The signet that it bore,
 And how submission it should bring
 As it had brought before.

With full assurance pressed he thus
 His scheme to realize,
 He cried, "'DEUS MEUMQUE JUS!'"
 SIR NEAU knew not surprise,

But met this onset of the Knight
 With answer all as strong;
 "God never favors in a fight
 When might enacts the wrong.

"Thou seem'st as craven now as when
 "Chance brought thee to my view,
 "Thou could'st but storm and threaten
 then,
 "What more now wilt thou do?"

"Wilt tear thyself, wilt fight, wilt fast,
 "Wilt take thyself away,
 "As nimbly now, as when we last
 "Met in the King's highway?"

"I know thee: what thou highly would'st,
 "Would'st holly attack;
 "Would'st not play falsely if thou could'st,
 "And yet would'st wrongly gain.

"Go to. Get thee some go-between
 "To wage thy craven war;
 "For thou and thine are all too mean
 "To bear an honored scar."

Kadosh displayed his Ring, and cried
 "'DEUS MEUMQUE JUS!'"
 An envious echo quick replied,
 "'Sed Ri-di-cu-lus Mus!'"

"Thou slanderous churl, we now shall
 wage
 "This battle 'gainst thy Clan;
 "No single blade shall we engage,
 "No Knight 'gainst churl or man.

"We stoop not to chastise canaille
 "Illicit in degree,
 "Our long and proud decent avail
 "To hold us contact-free.

"This bold strategic thought arose
 "Within the Royal Ken,

"Its execution we dispose
 "'Mong loyal serving-men.

"And we shall see our high behests
 "AD LITERAM obeyed
 "To rid our realm of noisome pests
 "As ever pretense made.

"Our edicts shall we send afar,
 "Our henchmen to assure
 "That, in this most Pulssant war
 "Our valor shall endure."

THE BACKSET.

"DEUS,"—he cried, and fetched an end,
 Nor wasted further breath.
 "'MEUMQUE JUS' doth all depend
 "On battle unto death,"

Rejoined SIR NEAU, "Let my good blade
 "Once cleave thro' casque and helm
 "Of this rude Knight, and undismayed
 "His clan I'll overwhelm."

This half soliloquy spake he,
 And faced the bragart Knight;
 While glaring on, his enemy
 Was fain, but dare not smite.

And they sate there, astride their steeds,
 These Knights of pugnant men,
 While each bethought him of the deeds
 Of valor he had seen.

At length, SIR NEAU brake forth again,
 In speech both clear and strong:
 "God yet above all Kings doth reign
 "He suff'reth nothing wrong.

"But men whom demons would destroy
 "They snare and then make mad;
 "Who, in daft mischief find employ
 "In chains and darkness clad.

"None are so blind, in Wisdom's sight,
 "As those who will not see;
 "But time draws on apace, rude Knight,
 "When Manhood will be free.

"And at the fulness of that age,
 "He who presumes to thwart
 "By might, or strategy, or rage,
 "The Manhood of one heart,

"Will sink so deep in infamy
 "That fathom-line thrice-told,
 "Cannot, in that oblivious sea,
 "Approach the friendly mold,

"Wherewith to hide his recreant limbs
 "From monsters of that deep;
 "But eddy where the squid-fish climbs
 "To swirl his arms to sleep.

"Hence! Hence! Base minion! Get thee
 hence,
 "From honest Manhood's sight;
 "Be purged and shriven of thine offence,
 "God help thee see the right!"

This said, he turned and bade his foe
 "Again consult the throne;"
 While down the open way, SIR NEAU,
 Rode, thoughtfully alone.

THE SEA.—Concluded.

Pass we now to a brief consideration of the measuring results of the angel of John's vision. By his reed he declared the measure of the wall of the heavenly Jerusalem to be *an hundred and forty and four cubits*, and this the *measure of a man—even himself*. The 144 is significant and directly to be considered. The angel is Taurus, whose Hebrew name is Jared. Jared was the father of Enoch (the Initiator or Illuminator—Bootes, who as Vine-dresser in the Garden of Eden walks with God), who by his life of 365 years is esteemed in the opinion of the rabbinical commentators as the discoverer of the year period of 365 days. With the gods, cycles, great or small, are ever and instantly present; so that a day, or a year, or a thousand years, is all one to them. The word Jared construed, means "*Mount of Descent*," and is said, on that account, to be the same with *Ararat (Arets—the Earth)*, on which the *cubical structure of Noah*, or *foundation measure* (dimensions of the Ark, symbolically Argo Navis on nadir meridian, Sun at Spring equinox) rested. Taurus (Jared) in allegory represents the Earth, and as one of the Cherubim is immediately dedicated to the element earth—the Earth by its annual revolution making the year, and thereby establishing the connection between Jared and Enoch!

The root of *Jared* is J R D, literally, in English, Y R D, whence comes our word *Yard*, a measure of three feet, or thirty-six inches. In Orion's belt are three stars, which define a line of just three degrees in length. The central star divides this line into two equal parts like a yard-stick; hence, taking the 3° in suggestion of 3 feet, the term yard has been applied to these stars as a graduated standard for Cosmic measurement. These stars are called, sometimes the "*Three Kings*," sometimes "*Jacob's rod*," and sometimes "*the Rake*," and in Job are entitled the "*Bands of Orion*." They also receive the appellation, "*Our Lady's Wand*."

As the Three Kings, they have in Hebrew the honor of the names: "*Caspar*," the White One; "*Melchior*," the King of Light; and "*Belthazar*," the Lord of Treasures grasping the year in its ancient tripartite division. They bring to the young child or renewed Sun of the Winter solstice, in memorial of the year, gifts of Gold (Spring); Frankincense (Summer); and Myrrh (Winter); and hail him universal King, *i. e.*, sole sovereign of the Zodiac, the equivalent of the year. The yard having 36 inches, and the Zodiac 36 decans are unified; and the Three Kings being found in Orion's belt, and Orion typifying the year, the three stars equally with the 36 decans mystically engirdle the man and measure the year. In the terms Jacob's rod, the Rake, Our Lady's Wand, the phallic sense outcrops—*yard* being a term in medical jurisprudence applied to the *membrum virile*—"the source of descent." In the three stars, therefore, lies concealed the male triad directed toward the Pleiades

and Hyades—twelve in number—as expressive of the Zodiac of Summer in way of a feminine quantity having the Earth for a womb, with Orion brandishing aloft his club and flaunting his lionskin—himself a mighty hunter before the LORD—and standing in type of the Dogstar, of first magnitude and dedicated to the Sun, declaring the incisive fire-principle as the great male potency. Thus, Heaven and Earth commingling, things are engendered, realizing the sentiment of the Episcopal liturgy: “As it was in the beginning, is now, so it ever will be, world, whirl, or year—without end.—Am-en—Amun—She-He—God in likeness—Truth.”

The Earth passing two conditions annually—the unproductive and the productive—these states came into distinction by the Hebrew writers through the use of two words: *Arets* and *Adam-h*, or *H'Adam-h*, the former denoting the sterile condition, and the latter the prolific. Commentators, hence, made of the first condition the *dry, arid, unimpregnated earth*; of the latter, the *soil or fecund glebe, the form prepared to germinate*. *Arets* in value of the Hebrew characters, summed, is 12. But 12 having no *even square root* argued *barrenness—lack of germ or producing quality*, and therefore was taken as expressive of the Zodiac as *a vulva* with the *Earth as a womb in primal emptiness*. The 12 is given as an abstract quality. As in itself *but an idea—a conceit—a fancy—a whim—a nothing*; hence, *dry or unfruitful*. But, borrowing from Skinner, “from the transcendental form of a number, as of a line having length, but without breadth or thickness, or any other *substantive quality, or reality, change the use* (preserving the length idea), by converting it into the *area or positive or real form—the shape denoting substance*, and at once *being and productiveness* are added.” Thus 12 squared is 144, whereof the *root, germ, or producer* of the 144 is the 12. This is of intrinsic worth. “But the 144 is a word; it is ארס, or *Adam*.” ‘Supply the suffix ה or *h*, or 5 (which, as the half of *one*, or of *ten*, can be used as .5 or 5), or the *female quality*, making the word hermaphrodite, and there results ארסה, or 144-5, or *Adam-h*, which is the word *earth*, alike with *Arets, earth*; and, as thus seen, proceeds from its use. Proceed as if the form meant multiplication, and so $144 \times .5 = 72$.” *This is a Sanhedrim number for the Zodiac*. “Take this as an *abstract number—it has no even square root—and turn it into an area form*, thus: 72×72 , and there results 5184, which is the *characteristic value of one solar day*.” “But the word used for *earth* in its completed form is *H-Adam-h*, or *Adam*, with a *prefixed* as well as *suffixed* ה, or *h*, or 5. Having 72, as *Adam-h*, then for *H-Adam-h* there is 72×5 or by .5, and this equals 360, or 36, or the great measuring, astronomical and geographical circle”—the 360, degrees; the 36, decans. But the Zodiac as simply the 12 is the Zodiac of the Northern hemisphere without fluxing solar light, which is the germ or sperm that impregnates the Earth. The lack of this germ passes the Earth into its *arid or dry condition* as at the *Summer solstice*, where the *incre-*

ments of solar light are lost. But the Zodiac squared, or as 144, represents the germ, sperm, or Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters as at the Winter solstice for the extraction of the Earth from the elements of Chaos.

Kabbalistically, the Earth in its admeasurement, is represented by alternate black and white squares (the tessellated pavement), the white signifying the male principle; the black, the female. This, aside from its general allusion to Summer and Winter, and the alternate hours of light and darkness concomitant to the Earth's diurnal revolution, glyphs the male seminal force as white light, when that light is not personified, because of its negativity, as against the dark fire-principle, which, when not personified, is the female seminal force because of its positivity. As long since stated, if the white light is personified it is female, and if the dark fire-principle is personified it is male, which, if not so understood, mythology can never be rightly interpreted. To the future being the male contribute the sperm (equivalent to white light) for the plasma, and the female the nourishing fecundative warmth (absolutely the fire-principle) for the complete development of the embryo. Therefore, the philosophy as we find it, and therefore, too, the interplay between light and darkness—sexed; personified and not personified, as we find it.

In the Northeast corner of the Lodge, and in the light of the East, the Entered Apprentice is a square man. In the Garden of Eden or the Summer hemisphere, the luminous period, Adam or the Earth, as Vine-dresser, is a square man. Adam's measure is 144, this being also his name value in Hebrew characters, and the precise number of square inches there is in a square foot. To unify, therefore, as herein done, the Earth-man with area value, having in view tillage purposes, and to make his name at the same time functionally express these ideas is most ingenious, yes, unique. With the advent of Spring and the emplacement of the Earth in the Summer hemisphere, the Earth assumes conceptively the squared or surveyed form. Vine-dresser, then, as Adam or the Earth is, he must persistently nurture and keep the garden. And here *appropos* and curiously as to this garden, take the letter signs that form the words *Gan-Oden*; the Hebrew for "Garden of Eden," and add them thus: 3+5+7+4+5, and there will result 24, the number that exactly expresses the hours of time that perpetually constitute the solar day and circulate in the Zodiac; but here, as it is the garden of delight in which Adam or the Squared Earth is found, it must be the illuminated Zodiac—the Zodiac of Summer. And thus it is; for the moment the Entered Apprentice (the Allegorical Adam) is brought to light, he is given the Twenty-four Inch Gauge, typical of the 24 hours, but of the 24 hours characteristic of light, for, unilluminated, he could not receive the Gauge. And so, in the eternal fitness of things, in all ritualism, Church or Lodge, where 24 lights are burning, it is in symbolism of the daily illu-

mination concomitant with the Summer period; in the way of an honoring of the twelve great and the twelve inferior Gods of the Zodiac—the twelve Signs conserving the hours of day and the same twelve conserving the hours of night, and, because during the Summer period fecundation is uninterrupted the whole time is mystically considered luminous, *light being the primal seed of all that is.*

Now, taking the solar day in its subdivisions we find:

That it has <i>hours</i> ,	24
<i>Minutes</i> ,	$24 \times 60'$,	1440'
<i>Seconds</i> ,	$1440' \times 60''$,	86400''
<i>Thirds</i> ,	$86400'' \times 60'''$,	5184000'''

the characteristic values, aside from the 24, being respectively, as herein seen, 144, 864, and 5184. The 144 is the *tenth part* of a solar day in minutes evolving the *phallic symbols*—the 1 and the 0, and these in relation to its *square root*—12, the 12 recalling the *tribes marked with the Tau*. 864 is a value to take up, first, in inches, two-thirds of a square yard, and, secondly, in time, as of seconds, the hundredth part of a solar day—the solar day being a circle or vulva pregnant with events, and the hundredth or hundred, a phallus, etc., of form and mystic significancy heretofore given. In Hindu astronomy the number 864 is called a *dwaper*.

Co-ordinating the square yard or 1296 square inches with the centennial divisions of the day, or the 864 raised to 86400, the seconds that denote the day's entirety by a division of the 86400 by the 1296 there results 66, which is the combined number in degrees of the mean north and the mean south declinations given the Signs Gemini and Sagittarius, as limits to the Sun's course, each Sign being 33° in declination, and emerging from which the Sun takes on an alternate state of life and death! By annexing an additional 0, which is allowable in Kabbala to the 86400, and making one further division by the number 1296 the great Apocalyptic beast number—that of Taurus as the carrier of the two principles—666 is evolved!

Touching the significator 5184, Skinner (*Source of Measures*, pp. 41-2) has beautifully said: "Suppose that nature herself recognizes the division of the solar day into the same divisions that man does, viz., 5184000'" (or, in other words, suppose that man has been taught these number relations from nature, as by revelation, in what way soever we may understand it as coming), as a time circle actually made by the revolution of a planet; and suppose she herself has so adjusted her works that this circle has relation to the abstract relation of square area to circular area and circular rectification in one peculiar number form, and none other, so that she shall preserve harmonious connection in all her works, between geometrical principles of change and the power of translating or notating them through just these number forms and none other, the conclusion is irresistible that the numerical methods, which we as mortals do possess, are, after all, but the very ones which some unseen power has been working by in the very creation of our Cosmos, and in

some way has actually implanted in us for our use. The test of this is in the application. For instance, a *point* on the *equator* performs a *circle of time* in what we call 360 *degrees* of space, or 24 *hours* of time, or 5184000 *thirds* of last subdivisions of time. Then 5184 is the index of this work done and of a circular value accomplished." And that Nature does thus work no more tangible evidence to the mind of the Masonic student can be presented than the Twenty-four Inch Gauge itself, in whose symbolical language both that of time or circular measure and linear, superficial, and cubical are co-ordinated. In the Gauge the inch is the symbolical unit standard for the admeasurement of the whole physical Universe, and Aries, whose symbolical covering the Mason wears, when Gad or God clothes himself with light as with a garment (Sun in Aries) is mythologically albeit the Weigher and the Measurer—the Weigher that with his Scales (Libra), adjusts and determines worlds in balance, and the Measurer, that with his Triangles (Triangula) spans the uttermost bounds of space! From the inch the cubit sprang whence other and varied display in way of Cosmic values.

But once again and briefly to the square foot and its outcome. As already stated in the square foot there are 144 square inches; and in the square yard 1296 square inches. Now take for dividend the characteristic solar day value 5184, and divide by 144, and a quotient of 36 will obtain. This not only denotes the 36 decans of the Zodiac, but more—a factor for a Garden of Eden display very convincingly and pleasantly wrought out by Mr. Skinner in his *Source of Measures*. Again, divide the 5184 by the 1296, the square inches in a square yard, and a quotient of 4 results. This suggests the 4 ancient elements and through them the *Tau* that pertains to *Taurus*, the Celestial Bull, whose four legs emblemize the quarters of the world or those four ancient elements as distributed to the four cardinal points.

In an acre there are 6,272,640 square inches. This number will evenly divide by 5184 twelve hundred and ten times, showing clearly a thorough co-ordination of values as between the solar day and the acre. Now what can this be but Nature working in and teaching the quadrature of the circle? The day is circular; the superficial area of the Earth is in the square, and there is a sublime and telling harmony between their mutual relations forbidding every contingency of accident! Ought not, therefore, the anti-quadrature-circle croaker, forever to hold his peace in the presence of such bald facts as these?

Again, arrange thirty-three rows of blocks, each block being 6x6 inches, using 5280 blocks to a row, and an even acre of ground will be covered! More, each row will contain exactly the same number of blocks there are feet in a mile English linear measure! Besides, each row symbolically expressing a mile English, the thirty-three miles of the rows, if taken hieroglyphically for years, answer to the

mystical longevity of our annually crucified Savior—the Sun! And thus the inch, found to co-ordinate, as here, with linear measure, and, as previously shown, with solar day value, declares the Cosmical rectification of the curve line, much, no doubt, to the chagrin of every anti-quadrature circle crank possessed of the fact. In the inch lies the mastership of the Universe, mathematically speaking, or the Twenty-four Inch Gauge is no symbol, and the Square and Compass, in their scientific teachings, meaningless frauds. Beside, the God Inachos is without sensible excuse for mystical existence.

The Ether—be it apostrophized :

“ Sea! of Almightyness itself the immense
 And glorious Mirror!—how thy azure face
 Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
 What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy space;
 Thy surge two world’s eternal warring sweeps,
 And God’s throne rests on thy majestic deeps.”

BLAZING STAR.

ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

THE following address of M. W. Bro. Wm. A. Brodie, Grand Master of New York, delivered on the occasion of the crowning of Bro. Rob. Morris as “ Poet-Laureate of Freemasonry, ” on Dec. 17, 1884, in New York, will be read with interest by all, but especially by his many personal friends, who know, only to love and admire him.

ADDRESS OF THE GRAND MASTER.

In the hall of old St. John’s lodge, Canongate Kilwinning, at Edinburgh, Scotland, hangs a painting which, more than any other object in that historic room, will catch the eye of the Masonic visitor. It represents a young man tall, dignified, with the fire of intellect sparkling in his eye, bending slightly before a person more venerable for age, who is distinguished by the emblem of Masonic rank. The officer is engaged in laying upon the head of the young man a crown of laurel.

The history of this picture has been preserved in the records of the period, as well as in the traditions of the lodge and the order of Freemasons generally, and as it affords us the only precedent at our command for the ceremonial this evening, it is proper that I should particularly call your attention to and briefly explain.

The occasion of the ceremony in question was the coronation of Robert Burns as poet-laureate of Freemasonry, in lodge No. 2, Canongate Kilwinning, March 1, 1787.

This wayward, but brilliant child of genius had come up to the metropolis, for the purpose of superintending the publication of an edition of his poems, which, however meritorious in themselves, and evincing a fire and originality never excelled since David tuned his inspired strains at Jerusalem, had attained only a provincial celebrity up to that period. He was, immediately upon his arrival, taken in hand by the leading spirits connected with the lodges of Edinburg, and especially the lodge Canongate Kilwinning, and introduced through Masonic circles, then as now, composed of the best of rank and family that the metropolis afforded. Finding that their gifted brother possessed every quality of grace, dignity and propriety of deportment, he was next taken into the more exclusive circles of the city, where he shone as the acknowledged wit and conversationalist of the season.

So much honored and distinguished were the Freemasons of Edinburgh by the fame of their poet brother, that it was deemed fitting to make a public demonstration of the high regard in which he was held. So, at a meeting called for the purpose in the old stone building, yet standing within the Canongate, so famous in Scottish history, Robert Burns was crowned with a garland of evergreen, and hailed Poet-Laureate of Freemasonry, as the beautiful painting to which I have alluded clearly shows. The record of the evening was made up, and Burns the first person upon whom the title was ever bestowed, was adopted by the Masonic craft, as he had already been adopted by the peasantry of Scotland, as he has since been adopted by a consensus of all who recognize the divinity in the poet, as the laurelled song writer of the ages.

It would have been well for Robert Burns, that great genius, whose sun went down at noonday, had he borne in mind the two lessons of that coronation, for it warned him with no uncertain tongue.

“ A sacred title is the name you bear ;
 “ Look on it and sustain it solemnly ;
 “ Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly ;
 “ Fear not for sorrow ; falter not for sin ;
 “ But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.”

Since that memorable incident, nearly a century has passed and the mantle of the poet-laureate has not been placed on other shoulders. The Grand Lodge of Scotland has from time to time

had among its office-bearers a "Grand Bard" to compose verses for important occasions.

One of these was the eloquent George Gilfillan, whose songs greatly delighted Scotch ears fifty years ago.

But although nearly a century has passed there has been no poet-laureate to enjoy the distinction merited by the genius of Robert Burns.

The use of laurel as an emblem of honor is too well known to ordinary readers to demand comment from me. Among the older poets of Greece and Rome very many allusions to it may be found. At first its use was limited to statesmen and heroes, but in later times it became the means of testifying the national triumphs of poets, as Dante, Petrarch and others.

Our own Benj. Franklin placed the chaplet of bay leaves upon the head of Voltaire in Paris in 1778, thus expressing the general sentiment of reverence for his genius.

I need not add that in the symbolism of earlier times, the laurel was consecrated to Apollo, god of music and poetry. Thus it became one of the sacred plants, as the myrtle, the acacia, the olive, etc., and a favorite poet of Rome sang in these lines his devotion to the laurel :

" I wed thee, laurel, as my tree ;
 " Be thou the prize of honor and renown ;
 " The deathless poet and the poem crown.
 " Thou shalt the Roman festival adorn !
 " And, after poets, be by victors worn. "

With these brief remarks explanatory of that portion of the evening's exercises which have been allotted to me, and which I now perform not as Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York, but as an individual brother, I now proceed to justify myself and the distinguished speakers who have preceded me, in this attempt to repeat a ceremony so long obsolete.

There are few English speaking Masons who have not at some time been entertained by the odes and poems accredited to the pen of Dr. Morris. The oldest brethren will recall how some forty years since a voice of melody came up from the south and penetrated our Masonic circles.

Need I name the production which has since come to the front as the most popular emanation of his genius under the name of "The Level and the Square?" Either because this poem was

among the first of Brother Morris' pieces, or because its theme is one familiar above all others to the Masonic ear, or because it has in truth the genuine fire and genius pervading it, from whatever cause, it is not too much to say, nothing in verse has ever stirred the Masonic heart like "The Level and the Square." Since its production and general acceptance the pen of its composer has been active until the whole imagery of Freemasonry seems to have yielded to him its most eloquent thought.

Several years ago, an old and well known Mason of this city proposed to Dr. Morris, that his genius, enterprise and industry should be publicly acknowledged in the form we are attempting this evening, and it was only his own diffidence and shrinking from such public observation that delayed it. No sooner was his consent obtained than communications were sent to the leading Masons in all the Grand Lodge jurisdictions of this continent, announcing the proposed coronation and soliciting fraternal opinions upon its propriety. The replies number more than 200 and are carefully preserved as a part of the record of this occasion. They present a consensus of opinion most extraordinary, in every form of language, from all classes of men, representing every grade of Masonic rank. The opinion is expressed that in point of genius, in point of intelligence, in point of learning, and as one whose pure life has won the esteem of the great brotherhood, Robert Morris is entitled to the honor vacant since the death of Robert Burns.

This man has invoked the muse of poetry in all parts of the world and consecrated his efforts to the honor of Free Masonry.

On the sea and on the land,—on mountain and plain,—throughout the Holy Land,—on the deathless pyramids,—in all Masonic circles,—by the bedside of the sick and over the graves of the dead, by our firesides and in his own Kentucky home, everywhere he has gathered themes for Masonic verse, and sent them forth as gems cut and polished for the delight of his brethren.

He stands before you bearing marks, it is true of advancing years, but nevertheless a monument of what a temperate life and worthy habits will do under the blessing of God.

It is the opinion, I am sure, of this audience; it is the opinion, I know, of the writers of these two hundred letters; it is the opinion, I have no doubt, of the vast array of Free Masons who keep alive the fraternal fires throughout the world, that Robert Morris should be crowned Poet-Laureate of Free Masonry.

Therefore, my dear brother, having been selected by the committee having in charge the ceremonial of this evening, to perform the specific act of coronation, I request Most Worshipful Joseph D. Evans, the senior Past Grand Master present, to place upon your head the crown of laurel, and as your personal friend and admirer of your productions, I now on behalf of this audience, of the writers of these two hundred letters and of the vast array of Free Masons who keep the fraternal fires alive throughout the world, hail you

POET-LAUREATE OF FREEMASONRY.

And may the God of all truth, whose you are and whom you serve, inspire you to yet sweeter and nobler strains of poetry and song.

LOOKING ROUND NEW YORK.

BY BROTHER ROB MORRIS.

My first Masonic visit to that city occurred in 1849—thirty-six years ago. The condition of Freemasonry here at that time was apparently more discouraging than it had been even in the heat of the Anti-masonic strife. There were but few Lodges in and about the city, and those few were poor in membership, poor in means, poor in the appliances for good work. Their Lodge rooms were small and inconvenient, shabby to the eye, and their meetings thinly attended. The Royal Arch system had almost died out; the Templar system was little better than a farce.

And worst of all, there was confusion in the household. Three different Grand Lodges claimed authority here, and the Lodges were divided amongst them. Harmony and peace were words almost without meaning. The tone of membership had run down alarmingly. The desire to increase their numbers overcame all precautions, and if an applicant had money to pay his initiation fee, he had no fear of rejection. A question of the privileges of Past Masters had excited the fiercest contest and split the Grand Lodge as with a giant explosive.

Thirty-six years have passed, and lo, the change! The contending Grand Lodges merged into one. The Past Masters' question forever settled, and settled upon a basis sensible itself and just to all concerned. The handful of Lodges increased, in this city alone, to 160, with an aggregate membership of 20,000. The

number of Chapters and Councils so large that I have lost the number. Seven Commanderies. The Scotch Rite bodies rich, strong in numbers, particularly strong in influence. A Society scarcely ten years old, entitled *The Order of Arabic Nobles*, the pleasant invention of intelligence and romance tinged with a coloring of history, numbering a thousand or more members, and sending forth its delegations far and near to extend its "Shrines."

But what of the Lodge-rooms? Numerous, acceptable, commodious, well-upholstered, elegantly and comfortably furnished, many of them reached by elevators—well attended, and for the most part full of work. The officers selected for their competency and gentlemanly bearing, and being under the direct supervision of ten District Deputy Grand Masters, resident in the city, whose powers are well-defined, and who, themselves, are personally responsible to the Grand Master, or Deputy Grand Master, one of whom, by a well-settled rule is always chosen from this city. A Grand Lecturer, resident here, but appointed for the whole State, whose teachings for more than twenty years have gradually, if slowly, brought his Lodges into an encouraging state of uniformity.

A Masonic reading room recently opened under the patronage of Deputy Grand Master, Frank R. Lawrence, one of the handsomest and pleasantest rooms of the class in the city. Around the walls in sensible order and proper bindings the Grand Lodge Library formerly (for the great part) my own but sold under necessity in 1863, and purchased by Masonic friends, who placed it in charge of the Grand Lodge. The Librarian, Bro. Herman G. Carter, is a zealous and intelligent Brother, who neglects no opportunity to enlarge the catalogue, and make the books attractive to the eye, and accessible to the hand.

A Board of Relief, whose funds are the voluntary contributions of some fifty Lodges, and whose treasury in these hard times is the principal hope of brethren sick, out of work, out of means. No worthy Mason, who can properly prove himself, is ever rejected here.

A Society of Veteran Masons of twenty-one years affiliation and upwards numbering several hundred, whose meetings are more delightful to the old men attendants, (so they tell me), than all the other Masonic gatherings open to them.

A Masonic Temple, one of the finest in the world, and in my judgment, the best arranged. Here all the Masonic bodies find room, dividing the week among them so that there is never an evening vacant.

A Grand Secretary's office with immense fire-proof vaults, a Grand Master's apartment, and the most perfect conveniences for the Grand Secretary himself.

Viewing these changes may we not say, in the spirit of reverence "What hath God wrought!" Surely the history of the nation presents nothing, in the way of contrast more extraordinary than what I see while comparing 1849 with 1885.

The Masonic press is represented here by two papers; one a weekly, established fourteen years since, entitled *The Cornerstone*, published by Brother Beckner; the other a semi-monthly, entitled *The Masonic Journal*, established last year, edited by Bro. W. H. McDougall. But in the *Dispatch*, a Sunday paper, a whole page is given weekly to Freemasonry, edited by Brother John W. Simons, an experienced and vigorous scribe, with a Templar's department by Isaac Simonson. This paper has an immense circulation, and is, therefore, the most popular organ of Masonry here. *The Sunday Times*, now published by a Society of Freemasons, also has a Masonic page, edited by Brother Larke, formerly of the *Sunday Courier*. I am glad to see that the fire of personalities formerly so bitter in New York Journals has mainly ceased. It was high time!

This is no place to speak of the dissensions of Scotch Rite Masonry, although there are abundance of them here. Where, indeed, was ever that branch of Masonry established in America that did *not* result in dissensions? This unfortunate fact is seen on every page of its annals. For the sake of the common cause I regret it; but the peculiar autocratic government of that Rite allows no force to the complaints of the private members, and I forbear. I am glad to say, however, that the leading members of the opposing powers meet harmoniously in all branches of the Symbolic Rite. This is as it should be, and I conclude with the advice of Hesiod to his Brother Perses:

Oh Perses, Brother Perses, lend thine ear,
 To these good counsels of a soul sincere:
 To *wickedness* the road is quickly found
 Short is the way and on an easy ground;
 The paths of *virtue* must be reached by toil,
 Arduous and long and of a rugged soil,
 Thorny the slope but when the top you gain
 Fair is the future and the prospect plain:
 Far does the man all other men excel
 Who from his wisdom thinks in all things well;
 Wisely considering to himself a friend
 All for the present best and for the end;
 Nor is the man without his share of praise
 Who well the dictates of the wise obeys;
 But he that is not wise himself nor can
 Harken to wisdom is a useless man.

THE EDITOR.

WE SHALL spare no pains to make the Sixty-third volume of the REVIEW entertaining and instructive to the families of Masons, as well as of the utmost importance to Masons themselves. All Masons, of whatever grade, and by whatever styles and titles distinguished, are nevertheless Master Masons, who are "chiefs among their equals."

"Let him who is the greatest among you be the servant of you all."

THE first of the four Cardinal Virtues, is Temperance. Concerning this virtue the Entered Apprentice is most seriously and impressively instructed, so that a deep and lasting impression may be made upon all his future life and conduct. A neglect of these instructions will obliterate the impressions which may at first be made, and then the passions and vices of intemperance may take possession of the soul, and be manifested in the life. Of this Masons should very constantly and cautiously beware. Drunkenness and profanity are as derelict and abhorrent in a Mason as in a professing Christian. They are un-Christian, un-Jewish, un-Masonic; wholly irreligious, against the canons of faith, and the Statutes and Regulations of the Order.

It not unfrequently occurs that they who dig pits for others to fall in, fall into them themselves, and are sufficiently punished when they see the hands of those for whom they were dug extended towards them to lift them out.

THROUGH THE KIND AND FRATERNAL REMEMBRANCE of the courteous Knight, Sir James A. Rich, we have been favored with a suite of the elegant Tableaux of the Seventh Annual Reception of Palestine Commandery, No. 18, Knights Templar, which was held Tuesday evening, January 13, 1885, in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. The arrangements were made on a grand scale, and the event was the notable festivity of the New York Season. The affair consisted of "Dress Parade;" "Review," by the Right Eminent Grand Commander; "Grand March," and an elegant and elaborate "Order of Dancing."

This Tableau is a most finished piece of work, the Knightly Emblems on the covers, being of most exquisite design and finish. The Music of the occasion was furnished by Gilmore's Band of one hundred pieces.

THE A. A. . Scottish Rite, Valley of Cincinnati, closed its work in the Consistory Grades, on Thursday night, January 29. The work rests until the Annual Re-union. These grades were conferred and communicated from 19° to 32°, in the beautiful Hall of Hanselmann Lodge, to which the Rite had to resort in consequence of the temple-fire; and the work was accomplished with considerable effect, notwithstanding the necessary absence of many appointments and much paraphernalia. We witnessed the rendition of the 21°, Noachite of Prussia, and were interested in its simple yet forcible interpretation of doctrine, and enforcement of practical lessons. The degradation of the "Count" upon the irresistible proof that he had violated his Masonic vow, not to "cheat, wrong or defraud,"—was well sustained by the *personna*. It was well acted. His opponent did well also, but he again, as several times before, marred his reading of the Ritual-text, by failing to observe the run of the *nominative case*. If the Ritual has it "set down"—"I didst," it should be reformed altogether. To admit such a deformity as "I didst" into Masonry, is contrary to the Ancient Constitutions!

COMPANION A. J. White, M. E. High Priest of Kilwinping Chapter, R. A. . M. ., is devoting his attention with "fervency and zeal," to the welfare of this M. E. Chapter. And, being sustained by Officers and Companions, he may well look forward to a prosperous year.

THE following communication was received too late for any word of comment in the present issue. Will "Master Mason" be kind enough to be a little more explicit as to what he means by "*a dark subject*," or does the darkness of the subject consist in the absence of names from what he is pleased to call "long pieces," or in the subject-matter treated of? But here is his letter:

"EDITOR MASONIC REVIEW:—It appears to me that there has been a good deal of 'no-name' letter writing going on of late in the pages of the REVIEW, and I, for one, would like to know whether people who have such a fashion of writing long pieces

hadn't better be asked to write their names at the bottom of them. Some of us begin to think that by the time we have been 'apprenticed' on a secret ballot, 'passed' on a secret ballot, and 'raised' on a secret ballot, that this business of doing things, or having them done by, we don't know who, was about wound up. Now, Mr. Editor, I wish you would look into this matter a little (it needs it); and if you can give any word that will shed light upon a dark subject it will be thankfully received by the uninformed among the Craft. Yours on the Square, MASTER MASON."

THE "Chivalric Ballad," in this number of the REVIEW, is from the pen of a plain Knight Templar, who has no Masonic affiliation except in the Bodies of the York Rite. As a "looker on here in Vienna," he is not uninformed with regard to Masonic history, and is deeply interested especially in the attitude assumed by the Grand Commandery with reference to the Scottish Rite legislation upon the statute books. He feels, as do hundreds of others, in this Commandery Jurisdiction, the pangs which afflict Knights Templar expelled from their Commanderies by this legislation. He is also, as any Masonic observer is, cognizant of the distinct *personel* of this oppression, standing forth as the Champions in this unfraternal strife. And as Templars are the sufferers, let them cordially speak out with rhyme, reason, and truth.

IT IS JUST ABOUT A YEAR SINCE THE REVIEW and its management—especially the Editor—passed "under the rod," charged with being "Memphis"—"Ancient and Primitive," "Egyptian Masonic"—"Mizraim," and "What-not." We didn't care for the charge, only that it had a sort of Official backing, and a very coarse *fronting*. We felt, indeed, honored by the crown which was then so deftly twisted for our brow, and rudely thrust thereon, though the *thorn* pierced, and we wear the mark still.

Now, it is said, that the REVIEW is the "Organ" of the Cerneau Supreme Council. What a sweet morsel is that! a real *Bon-mot*. Seriously, however, the statement comes from a source that is neither responsible nor respectable!

With this, let us proceed to:—

OUR WORK.

IN ENTERING UPON THE SIXTY-THIRD VOLUME of THE MASONIC REVIEW, we devote its pages and its influence to the promotion of all that we can estimate and conceive as having reference to the good and welfare of our noble and time honored Institution—the

Order of Freemasonry. We have no personal interests or concerns in this work, but such as we believe may be shared by all just, true and upright Masons, "wherever dispersed."

The years through which the REVIEW has passed along, when looked back upon, present a wide, far and varied vista of Masonic events and conditions; of history and of men. Through all these years, the REVIEW has been a fair and candid exponent of the Principles of the Order, and has, we believe, kept, at least, abreast of the questions which have naturally arisen as the years of Masonry, in our civilization have advanced. The honored and revered founder and Editor of the REVIEW, our late Brother CORNELIUS MOORE, discharged his utmost duty to the Craft, and retired, in old age, ill-health and conditions of poverty, to reflect, with gratitude to the Supreme Architect of the Universe, upon the work he had been permitted to do in the vast and tasking field of Masonic labor. However depressing and shadowy may have been the circumstances in the midst of which he closed his eyes and rested from the labor and weariness of life,—his clearer spiritual vision catching some glimpses of the gloriously-glowing "Temple not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens," must have also rested in the calm repose of a kindly sight of the *typical* structure, to the beautiful symmetry and stately proportions of which he had contributed so much of labor, wisdom and skill. And though but few of the many whom he had instructed and blest gathered at the grave which received his remains, still his name is on perpetual record, and his ashes are safely deposited.

Others have entered into his labors, and the work of the REVIEW goes on, with a wider and still widening field of labor, and with the purpose to use its growing influence for all that is just and beneficent in the Institution itself, and for the preservation and maintenance of the Constitutions, Ancient Charges and Landmarks of the Order.

We are not unaware of the difficulties which lie in the way of a faithful prosecution of our work. The questions which are thrusting themselves upon the attention of the Craft, or are being forced upon their consideration by misled or designing persons, are taking on such forms, and commanding such arrays of "force and power," and are so threatening to the peace and harmony of our Institution, that we may well pause and inquire— "Who is sufficient for these things?" Not only in our own Jurisdiction of Ohio, but through-

out the many Jurisdictions, the roll-call of the men, good and true, has more than begun,—men who admit and are determined to maintain it—“*that it is not within the power of any man or body of men to make innovations in the body of Masonry.*” We fall in line with this Grand Masonic Army; and in the war which is being waged against them, and which threatens,—if it does not imperil—the very life of the Institution,—the “*weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong-holds.*” We shall use no weapons in this warfare, which has been declared against the Craft, but such as would be esteemed honorable, even though defeat should overtake the defenders of the truth as against the false—of Liberty as against Oppression.

For ourselves, we owe no fealty of Vow, Obligation or Oath, to any one Grand Masonic Body, which we will permit for one moment to interfere with the fealty we may owe to another. Upon no persuasion of word or example, and upon no compulsion, even though it should present the alternative of the stigma of disgrace, or the huzza of “*mouth-honor,*” will we be forsworn. Masonic Fealty—or Fealties—if you choose, must run in parallel lines. They cannot conflict. A Mason cannot be arrayed against Masonry, under any circumstances, without a violation of his solemn obligations; and any legislation which makes him to *appear* as the oppressor of his brother, or which makes him a party to his brother’s degradation is worse than a crime.

These words are in intimation of some of the questions which vitally concern Freemasons everywhere, and are now very seriously attracting their attention. We shall endeavor in the REVIEW to state the questions as they are presented, and to note the progress the Fraternity shall make towards their solution.

GRAND COMMANDERY OF OHIO.

“*Proceedings of the Grand Commandery Knights Templar, of Ohio—Forty-second Annual Conclave—held at Dayton, October 8-9, 1884, A. O., 766.*”

The industrious and careful Grand Recorder, Sir James Nesbit, has compiled these Proceedings of the Grand Commandery of Ohio, with his usual diligence and pains taking attention. The business of the Conclave is succinctly presented, together with Reports of Committees on the several subjects referred to them; the Tabular and other Statistics are given in clear statement, and will prove val-

uable to members of the Order. There is also a list "In Memoriam" of departed Fraters, and three Memorial Tablets, containing the names of Sir William J. Reese, Sir Charles Sherman Pyle and Sir James Fish. Also, one hundred and fifty-eight pages of "Foreign Communications," and an "Epilogue,"—signed "E. T. Carson,—For the Committee."

The Address of the Right Eminent Grand Commander, attempts nothing in the way of display, and seems to be a simple business document—a Report rather than an Address. In the "Necrology" of the Address, the names of the deceased Knights, to whom Memorial Tablets are dedicated, are briefly referred to. His statistics give the total number of Knights Templar in this Jurisdiction to be five thousand and ninety-three.

"Irregular Masonry" receives due attention in about three pages:—"The *voice* is *Jacob's*, but the *skin* is *Esau's*." The address says: "Contemplate this picture, Sir Knights, and pause and reflect before you open the way for these so-called Masonic Organizations to establish themselves in Ohio." We ask again, but we never get any answer—What have the Knights Templar of Ohio to do with the matter? How can Knights Templar open the way to their coming, or hinder them if they will come? It is the business of the Scottish Rite to keep them out, and if that Rite is not able to do it, why call upon another Grand Body, that knows nothing at all on the subject, to cut off the heads of its membership of Subordinates and roll them in the way of the advance of the "irregulars"?

The following amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Commandery was offered by Sir A. A. Cassill, and was laid over until next Annual Conclave:

"Be it *Resolved*, That Sec. 13, Art. I, of the Statutes and Regulations of the Grand Commandery be, and the same is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 13. This Grand Commandery acknowledges no degrees in Masonry or Orders of Knighthood to be regular, except those conferred by and under the authority of the following constituted authorities in the United States of America, and those of corresponding rank in foreign countries, to wit: The Grand Lodges of the several States, the General Grand Chapter of the United States,

Grand Councils of Royal and Select Masters, the Grand Encampment (Knights Templar) of the United States."

This amendment is to be acted upon at the next annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery. The amendment *amends*; but the question is not met at all, by what it strikes out from Sec. 13, as it now stands. The question really is—What right or reason is there in the Grand Commandery of Ohio determining and defining what she recognizes or acknowledges as Masonry? A Knight Templar is a Knight Templar, under any circumstances of Masonic affiliation, and how can his relations to a so called Rite, affect him as a Knight Templar? The Scottish Rite of the Northern and Southern Masonic Jurisdictions may denounce him and cast him forth from their communion and fellowship, but how can that affect his affiliation as a Knight Templar?

We see, and understand Sir Cassill's purpose in his amendment, but our own opinion is—strike out Sec. 13 altogether, and encourage no legislation in favor of any Masonic Body, which shall operate only against the Knights Templar of Ohio.

The language of the Grand Commander's address concerning the coming in of the "Irregulars" is this:—"I fear the usefulness of our Order will receive its death blow."

The fact is—the death blow is already being struck, but it is not by the hands of the "Irregulars," but by the hand of the Grand Commandery herself. The Knights Templar of Ohio, will wake up we hope, before it is too late. Her Subordinates are having their membership expelled, and Templars are made outcasts,—What for? to close up the way of entrance for the "Irregulars," with their dead bodies. That is the spectacle now presented; the "death blow" has been struck; the question is pertinent: Who are the *mourners*? and who are *gloating* over the ruin? The Order of the Temple is in danger in Ohio, and her valiant Knights are slumbering! The danger is in the midst of her own Councils, and the "death blow" is from Templars in disguise, who claim to be sworn by higher obligations than gather round the fifth libation!

* * *

Pertaining to this subject let us ask this question: What would the Grand Commandery of Ohio have thought, if amid the grave business of its annual Conclave, a *plain Knight Templar*,—only this and nothing more—had risen in his place, and seriously proposed to the Grand Commandery the adoption of Sec. 13, as an amendment

to the Constitution, Art. I? Would not the members of the Scotch Rite, and the 33° members especially, have regarded him as a *wild man* to propose legislation for and against certain Rite Bodies, of which he absolutely knew nothing, and could not in the very nature of the case, procure information? Now where is the difference, pray, when these same "know-nothings" are called upon to *vote* for or against upon the same proposition offered by the 33° members of the Scotch Rite? No difference at all as to the folly of the thing, only in the former case the "know-nothing" assumes to be *somebody*, and in the latter case, he is willing to be a *nobody*; in the former case, a task-master; in the latter, putting the chains of slavery upon his own limbs.

And what would the 33° A. .A. .S. .R. . brethren of Massachusetts have thought of a *mere* Master, or Warden of a Lodge, if he had proposed in the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, the Legislation concerning Rites, and against himself and brethren, which defaces the fair page of Massachusetts' Grand Masonic Statutes? Such Legislation would have never been suggested in Ohio by a plain Templar; nor in Massachusetts by a Master or Warden of a Lodge. In both Ohio and Massachusetts, the Legislation we deprecate sprung not from *within* but from *without* the Bodies themselves; nor for the benefit of Ohio Grand Commandery, nor of Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, but for the benefit of the Scottish Rite Consistories of their Jurisdictions. Are they benefited?

* * *

Who introduced a similar, and almost word for word amendment to the "Miscellaneous Regulations of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire? Was it a Master of a Lodge, or Warden, or a proxy? No! It was Brother Frank A. McKean, of the 33° of the Supreme Council, A. .A. .S. .R. ., of the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction, and the Deputy of said Council for New Hampshire. Did he offer the amendment as a Master Mason? It is unreasonable to think so for a moment. This was in 1883. At the meeting of that Grand Lodge in 1884, the Amendment proposed being under discussion, doubts were expressed as to its Masonic and Civil legality, and it was referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence, which consists of three members, two of whom are honorary members of the Supreme Council, in whose behalf the Amendment was proposed, by the Deputy of the Supreme Council for that Jurisdiction.

Who made the attempt to introduce precisely the same legislation in the Grand Lodge of Ohio, in October, 1884, at Columbus? Was it a Master of a Lodge, or a Warden? No! It was a proxy in the person of the Illustrious Commander-in-Chief of Ohio Consistory A. . A. . S. . Rite, and the Deputy for the Supreme Council for Ohio. Said we not truly that the baleful legislation is not from *within* but from *without* the Bodies who have been, and are, attempted to be brought into the state of subjugation and bondage?

* * *

Concerning this Amendment matter, proposed in the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, some of the brethren of that jurisdiction have issued a small pamphlet of fifteen pages for distribution among the eight thousand Master Masons of New Hampshire. We commend the following from that pamphlet to the careful reading of Master Masons in Ohio :

Notwithstanding our membership in the Scottish Rite, we do not think it proper or right to ask the Grand Lodge in New Hampshire, a body of Master Masons, to recognize any association of Masons, whose ritual she has not prescribed, whose laws she has not defined, and whose charter she has not granted.

If the Grand Lodge is supreme over all rights and orders, then its dictum may stand; but if it is only supreme over ancient craft Masonry, then its dictum must fall. We think a Grand Lodge neither knows nor can know anything officially of any degrees but those under its actual control.

If this obnoxious Amendment is adopted, the Master Masons of New Hampshire will be false to their obligation to support the ancient laws and usages of the craft, will be guilty of branding a portion of their brethren (who have a perfect right to their own opinions) Masonic criminals; they will also unconsciously aid a *few interested parties* to frighten the uninformed, and will become the cat's paw to pull the chestnuts of the Scottish Ritters out of the fire. Our motto is, "let well enough alone," and "let every tub stand upon its own bottom."

The whole number of Master Masons in the United States and Canada is 579,826. Of these only about 10,000, or less than *two per cent.*, know anything of the Scottish Rite degrees, and for whom presumably the protection of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts was invoked. Will Grand Secretaries and officers of Lodges give these facts to the craft? How do the brethren of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire relish the proposition that they are called upon (by an insignificant minority of their associates) to throw their arms around a *something* of which they know *nothing*, and at the expense of the subordination of law and landmark to the interests of associations with which they cannot and do not have remote official or membership intercourse.

We trust the day will never come when the Master Masons will have to ask whether the candidates for office in the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire are

"High Degree Masons;" but that day cannot come too soon if it is necessary in order to guard the craft against *Ring Rule* in Masonry.

We respectfully submit the foregoing arguments for the careful consideration not only of the brethren of New Hampshire, but of all Master Masons wheresoever dispersed, and subscribe ourselves loyally yours, in all that true Masons hold dear.

FRANK L. HOWE,
Em. Com. Hugh de Payens Commandery.
BRAINERD T. OLCOTT,
Genlmo. Hugh de Payens Commandery.
JOHN B. FISHER,
High Priest Cheshire Royal Arch Chapter.
GEORGE W. FLAGG,
Past M. Lodge of the Temple, No. 88.
FRANK H. WHITCOMB,
Past M. Lodge of the Temple, No. 88.
CLARK N. CHANDLER,
Treasurer New Hampshire Consistory.
ELISHA AYER,
Past M. Social Friends Lodge, No. 42.
LESTON E. MASON,
Junior Warden Social Friends Lodge, No. 42.

We close this matter for the present with the following from the pen of Past Grand Master of Illinois, Bro. Joseph Robbins. He is speaking of the action of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge :

"No ostentatious professions of loyalty will hide the essential treason when the Grand Lodge receives the honor of a virgin queen as a sacred charge and smirches it with the slander that she is the mother of a bastard line. The action is mischievous, because when an old and honored Grand Lodge drifts from the moorings to which every Grand Lodge on this continent has steadfastly held through stress and storm, the loyalty of the craft elsewhere receives a strain; mischievous, because as a precedent it will confuse the perceptions of the coming craftsmen as to the proper functions of the Grand Lodge; mischievous, because it deludes the craftsmen of to-day with the false notion that the Masonry of the Lodge is incomplete; mischievous, because it teaches that Masonry can exist as such when its broad and Catholic basis is narrowed to the limits of a sect; mischievous, because it teaches that Masonry can exist as such when its representative character, rooted in the land-marks, has given place to government by an oligarchy, holding the reins by a life tenure; mischievous, and worse than mischievous, because it is the formal and practical assertion of a doctrine which strikes at the very foundations on which the sense of Masonic duty rests—the doctrine that becoming a member of the Grand Lodge absolves a Mason, while acting in his official capacity, from his obligations of personal fealty to the unchangeable law."

WE give below another extract from a letter received from a Knight Templar of Ohio. It is strongly uttered, and we ask that Knights Templar, and Master Masons as well, read it carefully. It may shed some light upon a "dark subject."

"Men, Masons and Templars are pretty rapidly coming to perceive that, whatever it might have been originally,—in its dormant, vague and inoperative state, as Sec. 13, of Art. I,—the vitalizing Resolution of 1883 raised this section of Templar fundamental law into a measure and means of subjugation, and that, it is not *now* a question of Masonry or Templary. It is a question of *manhood*. It is, *Will you, a valiant and magnanimous Frater of the Cross, suffer yourself to be used as a MOP to clear away a mess between these contentious factions?* That is the question as it stands *now*. I know that Templars will be quickly reminded of their obligations—those really taken upon their lips or by implication—but if a man can, through the machinations of conspirators, and without his knowledge, be placed in such a position as shall degrade his manhood and his vow, can you think of any grace, human or divine, strong enough to restrain him from attempting to regain his rights? Should he be restrained, or must he sit listlessly by and witness the destruction of the beautiful monument, that his heart, his hands and his devotion have helped to raise, and around which twine some of the most sacred memories? And what good inures to him from all of this would-be-styled, self-constituted PROTECTORATE of the Templars? Templars tell me that they witnessed the *feers* of their would-be *protectors* at the last Grand Conclave, and were disgusted beyond measure at the *airs* assumed by them in the presence of men honest, and good, and true.

"A man need not guess twice to guess whence these Princes of the Royal Secret took their *cue*. The whole *deal* has fraud and deception stamped upon the face of it. Yet, it is handed around as among a school of *gudgeons*, to be swallowed, bated and hooked, 'at one fell swoop!'

"Time was, when the Protector exercised his powers by virtue of his strength—numerical strength, or other—in favor of the weak. Now we have, say, 1000 A. S. R. Templars in Ohio, who, through the Sublime Princes 32°, magnanimously extend their protecting *agis* over 4000 other Templars, who are ungracious enough to show disgust at the condescension. Another instance of unrequited love! *Four thousand* able-bodied, reasonably intelligent Ohio Templars ought to be suffered to take care of themselves, and, unless greatly over-rated, will, at the close of this war, be able to make a creditable showing of success at least. I think we may trust that they will. Besides, I am persuaded that the '*whirligig*' will abide with the Templars through this war."

MARRIED.—FORBIS—BENNETT.—On Thursday night, January 29th, a large family gathering was held at the residence of the bride's grand-parents, to participate in the wedding ceremony

which united Bro. Milton H. Forbis and Miss Florence L. Bennett, Bro. Henry D. Moore officiating on the occasion.

FUNERALS.—Bro. W. P. Eakle, member of Vattier Lodge, deceased on Friday, January 30th, and was buried from his late residence No. 456 West Ninth Street, on Sunday afternoon, February 1st. The funeral was in charge of Vattier Lodge, Bro. W. H. Dicks, Worshipful Master.

BRO. W. H. HILL, Knight Templar and 32°, was buried from his home in Sharonville, Sunday P. M., February 1st. The funeral was in charge of the A. A. S. Rite, E. T. Carson officiating. Hanselmann Commandery, Knights Templar, of which the deceased was a member, acting as escort to the members of the Rite attending the funeral. Special cars from the Central Union Depot conveyed the brethren and Knights to Sharonville. Of this we have received the following account:

The Masonic services were conducted by the A. A. S. Scottish Rite, of this city, under charge of Ill. Deputy for Ohio, E. T. Carson, thirty-third degree. The services were short, and were in memory of the virtue and worth of the deceased. The ceremony accompanying the presentation of the Scottish Rite ring was the most beautiful and impressive of the services. By the express wish of the deceased this ring was presented to his eldest son, Mr. Hamilton Hill. The presentation of the ring was accompanied by a few words of counsel and an expression of sympathy from the fraternity.

The Masonic Fraternity next deposited the symbolic evergreen upon the coffin. A detachment of Sir Knights of Hanselmann Commandery, Knights Templar, formed an arch of steel above the casket, and took their last view of the departed frater.

The members of Sharon Lodge, No. 204, F. and A. M., paid their last fraternal respects to their deceased brother. The Robert L. McCook Post, G. A. R., in procession took its final leave of its beloved deceased comrade, and then the congregation, the latter occupying twenty minutes in passing the remains, so great was the number.

The procession from the church was under the Masonic order, and was escorted to the railroad, where the lines were opened and the procession passed through to the cemetery. The remains were placed in the vault at Chester Burial Ground. A special train from this city was run out to the funeral bearing the County Commissioners, Superintendent and employes of the Court-house, county and ex-county officials and several members of the G. A. R., besides the personal friends of the deceased.

Thus, after a long life of usefulness to his family, his neighbors and his country, he rests from his labors, while his name lives among those who knew him.

OUR TRACING BOARD.

BROTHER ROBERT MORRIS, who was recently crowned Poet Laureate of the Masonic Fraternity in New York, has written the following letter :

[Residence at La Grange, Ky.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1884.

R. W. GEORGE W. MORGAN, Grand Organist.

My Very Dear Brother :—When the little remnant of my earthly career has lapsed and my name is a shadow, it may be agreeable to you to see over my signature this

TESTIMONIAL OF GRATITUDE

for your very large aid in making the demonstration of last evening a positive success.

The Laureation is a compliment so far beyond anything that precedes it that it promises to gild the evening of my days with a halo I could never otherwise have realized.

Your obedient Brother,

ROB MORRIS, Poet Laureate.

The following is Mr. Morgan's reply :

December 24, 1884.

R. W. ROB MORRIS, LL. D., Poet Laureate ♦

My Dear Worshipful Brother :—It did, indeed, give me great pleasure to receive your kind and thoughtful letter. I congratulate you on receiving the appointment, which, in the eyes of the Masonic Fraternity, you were so justly entitled to, and trust your life will long be spared to fill the position of Poet Laureate, and be crowned not only with laurels, but with health, happiness and prosperity, is the sincere wish of

Your faithful brother,

GEORGE W. MORGAN.

GOOD ADVICE.—M. W. Marquis F. King, Grand Master of Maine, in his annual address in speaking of retiring W. Masters gives the following excellent advice :

“ You stand in a peculiar position. You have been clothed with authority, and the brethren have attended your will and pleasure,

but now another has taken your place, and it is hoped and expected that you are of too generous disposition to envy him his preferment. Your authority is gone, but you have influence. Let me beseech you, therefore, that you exercise that influence for the harmony of your Lodge and the welfare of the brethren. To you is ascribed the wisdom of experience; do not humiliate your successor by seeking to display your wisdom in contrast with his deficiency. To you every disaffected brother runs with his grievance; be ever ready in the cause of truth and justice, but be sure and be no fomenter of discord.

“The Master rests upon you with confidence; do not mislead him by professing a knowledge you do not possess, or instruct him in some manner of evading a law, and, by ingenious sophistry, satisfy his misgivings with the old story, ‘thou shalt not surely die.’

“The Master avoids you with suspicion; gain his confidence by frankness and sincerity, and prove to him, by your acts, that his suspicion is groundless; having transferred the square and gavel to another, show in the way you apply the trowel, that the lessons you have taught others have not been lost upon yourself.”

SIR ROB MORRIS says that some of the epitaphs of the Grand Masters of Malta are finely conceived. The old St. John's Church at Valletta is full of them. Here is the inscription of Grand Master Jean L'Evesque de la Cassiere, who ruled the great Order from 1572 to 1582. The original is in Latin: “To frater John Eprisio-pus, Grand Master of Soldiery of Jerusalem, the noblest ruler of this realm, a very brave, religious and brilliant man (Fortissimo Religioüssério, Splendidissimo,) whose integrity was tried and proven by calumny, and shone forth even as gold is tried in the fire, the sacred sodality of the soldiery of Jerusalem weeping have placed this testimony. He lived seventy eight years. He died at home, January 12th, 1582.”—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

THE December issue of the New Zealand *Freemason* contains a mutilated copy of the poem written by Bro. ROB MORRIS many years ago, entitled “The Level and the Square,” purporting to have been written by a lady correspondent. Why did she not furnish the Editor with a copy of the “Lord's Prayer,” or the “Ten Commandments,” and claim them as original?

Vol. 63.—No. 1.—4.

MASONIC HOME.—Our Big Rapids correspondence, says the *Wolverine Cyclone*, furnishes us the following preamble and resolutions adopted at a recent communication of Big Rapids Lodge No. 171, F. & A. M.

WHEREAS, We, the officers and members of Big Rapids Lodge No. 171, F. & A. M., realizing that the principles of charity and benevolence of our ancient order are not practiced in this Grand Jurisdiction to that degree that would render our institution most valuable and effective; and

WHEREAS, It is with feelings of deep regret and shame that we see and hear of Masons, their wives and orphans, becoming dependent upon *public* charity for their support, and believing that in exercising those tenets of the Order our brethren of other Jurisdictions have set an example worthy of our imitation;

Therefore, Resolved, That our Representative to the next session of the Grand Lodge be and is hereby instructed to use his influence to secure such legislation by the Grand Body as may be necessary to establish in the near future a permanent Home for such Masons, their wives and orphans, as are entitled to, and whose necessities demand such protection. And in complying with the spirit of this resolution, we would respectfully refer the Fraternity to the plans adopted for the founding, maintenance and support of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, located at Louisville, Ky.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolution be printed, and a copy be forwarded to each Masonic Lodge in this Grand Jurisdiction, requesting their favorable consideration, and respectfully solicit their co-operation in presenting the same to the Grand Lodge.

And adds. "It is earnestly hoped that every Representative to the Grand Lodge which convenes at Detroit, January 27, will constitute himself as a committee of one, and to the best of his ability to push forward the matter of a permanent Home, or Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home for Michigan. As our Order in this State has now a total membership of over 29,000, and at least 350 organized Lodges, certainly we should provide a Home of this kind in our midst."

Is it not time that some practical scheme should be devised by every Grand Lodge of this country looking toward the same object? It does seem that while great good is done in a private way by brethren, that our Grand Lodges are very far behind the call of duty and ability in the establishment of permanent charity.

OLD HOPKINSVILLE LODGE.—Bro. W. W. Clark said at the close of his term as Master of Hopkinsville (Ky.) Lodge No. 37, among others, the following pretty things :

If a desire for knowledge, a spirit of energy should be awakened in our Lodge and vigorously prosecuted we could do much toward redeeming the time spent here, even though there should be no augmentation of our membership for another year ; for then would our Lodge become a resort both of pleasure and profit ; a retreat where the acquisition of knowledge would enhance our pleasure and lend a charm to its enjoyment ; the profane convinced of the good of our Order would knock at its door ; the stranger when in our midst would seek the place of our meeting, and the members would look impatiently to the time of our coming together ; and in after years, when the sand in the hour glass may have almost run out, we will look back with pleasure to the evenings we have spent around our altar ; meditate, perhaps, on some of the truths we have learned here, or recall with delight the faces of those who were wont to meet with us ; and in the pleasant contemplation exclaim with Scotia's sweet Bard :

“ Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care,
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

And to the end : May the brethren, who shall here assemble, meet in unity, work in love and part in harmony ; may Fidelity keep the door, Faith prompt the duties, Hope animate the labors and Charity diffuse the blessing of the Lodge ; may wisdom and virtue distinguish the fraternity, and Masonry become glorious though all the earth.

The Master of a Lodge should be a studious and thoughtful man ; and, above all, a man fruitful in resources. Should the energy and zeal of the members of his lodge begin to slacken, and their attendance become more and more reluctant and infrequent, he should be able to devise some scheme to put into operation some plan by which he may win them back to their allegiance. The lodge-room should be made next to home, the most delightful and attractive place on earth ; a pleasant retreat from the cares and dividing influences of every-day, active business life. Every Mason should regard his lodge as a perennial fountain to which he may come at all times, and have his own moral courage, and his confidence in his fellowmen increased and strengthened.

GRAFT TIDINGS.

United States.

AT the session of the Grand Bodies of R. A. M. and R. & S. Masters of Ohio, at Tiffin, after the transaction of the usual business of the Grand Bodies, they had a most enjoyable Banquet, at which the ladies present lent an additional charm to the feast, and added greatly to the pleasure of the assembled company. Their smiles always add good cheer to every company, and without their presence, one-half of the enjoyment would be taken away. This fact was recognized by the Masonic brethren, and in summing up the many things connected with their visit to Tiffin, this one, that the ladies graced by their presence this banquet will be the most pleasant.

There was a number of volunteer toasts, and the exercises were closed by singing the doxology and prayer by Bro., the Rev. Lafayette Van Cleve.

THE drill and ball of the valiant Sir Knights of Palestine Commandery, No. 18, at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the evening of January 13, is said to have been a very great success. The drill is said to have been accomplished in a "masterly manner," but the dancing with "Plumed Knights" was the attraction of the evening.

HONORS TO BRO. KIT CARSON.—In Taos county, New Mexico, some twelve hundred persons assembled on December 27, 1884, to do honor to the remains of the great scout, soldier and Freemason, Bro. Kit Carson. The affair was conducted under the auspices of "The Grand Army of the Republic," of New Mexico, and was a great success. The address was delivered by Anthony Joseph, Congressional Delegate. A memorial tablet was dedicated, bearing the simple inscription: "Kit Carson, died May 23, 1868, aged 59 years."

NEW MEXICO.—Santa Fe has a Lodge with 80 members; Chapter 65 members; Commandery, 50 members, and a Lodge of Perfection, A. and A. Rite, 30 members. The brethren have erected a handsome monument over the grave of Kit Carson, and expect to dedicate it February 22.

CLERGYMEN can be initiated in Maryland without fees.

GRAND COUNCIL R. AND S. M., OF MICHIGAN, commenced their annual session in Detroit, on Monday evening, January 19. The report shows the Order in a prosperous condition, with an increase of membership. The following officers were elected: George H. Stephenson, M. S. Grand Master; Alfred Baldrey, D. G. Master; Alfred G. Gulley, G. P. C. of W.; H. Shaw Noble, G. Treasurer; Garra B. Noble, G. Recorder; Allen McKee, Capt. of Guard; Thos. G. Greene, G. Con. of Council; Rev. Francis A. Blades, G. Chaplain; Sanford Hunt, G. Steward; Alexander McGregor, G. Sentinel.—*Freemason,*

THE GRAND CHAPTER, R. A. M., OF MICH., commenced their annual session in Detroit, January 20; The *Freemason* says there was a large attendance. Grand High Priest M. E. Companion, T. E. Giddings, presiding; Grand Secretary, R. E. Companion Wm. P. Innes, at his post as usual. The reports show 114 Chapters on the roll, all working in peace and harmony. One new Chapter was chartered at that session.

The following officers were elected: Grand High Priest, M. E. Companion W. Irving Latimier, Big Rapids; D. G. H. P., Daniel Stryker, Hastings; G. R., Eugene P. Robertson, Albion; G. S., B. F. Watts, Ann Arbor; Grand Treasurer, H. Shaw Noble, Monroe; Grand Secretary, Wm. P. Innes, Grand Rapids; Grand Chaplain, Rev. F. A. Blades, Detroit; G. C. of the Host, Wm. Went, Manestee; G. P. S., Wm. P. Hudson, Ludington; G. R. A. C., B. Porter, Jackson; G. V. & L., S. C. Randall, Flint; G. M. S. V., John F. Burrows, Lawrence; G. M. S. V., Chas. H. Bagg, Detroit; G. M. F. V., A. J. Cummings, Detroit; Grand Sentinel, Alex. McGregor.

The Council of High Priesthood met at Masonic Temple, Tuesday, and elected the following officers. The Council also conferred degrees of High or Past High Priests on sixteen Companions of Michigan Chapter; M. E. Grand President, George Hill, Portland; M. E. Vice President, S. H. Norton, Pontiac; Grand Chaplain, D. Stryker, Hastings; Grand Treasurer, G. B. Noble, Detroit; Grand Recorder, D. Burnham Tracy, Detroit; Grand Master of Ceremonies, J. Findlater, Detroit; Grand Conductor, D. Woodward, Clinton; Grand Herald, T. Philips, Hastings; Grand Steward, R. S. Dillon, Detroit; Grand Sentinel, A. J. Cummings, Detroit.

GRAND LODGE, F. & A. M., OF UTAH.—The fourteenth annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Utah, was held at the Masonic Hall, Salt Lake City, Tuesday, January 20th. All the Grand Officers and Representatives of the eight Lodges in the jurisdiction being in attendance.

Grand Master James Lowe opened the meeting at 10 A. M., and after the appointment of the usual committees, an adjournment was had till 2 P. M.

On reopening, the Grand Master read an excellent and well-prepared address, in which he gave an account of his stewardship during the year, and the doings of Masonry, not only in Utah, but throughout the entire globe. This was followed by the reading of the Reports of the Grand Secretary and Grand Librarian. The latter is of great interest to the public. The Grand Librarian stated that during the year 728 new books were added, making the total number of books now in the library 6,072. For home-reading 16,018 books were loaned out during 1884, or 1,275 more than the previous year. An account has been kept, which shows that nearly one hundred persons visited the library daily, and that about thirty read and study there in the evening.

At the morning session of January 21st, the reports of the several committees were received. The most important one was the recognition of the Grand Lodge of South Australia, and refusal to recognize the Grand Lodge of Vera Cruz, Mexico. Important changes and improvements were made in the fu-

ture management of the library, for which \$300 was appropriated to purchase new books.

At the afternoon session the Grand Officers were elected for the ensuing year. They and the appointed officers were installed in the evening, and are as follows: P. L. Williams, Grand Master; C. W. Bennett, Deputy Grand Master; A. M. Grant, Senior Grand Warden; Robert Bee, Junior Grand Warden; Samuel Kahn, Grand Treasurer; Christopher Diehl, Grand Secretary and Grand Librarian; Charles M. Armstrong, Grand Chaplain; P. H. Emerson, Grand Orator; Samuel Paul, Grand Marshal; W. G. Van Horne, Grand Lecturer; James S. Pearson, Grand Standard Bearer; F. H. Simmons, Grand Sword Bearer; H. C. Hill, Senior Grand Deacon; John F. Hardie, Junior Grand Deacon; A. E. Barnes, Senior Grand Steward; A. J. Lowe, Junior Grand Steward; S. E. Underhill, Grand Tyler.

After the installation, the Fourteenth Annual Convention was closed. Throughout the whole session the greatest harmony prevailed, and the legislation had will be for the greatest benefit of Masonry in Utah.

THE SOLEMN SOUND.—Many hearts will be saddened, says Bro. J. W. Simonds, in the *N. Y. Dispatch*, at the announcement of the death of John S. Dickerman, of Albany, N. Y., who, for the past sixteen years, has been Grand Treasurer of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of New York, and having the distinction of being always unanimously elected.

He was made a Master Mason in Temple Lodge, No. 14, August 7th, 1860. He was exalted to the rank of Royal Arch, in Temple Chapter, No. 5, June 24th, 1862. He was made Super. ex-Master in DeWitt Clinton Council, No. 22, Royal and Select Masters, Nov. 13th, 1863. He was made a member of Temple Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templar, January 23d, 1863. He was High Priest of Temple Chapter, No. 5, in 1864-65, and High Priest of Capitol City Chapter, No. 242, in 1866. He was Grand Royal Arch Captain in the Grand Chapter of the State of New York, in 1866-67. He was elected Grand Treasurer of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of New York in 1868, and has served in that responsible position ever since. He received the Ineffable Degrees in March, 1866. He was also a member of Albany Conclave, No. 8, Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine, and of Cypress Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S. And as the crowning act of his Masonic advancement he was on June 19th, 1869, in the Supreme Council of the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States of America, received to the 33°, and was proclaimed a Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the Thirty-third and last Degree Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite. At the annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge for the United States of America of the Royal Order of Scotland, held at Washington, District of Columbia, October, 1884, he was advanced to the Royal Order of H. R. M. and R. S. Y. C. S.

He had also attained distinction in military circles, having reached the grade of Brigadier General, of the Ninth Brigade, N. Y. N. G.

But he will live in the memory of his countless friends for his manly qualities, his unflinching devotion to principle, and his genial social qualities.

After an unbroken friendship of more than a quarter of a century, he was very dear to us, and his death, though not unexpected, comes to us as a calamity difficult to realise, and seems to herald the moment when all our old-time comrades having passed to the better life, we shall be called to join them in the peaceful repose earned by the toils and cares of this world.

THE GRAND CHAPTER ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF NEBRASKA, met at Omaha, Wednesday, Dec. 10, in its eighteenth annual Convocation, with twenty-one of its twenty-five constituent Chapters represented, with M. E. James E. Tulleys, the Grand High Priest, presiding. In his address he reports "the general tranquility of the Craft is rather the peace and quietude of prosperity than the stillness of apathy and stagnation. At the close of the first days proceedings, the members of the Grand Chapter sat down to an ample banquet provided by the companions of Omaha, and after due consideration thereof, proceeded to visit Omaha Chapter, No. 1, and witnessed the conferring of the Royal Arch Degree by the Office-bearers of that Chapter. The table remained spread until the Grand Chapter closed."

Upon the recommendation of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence the Grand Chapter adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Lodge of Mark Master Masons of England and Wales in granting warrants to four Lodges of Mark Master Masons at Montreal, within the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of Quebec, which has already resulted in the formation of two Lodges and a Provincial Grand Lodge within the territory of said Grand Chapter, and that, too, when the Grand Lodge of England and Wales had fraternally and unconditionally recognized the Grand Chapter of Quebec, is justly chargeable with a breach of Masonic amity and with violating the well-established law and usage of American Freemasonry relating to jurisdictional rights. We, therefore, earnestly and fraternally entreat our brothers of England and Wales to take immediate measures to remove existing causes for complaint and discord, and thus promote harmony among the members of our beloved fraternity in Canada."

The total number of Royal Arch Masons on the rolls of the respective Chapters is 1323.

The following amendment to the Constitution was adopted without a dissenting voice:

"Article VI. Sec. —. Membership in a Chapter is dependent upon, and co-existent with, membership in a Lodge of Freemasons.

Any Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master or Royal Arch Mason who is suspended in or expelled from his Lodge is *ipso facto* suspended in or expelled from his Chapter. Any Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, or Royal Arch Mason, who, for six months, remains unaffiliated with a Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons is *ipso facto* suspended in his Chapter, such suspension to be terminated by his affiliation with a Lodge, due notice being given thereof to his Chapter."

The following are the Office-bearers elected for the ensuing year: Companion Henry E. Palmer, Grand High Priest; Companion John D. Moore, Deputy Grand High Priest; Companion Ithamer T. Benjamin, Grand King; Companion Enoch B. Carter, Grand Scribe; Companion John B. Dinsmore, Grand Treasurer; Companion William R. Bowen, Grand Secretary.

GRAND LODGE OF F. & A. M., OF FLORIDA.—The regular 56th annual session of the Grand Lodge of Masons, of Florida, convened in Jacksonville on January 20th, at 12 M. About sixty subordinate Lodges were represented. The following officers were present: R. J. Perry, of Key West, Grand Master; G. S. Hallmark, of Warrington, Deputy Grand Master; N. R. Carter, of Levyville, Senior Grand Warden; W. F. Bynum, of Live Oak, Junior Grand Warden; Hy. Robinson, Jacksonville, Grand Treasurer; D. C. Dawkins, Jacksonville, Grand Secretary; J. W. V. R. Plummer, of Key West, Junior Grand Deacon; Wm. Lake, of Temple's Mills, Senior Grand Steward.

After the address of the Grand Master and appointing of several Committees the Lodge took a recess at 2 P. M. until 7.30 P. M.

Routine work occupied the Grand Lodge during the evening, and nearly the entire next morning session was occupied in the election of Grand Officers for the ensuing year, and at 2 P. M. a recess was taken until 7.30. All the Grand Officers were re-elected, as follows: R. J. Perry, of Key West, Grand Master; Geo. S. Hallmark, of Warrington, Deputy Grand Master; N. R. Carter, of Levyville, Senior Grand Warden; W. F. Bynum, of Live Oak, Grand Junior Warden; Hy. Robinson, of Jacksonville, Grand Treasurer; D. C. Dawkins, of Jacksonville, Grand Secretary; J. D. Rogers, of Pine Level, Grand Chaplain.

Past Grand Master Wasgate installed the newly appointed officers as follows: C. B. Macgruder, Grand Marshal; J. J. Delany, Senior Grand Deacon; J. C. Pelot, Junior Grand Deacon; J. I. Gore, Senior Grand Steward; T. F. Drury, Junior Grand Steward; H. H. Spear, Grand Sword Bearer; J. M. Talbert, Grand Standard Bearer; M. A. Fuller, Grand Pursuivant; Geo. W. Bushnell, Grand Tyler. R. H. Weller, was re-elected orator.

The following District Grand Deputies were appointed: First District, W. E. Anderson; Second District, A. McMillan; Third District, H. H. Spear; Fourth District, J. E. Hanna; Fifth District, J. H. Claywell; Sixth District, L. W. Ktckliter; Seventh District, A. W. McLean; Eighth District, H. C. Martin; Ninth District, E. A. Wilson; Tenth District, A. C. Hankins; Eleventh District, H. Glowgoski.—*Herald, Jan. 22.*

THE Grand Lodge of South Carolina has a debt of \$23,000.

UNDER dispensation of Ill. R. M. C. Graham, 33°, Deputy for New York, the following officers were duly elected Thursday evening in Palmoni Lodge of Perfection, A. and A. Scottish Rite, located at Buffalo: T. P. G. Master, A. Oppenheimer; D. G. Master, Mark W. Cole; S. G. Warden, Henry Smith, 2d; J. G. Warden, Matthew Thielen; Grand Orator, Rev. F. W. Raikes; Grand Treasurer, James McCredie, 33°; Grand Secretary, Theodore L. Wadsworth.

The following are the officers in Palmoni Council, Princes of Jerusalem:—Grand Master, Mark W. Cole; D. G. M., George L. Kingston; S. G. W., Henry Smith, 2d; Grand Treasurer, James McCredie; Grand Secretary, Theodore L. Wadsworth.

COLORED MASONS OF FLORIDA.—The colored Grand Lodge of Masons of Florida, which convened in Jacksonville, January 13, adjourned January 16. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Tilman Valentine, of Jacksonville, Grand Master; James A. Roberts, of Key West, Deputy Grand Master; J. E. Lee, of Jacksonville, Senior Grand Warden; S. H. Coleman, of Enterprise, Junior Grand Warden; William Simon, of Jacksonville, Grand Treasurer; J. J. Forbes, of Jacksonville, Grand Secretary; F. C. Dunham, of Lake City, Grand Chaplain.

Grand Chapter Officers—Thomas H. Duncan, of Jacksonville, Grand High Priest; J. R. Shackelford, of Key West, Deputy Grand High Priest; D. M. Papy, of St. Augustine, Grand King; J. C. Williamson, of Jacksonville, Grand Scribe; William Simon, of Jacksonville, Grand Treasurer; A. R. Jones, of Jacksonville, Grand Secretary.

Officers of Ebenezer Commandery.—There were also elected January 16, the following officers of Ebenezer Commandery Knights Templar: James A. Roberts of Key West, Grand Eminent Commander; E. M. Papy, of St. Augustine, Deputy Grand Eminent Commander; Lloyd Crampton, of Jacksonville, Grand Eminent Generalissimo; J. J. Forbes, of Jacksonville, Captain General; A. H. Darnes, of Jacksonville, Prelate; William Simon, of Jacksonville, Treasurer; A. R. Jones, of Jacksonville, Recorder.

AN appeal for contributions to establish a Masonic Orphans' Home has been issued to the members and officers of the Order of the Eastern Star, in Chicago. The appeal says: "The committee take pleasure in presenting to the Chapters of the Order and its members in Illinois an opportunity to contribute to the grand and glorious work of establishing a Masonic Orphans' Home, and would respectfully suggest and earnestly desire that some action be taken at once to create a fund, however small it may be, and would recommend that each Chapter give some kind of an entertainment or social, the proceeds of which to be set apart for this purpose." At the session of the Grand Chapter in October last, a resolution was adopted constituting the Past Grand Matrons, Past Grand Patrons, Present Grand Matron and Patron, Present Associate Grand Matron, Associate Grand Patron a committee to take action in the establishment of such a Home, the most desirable location for its establishment, the probable cost, the desired plans, and conduct, with full power to solicit aid for such purpose from individual Grand Masonic bodies or others interested in such good work. Mr. Alonzo Easton, of Chicago, one of the committee and treasurer, says that incorporation will soon be effected looking toward the building of this home.

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.—At the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, the following Grand Officers were elected: M. W. Abraham Hathaway Howland, Jr., New Bedford, Grand Master; R. W. Charles H. McClellan, Greenfield, Senior Grand Warden; R. W. Albert H. Sweetzer, Saugus, Junior Grand Warden; R. W. Samuel Wells, Boston, Grand Treasurer; R. W. Sereno D. Nickerson, Boston, Recording Grand Secretary.

The following are Brother Josiah H. Drummond's Masonic statistics for the United States in 1884, gathered from the latest Grand Lodge Proceedings :

GRAND LODGES.	Members.	GRAND LODGES.	Members.
Alabama	7,878	Montana	939
Arizona	355	Nebraska	4,417
Arkansas	10,209	Nevada	1,247
British Columbia.....	293	New Brunswick.....	1,961
California.....	13,579	New Hampshire.....	7,987
Canada.....	18,442	New Jersey.....	11,946
Colorado	2,918	New Mexico.....	321
Connecticut.....	13,942	New York.....	70,700
Dakota.....	1,533	North Carolina	8,065
Delaware.....	1,378	Nova Scotia.....	2,801
District of Columbia.....	2,904	Ohio.....	31,359
Florida	2,117	Oregon.....	2,981
Georgia.....	10,355	Pennsylvania.....	35,829
Idaho	43 ^N	P. E. Island.....	454
Illinois.....	44,007	Quebec.....	2,840
Indiana.....	23,700	Rhode Island.....	3,654
Indian Territory.....	533	South Carolina.....	5,201
Iowa.....	19,715	Tennessee.....	15,434
Kansas.....	11,353	Texas.....	17,514
Kentucky.....	15,565	Utah.....	468
Louisiana.....	4,199	Vermont.....	7,739
Maine.....	19,650	Virginia.....	9,053
Manitoba.....	1,092	Washington.....	1,390
Maryland	4,759	West Virginia.....	3,500
Massachusetts.....	26,583	Wisconsin.....	11,903
Michigan.....	27,181	Wyoming.....	384
Minnesota.....	8,065		
Mississippi.....	8,897		
Missouri.....	24,594		
		Total.....	587,321

For the year the showing is an increase of 7,495, on the membership, and almost eight per cent on the "raised."

AN extended circular has been issued from Yankton under date of January 8, calling a convention of all the Chapters of R.·A.·M.· in Dakota, to meet at Sioux Falls, February 24, for the purpose of organizing the Grand Chapter of Dakota. The Most Eminent General Grand High Priest has granted a dispensation empowering the organization, and has appointed Most Eminent Theodore S. Parvin his Deputy to constitute the same and install the Grand Officers.

THE annual election of officers in the Masonic Relief Board of Buffalo, N. Y., on January 17, resulted as follows: President, Henry R. Clark; Vice-President, George L. Kingston; Secretary, Charles R. FitzGerald; Treasurer, James P. Gething; Finance Committee, Millington Lockwood, Joseph Kuhn and George A. Marcellus. The Board has purchased from the Delaware avenue cemetery, the large society lot near the entrance containing over 6,000 square feet. The first occupant is Karl Petzke, who died in the Central depot on Tuesday. From papers found upon his person he was identified as a proper subject for Masonic charity, although a stranger, he was buried yesterday by Modestia Lodge.

AN exchange furnishes us with a description of a very singular ceremony to be called Masonic, which took place lately in King Solomon's Hall, Masonic Temple, San Francisco, under the auspices of La Parfaite Union Lodge. The occasion was the baptism into Masonry of thirty children of members of the French Lodge, by which rite the Lodge takes a solemn obligation to faithfully protect and care for the children, if occasion require, until they have attained their majority. At the ceremony of the christening the god-fathers and godmothers took the pledge of fidelity to the children. The participants advanced to the table, and the hand of each was dipped into the water of the tankard. As the number of children was large, the eldest boy was selected to undergo the ceremony for the others. The hand was dipped into the water to admonish them to maintain that purity of heart of which the water was a symbolic emblem. The Worshipful Master then touching the eye of the child, said: "May your view extend and open to the light of truth, and may it give you the faculty to discover evil in order to combat it, and the road to happiness that you may lead your brethren along it." Touching the ears, he said: "May your ears be opened to hear in its fullest acceptance that great fraternal maxim, 'Love one another and aid one another.'" Touching his lips with honey, he added: "May your mouth never utter any but words as sweet as honey; that calumny and anger may never come from it." A cup of wine was then placed to the lips of each of the children, the W. M. saying; "May this wine, symbol of power, give to your soul the courage to resist adversity and temptation; that it may impress upon you the fervent and constant desire for good and the wisdom of our Grand Master Solomon." The level was then applied to the boy's head, the triangle to his breast, and oil was poured upon his hair. The sacred fire was again lighted to cleanse his soul, and the oath of fidelity was taken by his godparents and all members of the Lodge, standing, and repeating after the W. M., as follows: "In the presence of the Great Architect of the Universe, we promise and swear to guard and protect these children from danger and temptation, against the violence and snares of those who aim to corrupt the youth and ruin the innocent. We will aid and succor them if they need it. We will strive to reform them if they err, and will pardon their faults if they repent. We will teach them to be good, just, virtuous and charitable, not alone by our precepts, but by our example. May the Great Architect of the Universe constantly aid us. Amen." Each child was then invested with his apron and medal, and was presented with the certificate which was to be the written evidence of his claim upon the whole Masonic fraternity.

THE convention held at Lockport, on 22d and 23d January, for exemplification of the ritual by R. Wor. George H. Raymond, Grand Lecturer, assisted by R. Wor. John Hodge, D. D. G. M., was made the occasion for a grand reception of the different Lodges in the Twenty-fourth (N.Y.) District. Refreshments were served and a general reunion indulged in. The fact that R. W. John Hodge, D.D.G.M., was chairman of the committee of refreshments, was a sufficient guarantee that the affair was enjoyable.

JUDGE ANTHONY THORNTON, late of the Supreme Court of Illinois, was recently raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason by the W. M. of Jackson Lodge, No. 53, located at Shelbyville, Ill. The Judge is nearly three score and ten years of age, and is believed to be one of the oldest men that ever took the Degree of Master Mason.

GRAND CHAPTER ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF FLORIDA.—The Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Florida, convened in Jacksonville, at Masonic Hall, Monday, January 19, and after an harmonious session, on the 21st, elected the following officers: W. E. Anderson, of Black Water, Grand High Priest; J. W. V. R. Plummer, of Key West, Deputy Grand High Priest; Augus Patterson, of Madison, Grand King; Marcus Endel, of Gainesville, Grand Scribe; T. S. Wilmarth, of Jacksonville, Grand Treasurer; D. C. Dawkins, of Jacksonville, Grand Secretary; W. A. McLean, of Jacksonville, Grand Chaplain.

THE Knights Templar of Iowa have just bought twenty acres of land on the shore of Spirit Lake, Dickinson county, to be used as a permanent camping-ground. Next spring they will build there an excellent council house, at a cost of \$10,000.

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Canada.

From the Toronto *Globe* of Jan. 23, we learn that the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ontario held its tenth annual Communication at the Masonic Hall, Jan. 21. There were present an excellent representation of delegates from the numerous Lodges under its jurisdiction. After the appointment of the usual committees the Grand Master delivered the address from the Throne. The membership of the Order had increased considerably during the year. He expressed his thanks to R. W. Bro. James Blois Smith, D.G.M., to the Grand Secretary, and the District Deputy Grand Masters for valuable services. The following Officers were elected and installed: M. W. Bro. H. L. Parkin, Chatham, G. M.; R. W. Bro. J. B. Smith, Hamilton, D.G.M.; R. W. Bro. W. E. Pethick, Bowmanville, G. S. W.; R. W. Bro. H. Dorenwend, Toronto, G. J. W.; Rev. Bro. A. J. Jamieson, Stratford, G. C.; R. W. Bro. Thomas Pinkerton, Pinkerton, G. T.; R. W. Bro. C. H. Gifford, Stratford, G. R.; M. W. Bro. James Reith, Luther, G. S. It was decided to hold the next annual Communication at Bowmanville.

GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC A. F. & A. M.—GRAND MASTER'S OFFICE, STANSTEAD, QUE.—PROCLAMATION.—*To all Brethren in obedience to the M. W. the Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of the Province of Quebec:*—Whereas, the Grand Lodge of Quebec A. F. & A. M. was regularly organized on the twentieth day of October, 1869, a majority of all the Lodges then existing in this Province having been represented at such organization;

Whereas, this Grand Lodge immediately thereafter declared itself to be the sole legally constituted Sovereign Grand Masonic Body exercising Masonic

jurisdiction within the limits of the Province of Quebec, and has strenuously adhered to the principle contained in this declaration up to the present time;

Whereas, sixty-three Grand Lodges have recognized this Grand Lodge as their peer and equal, a Sovereign Grand Body;

Whereas, every effort pointed out by Masonic law and usage, or suggested by fraternal spirit, has been put forth to make this Grand Lodge in fact, what in theory it has professed to be;

Whereas, notwithstanding these circumstances, there have existed from the date mentioned, and still exist, certain Lodges within the territory of this Grand Lodge who do not recognize its authority, but hold allegiance to a foreign Grand Lodge, and obey its behests;

And, whereas, the existence of these Lodges of a foreign register within this Province has occasioned great confusion and discord;

And, whereas, that foreign Grand Lodge still maintains her foothold in this Province, though repeatedly solicited, urged, and recently notified to withdraw therefrom;

Therefore, be it known unto you all, that, in vindication of the sovereignty of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, and in vindication of a principle which is generally recognized throughout the Masonic world, and of the interests, rights, and prerogatives of our ancient, loyal and honorable fraternity, and in justice to all those Grand Lodges whose recognition has been extended to her, painful though the action may be, as fond Masonic ties will thereby be severed,

I therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, and by virtue of the action taken by this Grand Lodge at its last annual communication (30th and 31st January, A. L. 5884, A. D. 1884), do hereby declare and proclaim all Lodges holding allegiance to any foreign Grand Lodge, to be masonically, irregularly and illegally existing in this Province; and I hereby further declare and proclaim all Masonic intercourse to be suspended, and to cease, between this Grand Lodge, its subordinate Lodges, and all brethren in obedience thereto, and such other Lodges, and all members in obedience thereto, holding allegiance to any Foreign Grand Lodge.

And all brethren acknowledging the authority of the Grand Lodge of Quebec are hereby commanded to hold no Masonic intercourse with any member or members of any Lodge existing in this Province enrolled on the register of any foreign Grand Lodge, in so far as Ancient Craft Masonry is concerned.

And this proclamation and edict shall be and remain in full force and effect until revoked by the Grand Master or the Grand Lodge of Quebec.

And it is hereby further ordered that due proclamation of this edict be made to all brethren in obedience to this Grand Lodge, of all which they will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly; and also that the same be communicated to all regular Grand Lodges throughout the world.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, at Stanstead, in the Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, this first day of January, 1885.

E. R. JOHNSON, Grand Master G. L. of Q.

(Attest)

JOHN H. ISAACSON, Grand Sec'y G. L. of Q.

A MONTREAL DISPATCH says: The Masonic Lodges in this city, in connection with the Grand Lodges of England and the Province of Quebec, have had a split. The Grand Lodge of Quebec claims exclusive jurisdiction within the Province, and has been recognized by sixty-three Grand Lodges in Canada and the United States as having sovereign power. The English Lodges were established long before the Quebec Grand Lodge, and are legalized by both Dominion and Provincial Parliaments. The Grand Master of the Quebec Lodge has issued a peremptory mandate to the adherents of his Grand Lodge, prohibiting all intercourse and fraternal courtesies between the members of the English chartered Lodges and those under his jurisdiction. The English Lodges hold, and are advised by eminent lawyers, that their charters are the only legal ones under the law, and they are taking the matter into the Courts to test the constitutionality of the claim of the Quebec Lodges. The dispute has caused bitter feeling, as Masonry is very strong in Canada.

THE Grand Lodge of Quebec boasts of a total membership of 2,840; that of Nova Scotia of 2,801; New Brunswick of 1,961; and Manitoba of 1,092. The smallest of all is the Grand Lodge of British Columbia, which has 293 members.

England.

THE following few concise and well-expressed sentences were delivered by the Prince of Wales, Grand Master of England, on the occasion of his laying the foundation-stone of the Chapel of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society at Redhill. We extract them from the London *Freemason*, and, *apropos* of the recent attack on Freemasonry by the Pope, they are worthy of reprinting. Addressing the assembly, his Royal Highness said:—Men and brethren here assembled to behold this ceremony: Be it known unto you, that we, being lawful Masons, true and truthful to the laws of our country, and engaged in similar dedications to rear up handsome buildings to be serviceable to society, and to fear God, the Great Architect of the universe; we have amongst us, concealed from the eyes of all men, secrets which may not be revealed, and which no man has discovered; but those secrets are lawful, honorable, and not repugnant to the laws of God or man. They were entrusted in peace and honor to the Masons of ancient times, and having been faithfully transmitted to us, it is our duty to convey them unimpaired to lasting posterity. Unless our Craft were good and our calling honorable, we should not have lasted for so many centuries, nor should we have had so many illustri-

ous brethren in our Order ready to promote our laws and further our interests. We are assembled here to day, in the presence of all of you, to erect a house for the worship and praise of the Most High, which we pray God may prosper as it seems good to him; and as the first duty of Masons in any undertaking is to invoke the blessing of the Great Architect of the universe on the work, I call upon you to unite with our Grand Chaplain in praise at the throne of grace.

Japan.

FUNERAL OF A BELGIAN MINISTER.—The following extract from the *Japan Mail* will be read with interest. Yesterday the remains of His Excellency, M. Charles de Groote, Belgian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan, who died on Tuesday evening, were interred with the honor due to the high office of the deceased. For various reasons it was deemed fit that the obsequies should be of a public nature—the distinguished position of M. de Groote, as well as the fact that this is the first occasion of the demise in this country of any foreign representative, calling for a ceremony of no ordinary kind. A peculiar aspect was given further to the occasion by the circumstance that from some cause or another, the clergy of the church to which M. de Groote belonged, could not see their way to officiate at the grave.

It was arranged that the company should assemble at the residence of the late Minister, at No. 179, Bluff, and at the hour fixed (three in the afternoon) a large number of gentlemen, including nearly all the Foreign Ministers, were present.

All the Ministers wore their official uniform, and most of the Japanese officials were in full dress. The late Minister was a Freemason of high rank, and in recognition of his long and honorable connection with the Craft, Mr. C. H. Dallas, District Grand Master, and a large number of brethren were present, but insignia were not worn.

A large number of residents in Yokohama and Tokiyo were also present. On the arrival of the procession at the gate of the cemetery, the coffin was taken from the hearse and carried to the place of interment—a beautiful little spot close to and overlooked by the road which skirts the upper portion of the cemetery. Here two companies of a light infantry regiment from the Tokiyo Garrison, with their drums and bugles, were drawn up, and here the mourners, half sheltered from the blazing sun by the few trees which fringe the outer edge of the grassy plateau, assembled to pay the last token of respect to the deceased Minister.

The Honorable John A. Bingham, United States Minister, *Doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps in Japan, then addressed the assemblage.

Mr. C. H. Dallas, District Grand Master, said it was with no ordinary feelings of emotion that, in this large assemblage of the friends and brethren, he

offered to the memory of the illustrious Mason around whose grave they stood a tribute of respect from that great fraternity which was there so numerous represented, and which was proud to number him in its ranks. By the death of their brother, Charles de Groote, Freemasonry in Belgium has sustained a loss which all craftsmen would bewail—a loss which only those who knew him could fully and thoroughly appreciate. In many respects he was a typical Mason. Born in an humble station, working for a living at an age when most lads were still at school, their brother, endowed with the soul of a poet in the body of an athlete, succeeded by patient industry and by the indefatigable exercise of his magnificent talents in winning his way, with no adventitious aids from fortune, to one of the highest positions in the service of his country which a private citizen could hope to obtain. During his distinguished career his heart was ever guided by justice, his hand was always extended by benevolence. Few knew the extent of his unostentatious charity; more knew how ready he ever was—like a hero of the olden times—to lay lance in rest and fight in defence of the weak and the oppressed. While deeply imbued with that respect and reverence for all lawfully constituted authority which was so strictly inculcated by their Order, their brother, de Groote, threw himself heart and soul into the great struggle waged in his country for liberty of conscience, for the education of the people, and for their emancipation from the soul-degrading yoke of ignorance. How well and with what success their Belgian brethren have fought the great fight they did not need to be reminded—their deeds speak for them—and among the brightest names on the roll of those who labored then, none shone more brightly than that of Charles de Groote. He would have liked to say more—of his urbanity, of his kindness, of the thoroughness of his friendship, of his affection for his family, of his pride in his children, from the little one just able to scrawl a line of love to the grown-up son going out into the world with the rich inheritance of his father's genius. But he could not trespas longer on them. Their brother's labors here had ended, the generous heart had ceased to beat, the earnest Mason and the sterling friend had passed away, and for them who mourned him it remained only to express their humble trust, that, in the infinite mercy of the Most High, their brother had been summoned from his labors here below to take his place in that Grand Lodge above, where the Great Architect lives and reigns forevermore. And, cherishing this memory in their hearts, they would leave his mortal remains in this their last resting-place, with the heart-felt cry, "Alas! my brother."

The coffin, covered with numerous wreaths, was then lowered into the ground. The band played, the guard of honor presented arms, and the short ceremony was brought to a close, each member of the Diplomatic Corps, previous to his retirement from the spot, throwing a handful of earth upon the coffin.

SKETCHES OF JOURNEY.

BY BRO. LEOPOLD BURCKHARDT.

THE GLEICHEN LEGEND.—CHAPTER VI.

It seemed that nothing but miracle could save them; but no miracle came. Curt had taken some measures which worked as a miracle indeed. He made the fugitives invisible in the darkness of a cellar under the house of the great Doctor Adullam.

The honest Israelite honored Mercury not only as the protector of physicians, but also the patron of merchants and thieves.

He trafficked on a large scale with the Venetians in spices and herbs, and where there was a sequin to make he was at home. Our smart Curt had gained him with a costly jewel to undertake the "expedition" of the Count, with three followers, to Alexandria, where a Venetian ship was freighting. The Count's rank was kept from him, and of course Curt took care not to tell him that he was going to make contraband of his lord and master's daughter.

The Jew inspected the living cargo, and the handsome page did strike him, but he never thought of Melechsala. Meantime the news spread: the Princess gone! Adullam's eyes opened; fear and trembling seized him. But it was too late,—to save his own life, he had to take all measures of a happy result. He began by laying his living cargo under a strict quarantine, and waited till investigations relented, hope became faint, and zeal to find the

Princess, had cooled. Only then he packed the caravan in four neat spice-boxes, put them on board a Nile boat, and sent them with a freight-list, under God's care, to Alexandria. The Venetian lifted his anchor, and, when at sea, our friends were released and free.

The Count had spoken of a host of angel guardians; and really it seemed as if there was something of the kind.

The four winds of heaven seemed to unite into one steady breeze, and the vessel sped like an arrow over the Mediterranean waters. When the moon began to show her crescent form for the second time, the contented skipper ran into the harbor of his native city.

The watchful emissary of Countess Ottilia was always there, observing with anxious scrutiny any passenger from the Levant. He stood on his post when the Count and his beautiful charge came on shore. His master's features were so well engraved in his memory, that he was sure to recognize him among thousands. But the outlandish costume, and the changes which Time works, even in seven years, made him doubt. He neared the retinue of the stranger, and approaching faithful Curt, he asked :

“ Comrade, where from ? ”

Curt was glad to meet a countryman who spoke his language ; but used prudence, and said :

“ From the sea.”

“ Who is the handsome cavalier ? ”

“ My master.”

“ From what country dost thou come ? ”

“ From sunrise.”

“ Where art thou bound ? ”

“ For sundown.”

“ What province ? ”

“ Our home.”

“ Where is it ? ”

“ Hundred miles away.”

“ Answer me one question.”

“ Let us hear.”

“ Hast thou news from Count Ernst Von Gleichen ? ”

“ Why askest thou ? ”

“ Because.”

“ Fiddlesticks ! Because what ? ”

“ Because I am sent through the whole world by Countess Otilia, his wife, to inquire and find out if he is yet alive, and where.”

This answer brought Curt to a stand-still. “Wait,” said he, “perhaps the Cavalier knows about it.”

He approached the Count, and whispered to him the novel tidings. You may imagine the mixture of our hero's feelings! Joy and gladness at the thought of sweet Otilia waiting for him; and withal a bewildering dread lest a lawful union with his lovely traveling companion might become impossible. For a moment he was undecided; but the yearning wish to know how it was “at home” got the better of it, and with a wave of the hand he called the messenger, in whom he recognized his old and trusty servant, who with his tears wetted the hand of his master, and repeated over and over how rejoiced the Countess would be at his return.

He guided the Count to a decent inn—they had no brilliant “hotels” in those days—and there our traveler began to take a view of the “situation.” The result was, a long and graphic epistle, containing a faithful history of his slavery, his deliverance by the help of the Sultan's daughter; how, for the love of him she had forsaken throne and country, under conditions of marriage, which he had promised her, deceived by a dream. Not only was this dispatch intended as a preparation for accepting a “co-partnership,” but it urged her consent, for many “serious reasons.”

Poor Otilia! There she stood, in widow's apparel, at the window, when the messenger spurred his flying horse up the steep ascent to the castle. She soon descried him; and when he caught sight of her, he lifted high the letter bag, as a sign of good tidings.

“Hast thou found him, the man of my heart?” she cried to the approaching rider. “Where is he, that I may dry the sweat from his brow, and give him rest in my faithful arms?”

“He is all right, my gracious lady!” replied the messenger. “I found him in Venice, whence he sent me with this letter to announce to you his arrival at that city.”

The Countess broke the seal in a hurry, and when she saw her good lord's writing, it was as if a breath of life came over her. Twice she touched it with her yearning lips. Then when she began to read it, was a flow of tears; but when she read farther and farther, the tears became more scarce, and before the epistle was finished the fountain was dried up.

“Alas, that unhappy Holy War!” she cried. “I loaned the Holy Church a loaf of bread, on which the heathen have lived, and now I get only a crumb of it.”

She lay down for a troubled night's rest, and passed many sleepless hours. But at last a sweet slumber closed her eyes, and in the clear vision of a dream she stood at her window, and saw two pilgrims from the Holy Land ascending the curved road to the castle gate. They asked hospitality, which she freely gave. One of them threw back the cape of his frock, and behold! it was the Count, her lord and master, who embraced her with joy and eager fondness. The little children entered and he took them in his arms and hugged them, and rejoiced in their growth. Meantime his companion opened a traveling-bag, drew from it golden chains and bracelets of pearls and precious stones, and encircled with them the necks and arms of the little ones, who seemed to enjoy the costly presents.

The Countess, in amazement at this liberality, asked the stranger who he might be. And the stranger said, with melodious voice :

“I am the Angel Raphael, the guide of loving hearts, and I brought thy husband from far-off countries back to thee.”

Then the pilgrim's cloak vanished, and there stood before her a shining angel's form, in sky-blue floating robes, and with golden wings.

The Countess awoke. There was no Gypsey sibyl, and she herself explained the dream.

Yes, the Angel Raphael was so much like the Princess Melech-sala, that she had no doubt but the last one had been shown to her under the angelic form.

Then she considered that without her, the Count might never have been released from slavery; he who restores a lost property to the rightful owner has some rights, for he might have kept the whole.

Yes, she had made up her mind that she would give up the half of her marriage rights—she would be just; and forthwith she summoned her faithful messenger, who was soon on his way to Venice, with the full consent of sweet Otilia.

Now the question was, would Father Gregory consent to such a matrimonial anomaly? Well, to Rome they went, and there the

Princess was received into the bosom of the Church. The Holy Father rejoiced as if the Kingdom of Anti-Christ had been destroyed; and, after the baptism, wherein she received the name of Angelica, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in St. Peter's.

The Count thought best to take the Pope in his good humor, and came out with his heart's desire. But, alas! the conscience of St. Peter's Vicar was too tender. The Count pleaded in vain. No dispensation for such a heterodox performance could be obtained.

Anxious and sorrowful was the Count. But Curt had thought the matter over. To him it seemed an easy thing for his lord and master to get the Princess as a wife, without any possible interference of Pope or Christian world. He kept his counsel to himself; he felt somewhat afraid it might displease the royal Knight.

At last he came out with it.

"My dear lord," said he, "there is more than one foot-path to the forest. If the Holy Father's tender conscience forbids you to have two wives, you may as well have a tender conscience, though you are only a layman. Conscience is a cloak which covers every bare spot, but turns with wonderful ease to every wind. Now the wind is contrary; well, turn the cloak the other way. See if you are not in some way or other related to the Countess, in a degree which the Church disallows. If that is the case—and such a thing is easily made up, if you have a tender conscience—the game it won. Get a bill of divorce, and who can hinder you from marrying the Princess?"

The Count had listened till he well understood the drift of his squire's talk; then he spoke two words, short and clear, "Silence, rascal!" and Curt lay sprawling before the door, in search after a tooth which he seemed to have lost in the sudden expedition.

"Alas, the good tooth," cried he; "that's what I get for my faithful service!"

"Alas, the confounded tooth!" repeated the Count; "the tooth which I lost in a dream, is the cause of all my misery!"

His heart was wavering between self-reproach and love. He loved his faithful Ottilia; he loved his saving Angelica, and what pained him most, he had given his Knightly word to marry her. He brooded and brooded, and lost his jovial appearance. Angelica saw it, and finally resolved to try the dispensation business herself.

She asked an audience from the conscientious Gregory, and veiled as tightly as ever oriental Princess was. No Roman eye had seen her, as yet, except the Priest who baptized her. The Pope received the new pledged daughter of the Church with great distinction, and offered her, not the slipper, but the palm of his right hand. The beautiful stranger lifted the veil a little, to touch with her sweet lips the blessing hand; then uttered her prayer with touching voice. But her words did not seem to go to the heart, but rather to take their exit through the other ear. Father Gregory's expostulations were long and serious. He showed her an excellent way to fulfill her heart's desire. She might become a bride indeed! She might exchange the oriental veil for the convent's veil!

This proposal awakened in the Princess such a dread of veils that she tore her's down, fell on her knees before the Holy Father, lifted her arms and weeping eyes on high, and besought him, in fervent accents, not to force her maiden heart, which was pledged for once and forever.

Her surpassing beauty electrified all who were present, and the pearly tears in her uplifted eyes fell upon the heart of Father Gregory as burning naphtha drops, for a moment lighted the few remains of earthly cinders, and warmed it into benevolence for the pleading beauty.

"In three days," said he, "thou shalt know if thy prayer is acceptable to the Holy Mother."

Then he called a congregation to all the casuists in Rome, locked them up in the Rotunda, allowed them each a loaf of bread and a flask of wine, and told them they would not be released unless they came out with a unanimous verdict. That kind of a jury is not apt to discuss and bother much, as long as the stomach is quiet. But when the bread and wine began to fail, and the hungry casuists, some way or other, were informed that the Count had prepared a splendid repast to regale the jury and all their clerical friends, the balance began to strike, and happily, in favor of the Count. The dispensation was made out in proper form, but not without a deep dive of Angelica's hand in the Egyptian treasure box. Father Gregory gave the noble couple his blessing, and sent the lovers away with full permission to

leave St. Peter's patrimony, and in the Count's domain to celebrate their marriage.

When the Count had crossed the Alps, and breathed his native air, how sweet and glad his heart began to be, how he swung himself on his Neapolitan courser; and, leaving the Princess under the care of Curt, he continued his journey at ease, how joyfully he trotted with clumsy Veist to reach his native home! And when, on the far horizon he discovered the three Gleichen castles, how his manly heart began to beat! He thought to surprise the sweet Countess Otilia; but rumor had gone far ahead, and with a numerous train of cavaliers and ladies she met him, half a day's journey from the castle, in a valley which to this day is called Freudenthal—that is, the "Valley of Joy."

Sweet and loving was their meeting, after so many years! And when in Otilia's bosom a secret pang would rise, she scolded herself for it, as ungrateful toward the angel form to whom she owed her actual bliss. Yea, she rued her first murmurings, and resolved to do a penitential work. Remember, (as it is pointed out to the visitor), the very broad bedstead in the ruins? Well, she had it made, and adorned it with a splendid canopy, whereon the Angel Raphael was painted, as he appeared to her in the dream, next to the Count, in pilgrim's dress.

After a few days the Princess arrived, and was received as a royal bride, by the Count and numerous attendants. Otilia welcomed her with open arms, and made her at home in the residential castle. Meanwhile the Count went to Erfurt, to arrange the marriage ceremony with the Bishop. The good prelate was amazed, and said, "No such thing!" But when the Count came out with the original Papal dispensation, the Bishop's mouth was sealed, and the happy day settled upon.

It was a day of pomp and splendor. Otilia was to give the bride away, and, as a loving mother, she spared no expense. The counts and knights from Thuringia were gathered in bright array. And before the Count led his bride to the altar, she opened her jewel case, and presented him with all her jewels as her dowry, while the Count settled on her the castle of Ehrenstein. A myrtle branch was twined in the golden diadem, which the Sultan's daughter then and thereafter wore as a mark of her

noble birth, on which account the vassals called her always "the Queen," and served and honored her as a queen.

In love and harmony they lived together, many and many a year. Angelica remained childless, but loved and fostered Ottilia's children as if they were her own. She was the first to fade away in the fall of life; then Ottilia departed, and the sorrowing widower followed after a few months.

As they had lived together, so they rested in death; and now you understand the threefold monument on the gravestone, which is seen before the Gleichen altar, in St. Peter's, at Erfurt.

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

O, city of the jasper wall,
 And of the pearly gate!
 For thee, amid the storms of life,
 Our weary spirits wait.
 We long to walk the streets of gold
 No mortal feet have trod;
 We long to worship at the shrine,
 The temple of our God!
 O home of bliss! O land of light!
 Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
 Of every land the brightest, best—
 When shall we there find peace and rest?

O, city where they need no light
 Of sun, or moon, or star,
 Could we with eye of faith but see
 How bright thy mansions are,
 How soon our doubts would flee away!
 How strong our trust would grow,
 Until our hearts should lean no more
 On trifles here below!
 O home of bliss! O land of light!
 Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
 Of every land the brightest, best—
 When shall we there find peace and rest?

O, city where the shining gates
 Shut out all grief and sin,
 Well may we yearn amid earth's strife
 Thy holy peace to win!
 Yet must we meekly bear the cross,
 Nor seek to lay it down
 Until our Father brings us home
 And gives the promised crown,
 O home of bliss! O land of light!
 Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
 Of every land the brightest, best—
 Soon shall we there find peace and rest.

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A WAYSIDE VIOLET.

BY ADNA H. LIGHTNER.

CHAPTER I.—WISE OR OTHERWISE?

The village of Weston, a place of no particular importance, was located in Pennsylvania, near the Schuylkill river. To the west of the river, perhaps a mile and a half from the village, was a cottage, nestling down under the shade of lofty forest trees, bright and beautiful, with their wealth of mid-summer foliage. A neat, white-washed fence surrounded the cottage, and a well-worn path led from the gate to the cool, bubbling spring some distance from the house, then on through a strip of woodland to the road leading into the village.

In the path near the road were two young men standing conversing earnestly. Both were handsome and prepossessing in appearance, but very different in manner and disposition. The taller of the two was dressed in black, and a spotless white neck-tie—every article of apparel proclaiming the clergy, but his blonde face lacked power of determination and decision, and his blue eyes held in their depths a shrinking, vacillating expression. He had been invested with ministerial dignity but a few months, and had just reached that point in his Christian career where he felt it a presumption to assert his clergyman-ship, and humiliating to be classed with the worldly portion of mankind.

His companion was his opposite in temperament and complexion. His dark brown hair waved above a noble brow, and his dark expressive eyes, and proud, sensitive mouth, shadowed by a curling mustache, told of stability, strong determination and tenderness.

“Stop, Carl! You are rash in your expressions,” said Earnest Treherne, the young minister, laying his hand reprovngly on his companion’s arm. “You certainly cannot mean all that your language signifies!”

“Rash, Earnest! Can you, a man of God, defend such conduct even in the fairest of women? Can any expression I may use in reference to her actions be called rash? Must the victim suffering under the cruel torture of the lash kiss the hand that smites him? No, a thousand times, no! May the bitterest curse of Heaven rest like a mantle of darkness upon the treacherous beauty of Louise

Dupont!" Carl Leslie drew his manly form erect, and threw back his head with a haughty gesture, his pale lips quivering with excitement.

"Carl, do not invoke the curse of Heaven," Earnest said after a moment's pause, "but rather leave her punishment to Him who hath said, 'vengeance is mine, I will repay;' I admit that your disappointment is bitter in the extreme, and hard to endure, but remember that there is a balm for every wound, a ——"

"Hush, Earnest! You madden me!" cried Carl, angrily flinging aside the hand of his friend. "It is not like you to meet my distress with words like these—so comfortless, so void of sympathy!"

The cool, conciliatory manner and circumspect language of the young minister exasperated impulsive Carl Leslie beyond endurance.

"Ha, ha! You have surely forgotten that to-day I was to have been made the happiest of men," he continued bitterly, "but before the auction was over—while the auctioneer was crying going, going, twenty thousand dollars more than I possessed bought my bride. And you tell me there is a balm for such a wound? Begone with your logic! There isn't a soul upon the face of the earth so wretched as I am to-day. Every pulse of my being discords with this quiet, peaceful scene. I must get away from it all—there is forgetfulness at least in dissipation!"

"Nay, Carl. I have not forgotten; but wounded feelings will heal just the same as a physical bruise. In both cases it requires time, patience and common sense to accomplish a complete cure. You have the warmest sympathies of my heart—you know that, Carl. Be brave, be a man! I believe this to be but a Divine Providence—she was not worthy so true a man. Come, let us go on. We can reach the village in good time for a lunch before the train comes up."

Earnest linked his arm in that of Carl's, and they were about to retrace their steps to the road, when Carl bent his head suddenly to listen.

"Ah! What was that?" Some one sobbing. Let us wait a minute and see," he said.

Earnest listened a moment, then together they turned back and hurried down the path, the sobs falling still plainer upon their ears, and very soon they had traced their origin to a young girl lying prone upon the ground, by the side of a spring.

“My child, what grieves you so? Are you hurt?” asked Earnest kindly.

At the sound of his voice the girl sprang to her feet and dashed the tears from her eyes, then turned as though to flee up the path.

“Wait a moment, child, you are in sore distress it seems. Perhaps we can aid you.”

Earnest’s sympathies were strong, and the flushed face and streaming eyes touched a chord in his heart, and awakened a desire to assist her.

The girl, half-reluctant, turned her face toward the strangers, and for the first time since they had reached the spring Carl seemed to show some interest in the case.

It was a strangely lovely face—fair and dainty. Eyes of the darkest, deepest violet, with long, tear-wet lashes, beautifully curved lips, parted over white, even teeth, low, broad brow, and glossy braids of brown hair, escaping over the forehead, in rippling waves. No wonder Carl turned to look twice on so much loveliness.

“Yes, my child, we may be of help to you,” said Carl.

“Oh, sir, I wish I was dead! Can you help me to die?”

The low thrilling tones, so full of pitiful desolation and extreme suffering, aroused Carl’s impulsive, generous nature, and unconsciously he took a step nearer the girl.

“Die! You are but a child,” he said,—wonder and amazement finding expression in his voice. “Surely, no poisonous blast has swept the chords of your young life. Childhood should be exempt from such cruelty. Tell us what troubles you, and if within the power of man to relieve, we will assist you.”

The earnest, sweeping promise, given so readily by Carl, half startled his more prudent friend, but he gave no denial; in fact, it would not have made any difference, he would only have wasted his breath in useless words.

“You are very kind, but I fear no one can help me,” said the young girl sadly. “You have both called me a child, but in one week from to-day I am to be married—forced to be the wife of one I do not love.”

“Married!” exclaimed Earnest. “God forbid!”

“How old are you?” Carl asked.

"I am fifteen, sir, but I am not old enough to marry. Oh, I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than to be the wife of Rufus Day! He is cruel, contemptible and wicked! But it is no use talking. No power on earth can save me from my fate," she said, in a hopeless, distressed voice, every tone quivering with pitiful submission.

Only a great wave of sympathy and a desire to administer a portion of his religious balm, filled Earnest Treherne's mind; but all the noble tenderness of his soul leaped into the dark intense eyes of Carl Leslie.

Here was sorrow deep and relentless as his own; but, oh, how different! He had been cruelly defrauded of his bride, upon the eve of his wedding-day, while every pulsation of the young girl's heart cried out against the bonds of matrimony. Only a few moments before he had thought himself the most miserable creature in existence, but now he sees before him a lovely child bowed under a burden of despair, and in comparison, his own seems but a trifling affair. A resolution, quick formed, but strong as life itself, takes possession of his soul—a determination to help the young girl out of her dilemma, let the cost be what it may. And with Carl to resolve, was to act.

"Tell me just what your trouble is, my poor girl, and I will save you from it. Carl Leslie promises, and none have ever suffered because of his rashness," said Carl, earnestly. Then, to aid the bewildered girl, he continued:

"First, tell me your name, and where you live?"

The slender, graceful figure of the girl leaned forward a moment almost breathless, at the promise of liberty—safety from the persecutions of Rufus Day—and she raised her eyes to Carl's face with a doubting questioning look in their depths. Had the handsome young stranger the power he professed? Could it be possible that he could lift her out of her misery and despair? He looked brave and self-reliant enough to accomplish almost anything, and instinctively she began to realize that he was strong enough to protect her in this her hour of need.

"My name is Dora Markley," she said. And the low, sweet voice trembled on the silence, like music from some rich-toned bird. "I live in the cottage that you can see through the trees. I do not remember my father or mother. I have always lived with

my Aunt. My life has never been a pleasant one. She does not care for anything but work ; but I did not mind that—it was only her way. I would have been willing to be her servant forever, if that was all; but for the last three months, since the day I was fifteen, she has done nothing but try and force me to marry her son Rufus, and to-day she told me in words too plain to be misunderstood, that I must wed her son in one week. Oh, sir, you do not know Aunt Jane or you would not have given your promise to save me !” Tears—hot, passionate tears—gathered afresh in the soulful eyes, as the magnitude of her sorrow reproduced itself to her tortured mind.

“The young girl is right, Carl. It is a delicate matter to interfere with such business as this,” said Earnest, fearful that his impulsive friend had gone too far. “My dear girl, trust in God. He will right it in time. We are powerless. He is all-powerful.”

“Earnest, I think I have read some where, that your God makes use of very weak instruments sometimes to work out His mercies, and I am just foolish enough to imagine that I have been chosen for this particular case. At any rate I have given my promise—it is too late to retract even if I desired,” replied Carl. Then turning to the flushed, down-cast face of the girl, he mentally renewed his vow to save her.

“You do not love this Rufus Day, even as a cousin?” he questioned.

“Love him! I hate his very name more than tongue can tell.”

The violet eyes grew black with disdainful contempt, the dainty lips quivered with scorn, and the small brown hands, were clenched tightly.

Carl gazed with surprise and admiration upon the excited girl for a moment, wondering at the display of determination and vehement feeling in one so young.

“I cannot doubt your assertion, child,” he said emphatically, but with that quiet tone of stubborn decision his friend understood so well, “and you shall not be sacrificed.”

Earnest began to grow seriously anxious, as he listened to Carl’s strong language, and he touched him again upon the arm and drew him aside.

“Carl, you must listen to reason. You have no right to champion the cause of this girl against the command and desire of her

relatives, it will only create trouble for you, and make matters worse for the girl. Besides in what way can you assist her? I fear that already you have raised false hopes without realizing how utterly impossible it would be for you to accomplish anything. Have you thought of any project as yet, Carl?"

"No, Earnie. I have left that part for you," replied Carl, in a coaxing tone he always assumed when he desired a particular favor from his friend. "You know that it is your chief aim in life to assist the oppressed, and comfort the distressed. Surely, you have thought of something in this pitiable case? Your compassionate heart shall plan and I will execute."

Earnest shook his head sadly, in the negative, completely at a loss for words to convince Carl of his rashness.

"Carl, you shall not inveigle me into this piece of folly. I have no plan to offer, but to point her to one who is mighty to save, and who has promised that He will not leave His children comfortless. This is not a question of feeling, but of your right to interfere in that which does not concern you. It is wrong, all wrong! Why, Carl, there is no earthly way to save the girl, except you marry her yourself—and that is impossible."

"The very thing! I knew that you would think of something," exclaimed Carl. "You have my marriage certificate in your pocket and if the girl is willing, you shall officiate at a wedding to-day in spite of woman's fickleness, and I shall be the happy man."

"For the sake of Heaven, Carl, cease your levity!" cried Earnest, startled out of his usual composure by the mistake he had made. "Matrimony is too sacred a theme to be so lightly discussed. We have had enough of this. Let us be off, or we shall miss the train."

"Not so fast, Earnie. We have plenty of time. We will speak to the girl."

Carl turned toward the wondering girl, who had stood watching, without hearing the discussion between the young men, but realizing that it in some way concerned her future weal or woe.

"My child, look into my face closely, and tell me if you can trust me fully?" he said. "If you see no guilt or dishonesty, and can have faith in a stranger, I will save you."

The girl lifted her lovely eyes and gazed into Carl's flushed face for a moment, with wildly beating heart, then with a sudden graceful motion she reached out her hand and laid it in Carl's.

"Yes, I can trust you," she said quickly and solemnly.

"Trust me enough to be my wife—now, at this moment? Think well before you speak."

"Your wife! Why! How ——"

Every pulse of the agitated girl was throbbing violently while she stood there listening, hardly comprehending Carl's proposal. The wife of this handsome young man? Then a rush of exquisite tenderness swept o'er her awakened soul—and the child was no longer desolate.

Carl noticed her bewilderment, and thought perhaps he had been too hasty.

"There seems no other way—no safety for you but this. Do you repent your trust? Do not hesitate to say no, if you think the alternative is equal to the present evil? I am going away for years. Perhaps we shall never meet again, and only in name will you be a bride. They dare not force the revolting union upon you, if you are already married. But decide as you think best."

Carl spoke without a thought of self. His life had been so recently defrauded of all its joy, that it seemed no sacrifice to protect the girl with the shelter of his empty name.

"It is not for myself I hesitate, but for you—you may regret it sometime," she said.

In that moment of extreme necessity she realized the magnitude of his generosity. He had nothing to gain by her acceptance; while to her, life itself seemed embodied in his proposal.

"No, I have counted the cost," Carl said, as he reached out his hand and again clasped hers. "I desire it above all things, and if you are ready we will proceed with the ceremony. My friend is an ordained minister, and Fate has provided a special marriage certificate for the occasion. Come Earnest, we are waiting."

Earnest Treherne ceased his rapid walk up and down the path and halted before Carl. His face was pale as death, even his lips, and his eyes were filled with a craving, beseeching expression.

"Desist, Carl! Anything but this. I dare not make a jest or convenience of God's most holy law."

Every word and gesture of the young minister betrayed his instability and wavering will—his halting between that which he knew was virtually wrong, and an over-powering desire to favor his friend.

Carl understood him thoroughly, and acted accordingly.

“Pshaw, Earnie! Don’t be prudish. Do what I ask, and leave the result with God. You ought to be thankful that you have the power to relieve this distressed young girl without wronging anyone. I desire it, and she is willing. We have no time to waste.”

“Well, Carl, if you place it in that light I will not refuse longer, although I am fearful of the result,” Earnest said. Then turning to the girl, he continued: “My child, are you perfectly willing to become the wife of my friend?”

“Yes, sir, if he desires it,” she replied firmly.

For one moment, silence fell upon the strange trio, and sympathetic nature seemed to hold her breath in a solemn hush, as Carl Leslie and Dora Markley clasped hands. And never through all the years of his life, did Carl forget the scene, or the sweet child-form by his side.

Then out upon the air floated the words of that solemn ceremony, broken only by the earnest response of Carl, and the low, sweet assent given by Dora, but when the last words were uttered, “What God hath joined together let not man put asunder,” a warbler just over their heads, broke out into song, so rich, so exultant, that a smile came to Carl’s lips, and an unconscious “Amen,” from Earnest.

Carl produced pen and ink from his pocket, then with firm hand the new made husband signed his name to the marriage certificate, and tremblingly Dora added her own.

As the minister handed the certificate to the young wife something prompted Carl to say:

“Dora, I have given you freedom, won’t you give me one kiss, just for luck?”

Dora raised her head quickly, and as Carl’s gaze held her own, the truth was revealed to her that she loved this man as a girl loves but once in her life—that never again would she be heart-free, that all the devotion of her soul belonged to her husband, even though she would never see him again. Then as she remembered all he had done for her, a glow of exquisite tenderness flooded her sweet face, and with the simplicity of a child, and the shy coy grace of a woman,

when she gives the first caress to the man she loves, she raised her pure crimson lips to give him the kiss he had asked for.

Carl bent his handsome head and pressed his lips to the perfect mouth, solemnly, sacredly, and with that caress he breathed a vow that he would keep unsullied from the vices of the world the man whom the child wife had blessed with a kiss.

“Dora!” came a voice, shrill, discordant and unpleasant from the cottage. “You had better make haste and bring that water. I don’t propose to wait all day.”

Dora started as though some hand had dealt her a rude blow, and a hunted, pitiful expression flooded her young face.

“Oh, sir, are you very sure that I am safe? She may not believe me when I tell her I am—married.”

“Never fear, Dora, you have the proof. None dare deny it,” said Carl assuringly.

“Dora, are you coming?”

The same rough, repulsive voice, only a trifle louder and more emphatic, rang out again on the summer air.

Dora reached out both her hands instinctively to Carl.

He grasped them in one of his, and with the other, he drew her close to his side, as with prophetic fear.

Earnest knew not what new freak of folly his impulsive friend might be guilty of, and stepping to his side, he laid a hand upon the arm of each, he said:

“Carl, you have done all that mortal can do for this dear girl. God will do the rest. Leave the case in His merciful hands.”

“Yes, Dora, God will care for you,” Carl said slowly, as though he questioned his own assertion, and was but repeating the language of Earnest to gain time. “Good-bye, little girl-wife, good-bye!”

Then tenderly, kindly he dropped her hands, and turned away, little thinking when and where they would meet again.

Dora lifted her bucket from the ground and filled it at the spring, then with one last loving look after the handsome stranger, who had given her freedom from a fate worse than death, she turned and walked slowly up the path, her brain so bewildered, that but for the folded paper nestling in the drapery of her dress, over her throbbing heart, she would have declared it all a dream. She the wife of a perfect stranger? But a half-hour before a child, now an awakened woman, and a bride.

CHAPTER II.—A STORMY INTERVIEW.

A tall, thin figure stood in the open door of the cottage, a frown of displeasure on her repulsive face, and her steel-gray eyes flashing angrily.

“So you have come at last, have you?” came from between the thin resolute lips, as the graceful form of the girl made its appearance.

“Yes, Aunt Jane,” replied the girl, and she entered the tidy kitchen and lifted the bucket of water to the table.

“What kept you so long, you lazy piece? I have half a notion to shake the breath out of your worthless body. Dreaming as usual! I think before the month is over you will have something else to do—you are no account now.”

Dora understood the allusion, but she did not fear her power now. Yet there was something indescribably touching in her low, musical voice, and tender downcast face.

“Oh, Aunt Jane, please don’t call me such names! It isn’t often I keep you waiting,” she said passionately. Then a thought, that had been forming itself for several weeks, forced its way to her trembling lips, and half-desperate, half-startled at her own bravery, she added:

“Are you my Aunt? Something tells me that you are not.”

A blow, quick and heavy, was her answer, and as she staggered to her feet, she was met with hot, stinging words.

“Am I your Aunt? Who else do you think I am? This is gratitude for taking care of you so many years. You poor, miserable brat! It is no credit to me that I am your Aunt, but rather, an honor to you, that you have one decent relative. Who do you think you are anyhow? Some Princess in disguise?”

“I do not know who I am, Aunt Jane, but I firmly believe that you know far more than you have told me. If I am only Dora Markley, your despised niece, what object can you possibly have for desiring your only son to marry me? I have no wealth to bring him—not even love, for I hate and detest him.”

“You do, eh! Well, what does that matter? I shall marry you all the same.”

A short, burly form darkened the door, and a coarse, insulting voice interrupted the low, thrilling tones of Dora. In an instant the delicate, shrinking form of the girl grew erect, the velvety eyes

shone like stars, the small hands clinched themselves resolutely, and the beautiful head was thrown back haughtily.

“Rufus Day, you shall never marry me!” she said, in clear, ringing tones, then she added with a thrill of tenderness in every word, as she remembered from whom she was quoting, “God will take care of me.”

“I have no objection to that part of the programme,” Rufus Day replied sneeringly; “but if there isn’t a remarkable change in you, He will need some assistance, and as your attentive, loving husband, I can aid Him very much. Dora you had better submit quietly, for in one week from to-day you shall be my wife, and all the power of Heaven and hell shall not take you from me!”

Dora’s lips curled in pardonable derision, when she thought of a power on earth potent enough to protect her from this man—and she possessed that power, a gift from the king among men—and there was a shadow of triumph in her voice as she said:

“Never, Rufus Day! I would die first! You dare not do this wicked act. I say again, if I am only a poor orphan girl, why do you wish to force this unpleasant marriage upon me? I repeat for your benefit, Rufus, that I do not believe your mother is my Aunt, or that you are my cousin.”

Had one of his old work-horses taken the fence at a leap, Rufus could not have been more surprised, but his sluggish brain was slow to act, and he could only look from his mother to the lovely, determined girl, with a startled, cringing glance.

“Mother, you haven’t been blabbing have you?” he said at last, regardless of his mother’s look of warning.

“What do you mean, Rufus? There is nothing to tell,” replied Mrs. Day, with downcast eyes, not daring to meet Dora’s searching glance. “The girl seems possessed to-day.”

“Yes there is mother, and I don’t care if she knows it,” said Rufus, sullenly. “She is just as good as my wife, and I don’t care if I do tell her that I am not her cousin. Maybe that is one reason why she does not want to marry me—some folks think it isn’t the proper thing for cousins to marry.”

“Hush, Rufus! How dare you tell such a falsehood. She is your cousin,” said Mrs. Day, her face scarlet with anger.

Dora’s face gleamed with a great joy, her eyes fairly sparkled with excitement, and with a sudden graceful impulse she sprang to the side of Rufus, and grasped his arm tightly.

“ Oh, Rufus ! ” she cried, “ repeat those glorious words again. Is it indeed true that I am not your cousin ? ”

Rufus entirely misconstrued Dora's actions and eager words. He believed she had been backward in accepting his love simply because he was her cousin, and that his revelation had removed her prejudice, and elated beyond the expression of words, he attempted to take her hand, while he said :

“ Yes, Dora, it is true. I knew that was all that was the matter with you. Mother, don't you see. It makes all the difference in the world ? ”

“ Aunt Jane, who am I ? You must know. ”

Dora's lips parted breathlessly, and her eyes grew dark with expectation.

Mrs. Day shrugged her shoulders suggestively and looked savagely at Rufus a moment before speaking.

“ Dora, I had intended never to tell you anything of yourself, but Rufus has said too much for me to still claim relationship. Talk about a woman not being able to keep a secret ! Pooh ! A man, if he is in love, has no more sense than a goose. He is ready to tell all he knows and a great deal more. ”

“ Yes, but Aunt Jane, whose child am I ? ” interrupted the eager girl.

“ Well, that is more than I know. If you must be told, to satisfy your curiosity, I might as well do it, first as last. Twelve years ago a gentleman and lady with a little girl of three years, came to Weston to spend the summer. The lady was sick all the time, and when the leaves began to turn she died. I nursed her while she was at death's door, and after she was dead, the gentleman wanted me to take the child and bring it up as my niece. He promised that he would never take her from me, and he has faithfully kept his word. You are that child, and I have never seen or heard of your father from that day to this, and got precious little good out of you to repay me for all my trouble. ”

“ Was my name Dora Markley ? ”

“ No, it was not. They called you some outlandish name, but I did not like it, so I changed it to Dora Markley—the Markleys are in our family, and a proper set of people they are. ”

“ And this is all you know ? ” said Dora, in a disappointed tone. “ Wasn't there any thing left with me to explain who I am ? No writing, or anything ? ”

"No, Dora, nothing," replied Mrs. Day, without raising her eyes to Dora's face.

"Why, mother, there is something in that little red box."

"Hush, Rufus, I say there is not," and Mrs. Day's eyes began to flash angrily.

"Never mind, Dora. After we are married we will see about that," said Rufus, and he made a move as if to grasp her hand.

"Rufus, we can never marry," Dora said in clear, ringing tones.

"Why, Dora. I thought that was all right, now that you know that you are not my cousin. Why can't we marry? What is to hinder?"

"Only this, Rufus. I am already married."

"What!" exclaimed both mother and son, in the same breath.

"You married!" continued Mrs. Day. "You cannot play that on me. This is ill timed foolery."

"Aunt Jane, as truly as you and I live, I was married to-day, down by the spring."

"Stop, traitor, I will crush you where you stand! It is false. You cannot prove it."

"Yes, I can prove it. I have the marriage certificate—can you ask for further proof?" Dora's lips trembled a trifle, but her voice was still thrilling with triumph.

"Show it if you dare. Seeing is believing," retorted Mrs. Day.

"Stand back, Aunt Jane, and you shall see," replied Dora, stepping back and unfolding the paper to their view, so that they might plainly read the printed words from their position.

Mrs. Day devoured the important paper with her keen gray eyes, until satisfied that Dora's words were true, then with a spring like an enraged tigress, she reached the side of the girl, but not soon enough. Dora had anticipated something like this, and was prepared, and had already replaced the paper in the folds of her dress, beyond the reach of the destroying touch of Mrs. Day.

"Give it to me, Dora, or I will make you sorry for this day's work! You are not of age. The marriage is not legal."

"That is so, Dora! It is not legal without mother's consent," interrupted Rufus. "I don't care one penny for that piece of paper—I shall marry you all the same. What is the name of your adorable bit of perfection?"

“It does not matter to you, Rufus. You dare not force me to marry you while he lives.”

“Dora, give me that paper, or go to your room at once,” said Mrs. Day.

“I will go to my room,” said Dora, firmly, as she turned to leave.

“That is right, mother. Lock her in until she comes to her senses, and if she is very long about it, I will marry her, fool that she is.”

“Then there will be two of you,” said Mrs. Day, sarcastically, “for I never saw anyone make such a fool of himself as you have done.”

“Say, we, mother. I guess you told by far the most,” retorted Rufus.

Dora, disgusted with the scene, hastened up to her room, in the attic, and soon she heard the key turn in the lock of her door, and she knew that she was a prisoner until she would consent to give up her marriage certificate; and that she would never do, let come what would. She could not be wholly cast down after all she had heard—after being assured, that she was no relation to the mother and son whom she so intensely despised. That was sunshine enough to dispel the darkest cloud. On one point her mind was fully determined, and that was that she must flee, knowing how desperate they both were when made angry, she dared not trust herself within their reach. Oh, if she only knew the name of her father, or even her own name! What had Rufus said about this little red box? Something within it might explain. She remembered to have seen it often in Mrs. Day’s room, and now believing it to belong to her she determined to possess it—but how? God will direct me, she thought. Although she had never been taught anything of theology, yet, since Carl had said, “God will care for you,” her faith had grown wonderfully strong in an unseen power—an overruling Spirit.

Once Mrs. Day came to her door and asked for the certificate, and when Dora declined to give it up she re-locked the door, promising to take it by force in the morning.

This hastened the girl’s decision, and she began to arranged to leave at once the home of her childhood. She gave no thought to her escape from the room. She knew full well that it would be

no trouble at all to reach the roof from her window, and from thence to the ground; but where should she go, and what should she do, were questions of the greatest importance.

The hours dragged wearily along until the shades of night wrapped the cottage in its mantle of darkness, and then Dora began to prepare in earnest for her flight. She had not dared to arrange her satchel before, for fear of detection, but now she filled it with some necessary articles, and then sat down to wait until mother and son were asleep, before venturing from her room.

She counted the strokes of the old-fashioned time-piece down stairs as it rang out eight, nine, and at last ten o'clock, and as the last stroke thrilled the silence, she realized that the hour had come to act—that the next sixty minutes would lighten her heart with its song of freedom, or burden her soul with alarming defeat.

She glanced around her little room with no feeling of regret that she was leaving it—perhaps forever. There was no sacred keepsakes to lay aside with regretful, loving touch, no tender memories to crush out from her young heart as she turned away. Her life had been only an existence—not the remembrance of a caress, or a kind word to counsel her to stay; without a shadow of wavering she stepped out upon the roof, and in a very few moments she had reached the ground. She halted a moment under Mrs. Day's window, and as she did so, voices fell on her ear, startling her with the knowledge that her enemies were still awake, and plotting against her liberty.

"Rufus," Mrs. Day was saying, "we have made a bad muddle of this business, but if we play our hand well we shall yet come off victorious. I have placed the box in the bottom of the old chest out in the wood-house for a few days, until she is safely ours. She will never think of looking there, but you may depend on it she will ransack the house. I will get the marriage certificate in the morning and destroy it, then we will know who her lover is. My, but she is a sly one! I thought that I had watched her too closely for any young man to even look at her—much less, court and marry her right under my nose."

Dora could scarcely repress a smile while she listened and thought how meager her courtship had been, and how little Carl Leslie had filled the rôle of lover. Then a great seriousness flooded her soul, and she wondered what irresistible power had caused her to love

him with all her might, mind and strength, in defiance of the fact that he did not love her.

Fate, after frowning upon her all her young life, seemed at last to pity her defrauded childhood, and shower into her heart one favor at least—even the knowledge of the whereabouts of the coveted box. Without waiting to hear more, Dora stole into the wood-house and lifting the heavy lid of the chest, she plunged her hand to the bottom, and a wild thrill of joy quivered through and through her being, as her fingers came in contact with the box. She lifted it out and clasping it close to her heart, she passed swiftly out and down the path, never halting until she reached the spring. Then for a moment she stood recalling the one eventful hour of her life, asking herself why Carl Leslie had done so much for her, and why he looked so unhappy, not seeming to care what the future might present, either for good or evil. Then a thrill of exquisite joy mastered her curiosity as she reveled in the thought that she was his bride—that with the trembling, half-whispered assent she had given, without reserve, all the wealth of her girl-heart, and in all the future to come she should only love him more and more.

She continued on down the path until it joined the road to the village, then, for the first time she paused, undecided where to go, but as is always the case with the young, she resolved to go on to the city, believing that something would present itself in which she might make enough to keep her from want. She remembered that a train to the city was nearly due, and quickening her steps the depot was soon reached. She possessed very little money—only a few dollars, saved from the sale of berries—but it was enough to defray expenses to her destination; beyond that she did not plan.

Having a little time at the depot she opened the precious box with trembling touch, anxiously hoping, yet fearing everything. She found two packages of letters—one from her father, the other from her mother, but proving nothing beyond what Mrs. Day had told her. Her mother's letters were all post-marked "Rose Cottage, New York," and signed, "Violet;" while her father's bore the foreign stamp of "Oxford, England," and only the name of "Raymond." Then she noticed another folded paper, of more recent date, requesting Mrs. Day to call their child Violet, and to give her the letters when she was old enough to understand, but nothing to tell the eager, disappointed girl who or what she was.

Nothing transpired to interfere with her taking the train and it was with a sigh of relief that she sank down into a comfortable seat in the crowded car and began to look around her.

A stately, handsome lady of perhaps forty years, sat directly in front of her, and because of her nearness attracted her attention most of all. She had a dainty, winsome child of four or five years with her, whose childish prattle seemed to annoy her to a considerable degree. At last, with a gesture of dismay, she said :

“ Oh, Edith, *do* be quiet ! My head will burst.”

The little creature drew down the corners of her rose-bud mouth and looked very serious.

“ Why, grandma, I can't keep quiet ! ” she said earnestly. “ I just try and try, but the more I try the more I want to talk. Let Edith kiss your head. Mamma used to say that one of my kisses always made her well. Oh, grandma, I want mamma ! My own, own mamma ! ”

“ Don't Edith ! ” the lady replied, tears welling up in her dark eyes. “ Mamma has gone, but grandma will love her darling.”

Dora dearly loved children, and was deeply interested in the sweet child. Soon the thought suggested itself that she might relieve the lady, and at the same time entertain herself, and leaning forward she said pleasantly, “ Edith, won't you come and sit with me ? I will gladly talk to you until grandma's head is better.”

At the sound of the low, musical voice, both lady and child turned around and gazed into Dora's flushed face.

The eager, child-voice was first to break the silence.

“ Grandma, *do* let me go ! I almost know that I cannot be quiet, and your head will never get well. Besides, this poor girl is so lonesome, and wants me to cheer her up.”

“ Indeed, I am,” replied Dora. “ I would like very much to have you come.”

“ If the young girl wishes it, you may sit with her,” said the lady wearily. “ Only do not be troublesome.”

Quick to avail herself of the desired consent, the child sprang down from the seat, and out into the aisle to the one Dora occupied, while the lady, much relieved, arranged her shawls, and sought to take a few moments needed rest.

The child nestled down by Dora's side and looked eagerly up into her face.

“What is your name, Miss?” she asked.

A half-startled gleam leaped into Dora's eyes, and her fingers fluttered nervously with the ribbon at her throat. How should she answer the child? Was her name Dora Markley, Violet Markley, or Mrs. Carl Leslie? The crimson glow deepened her dimpled cheeks, a tender, love-light changed the expression in her eyes and her lips parted in a smile of delight. No, she would not claim the name Carl had bestowed upon her, until, of his own free will—because he loved her even as she loved him—he would call her his wife. Her father had given her the name of Violet, and the same had been her mother's, surely she had a right to assume it now.

“Say, Miss, what is your name?” repeated the impatient child.

“Violet Markley,” she said. “Now, what is all of Edith's name?”

“Oh, yes. You don't know, do you? It is Edith Lynne Vancouver. Now, isn't that the grandest name you ever heard? Grandma lives across the ocean, and we are going there. Mamma is gone, they laid her in a box all covered with flowers, and took her away until she gets well. Papa he is somewhere, but grandma says, 'goodness knows where.' Nurse Mary always took care of me, but when grandma wanted her to go with us, she said no, that it made her sick to ride on the water. I wonder why? Wouldn't you like to go over to England?”

“Indeed, I should, Edith,” replied Violet, and she recalled the post mark of her father's letters, and because of that England would always be dear to her heart. “But to cross the ocean is beyond my wildest fancy—I never even dreamed of such a thing.”

Edith drew her child-form erect, with all the pride and grace of a duchess, bestowing a trifling favor, and said, emphatically:

“Of course not. You did not know Edith Lynne Vancouver, was the reason. Now, I am going to take you with me, just to let you see the country. My, but it is a large place! Lots larger than New York City. But you have not asked your mamma. Where is she, Violet?”

“Mamma is dead! I have no one to ask—no one to care whether I go or stay,” said Violet, bitterly.

Edith caressed Violet's hand tenderly, and tears of sympathy moistened her long, silky lashes.

“ Well, never mind. I am dreadful sorry. But it makes it all the easier to go if you have not got any one to ask permission of. Where was you going, Violet ? ”

“ I am going to the city, Edith. ”

“ What for ? ” still questioned the eager, inquisitive child.

“ I am going to find something to do. I have no one to take care of me, and I must work. ”

Violet's voice was low and sweet, but every tone, hopeless and dejected.

Edith's grandma had caught several words of Violet and Edith's conversation, and now she raised her head, and turned to Violet, with an eager expression on her face.

“ Child, did you say that you was on your way to the city to seek employment ? ” she questioned.

“ Yes, madam. ”

“ You have no father or mother—none to care for you ? ”

“ No one in the wide world to care for me. I am all alone. ”

The lady gazed into Violet's pure, delicate face a moment, then said :

“ Would you like to cross the ocean ? Would you object to accompanying me, as Edith's companion ? ”

“ Oh, yes, madam ! If I could be of use to you, ” quickly replied Violet, her eyes glowing and sparkling like stars.

“ There, Violet, didn't I tell you that you should go, ” interrupted Edith.

“ How old are you, child ? ” the lady continued.

“ Fifteen, madam, ” Violet replied, smiles dimpling her face, at the lady's mistake in calling her a child.

Edith noticed the smile, and said :

“ Grandma, do not say child, her name is Violet Markley ; and Violet, grandma's is Mrs. Lynne. ”

“ Very well, Edith. Violet, you may consider yourself engaged to watch over the little mischief, and can take charge of her at once. We will arrange other matters in the future. ”

Mrs. Lynne turned away with the air of one who had gotten rid of a disagreeable subject ; while Violet could hardly believe it possible that such good fortune had befallen her. Of all things in the world a trip across the ocean was her greatest desire, and then it promised safety from Mrs. Day and Rufus.

After awhile, when Edith's prattling tongue was still, and her dainty head had nestled down in Violet's arms for a nap, the tired, bewildered girl gave herself up to the torrents of thought that swept the chords of her girl-heart. Would she ever see Carl Leslie again? He had said that he was going far away, and that only in name would she ever be his wife. Where was he going? Why would he never return? Then another thought brought a low, sweet laugh from her lips. What a commotion there would be in the little cottage in the morning. How Rufus would storm, and Aunt Jane scold. Her reverie continued until the blue-veined lids closed over the dusk eyes, the long, silken lashes rested on the pink-tinted cheeks, the scarlet lips parted in a dream-smile, and Violet kept Edith company in her innocent slumber.

[To be continued in April Number.]

ALLOCUTION

OF

Albert Pike, the Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the 33rd of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States.

IN THE SUPREME COUNCIL, SITTING AS A GRAND LODGE OF PERFECTION,
OCTOBER 20, 1884.

EXTRACTS.

As we grow older and older, and the passing weeks and months, with ever-accelerated speed, bear us onward with them toward the close of our day of life; as we feel, more and more sensibly, the infirmities of age; and as we see, no matter how faithfully and earnestly we may have labored, how little we have been able to do for the well-being, physical and intellectual, of our fellow-men, in the narrow circle within which our influences have been felt, we must be very insensible and very unthankful, if we are not grateful to that Supreme Benificence which has been the protecting Providence of our lives, for having led us, as with a father's hand, into the bosom of the Great Order of Freemasonry, which has, during these last two centuries, done so much for Humanity; in which we have been able, by uniting in the common work, ourselves to do somewhat of good; and which, long after we and the children of our children shall have passed away, will still continue to be one of the great benefactors of the human race.

To have contributed to its increase and advancement, if we have been faithful and diligent, may well make us content with the work of our life, and willing that our labors should end, when, whether sooner or later, the hour for resting from them comes. If we have been true and loyal servants of the Order, the work that we shall have done will not fail to bear good fruit.

One by one, as the years pass away, our friends and Brethren die, leaving to us, as legacies beyond all price, the memories of our friendly intercourse and communion with them, the fruits of their labors and sacrifices, and their excellent examples. To us, saddened by their death, belongs the duty of commemorating their virtues and recalling to the minds of men their good deeds; and the higher duty, the inestimable privilege, of emulating their examples and proving ourselves worthy to have had their friendship and esteem.

* * * * *

Very numerous now, dear Brethren, upon our walls, are the pictures of our honored and illustrious Brethren who have died. They out-number, perhaps, those of our now living Honorary Members. And yet very many, especially of those in Louisiana, are not there, nor ever will be, for after every effort I have been unable to obtain them. I look daily at the faces of our Dead, for I know them all, and they have all gone away since I became Grand Commander in January, 1859. I can see in the mirror of memory the faces of them all, as distinctly as I saw them when they lived, and not as in a mirror or on canvas, but the very faces themselves as if they were before me. Many of the photographs do not represent them half so faithfully; nor does time in the least dim the clearness of that mysterious sense of reminiscent vision. They seem mutely to say that they are waiting for me to come to them, desiring to see me face to face again, in the better and brighter land to which they have gone; and that desire finds an echo in the recesses of my own heart. What a populous land it is that is peopled with our dead! and how, as we grow older and older, do we live more and more in the past! How we forget the things of yesterday, and remember with invincible tenacity all that occurred in the years long since dead and buried! as if our Father who is in Heaven meant to make the far distant Past nearer to us than yesterday, and to constrain us to live more with the Dead than with the Living, even against our will!

But the Present is our field of duty, and to it, after sorrowful and affectionate remembrance of our Dead, we must now turn.

* * * * *

I wish that it had been in my power to do more work in the great field of our labor, for the advancement of the Rite, during the last two years. Age has diminished my ability to do so, assisted to some extent by illness; but it has not lessened my willingness to

work for the Order, nor my estimate of its value as an agent for good among men, nor my confidence in its increase and continuance, and its ultimate success over all obstacles and against all gainsayers. The work which we began twenty-seven years ago, and have faithfully and diligently prosecuted ever since, will not prove to have been done in vain. Our books will live and be read and studied, and the Order will endure and grow, all over the world, long after the coming generations have forgotten even our names.

* * * * * *

I wish to say distinctly here, as I said to you in a communication long ago, that I should think it very unwise on our part to endeavor to induce the Grand Lodges in our Jurisdiction to denounce the illegal organizations in New York, claiming to be of our Rite. I doubted both the propriety and policy of such an attempt when it was about being made in the beginning ; and I said to you soon after, that if we admitted the right of a Grand Lodge to decide our Supreme Council legitimate, this would admit its power to decide us illegitimate, if it should arrive at that conclusion. I never could see what right the Grand Lodge of Master Masons of England had, at the Union in 1813, to recognize as legitimate Masonry "the Supreme Order of Holy Royal Arch," and graciously to tolerate the Masonic Orders of Knighthood. The power to recognize and tolerate implies the power to condemn and prohibit ; and so the Grand Lodges of England (whose action that of Massachusetts may quote as an authoritative precedent) undoubtedly intended its action to imply.

The action of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts does, in fact, treat as not Masonic the Royal Order of Scotland, which is older than itself, and the Order of the Red Cross of Constantine, which is accepted as legitimate in England, and firmly established in the United States. I pointed out this difficulty, of excepting so many Orders as it would be necessary to except from the ban, when I was consulted in regard to invoking the intervention of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and have thought much about the matter in all its aspects since ; and I think it due to our own self-respect that we should advise the Brethren of our Obedience not to seek, any where in our Jurisdiction, to have action taken by the Grand Lodges, in regard to spurious Organizations claiming to be of our Rite.

* * * * *

Of course the progress of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite must be slow. It has had ignorance and misconceptions and prejudices, opposition and hostility to overcome. It has been absurdly believed in many quarters that it was antagonistic to Knight Templarism, and if successful would injure that Order. How could it ? It does not indulge in military display ; it is a Rite of instruction ; it requires of its initiates no inconsiderable amount of thought and study ; it has twenty-nine Degrees, besides the 33d, every one

of which can be impressively conferred, and in which there are great variety and diversity of ceremony and substance ; and it requires a large number of them to be conferred in full. These embody a vast treasure of moral and philosophical instruction ; and he who can receive them without becoming thereby a wiser and better man, is not worthy to be a Mason at all. Our Rite is not the rival of any other Rite or Order, because it occupies a field of its own, totally different from those of any other Order, and it is antagonistic to none of them. It appeals wholly to the higher moral and intellectual nature of men, and not to their passions or imagination. It is only to a very limited extent dramatic, scenic or sensational, resting its claims to consideration wholly upon its intellectual excellencies and its impressive utterances of great truths.

* * * à * *

Undoubtedly the day will come when a representative form of government having become practicable and its efficiency possible, it will be demanded by the great body of the Brethren, and the change will be made, and the Supreme Council be composed of members elected for a certain term by the Bodies of the Obedience. Our present form of government will last just as long as it shall continue to be the best for the welfare of the Rite.

When, in process of time, a change becomes desirable, we shall know it, and we shall not need the advice of officious and impertinent intermeddlers, not of the Rite, to instruct us how to act. Whatever is best for the Rite is best for us ; and when change is necessary, we shall be as ready to make it as the Brethren will be to demand it.

These opinions of mine are neither new, nor now for the first time promulgated. I have held them always, and expressed them long ago in an Allocation which was published for the Masonic world to read. Yet I cannot expect that some unscrupulous scribbler will not publish them, nor that they will not be published far and wide, (with this paragraph omitted), as now expressed for the first time, in consequence of attacks made elsewhere upon our form of government.

It is, and it always has been, my deliberate and well-considered opinion, that Masonic Governments, like Civil Governments, have for their sole reason of being the good of those over whom they are established ; and that whenever any Masonic Government becomes oppressive, or the Masonic people has outgrown the necessity for it, so that some other form will be more beneficial, they have the same right to change it that a people has to change a Civil Government. But, alas, it is my equally deliberate opinion that an individual Mason cannot, without being guilty of apostacy and perjury, throw off his allegiance to a Masonic Government which he voluntarily swore to support and maintain (so long as it confines itself within the limits of the powers which it possessed when the oath was taken), upon

the ground that the form of that Government is not republican or representative. I think that the Senate of the United States, as now constituted under the Constitution, in which Nevada has as many votes as New York, is an anomaly, indefensible upon any principle whatever, since the sovereignty of the States has become unreal by the multiplication of new States and the final arbitrament of arms; but one who has sworn to support the Constitution and to bear true allegiance to the United States, certainly cannot, on that or any like ground, at his own sovereign pleasure, throw off his allegiance, and be no longer a citizen of the United States.

* * * ° * *

Sometimes, reading the annals of persecution and the records of human atrocities and villainies, seeing the shameless impudence of fraud and imposture, and the readiness to resort to lies of those who, maintaining the former, thrive by the latter; seeing the apathy with which men hear of distress and destitution, the falling into decay of the deserving, the abandonment to the want and the miseries of a life without work or hope, of men and women dismissed from public employment by the heartless holders of power; the sudden downfall caused by inordinate greed of gain, by a wife's vanity or a husband's vices, of men esteemed and honored, the exile of some and the suicide of others,—sometimes we repeat to ourselves the words of the Preacher, the son of David, King of Jerusalem, “What profit hath a man of his own labor which he taketh under the sun? I have seen all the works that are done under the sun: and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. For what hath man of all his labor, and of the vexations of his heart, wherein he hath labored under the sun?”

But looking at the matter in another way, what a great thing it is that Freemasonry exists, to show how much of good and worthiness there is in human nature! How much we owe to it for giving us the opportunity to know men better, and so, finding them better than we thought, to love them more! How much we owe to it for enabling us to know, and value, and love, and sympathize with those whom we have never seen! They are not strangers to us.

In spirit and purpose the absent ones are here present with us. Present or absent, our heart is in the work; and what we shall do here will be their act as well as ours.

The living, though absent, are co-operating with us; our dead remember us, and their influences and examples are mighty among us. So aided and encouraged, we will not faint or falter in the doing of that which the good of the Order requires. It will be time enough to rest when we can work no longer; but the time for neglecting the performance of duty or shunning responsibility will never come to an honest man.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Man cannot draw water from an empty well,
Or trace the stories that gossips tell,
Or gather the sounds of a pealing bell.

Man never can stop the billows' roar,
Nor change the winds till they blow no more,
Nor drive true love from a maiden's door.

Man cannot o'ertake a fleeing lie,
Change his wheat to a field of rye,
Or call back years that have long gone by.

Man never can bribe old Father Time,
Gain the height of a peak that he cannot climb,
Or trust the hand that hath done a crime.

Man cannot a cruel word recall,
Fetter a thought, be it great or small,
Or extract honey from a drop of gall.

Man can never backward turn the tide,
Or count the stars that are scattered wide,
Or find a fool a trusty guide.

Man cannot reap fruit from worthless seed,
Rely for strength on a broken reed,
Or gain a heart he hath caused to bleed.

SUNSET.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM, TWEDDELL.

Behold yon Sunset!—clouds of gold and blue,
Crimson, and green, and grey of ev'ry shade.
Surely, such canopy was never made
To hang o'er a world of slaves. Every hue
Speaks to the thinking mind of happiness;
And earth itself is beautiful; but we
Defile it with wrong-doing, or it would be
Serene as yonder sky. Then let us press
On in the march of Progress. Liberty
Of mind and body is the right of all;
Both should be nurtured: for that State must fall
Which for its children shall neglect to see
Provision made for both. Yon clouds above,
Unlike those of the mind, are things to look on and to love.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley, Yorkshire, England.

VOL. 63. No. 2.—3.

THE UNVEILING OF ISIS.

[From the International Standard.]

The object of the picture is to show the Divine origin of our Flag—the BANNER OF ISIS—and of the children of *ISIS* or *EVE*, and the rise of the Gospel Kingdom or the Son of *ISIS* (*Eve*), that is, of *Jesus of Nazareth*—*Daniel ii: 44*.



THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS ISRAEL RESTORED.—*Baldwin*. THE KINGDOM WHICH JESUS CHRIST CAME TO ESTABLISH ON EARTH IS THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—*Jesse H. Jones*. SEE 'PROPHETIC VOICES CONCERNING AMERICA.'—*Charles Sumner*.

LEGEND.—The picture represents or portrays a period of Prophetic History, from the year 1492 to the year 1881 and beyond—that is, from the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent under Isabella, Queen of Spain, to the surrender at Yorktown and the rise of the United States of America and beyond, or from the "creation or revelation of the new heavens and the new earth" to the fulfillment of the "sign of the coming of the Son of man in the heavens."

The sign or symbol in the heavens represents a woman or church clothed with civil power; her crown, "a new Constellation" upon earth, the fruit of her work, with the Moslem power under her feet. The sign is also Astronomical, representing the Sun in the Constellation of Virgo or Isis, the Virgin (month of September); her crown, the Corona Borealis; the Moon under her feet, as the hand of the clock, marking the day of the month or the hour of the consummation of the symbol, after the flight of the woman or church to the wilderness on the wings of an eagle, namely, 1st, the 7th O. S. or 17th N. S. of September, 1643, the rise of the United Colonies of New England at the time of the Puritan Revolution and the first struggle "for Christ's Crown and Covenant;" and 2d, the 7th-9th 17th of September, 1774, the rise of the United Colonies of America, the child of religious persecution, the sign or symbol of "a new constellation," *the Stars and Stripes*, "the Pillar of Fire"; marking the beginning of the second struggle "for Christ's Crown and Covenant."

As the principal angels or messengers of the woman or Church in bringing forward the new kingdom there stands three men, Christopher Columbus, Martin Luther, and George Washington, the personations of three saints—St. Christopher, St. Martin, and St. Michael; the impersonation also of three mythological characters, put forth as prophecies by our forefathers in Egypt—Serapis, Bacchus, and Hercules—typified by three birds, the Dove, the Swan, and the Eagle: 1st, the Messenger or Revealer of "the New Heaven and the New Earth;" 2d, the Angel of the Reformation; 3d, Michael, or the Godlike, the Conqueror of the Dragon. The periods of their work, 1492-1499, 7 years; 1510-1517, 7 years; 1774-1781, 7 years. Behind the first are seen the Three Ships, like Doves, in the port of the "Holy Savior," San Salvador. Behind the second is the burning of Huss (the Goose), from whose ashe sprang Luther (the Swan). Behind the third is the surrender of Cornwallis a Yorktown.

NOTES.—January 2, 1492, the silver cross, the grand standard of the Crusaders, was hoisted on the tower of Camares at the Alhambra, above the Crescent. January 6, Day of the Epiphany, the feast of the Magi, Ferdinand and Isabella made their solemn entry into the Alhambra, with great pomp.—*Spanish History*.

2. The Moon, the symbol of the Moors and other Mohammedan nations, and is used upon their banners.

3. Isabella (symbol)—The beautiful Isis—The worshipper of God—*The Church*. "By Isabella was accomplished the grand event of European policy, the expulsion of the Crescent; and through Isabella the most prodigious event of humanity, that which doubled its terrestrial domain." "It seemed as if heaven had raised her for two purposes—the overthrow of the Crescent and the discovery of the NEW WORLD."—*Spanish History*. "Without reservation I declare that Nature has never produced, and that Providence has never crowned with a diadem, a woman that can compare to Isabella, the Catholic."—*Bishop R. S. de Arevalo*. "IN THE WORLDS OF OUR PLANETARY

SYSTEM THE SUN NEVER CLOTHED OR ILLUMINED HER EQUAL."—*Cardinal Ximenes*. A woman, the Church—the English Church—clothed with the civil power, Elizabeth or the beautiful Isis, the antitype (symbol).

4. "For behold I create a new heaven and a new earth," etc.—*Isa-iah*, the prophet of *Isis*, lxxv : 17 ; Rev. xxi : 1. Discovery of the *New World*, the land of *Isis*, October 12, 1492.

5. "And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven."—*Matthew* xxxiv : 30.

6. "AND THERE APPEARED A GREAT WONDER IN HEAVEN, A WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN, AND THE MOON UNDER HER FEET, AND UPON HER HEAD A CROWN OF TWELVE STARS."—*Rev.* xii : 1. The sun represents the civil power clothing Isabella or Elizabeth ; also clothing the Church ; the crown represents the twelve colonies.

7. Virgo, or Isis, one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, represented as a Virgin holding in her hand the first fruits of the harvest ; also a Lotusflower, or a Maiaflower. The Lotus is sacred to Isis.

8. The Corona Borealis or Northern Crown, Isis Crown, or Ariadne's Crown, (stars in circular form), a constellation in the heavens called the Virgin's Crown. The new constellation, Symbol of the United Colonies and States.

9. The woman fled into the wilderness * * on the wings of a great eagle,"—*Rev.* xii : 6, 14. The symbol of a ship or ships in which the pilgrims fled. The Mayflower sights land November 9th, Old Style, or 19th, New Style. It is the day that Isis finds Osiris. The compact in the Mayflower, November 11th, O. S., 1620—Advent day, Luther's day, St. Martin's day, Bacchus' day—the fulfillment of the wonderful myth of Isis or Osiris born in a LOTUSFLOWER, ISISFLOWER, MAIAFLOWER, OR MAYFLOWER. "IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER HUMANITY RECOVERED ITS RIGHTS." * * * "HERE WAS THE BIRTH OF POPULAR CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY."—*Bancroft*. The great expedition of those who fled with John Winthrop in many ships from persecution, had for its flag-ship the great ship Eagle, changed to the name of a noble woman who sailed in her.—*Bancroft*. John Winthrop was chief magistrate of the United Colonies of New England.

10. September 7th, O. S., September 17th, N. S., 1643. The Moon under the feet of Virgo. The Sun clothing Virgo.

11. Signing of Articles on September 7th, O. S., 1643, on Trimountain, Shaumut, the place of living waters—Boston, THE BETHLEHEM OF THE NEW WORLD—house of the Sun, of obedience, of Ceres or Isis, and of Bread. "This confederation was the child, which grew into a youth, and now waxes toward manhood as the United States of America."—*Charles W. Elliott*. "According to my calculations there only remains one hundred and fifty years to the coming of Christ."—*Letters of Columbus*. "This was a time of great expectation ; the colonies looked for the second coming of Christ."—*Bancroft*. The New England confederation of 1643 was the model and prototype of the North American Confederacy of 1774."—*John Quincy Adams*. *Fulfilled on the present site of OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON*.

12. Passage of Covenant September 17, 1643. The signing of the Scotch Covenant by the House of Commons and the Assembly of Divines, in St. Margaret's Church, London, September 25, 1643.—*Carlyle*. "Christ's Crown and 'ovenant," inscribed on the banners of the Covenanters.—*Scotch and English History*. September 17, 1630—Foundation of Boston ; September 17, 1643—Rise of United Colonies of New England ; September 17, 1774—First Declaration of Independence by Congress ; September 17, 1776—Washington's Farewell Address ; 1787—Adoption of Constitution.

13. September 7, 1774 —First prayer in first Congress. Reading of Lessons in the Prayer-book for the seventh. Special prayer for Boston and Suffolk County Convention in assembly. Remarkable scene in Congress, September 9,

1774, 9 A. M.—Central day of the symbol or sign, the Sun clothing Virgo. The Northern Crown rising. The Moon at the feet of Virgo—*Astronomical Calculation*. September 9, 1774—"On the wisdom and on the exertions and on the fortitude of this important day is suspended the fate of the New World and of unborn millions."—*Joseph Warren*, in the Suffolk County Convention.—*Bancroft*. Passage of virtual Declaration of Independence. Answer to the Prayer of the Nation in Congress assembled. September 17.—Anniversary of the rise of the United Colonies of New England, also of the founding of Boston—Presentation to Congress of Act of Suffolk County Convention by Paul Revere. Passage of Resolutions sustaining the Act. (First Act of Congress promulgated.) (Wonderful scene in Congress.)

14. *Isaiah lxi: 8 Sortes Biblicæ.*—*Samuel Adams*. BIRTH OF LIBERTY FULFILLED SEPTEMBER 9, 1774, IN MILTON, MASS., IN HOUSE NOW STANDING.

15. "*A new constellation.*" Act of Congress June 14, 1777. 16. *Exodus xiii: 21*. The first banner made by Elizabeth Griscom, and afterwards by her daughter, Clarissa Claypole. 17. Christ's Crown and Covenant," the watchword of 1643 and 1774. See *Bancroft*.

18. Christopher Columbus, bearing the Rod and Staff of Isis, upon which is the child of Isis, on the cross of Isis. St. Christopher, or SERAPIS, the god of navigation, from Hispalis, or Tartessus, Tarshish, the Christ-bearer, a saint whose mission was to carry the Savior across the water—the mysterious prophecy of the early and middle ages, of the one who was to come in person as the Christ-bearer Dove. The colossal statues of the saint with the infant Jesus on his shoulders, crossing the waters, were numerous until the advent of Christopher Columbus, of whom St. Christopher was the patron saint and namesake.

19. Martin Luther the second Elijah, from Eisleben, (the Life of Isis,) the Bacchus of the myths, the god of Liberty, not of License; holding the Life, the Book of Isis, LIBERTY. St. Martin, noted for his work of the destruction of Paganism. He went about throwing down altars, idols and images. He was especially noted for his benevolence and charity to the poor. He was the prophetic saint of Martin Luther—his patron and namesake. A goose is eaten on St. Martin's day. Luther was christened on St. Martin's day.

20. George Washington, of VIRGINIA, the land of Isis or Virgo, whose symbol is St. Michael or HERCULES and the dragon, the defender, the sword of Isis of the seed of Isis, bruising the serpent's head. St. Michael, the defender and savior of the King's daughter, the Church, the patron saint of the Jews, the conqueror of the dragon, Michael—"like unto God, or Godlike," represented with shield and lance, the prototype of George Washington. Note following curious words of Rabbi Wise, of Cincinnati, to the Jews of America, 1860: "We need not look beyond the messiahship of George Washington."

21. It was the custom in the early and middle ages to portray persons having holy missions with bird's heads, their types, and they were painted with bird's heads. St. John was painted with an eagle's head. St. John the Eagle Prophet.

22. The crest of Columbus, three doves (argent) in blue field, with words above, "Faith, Hope, and Charity." The bird or messenger of the Holy Spirit and Cross, and of Isis.

23. The crest of Luther, a swan. He was called "the swan of EISLEBEN, or of the Life of Isis,"—the trumpet bird—type of the prophet—*Isaiah xxvii: 13; lvii: 1. Rev. xi: 15*.

24. The crest of Washington, an eagle, (the national bird,) indicative of the warrior, with shield, blue field, with three silver stars, and four stripes, alternate white and red, horizontal, the color of the symbol in the heavens—the Stars and Stripes.

25. "God made me the messenger of the 'new heaven and the new earth,' of which he spoke in the Apocalypse of St. John, after having spoken it by the mouth of Isaiah, and he showed me where to find it."—*Letter of Columbus.*

26. "I do believe that I am that great trumpet which prefaces and announces the coming of the Lord."—*Words of Luther.* Michelet. Luther the angel of the Reformation. See Elliott and Barnes, and many other commentators. "And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon its head, and its face as it were the sun. * * * In his hand a little book open, * * * and when he had cried seven thunders uttered their voices, * * * and he lifted up his hand to heaven and swore * * that there should be time no longer, or but a time."—*Rev. x.* A time, 360—364 years. Era of Reformation, October 31, 1517.

27. Michael.—*Rev. xii: 7, 8.* Washington. "This is he who was raised up not to be the head of a party, but the father of his country."—*Bancroft.*

"FAME SPREAD HER WINGS AND WITH HER TRUMPETS BLEW—GREAT WASHINGTON IS NEAR! WHAT PRAISE HIS DUE?

WHAT TITLE SHALL HE HAVE? SHE PAUSED, AND SAID NOT ONE, HIS NAME ALONE STRIKES EVERY TITLE DEAD."—*Sam'l Haven, 1789.*

28. Discovery, 1492-1499, 7 years. "In seven years I accomplished this work, by the Divine will."—*Columbus.* 29. From Luther's call to Rome to publication of Theses, 1510-1517, 7 years.

30. From Washington's entrance to Continental Congress to the surrender of Yorktown, 1774-1781, 7 years. Surrender of Yorktown, October 17th to 19th, 1781. 31. Isaiah lx: 8, 9.

32. The burning of John Huss. "Are you going to burn a goose (Huss); in one hundred years you will have a swan (Luther) you can neither roast nor boil."—*Huss' words at the stake.*

33. End of the war. "Servant of God, well done."—*Milton.*

BLUCHER AS A MASON.—English writers love to publish reminiscences of this redoubtable warrior. Some of them are very rough. After the downfall of Napoleon the Great, the Freemasons of Cambridge gave a splendid banquet, Blucher being a guest. Blucher exchanged for a time the "sack of London" for the "sack" of Trinity. The Master rejoiced in the possession of two or more splendid daughters—tall, handsome and spirited girls, with dashing and yet comely ways. Blucher led one of them to the window, in the sight of an enormous crowd of people, who shouted their exclamations of delight. A wonderful contrast truly—the grim old chief and the rosy English beauty.

Blucher saw that the "play" was successful, and he completed the performance by suddenly imprinting a good, hearty, smacking kiss upon the cheeks of the unsuspecting damsel. The effect was electric. "Nine times nine" would convey but a faint idea of the thunderous applause. But how could Trinity ever recover its serenity? A "Veiled Prophet's" daughter embraced and kissed by a weather-beaten mortal man! Yes, the outraged Fates were avenged; for I never heard of another daughter at the Master's sacred Lodge since that eventful time.

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF 1786.

These are said to have been approved of first in 1762, by Frederick the Great, and secondly and finally at a meeting, May 1, 1786. This Constitution was, it is said, "deliberatum, actum, sancitum in magno et supreme Concilio." The heading of the whole document was: "Nos Fredericus, Dei Gratia Rex. etc., Supremus, Magnus Protector," etc.; and has this ending: "Datum in nostri regali Sede Berolini Calendis Maii Anno Gratiae mdccclxxxvi., Nostri Regni i xlvi. Subscriptum, Fredericus." It is said that the parchment is defective, so that all the names are not legible. It seems however, very doubtful if Frederick the Great, after 1744, had much to do with Masonic affairs, and had he so lately as 1786 presided at, or approved of, a Council of the Order, his successor, Frederick William III, in his Cabinet Order of December 29, 1797, would, we think, have alluded to it. But if, since 1744, his predecessor had practically withdrawn from Freemasonry, that would account for his own silence on the subject. On the whole, despite Bro. Albert Pike's earnest assertions and distinct opinion, we cannot profess to think that the evidence is critically satisfactory as to the reality of so important a document. At the same time we will not go so far as to say that it is altogether spurious or forged, though we do not think that Bro. Albert Pike has in any way strengthened the position of the document, as far as arguments go. He adds to the sentiment of the matter, not the historical certainty. Those who wish to see his side of the question should consult the work Bro. Mackey refers to, and which Bro. W. J. Hughan tells us deserves a careful study. The Constitutions have, it seems, been drawn up in French and Latin, and the Latin copy is now accepted, we believe, by the authorities of the A. and A. S. Rite as genuine. It is remarkable, however, we cannot forbear observing, that no record remains of such a meeting at Berlin, and that not until 1834 do the Latin Constitutions come on the scene. Both the Constitutions, whether in French or Latin, seem to have come from France, and our opinion agrees with Bro. Pike, that, whatever the value of them may be, the Charleston theory is untenable.—*Kenning's Cyclopedia.*

FAITH saves ourselves, but love benefits others.

GREAT truths are bought, not found by chance.

THE EDITOR.

THE SCOTTISH RITE New Cathedral is a valuable acquisition, and it is intended to make it an elegant retreat for refreshment, and an ample theater for work.

AN Illustrious Brother, in a note containing his subscription of five hundred dollars, and more if necessary, towards the New Cathedral, expresses his gratification that so desirable a place has been secured, and wants it to be held free by the Rite, without any "entangling alliances."

AT the Annual Re-union of the Scottish Rite, held last month, the Banquet of the Occasion, developed a large enthusiasm concerning a new home for the Rite in Cincinnati, in place of the burned and ruined Temple. Addresses were made by brethren from different parts of the Jurisdiction, and a large subscription pledged on the spot. The understanding was, it seems, that the New Cathedral should be, in some mode of procedure, the property of the Rite, or that, at least, its affairs should be directed by the Council of Deliberation for this Jurisdiction, which includes the thirty-thirds, and the Officers of the four Rite Bodies—Lodge, Chapter, Council, and Consistory. Since the Re-union Banquet, this has been changed by the Brethren in Cincinnati, and Gibulum Grand Lodge of Perfection, in the Valley of Cincinnati, becomes the owner of the property, by the cash payment of the purchase money, thirty-five thousand dollars, and will, in legal form, issue certificates of stock, ten dollars per share, for whatever sum may be necessary to put the property in perfect order, for the purposes of the Rite; all holders of stock to dispose of their shares only to Gibulum Grand Lodge of Perfection, of Cincinnati, and to deliver them up when this Grand Lodge shall be ready to call them in. The certificates of stock are to be non-interest bearing, and in a short time the building, with all its appointments and improvements, and rivaling any Scottish Rite Cathedral in the world, will be the property, alone and entire, of Gibulum Grand Lodge of Perfection, Valley of Cincinnati.

WE ask the particular attention of the Craft to the "Craft Tidings" department of this number. We are desirous of making it as informing and interesting as possible. The Publishers give their special attention to this department, and earnestly desire that information of interest to the Fraternity may be sent from all parts where the REVIEW is read.

WITH this issue we commence the new story, promised by our accomplished contributor, Mrs. ADNA H. LIGHTNER. Our lady readers who have been so much entertained by "Goldie" cannot fail to take a deep interest in "A Wayside Violet," and be impatient for the appearing of each succeeding issue of the REVIEW, until they get the sequel of the story. The strength of character, the sweet simplicity and naturalness of the personnel, as well as the high moral tone of all her writings, lend a peculiar charm to Mrs. Lightner's productions. But to the readers of "Goldie Ransom" we do not need to add one word of praise to whatever may issue from the pen of this charming authoress.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of the "International Standard" for the very singular and striking legend of the Divine origin of the American Flag. It will at least awaken thought, and have a tendency to make us admire with greater reverence the character of the "great Washington," as Soldier, Brother, and Christian, and also intensify our patriotic love for the institutions and government that his wisdom, ability and patriotism, under the guidance of God, left us as an inheritance.

GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

"Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Ohio, at its Seventy-fifth Annual Grand Communication, begun and held at Columbus, October 21-23, A. L. 5884."

The above is the style in which the venerable Grand Secretary, Bro. John D. Caldwell, "puts it," in the neat cover, as well as title page of this attractive, instructive and comprehensive volume of more than three hundred pages.

In accordance with a Resolution of the Grand Lodge, a very handsome steel-engraved portrait of Bro. R. C. Lemmon is presented to the Craft, as the frontispiece of the volume.

The Business of the Grand Lodge is duly engrossed, and clearly set down. The Statistics are ample, and tabulated with great care and pains-taking skill.

The Opening Address of the Grand Master, Right Worshipful Bro. Joseph M. Goodspeed, is a most interesting paper. We listened to its delivery with great pleasure, and have read it with more than the usual interest. The address shows that during the year the Grand Master performed the duties of his office in a wide sphere with industry, zeal and fidelity.

We quote the following interesting and very affecting item from his report of visitations :

“ I visited Newark Lodge, No. 97. The occasion was the conferring of the M. M. degree upon the son of R. W. Bro. S. S. Williams. Bro. Williams sat in the East, and conferred the degree in the forcible manner for which he is noted.

“ The father teaching the sublime lessons of our Order to his son. The son giving the attentive ear to the instructive tongue. There was something sublime in the spectacle. The dutiful child attending to the instructive lessons from the lips of the doting father.

“ No occurrence could make a more impressive sight than the one witnessed at Newark on the evening of May 16th, 1884.

“ The occasion was one long to be remembered. About sixty different Lodges were represented at the meeting ; and eight different Grand Lodges.”

* * *

We published in a former number of the REVIEW, from advance sheets, the Decisions of the Grand Master, which met the approval and endorsement of the Grand Lodge. Among them are two, to which we again invite attention :

“ *Decision 15.* It requires eight members of the Lodge to be present before a Lodge can be opened, and no business can be transacted unless eight M. M. be in attendance.”

This Decision excited some comment and inquiry in circles of the brethren, because it seemed inconsistent with the Ritual-work, which says that “a Master Masons’ Lodge consists of three or more.” The Decision no doubt, was based on Decision 68, of the Grand

Lodge, which says :—“When the number of the members of any Lodge be less than eight, the Charter of such Lodge shall be arrested by the Grand Master, and the same shall be forfeited.”

The other Decision to which we call attention is as follows :

“Three telegrams were received during the year, asking : ‘Is a suicide entitled to Masonic burial?’ I replied—that I knew of no reason why a Mason who committed suicide should be denied Masonic burial. Dethroned reason calls for our sympathy, not for our censure. How better can we heal the wounds of the afflicted than by depositing the evergreen as an emblem of our faith in the immortality of the soul?”

We would like to enlarge upon this Address, but we must pass on.

The Report of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, Bro. R. E. Richards, chairman. This is a comprehensive, clear and invaluable document, and presents the true inwardness of the Grand Lodge Jurisdictions which pass under review. Bro. Richards, in this report, proves himself a “workman that needeth not to be ashamed; rightly dividing the word, giving to *saint* and *sinner* their portion in due season.” He understands himself, and does not seem to misunderstand the matters in the different Jurisdictions upon which he reports. He is grave and gay, gentle and severe, as the case demands; is replete with Masonic information, cultured in phrase-utterance of most excellent thinkings, and a thorough *gentleman* in his handling of matter and men.

Upon the question which has been in such unseemly and un-Masonic manner thrust upon the Craft, concerning Grand Lodge recognition of certain Rite Bodies, and exclusion and denunciation of others, Bro. Richards, under Illinois, says :—

“The Grand Master (Browning), followed by the Grand Lodge, did a righteous thing in condemning the action of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, with reference to defining what shall and what shall not be recognized as legitimate Masonry. For our part, we have taken ground upon this question, and will not go back one whit from what we have said heretofore. The whole business, from first to last, was a disgrace to Masonry, and wholly out of character with the standing and respectability of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. We trust that a pressure will be brought to bear, by Grand Lodges everywhere, sufficient to cause the Masons of the old Com-

monwealth to speedily recede from their unenviable position before the Masonic world."

Says Grand Master Browning :

" We object to all of this amendment following the word 'world,' for the reason that ' this Grand Lodge recognizes no degrees in Masonry except those conferred under the regulations of the Grand Lodges of the various States and Territories of the United States and the governments throughout the world.' "

Says the Committee on Grand Master's address :

" In noticing that part of said address which refers to the Constitutional amendment adopted by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, your Committee would say that the questions raised by this amendment are extremely important and may well be thoroughly considered by this Grand Lodge, this action being no other than the official Masonic recognition by a sister Grand Lodge of other organizations than those working in Ancient Craft Masonry, and we refer this subject, without further comment, to the Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence."

Says the Committee on Jurisprudence :

" The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts having taken occasion to define Masonry anew, we are compelled to re-examine the basis upon which that definition rests. The result of that re-examination is to strengthen our convictions that the Grand Lodge can not, without losing sight of its obligation to sustain the law of the Ancient Charges, subscribe to any definition of Masonry that will include within the category of Masonic bodies those organizations whose only claim to be considered as such rests in the fact that those who organized them were already Masons. . . . We recognize no degrees in Masonry, except those conferred under the regulations of the various States and Territories of the United States and the governments throughout the world, viz. : the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason."

All of which was approved by the Grand Lodge of Illinois.

The attempt to fasten Scottish Rite Legislation upon the Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its last session, in Columbus, was a signal, complete and deserved failure. And we hope and pray that all such attempts, managed by Supreme Council representatives, in the garb of Master Masons will be rebuked with no uncertain utterance.

We commend this Report of Foreign Correspondence to the careful reading of the brethren.

“THE AGES—THE GOLDEN AND THE GILDED.”—The *Freemason's Journal*, of New York, of February 2, has copied from our January issue, the poem with the above title, without giving us proper credit for the same. We are pleased that Bro. McDougall should so appreciate the product of Western *genius* as to copy them in his metropolitan organ; nay, we are proud of it. We only ask that he should give us credit, and we will furnish him much more equally worthy to appear in the columns of his excellent journal.

AS IT APPEARS TO A PLAIN KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

EDITOR MASONIC REVIEW:—To a plain Knight Templar, not authorized to write 32° or 33° after his name, the action of the Grand Commandery of Ohio appears to be strangely inconsistent, if not un-Masonic.

The Grand Commandery has recognized the A. and A. Scottish Rite, of the Northern and Southern Jurisdictions, as a body of legitimate Masons, and denounced the Cerneau Branch of the Scottish Rite, and all similar organizations, claiming to be Masons, as irregular and clandestine, and forbids all Knights Templar from joining them under pain of expulsion. In obedience to this declaration, the Rt. E. G. Commander of Ohio has assumed a doubtful power, ordering Subordinate Commanderies to prefer charges against every member of the Commandery who joins any of those proscribed orders; and, upon proof of the charges, to expel the offenders. This power has already been exercised, and Knights Templar have been expelled for un-Masonic conduct in joining a body of clandestine Masons. Those expelled have committed no act which is recognized by either the Grand Chapter or Grand Lodge of Ohio as un-Masonic; their standing, therefore, is good in both Chapter and Lodge, and they are eligible to any office in either of these Grand Bodies, and should any of them be elected to preside over these Grand Bodies, every Knight Templar in Ohio, (members of those bodies), would be bound to recognize and obey their authority, although he dare not meet them in a Commandery.

Suppose one of those expelled Templars should be elected Grand Master of Masons, and that he honestly believed the Cerneau Branch of the Scottish Rite to be the regular and legitimate body of that organization, and all others irregular and clandestine. Suppose

further, that in his annual communication he should recommend the Grand Lodge so to declare, and, a majority thinking as he did, the Grand Lodge should declare the A. & A. S. Rite to be clandestine? The Grand Master of Masons would then order the Lodge to which the Rt. E. G. Commander of the 33° belonged, to prefer charges, try, and expel him, not from the Commandery only, but from all the rights and privileges of Masonry. He would not merely be deposed from his high and kingly position, but (in Masonic language) become profane. Should such a contest ever take place, (it is quite possible), I need not enquire which party would have the better of it? It seems to me that the Grand Commandery and Rt. E. G. Commander would do well to consider possible contingencies. It is said, a man living in a glass house, proposing to throw stones, would be wise first to have his own windows insured. In my judgment the Grand Lodge is the only body legally authorized to declare what is, and what is not, clandestine in Masonry. The Grand Commandery, however, has assumed that prerogative, and has pronounced a thing clandestine, which the Grand Lodge does not consider such, but permits without question. A voice should speak to the Grand Commandery, like one to Peter, "Call thou that not common which God has cleansed." Call thou not clandestine which the Grand Lodge sanctions.

The principal thing which has caused alarm, is that the proscribed orders contend that their Constitutions and Charters give them the power to create and give Charters to Lodges, to confer the Degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason; but it is a power they do not propose to exercise in States and Territories where Grand Lodges are established. If claim of a right makes them clandestine Masons, is not the A. and A. Scottish Rite liable to the same objection? Did not Sir Albert Pike, of the Southern Jurisdiction, so declare? and did not Sir Carson, Grand Deputy for Ohio, say in Grand Commandery, that the Consistory had at one time chartered a Lodge of Master Masons in the city of New York? To an outsider, not familiar with either organization, it appears as if they all stood upon the same foundation. York Masonry and the Consistory appears to be distinct and different organizations, and, in my judgment, neither should presume to fight the battles of the other.

T. B. FISHER.

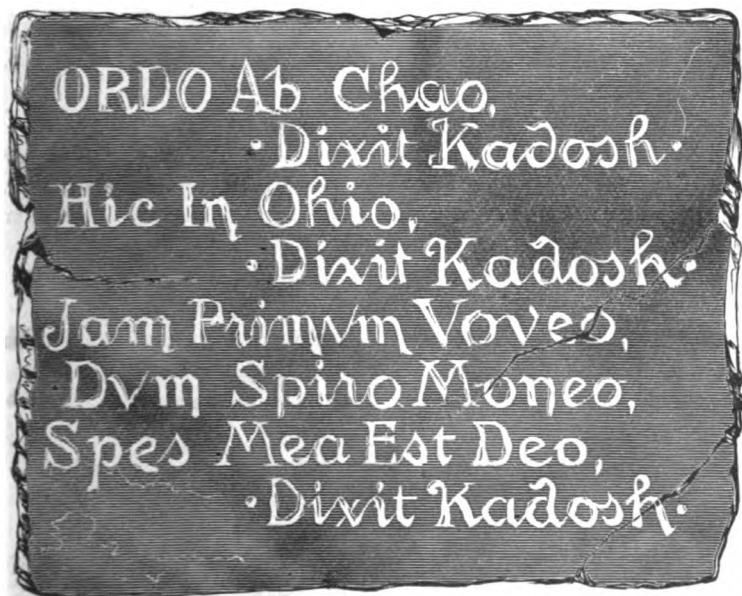
Marion, Ohio, 9 March, 1885.

“PROLEGOMENON”—A DISCOVERY.

COURTEOUSLY DEDICATED TO THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF OHIO.

EDITOR MASONIC REVIEW:—What think you? Will wonders never cease? Close upon the discovery of that ancient MS, “*The Teaching of the Apostles*,” comes the following, which appears to be a sort of *Prolegomenon* to an Heroic, whose burden is Chaos, and whose hero is one KADOSH.

The careful reader will observe that the style is severely classic, which may lend additional interest to it in the minds of the learned and erudite. It is to be hoped that this is not *all*; but that ultimately more will be discovered and brought to light, but here is *quantum sufficit* to keep expectation on tip-toe until further discoveries are made.



P. Scriptum.—From the ruins of the Temple.

A. WORKMAN.

OUR TRACING BOARD.

BRO. RAMSEY is said by the *Canadian Craftsman* to be again laid up with the gout. Certainly not a very enjoyable pastime during a Canadian Winter, when we, so much nearer the tropics, have the thermometer any where from 8 to 15 degrees below zero. He has our sympathy.

At the recent session of the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, arrangements were made for creating a permanent fund for assisting decayed Brethren of said Rite, and the Widows and Orphans of brethren thereof. It was determined to raise the sum of ten thousand dollars a year for five years. The Grand Commander, Lieutenant Grand Commander, Grand Prior, Grand Chancellor and Grand Minister of State in office of the Supreme Council, with the oldest Inspectors General in office in the District of Columbia, and the States of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, and the successor of each in perpetuity, are constituted the Board of Trustees of the Fund of Fraternal Assistance, with the Grand Commander as President, and General Gilmour Meredith, of Baltimore, as Treasurer. The fund will continue to increase until the sum reaches five hundred thousand dollars, when the building will be erected and furnished for the purposes intended, and the interest on the principal will be used in dispensing assistance to the needy. General Gilmour Meredith, the Treasurer, states that he is in receipt of a donation of five hundred dollars, and a paid up life policy for two thousand dollars, but declines to give the name of the donor.

THE Square appears to have been one of the earliest geometrical figures which was applied to any practicable purpose. And hence it became of great importance with the first Masons, which it still retains in our Lodges, and is an emblem of morality and justice. As it is the duty of the Master of the Lodge to preserve among its members a strict attention to moral deportment, and to mark and instantly correct the slightest deviation from the rules of propriety and good conduct, the Square is appropriately conferred upon him as the distinctive jewel of his office. The Square teaches us to regulate our conduct by the principles of morality and virtue.

GRAFT FINDINGS.

United States.

THE MASONIC RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF CINCINNATI.—*Officers for 1885*:—
 President, Henry D. Moore, No. 116 West Sixth Street; Vice President, L. E. Wertheimer; Secretary, D. H. Pottenger, No. 67 West Third Street; Treasurer, Ans. L. Burke.

Report of the Secretary and Treasurer for the year ending January 17, 1885 :

RECEIPTS.

Balance received from J. H. Magill, (former Treasurer).....	\$ 85 93
From Assessments.....	382 50
“ Loans returned, &c.....	123 70
“ Donations for Flood Sufferers.....	2080 00
Total.....	\$2672 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Amount paid for Relief.....	\$ 456 98
“ “ H. G. Skiff, Secretary's Salary, (5 months)...	10 44
“ “ Printing and Sundry expenses.....	58 05
“ “ Flood Sufferers.....	865 00
“ “ Returned Donors.....	1206 40
“ “ Sundry expenses, (printing flood reports).....	8 60
Balance cash on hand.....	66 66
Total.....	\$2672 13

Three assessments have been made during the year and have been paid as follows:

N. C. Harmony.....	No. 2.....	\$30 00
Miami.....	“ 46.....	45 00
La Fayette.....	“ 81.....	19 70
Cincinnati.....	“ 133.....	50 10
Vattier.....	“ 386.....	41 10
Excelsior.....	“ 369.....	37 20
Cynthia Lodge.....	“ 155.....	36 30
McMillan.....	“ 141.....	67 80
Walnut Hills.....	“ 483.....	25 90
McMillan R. A. Chapter.....	“ 19.....	29 40
Total.....		\$382 50

Roll of attendance at the meetings has been as follows: Number of meetings held, 10.

N. C. Harmony	has been represented	10 times.
Miami	“ “ “	4 “
La Fayette	“ “ “	3 “
Cincinnati	“ “ “	8 “
Vattier	“ “ “	4 “
Excelsior	“ “ “	10 “
Cynthia	“ “ “	2 “
McMillan	“ “ “	9 “
Walnut Hills	“ “ “	2 “
McMillan Chapter	“ “ “	10 “

La Fayette and Kilwinning Lodges have during the year withdrawn from the Association. We, however, have failed to discover any diminution in the number of applicants for charity referred to us by the officers and members of those bodies.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

D. H. POTTENGER, *Secretary.*

ANS. L. BURKE, *Treasurer.*

Your Committee appointed to examine the books of the Secretary and Treasurer, respectfully report that they have performed the duty assigned them, and find their books correct and correspond with the above report.

All of which is fraternally submitted.

A. A. TUCKER,

THEODORE KRAFT, *Committee.*

A. A. SCOTTISH RITE.—*Thirty-third Annual Reunion of the Orient of Ohio.*
—The thirty-third annual Reunion began at two o'clock, on Tuesday, February 24, in the Robinson Opera House, which was admirably fitted up for the occasion, by the formal opening of Gibulum Grand Lodge of Perfection, by Ill. E. T. Carson, 33°, Deputy for Ohio, who made an appropriate address of welcome.

Sixteen neophytes were presented for the Ineffible grades, from the fourth to the fourteenth degrees, which were conferred in the following order:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 4. Secret Master. | 10. Master Elect of Fifteen. |
| 5. Perfect Master. | 11. Sublime Knight Elected. |
| 6. Intimate Secretary. | 12. Grand Master Architect. |
| 7. Provost and Judge. | 13. Knight of the Ninth Arch. |
| 8. Intendant of the Building. | 14. Grand Elect. Perfect and Sublime |
| 9. Master Elect of Nine. | Mason. |

The following is a list of the Grand Officers:

- Max Jacob Mack, 33°, T. P. G. Master.
 Levi Crafton Goodale, 32°, H. T. D. G. Master.
 Jacob Menderson, 32°, V. S. G. Warden.
 Charles Henry Flash, 32°, V. J. G. Warden.
 Robert Gwynn, 32°, G. Orator.
 Charles Brown, 33°, G. Treasurer.
 James Alpheus Collins, 32°, G. Secretary, K. S. A.
 Stephen Phillips Sands, 32°, G. M. Ceremonies.
 George Warren Bugbee, 32°, G. C. Guard.
 William Michie, 32°, G. Hospitable B.
 Henry Speer, 32°, G. Tyler.
 Andrew Nembach, 33°, G. Organist.

The rendition of the work gave general satisfaction, the dramatic parts being effectually presented.

During the afternoon a Lodge of Sorrow was opened, and a touching tribute paid to the memory of each of the following by the T. P. G. Master:

Lucius V. Graves, Columbus; William N. Nelson, Owen Owens, Charles A. Fifield, Cincinnati; John S. Savage, Wilmington; Henry M. Guild, Wm. H. Hill, Henry Kessler, Albert G. W. Fierlein, George D. Martin, Cincinnati; Charles H. Ostrander, Columbus; J. B. Irwin, Dayton.

In the evening, the Sublime Degree of Perfection was rendered in a most effective manner, eliciting profound admiration.

The second day of the Reunion began at 10 o'clock, of Wednesday, by the formal opening of Delcho Council, in which the Degree of Knights of the East or Sword, 15°, and Princes of Jerusalem, 16°, were conferred, with the most elaborate paraphernalia, costumes, etc. Nothing was left undone in the preparation to give the best possible effect to these interesting and dramatic grades; the success was beyond the most sanguine expectation. The offices were filled in a most admirable manner by Robert Gwynn, W. R. Avery, W. B. Melish, Jacob Menderson, Stephen P. Sands, Thomas Kite, Jr., Joseph Kirkup, Charles H. Flach, M. J. Mack, Victor Abrahams, E. W. Masterson, Thomas J. Melish, and S. B. Markland. The music, under the direction of Bro. Prof. Nembach, 33°, was of a high order, assisted by Bro. W. T. Porter, 32°. The beautiful solo, "By the Waters of Babylon," was sweetly sung by Mrs. J. Walter Freiberg, with harp accompaniment, by Miss Holbrook. Prof. Schickel's French horn was also heard with very fine effect.

Cincinnati Chapter of Rose Croix was opened at 3 P. M., and officered as follows:

- Henry Clay Urner, 33°, M.·W.·&·P.·Master.
- Edward Willis Masterson, 32°, M.·E.·&·P.·K.·S.·Warden.
- Herman Charles Pfafflin, 32°, M.·E.·&·P.·K.·J.·Warden.
- William Randall Avery, 32°, M.·E.·&·P.·K.·G.·Orator.
- Charles Brown, 32°, R.·&·P.·K.·Treasurer.
- James Alpheus Collins, 32°, R.·&·P.·K.·Secretary.
- William Michie, 32°, R.·&·P.·K.·Hospitaler.
- Joseph Kirkup, 32°, R.·&·P.·K.·M.·Ceremonies.
- Patrick Lavelle Coultry, 32°, R.·&·P.·K.·C.·Guard.
- Henry Speer, 32°, R.·&·P.·K.·Tyler.
- Andrew Nembach, 33°, R.·&·P.·K.·Organist.

The Philosophical, Doctrinal and Chivalric grades were conferred upon the candidates, who had been initiated in the preceding work. The investiture of the grade "Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix," was solemn and grand. The following is the programme of music, which was most effectively rendered, having a strong chorus of male voices, accompanied with two organs:

- "March of the Ancients,".....Masonic Choir.
- "Worthy is the Lamb,".....Antiphonal Chorus.

Double Choir.

18°, ROSE-CROIX DE H-R-D-M.

- "Kyrie".....Choir.
- "Benedictus,".....Choir.
- Solo—"I know that my Redeemer liveth,".....Miss Corinne Moore.
- a. "Faith,"—Solo.....George D. Newhall, 32°
- b. "Hope"—Duet.....Mr. and Mrs. George D. Newhall.
- c. "Charity,".....Male Quartette.
- "Gloria in Excelsis,".....Chorus and Orchestra.
- "Agnus Dei,".....Chorus, Solo and Orchestra.

Ohio Grand Consistory, S.·P.·R.·S.· was opened at 7 o'clock, with Ills.· Deputy of Ohio, Enoch T. Carson, 33°, as Commander-in-Chief, presiding. The Modern, Historical, Chivalric and Philosophical Grades began with a class of one hundred and nine postulants. The beautiful grade of the Noachite or Prussian Knight, 21°, was splendidly rendered; this Masonic drama was never more impressively rendered, than it was on this occasion.

The third day of the Reunion convened at 10 o'clock, and the body occupied the entire morning in the rendition of the grades of Knights of Kadosh,

upon one hundred and four candidates. The work was most admirably rendered by the experienced officers; the auditorium of the Opera House was crowded with the Brethren.

After the recess work was resumed, and the grades of Inquisitor Commander, 31°, and Sublime Prince, 32°, were conferred. The grand ceremony was impressive, highly dramatic, and reflects great credit on all engaged in the work.

Previous to conferring the final grade, Bro. W. C. Winegarner, in behalf of Columbus Lodge, A. . A. . Rite, presented a most magnificent Knights Templar uniform to the Ill. Deputy for Ohio, Bro. E. T. Carson, and the Commander-in-Chief was "clothed" in the presence of the assembled Brethren, which was followed by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The following is a list of those who received the 32°, S. . P. . R. . S. ., comprising the receptions of the year 1885

Charles A. Farnham, Cincinnati.
 W. P. Hale, Cincinnati.
 George T. Sterrett, Cincinnati.
 A. R. Sherran, Cincinnati.
 T. W. Graydon, Cincinnati.
 O. D. Norton, Jr., Cincinnati.
 E. A. Peck, Cincinnati.
 James Pettibone, Cincinnati.
 G. W. Dohrmann, Cincinnati.
 H. L. Sunderbruch, Cincinnati.
 G. W. Dorr, Cincinnati.
 W. J. Williams, Cincinnati.
 Alpheus Cutter, Cincinnati.
 George W. Bowers, Hillsboro'.
 W. S. Matthews, Youngstown.
 R. C. Brown, Youngstown.
 J. C. Smith, Youngstown.
 Hamilton Harris, Youngstown.
 B. F. Gibbons, Youngstown.
 H. H. Bissell, Youngstown.
 Charles W. Bassett, Youngstown.
 J. M. Walter, Youngstown.
 T. C. Snyder, Canton.
 John Bladon, Toledo.
 James Dority, Toledo.
 Moulton Houk, Toledo.
 A. C. Osborne, Toledo.
 George W. Reynolds, Toledo.
 Samuel W. Reynolds, Toledo.
 James Hodge, Toledo.
 J. N. Reed, Toledo.
 E. L. Southworth, Toledo.
 J. E. Bliss, North Fairfield.
 W. H. Christopher, Van Wert.
 F. A. B. Lowe, Defiance.
 H. Rancamp, Woodville.
 F. L. G. Williams, Venice, O.
 Samuel S. Yoder, Lima.
 G. W. Augustine, Dayton.
 R. B. Durain, Dayton.
 X. Hanna, Dayton.
 W. T. Shepler, Dayton.
 J. C. Turner, Dayton.
 William A. Scott, Dayton.
 Benjamin N. Davis, Dayton.
 Samuel T. Evans, Dayton.
 J. P. Church, Dayton.
 F. G. Bartholomew, Springfield.
 J. E. McIntosh, Columbus.
 T. J. Godfrey, Celina.
 L. P. Schaus, Newark.
 John Guy, Newark.

Charles D. Gill, Millersport.
 W. L. Whitecamp, Baltimore, O.
 W. S. Campbell, Byesville.
 Robert Callon, Bellefontaine.
 T. S. Ingraham, Cleveland.
 Charles T. Garrard, Cleveland.
 W. W. Blackwell, Cleveland.
 N. A. Wilson, Cleveland.
 W. C. Talmadge, Cleveland.
 C. L. Clark, Cleveland.
 J. D. Campbell, Cleveland.
 Alexander Smith, Cleveland.
 J. H. Green, Gallon.
 John McNemar, Gallon.
 William H. Raymond, Gallon.
 John Hlythe, Gallon.
 R. M. Kerr, Doylestown.
 George March, Chagrin Falls.
 E. A. Potter, Ashland.
 R. W. Ratliff, Warren.
 E. N. Hatcher, Columbus.
 J. J. McClellan, Columbus.
 H. H. Thorp, Columbus.
 L. E. Valentine, Columbus.
 J. H. Waters, Columbus.
 George W. Willard, Columbus.
 G. M. White, Columbus.
 H. C. Stanwood, Columbus.
 George W. Bell, Cardington.
 George Kreis, Cardington.
 Joe W. Bell, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Eli E. Zall, Bluffton.
 J. M. Strong, East Springfield, Pa.
 James Judson, Conneaut.
 J. N. Frederick, Conneaut.
 John F. Lane, Conneaut.
 O. E. Young, Elyria.
 A. W. Hazel, Elyria.
 D. F. Ward, Elyria.
 Arthur Latham, Akron.
 A. H. Sargent, Akron.
 M. Smith, Cleveland.
 J. A. Beidler, Cleveland.
 J. M. Gordon, Cleveland.
 J. T. Sargent, Cleveland.
 H. E. Teachout, Cleveland.
 W. J. Southworth, Cleveland.
 Charles L. Strong, Cleveland.
 Thomas Quayle, Cleveland.
 Samuel Davis, Collingswood.
 B. S. Braddock, Richfield.
 S. V. Holliday, Erie, Pa.

Over six hundred attended the Banquet at Music Hall, and partook of the elaborate menu. The following were the regular toasts:

1. The Grand Lodge of Ohio—Jos. M. Gbodspeed, 32°.
2. Our Country—Governor George Hoadly, 33°.
3. The Order of Knights Templar—Eli Fasold, 33°.
4. The Army of a Free People—A people to be free must do their own voting and their own fighting—Gen. Robert P. Kennedy, 32°.
5. Royal Arch Masonry—John W. Chamberlin, 32°.
6. Music and the Drama—E. W. Masterson, 32°.
7. Cryptic Masonry—D. P. Chamberlin, 32°.
8. Good Masons throughout the World—M. J. Mack, 33°.

A move was made, and met with a very liberal response, looking towards the erection of a Cathedral to be used exclusively for the Scottish Rite. A subscription was started, and in a short time \$15,000 was subscribed for that purpose. To this we heartily respond, "So mote it be!"

BRO. JOHN BABB.—A venerable Brother of Wooster, O., who departed this life February 12, aged nearly 81 years, was born in Reading, Pa., April 10, 1804; on March 19, 1826, he was married to Miss Sarah Lorah, and in 1831 he removed with his family to Wooster, O., where he resided until called to a higher sphere. He was an earnest Christian, having in early life connected himself with the old German Lutheran Church. He joined the Masonic Order in 1829, in Pennsylvania, but on removing to Wooster, transferred his membership to Ebenezer Lodge, No. 33, F. A. M., of which body he was the Tyler from 1840 to 1877. He was made a Knight Templar in 1848, in Massillon Commandery, No. .

The funeral was very largely attended by citizens as well as by Ebenezer Lodge, No. 33, of Wooster, Massillon Commandery, No. 4, Garfield Lodge, No. 528, of Shreve, Cedar Lodge, No. 430, of Orville, and Clinton Lodge, of Massillon. The beautiful ritual of the Knights Templar burial service was impressively conducted by the Eminent Commander and Prelate of Massillon Commandery, and the Brother and venerated citizen laid to rest.

LODGE No. 218, F. and A. M., of Van Wert, Ohio, is moving on nicely in their New Hall. It is one of the largest, and furnished in every room, second to none in the State, for Blue Lodge and Chapter work. (Will urge 'em up!)

DOCTOR.

GRAND LODGE, F. & A. M.—The Detroit *Freemason* says: The 41st Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Michigan was held at Whitney's Opera House, commencing Tuesday, January 27.

The meeting was a very large one, delegates from three hundred and sixty-eight Subordinate Lodges being in attendance. At 12 o'clock, noon, the Grand Secretary announced that a constitutional number of Lodges had made proper returns and were present through their Representatives. He therefore proceeded to open the Grand Lodge in due form.

The following Grand Officers were present: Grand Master, Arthur M. Clark, Lexington; Deputy Grand Master, James H. Farnum, Cassopolis; Grand

MASONIC REVIEW.

Senior Warden, M. Shoemaker, Jackson; Grand Junior Warden, Samuel H. Norton, Pontiac; Grand Treasurer, H. Shaw Noble, Monroe; Grand Secretary, William P. Innes, Grand Rapids; Grand Visitor and Lecturer, G. W. Robertson, Mt. Clements; Grand Chaplain, Rev. S. Steele, Northport; Grand Senior Deacon, Wm. B. Wilson, Muskegon; Grand Junior Deacon, H. C. Rockwell, Benton Harbor; Grand Marshal, John Robertson, Imlay City; Grand Tyler, Alex. McGregor, Detroit.

The roll of the delegates was called and the Grand Lodge adjourned until 2:30 o'clock.

At 3 o'clock the Grand Lodge re-convened, and Grand Master Arthur M. Clark presented his annual report. He stated that the year just closed had been a most prosperous one for the Order throughout the Jurisdiction. He had granted six dispensations for new Lodges during the year, and three new Lodges had been instituted, the charters for which had been granted at the last annual Communication. Nine Halls were dedicated, and eight were destroyed by fire, involving the loss of much valuable property. He recommended that the utmost care be exercised in the selection of locations for Lodge rooms, that their contents be fully insured, and vigilant care taken to prevent fire. The Grand Master recommended that some means be devised to have the funds in the hands of the Grand Treasurer in such shape as to be immediately available in case of emergency. In conclusion he thanked the members and officers of the Grand Lodge for their hearty co-operation with him in his endeavors to so preside over them in a way which would redound to the credit of the Order.

On motion the report was received and adopted.

The Grand Secretary, Wm. P. Innes, then presented his annual report, together with that of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, which was especially interesting. Adopted.

Geo. W. Robertson, Grand Visitor and Lecturer, presented his annual report, which was accepted and ordered printed.

Several minor reports were presented and adopted.

On motion, the Grand Lodge adjourned until 9 o'clock Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY.

Grand Lodge called from refreshment to labor at 9:30, G. M. Bro. Clark presiding.

The several committees made their reports, which were adopted. The committees deserve great credit for the able manner in which they did their work.

All Lodges which had their lodge-rooms burnt were granted new charters free. A new charter was also granted to Lakeview Lodge.

The resolution adopted in 1877 in regard to members of the Order manufacturing, buying, selling, or using intoxicating liquors was repealed. There was a strong temperance sentiment in the Grand Lodge, but the members thought that a law which was not enforced had better be repealed; thus leaving this matter to the discretion of Lodges as to whom they shall admit to membership.

MASONIC REVIEW.

P. G. Master Prof. C. F. R. Bellows, called the attention of the Grand Lodge in a very able manner to the weekly journal, *The Freemason*, published by Bro. LaTour, of Detroit. It was worthy of the patronage of the brethren in this state. He liked its tone and character, and the manner in which it was conducted; which announcement was well received by the brethren present.

The Finance Committee's report for the year showed the receipts to have been \$11,476.94. After paying expenses of the year there is on hand \$6,500.

Grand Secretary Innes managed the arduous duties of his office so as to merit the approval of the brethren.

The session was characterized by good feeling and harmony.

The following Officers were elected: M. W. Grand Master, James H. Farnum, Cassopolis; R. W. Grand Deputy Master, M. Shoemaker, Jackson; R. W. Grand Senior Warden, S. H. Norton, Pontiac; R. W. Grand Junior Warden, Wm. B. Wilson, Muskegon; R. W. Secretary, Wm. P. Innes, Grand Rapids; R. W. Grand Treasurer, H. Shaw Noble, Monroe; R. W. Grand Visitor and Lecturer, Geo. W. Robertson, Mt. Clements; R. W. Grand Chaplain, Rev. Joseph F. Berry, Mt. Clements; R. W. Grand Senior Deacon, W. Irving Babcock, Niles; R. W. Grand Junior Deacon, H. C. Rockwell, Benton Harbor; W. Grand Marshal, George Heigho, Detroit; W. Grand Tyler, Alex. McGregor, Detroit.

The newly elected Grand Officers were installed by Past Grand Masters Hons. Geo. H. Durand, of Flint, and W. T. Mitchell, of Port Huron.

The next annual Communication will be held at Detroit, on the Fourth Tuesday of January, 1885.

THE GRAND CHAPTER R. A. M., OF MICHIGAN, held its 36th Annual Convocation in Detroit, January 20 and 21, 1885. Grand High Priest Giddings, in his address stated that he had granted during the year twelve special dispensations, two of which were for Chapters to remove to new halls, viz: Sturgis, No. 36, and Cairo, No. 96. During the year just closed, three Chapters were instituted. Mt. Pleasant, No. 111; Reed City, No. 112; Ovid, No. 113. The following decisions were reported by him:

DECISIONS.

1. *Question.*—“A Brother received the E. A., F. C. and M. M. Degrees, in Lodge, No. 207, Ireland. He received the Mark Master's Degree, in Mark Lodge, No. 935. He received the Royal Arch in an Irish R. A. Chapter, No. 935, working under the Jurisdiction of the above “Lodge 207,” and so stated in his certificate of membership; he has certificates from each Lodge. Can our Chapter receive him as a visitor in Chapter, and in case he desires to become a member, what course must be pursued?”

Answer.—Satisfy yourselves that the certificates are genuine, and that he is the proper person represented therein. Having satisfactory evidence that he has legally received the Royal Arch degree, and you may confer upon him the degrees of P. M., and M. E. M., that he may be healed. He may then be admitted as a visitor, and upon presenting a legal release from the Chapter of

which he last was a member, he may apply for membership in the usual manner.

2. *Question.*—"A Companion was expelled from another chapter some fifteen years ago for unmasonic conduct. After he was expelled the Grand Chapter took up our charter and our said Chapter went out of existence. Later, a new Chapter was organized in the same town. Said expelled Companion desires to join the new Chapter. Can he make application without any reference to his expulsion from the old Chapter now extinct?"

Answer.—The Companion remains an expelled Mason and can only be reinstated by Grand Chapter.

3. *Question.*—"Does definite suspension for non-payment of dues cancel the dues for the non-payment of which amount said Companion was so suspended?"

Answer.—The Companion having been once punished for the Masonic misdemeanor by definite suspension, the Chapter has exhausted its penalty, as well as means of securing payment of amount due, therefore said amount is legally cancelled as far as forcing collection is concerned. Though the Companion has been punished for not paying his just debts, he still owes the Chapter the amount; the penalty not acting as a forgiveness of sins, but only as a punishment for such.

4. *Question.*—"Where is the proper place for a charter of a Chapter to be during its meetings? Would the hanging of the same in the preparation room be sufficient?"

Answer.—It is immaterial where the charter hangs, or even if it is hung up at all, so long as it is in the possession of the Chapter and open for inspection.

5. *Question.*—"Can a Companion who has been indefinitely suspended for non-payment of dues be reinstated except by a vote of the Chapter and must the vote be unanimous or two-thirds?"

Answer.—A vote of the Chapter must be taken in order to reinstate, and *two-thirds* of those present will govern in case of indefinite suspension.

REPORT ON JURISPRUDENCE.

Comp. Hugh McCurdy, P. G. 11. P., Chairman of the Committee on Jurisprudence, presented a report upon the decisions as rendered, which was adopted. The committee recommended the adoption of decisions, Nos. 1, 2 and 5, and of the others say:

No. 3.—"As this question is not known to our law, it is safe to presume that no such state of facts existed upon which to predicate such a question. It is presumed that we know what our law is upon the subject of non-payment of dues. There are two penalties described, and a Chapter disciplining a Companion for non-payment of dues must inflict the one or the other of the penalties, *expulsion* or *indefinite suspension*. (See Sec. 3, Art. IX, of the Constitution and Edict, No. 16.) The question was before the Grand Chapter at its last Convocation, and G. H. P. Hill then decided that the constitutional provision and the edict above referred to were both in force, which decision was confirmed by the Grand Body. Your committee therefore recommend, that the decision be not approved."

Upon decision No. 4, the committee say:

"It is in the main correct and we generally agree with the same, still we desire to add that the *proper place* for the charter of a Chapter is in Chapter

room proper, under the immediate charge of the High Priest when the Chapter is at work. It makes no difference where or how he keeps it, so long as he has it present in the Chapter while at work; whether it hangs on the wall of the room or is in a case, so long as the High Priest has it present when at work is all that is required of him."—*Wolverine Cyclone*.

ENACTMENT OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL.—*A tature in Regard to Spurious Masons of Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite*.—Be it enacted by the Supreme Council of the 33° of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasons for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, as follows:

Section 1.—No person who, being a Mason of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of this obedience, shall heretofore have apostatized and united himself with any spurious organization pretended to be of the said Rite, or who shall hereafter do so, shall ever, by any Inspector General, Deputy, body, power or authority of the Rite, be again received into its bosom, under any circumstances or in any manner whatever; nor shall be recognized if so undertaken to be re-admitted by any Inspector, Deputy, body, power or authority of the Rite outside of the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States.

Section 2.—No person who has heretofore become or may hereafter be a member of any body of the obedience of any spurious and illegitimate pretended power of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, or who shall have received or shall hereafter receive any pretended degrees of the Rite, shall ever be healed or regularized by means of any treaty, agreement or process whatever, or by any Inspector, Deputy or body; and shall not be invested with the degrees of the Rite, or any of them, except upon petition therefor and election by unanimous vote upon secret ballot, by each body to which he may apply; and no Inspector or Deputy shall in any case have power to confer upon any person any of the degrees.

Section 3.—This statute shall be in effect from and after its passage.

A true copy from the record.

Attest:

WM. M. IRELAND, Secretary-General.

GRAND CONSISTORY.—The Grand Consistory of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, which held its thirty-second sitting at the Masonic Temple, San Francisco, Wednesday and Thursday, January 14th and 15th, and which was a very harmonious session, closed with a grand banquet, after having conferred the Thirty-second degree upon nine applicants—all from the Oakland Scottish Rite bodies.

OAKLAND LODGE OF PERFECTION has installed the following officers since our last issue: James B. Merrett, 32°, Venerable Master; Frank W. Pierce, 32°, S. W.; Leroy W. Allum, 32°, J. W.; Edwin A. Sherman, 33°, Orator; Charles E. Gillette, 32°, Almoner; Anthony Chabot, 33°, Treasurer; Amasa W. Bishop, 30°, Secretary; George Patterson, 32°, Master of Ceremonie; Byron C. Dick, 32°, Senior Expert; James Miller, 32°, Junior Expert; Bernard Stromberg, 30°, Tyler.—*San Francisco Masonic Record*.

IMPORTANT OFFICIAL LETTER.—*Grand Council of Kentucky, R. & S.*—*MILLERSBURG, KY., February 2, 1885.*—L. D. CRONINGER, *Grand Recorder:*

ILLUSTRIOUS COMPANION—The Grand Council when it resumed control of the Cryptic Degrees, by requesting Subordinate Councils to resume labor, declared, in effect, that they were not defunct, but merely dormant bodies. You will please notify such Subordinate Councils as have not resumed, that a further delay in complying with the request of the Grand Council may result in a forfeiture of their charters; and suggest to such as may have no intention to resume work, that a *surrender* of their charters should at once be made, and the charter, together with the books, papers, and effects, be forwarded to you without delay. This is essential to enable you to settle with former members, and give them such certificates as will qualify them for affiliation.

Fraternally yours, HIRAM BASSETT, *Grand Master.*

The above "official letter" is fully explanatory of itself, and hence requires no comments from me.

The announcements and recommendation therein should be speedily and fully complied with, in order that the true status of "Cryptic Masonry" in this Grand Jurisdiction may be known and understood.

Fraternally, L. D. CORNINGER, *Grand Recorder.*

Note.—Any Companion receiving this Circular will please endeavor to place it in the hands of the former Thrice Illustrious Master of the Council named.

CLOUD LODGE, No. 101, F. and A. M., Gloucester, N. J.—*Whereas*, It has pleased the Great Architect of the Universe to remove from this Terrestrial to that Celestial Lodge our Brother Archibald M. Graham, Therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the expression of this Lodge, that they have sustained a loss that cannot be repaired this side of that bourne from which no traveler returns. And, be it

Resolved, That this Lodge extends its sympathy to our Brother's family, whose loss in such a husband and father, is greater and more deeply felt than ours can be. And, be it

Resolved, That the preamble and resolutions be spread upon the minutes in a page dedicated to that purpose. And, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and the resolutions be engrossed and transmitted to the family of our deceased Brother.

Requiescat en pace.
February 9, 1885.

JOHN M. WARNER, W. M.
G. WILLIAM BARNARD, Secretary.

SCOTTISH RITE IN MICHIGAN.—The annual re-union of the Scottish Rite of the Valley of Grand Rapids, held at Masonic Hall, was not so gorgeous an affair as usual. The storms delayed the trains and the score or more of candidates were unable to be present. The following were initiated, receiving the degrees from the 4th to the 32d, inclusive: Wm. Steele, J. W. Baldie, Ionia; L. B. Winsor, Reed City; J. E. Thurkow, Morley, Fred. Hotop, Kal-

amazoo; John A. Gerow, Marshall; C. W. Moore, Douglass; H. C. Taft, Grand Rapids.

The following officers were elected by Moriah Lodge of Perfection: T. P. G. M., L. A. Rogers; H. K. of T. G. M., P. T. Cook; V. S. G. W., F. A. Parish; V. J. G. W., Thos. Friant; G. Orator, C. P. Bigelow; G. Treasurer, J. Barth; G. Secretary, Ed. D. Bene M. of C., A. LeG. Pierce; C. of G., F. J. Morrison; G. H. B., G. Organist, D. Egery; G. Tyler, F. A. Holcomb.

And by DeWitt Clinton Consistory, the following: R. D. Swartout, Ill. Com. in Chief; G. E. Pantlind, Ill. 1st Lieut. Com.; R. C. Hatheway, Ill. 2d Lieut. Com.; E. W. Hudnut, Ill. M. of S. G. C.; E. D. Wheeler, Ill. Gr. Treasurer; E. D. Benedict, Ill. Grand Secretary K. of S. and A.; F. A. Holcomb, Ill. E. and A.; J. Lomax, Ill. Grand Hosp.; G. D. Miller, Ill. Gr. of C., J. Goldsmith, Ill. Gr. Standard Bearer; F. J. Morrison, Ill. Gr. C. of G.; J. W. Baldie, Ill. Gr. Sentinel.

The officers of Robinson Chapter of Rose Croix, de H. R. D. M. are as follows: C. P. Bigelow, M. Wise and P. M.; R. C. Hatheway, M. E. and P. K. S. W.; E. Crofton Fox, M. E. and P. K. J. W.; D. Striker, M. E. and P. K. G. O.; Jacob Barth, R. and P. K. Treasurer; E. D. Benedict, R. and P. K. Secretary; George E. Hubbard, R. and P. K. Hospitaler; Samuel E. Watson, R. and P. K. M. of C.; C. Herkner, R. and P. K. C. of G.

Ill. Brother H. F. Hastings, 33°, the retiring Ill. Com.-in-chief, was presented with an elegant baldric in green silk and gold, by Ill. Brother John D. Jennings, 33°.

At the close of the session the members of the Order participated in a banquet. — *Wolverine Cyclone.*

GRAND LODGE OF LOUISIANA.—The Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of Louisiana, elected an installed the following Grand Officers for the ensuing year, on Thursday, February 12: D. R. Graham, No. 59, Grand Master; J. D. Hammonds, No. 112, Deputy Grand Master; C. F. Buck, No. 46, Grand Senior Warden; W. A. Strong, No. 168, Grand Junior Warden; A. W. Hyatt, No. 59, Grand Treasurer; J. C. Batchelor, No. 72, Grand Secretary; Rev. H. C. Duncan, No. 191, Grand Chaplain; G. H. Packwood, No. 52, Grand Senior Deacon; S. M. Bryan, No. 151, Grand Junior Deacon; George S. Pettit, No. 98, Grand Marshal; F. M. Cavalier, No. 191, Grand Sword Bearer; J. A. Burk, No. 176, Grand Pursuivant; J. C. Crinnen, No. 144, Grand Steward; H. Hamberger, No. 65, Grand Steward; John Berry, No. 58, Grand Steward; Kinney, No. 216, Grand Steward; A. Queant, No. 72, Grand Tyler.

E-UNION.—We learn by the courtesy of Bro. Richard Lambert, that on Saturday night February 14, the Masons of New Orleans did entertain the visiting members of the Order and their families at Masonic Hall, with a reception and promenade concert. A large number of invitations issued and the occasion was a most enjoyable one.

CRYPTIC MASONRY—The thirty-ninth annual assembly of the Grand Council of Royal Super-Excellent and Select Masters of the State of Pennsylvania, was held at Masonic Hall, Lancaster, Pa., February 18.

The meeting was called to order at 6 o'clock, and the following officers were present: M. P. G. M. Andrew J. Kauffman, Columbia; R. P. D. G. M., Joseph L. Lytle, Pittsburgh; R. P. I. G. M., Geo. W. Kendrick, Jr., Philadelphia; R. P. G. P. C. of W., Charles K. Francis, Bloomsburgh; R. P. Z. T., James Bown, Pittsburgh; R. P. G. R., Charles E. Meyer, Philadelphia; R. P. G. C. of G., John L. Young, Philadelphia; R. P. G. M., Joshua L. Lyte, Lancaster.

The following members of the Grand Council were found to be present from Councils as follows:

Mount Moriah, No. 2, Pittsburgh—Joseph L. Lytle, R. P. D. G. M.; Geter G. Shidle, P. M. P. G. M.; James Bown, G. T.; David A. Stevenson, P. T. I. G. M.

Harrisburg, No. 7, Harrisburg—John Vallerchamp, P. T. I. G. M.

Palestine, No. 8—Vosburg N. Shaffer, P. M. P. G. M.

Mount Moriah, No. 10, Bloomsburg—Christian F. Knapp, P. M. P. G. M.; Charles K. Francis, R. P. G. P. C. of W.

Philadelphia, No. 11, Philadelphia—James S. Barber, P. M. P. G. M.; George W. Kendrick, R. P. I. G. M.; Charles E. Meyer, G. R.; John L. Young, R. P. G. C. of G.; W. S. Dilkes, P. T. I. G. M.

Goodwin, No. 19, Lancaster—Andrew J. Kauffman, M. P. G. M.; William J. Fordney, P. M. P. G. M., Joshua L. Lyte, R. P. G. M., and P. T. I. G., Masters Wm. A. Morton, George R. Welchans, David H. Wylie, James B. Strine, John Hull, C. A. Fondersmith, Wm. Z. Sener, and Joel S. Eaby, D. I. G. M., and David E. Long, P. C. of W.

Allen, No. 23, Allentown—Augustus F. Shick, P. T. I. G. M.

Allegheny, No. 38, Allegheny—George C. Johnstone, P. M. P. G. M.; William H. Slack, P. T. I. G. M.

The report of the M. P. G. M., Andrew J. Kauffman, was then read which was followed by the reports of the other officers and the Committees of Finance, By-Laws, Doings of Grand Officers, Correspondence, next place of meeting, which was followed by the Report of the Special Committee on the revision of the Constitution.

After some few amendments the Constitution as revised was adopted.

Allentown, Pa., was unanimously selected as the next place of meeting.

The election of officers was next in order, which resulted as follows: M. P. G. Master, Joseph L. Lytle, Pittsburgh; R. P. D. G. Master, George W. Kendrick, Jr., Philadelphia; R. P. Ill. G. Master, Charles K. Francis, Bloomsburg; R. P. G. P. C. of Work, John L. Young, Philadelphia; R. P. G. Treasurer, James Bown, Pittsburgh; R. P. G. Recorder, Charles E. Meyer, Philadelphia.

The officers were then installed by P. M. M. P. G. M. Geter C. Shidle, assisted by R. P. G. Joshua L. Lyte.

The M. P. G. M. then announced the following appointments: Grand Chaplains, Rev. J. J. McIllyer, Rev. N. P. Kerr, Rev. James W. Robins, D. D., Geter C. Shidle; R. P. G. C. of G., D. A. Stevenson, Pittsburgh; R. P. G. M., Joshua L. Lyte, Lancaster; R. P. G. S., William S. Dykes, Philadelphia.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the Grand Council was invited to partake of a banquet, prepared by Goodwin Council, No. 19, of Lancaster, and a couple of hours was pleasantly spent in songs, recitations, etc., when the members departed for their homes after singing "Auld Lang Syne," and united in saying that the thirty-ninth assembly of the Grand Council was one of the pleasantest and most successful meetings ever held.—*Lancaster Examiner*.

GRAND COMMANDERY OF LOUISIANA.—The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of the State of Louisiana elected and installed the following officers on Thursday, February 12: A. L. Abbott, Grand Commander; Robert Strong, Deputy Grand Commander; J. G. McWilliams, G. Generalissimo; W. S. Benedict, Captain General; Rev. S. Landrum, Prelate; A. H. DePass, G. S. Warden; D. Stocking, G. J. Warden; Samuel M. Todd, Treasurer; Richard Lambert, Recorder; A. G. Brice, G. Standard Bearer; W. H. Bofinger, G. Sword Bearer; F. M. Caraher, Grand Warder; J. W. Maguire, Captain of Guard.

ROYAL AND SELECT MASTERS FOR THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.—The Grand Officers elected on Thursday, February 12, by the Grand Council of the State of Louisiana, were the following: Alfred Shaw, New Orleans, Most Puissant Grand Master; James L. Lobdell, Baton Rouge, as Puissant Deputy Grand Master; V. Von Schroeder, Franklin, Thrice Illustrious Grand Master; S. M. Todd, New Orleans, Grand Treasurer; Richard Lambert, New Orleans, Gr. Recorder; H. C. Duncan, Alexandria, Grand Chaplain.

THE Nobles of Mecca Temple, of New York city, on Thursday evening, February 5, secured every seat in Tony Pastor's Opera House, and quietly took possession, and when Tony Pastor came out for an encore, surprised him by donning their fezzes. After the closing of the theater a banquet was tendered Illustrious Noble Pastor.

MASONRY ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—We learn from exchanges that San Diego Lodge, No. 35, numbers one hundred and twenty-five members, and is flourishing with a steady growth.

Los Angeles Lodge, No. 42, was chartered May 5, 1854. There are eight Lodges in Los Angeles, with a membership of over five hundred. Pentalpha Lodge, No. 202, has a membership of one hundred and ninety. Cœur De Lion Commandery, No. 9, Knights Templar, chartered April 11, 1870, with a membership of nine, now numbers over sixty swords. Los Angeles Council, No. 11, Royal and Select Masons, chartered April 13, 1871, has grown pro-

portionately. Acacia Chapter, No. 21, O. E. S., chartered 1876, has a membership of one hundred. A new Lodge, the Southern California, is now being organized, and is working under dispensation. It includes many active and prominent Masons, and promises eminent success. Los Angeles Chapter, No. 33, R. A. M., chartered in 1864, is said to have been very fortunate in its management. Signet Chapter, No. 57, chartered April 13, 1881, is flourishing and has an active membership of seventy.

OAKLAND LODGE OF PERFECTION, A. and A. S. R., in conferring one of its impressive degrees last Monday evening, February 9, at Masonic Temple, was assisted at a point in the ceremonies which rendered the effect almost magical, by the hidden powers of nature, in the form of an earthquake shock, which was doubly perceptible in the Lodge room of the third story of the building. It was the first time that Mother Earth has ever assisted at the conferring of a degree in so perceptible a manner, and made an impression on the mind of the neophyte never to be forgotten.—*San Francisco Tribune.*

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England.

Bro. Wm. Eliot, of Weymouth, England, died at the age of 92 years, having been a member of the fraternity for nearly seventy years.

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Australia.

GRAND LODGE OF VICTORIA.—The quarterly Communication of the Grand Lodge of Victoria, was held at the Protestant Hall, the 8th December, 1884, Bro. J. W. Goddard, Deputy Grand Master, being on the throne, and acting as Grand Master in the absence of Bro. Coppin. There was a fair attendance of Grand Lodge Officers.

On the recommendation of the Board of General Purposes, it was resolved that communications should be forwarded to the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland and Scotland, protesting against their establishing Lodges and initiating candidates in Victoria since the establishment of the Grand Lodge.

The Finance Committee's report was very favorable and indicated a satisfactory financial condition.

The Acting Grand Master presented Bro. J. B. Patterson with a patent of appointment as Past Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Victoria, in recognition of the services that had been rendered by Bro. Patterson to Australian Masonry.

Bro. Patterson, in thanking the Grand Lodge for the honor done him, stated that during his visit to Great Britain, he had visited Masonic Lodges in England and Scotland, and had been invited to do so in Ireland. From what had come under his notice, he did not consider that the Grand Lodge of England really represented the body of English Masons, as it was too ultra-conservative. English Masons were pleased to meet and welcome Australian Masons because they were Australians, and the strongest and most telling argument

that could be placed before them in favor of the formation of a Grand Lodge for Victoria was its distance from the central government. British Masons, as a body, recognized that colonials must, and would, govern themselves in Masonic as well as in other matters.

Grand Lodge was then closed in due form, the business being completed.—
Victoria Freemason.

GRAND LODGE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—*William James Hughan.*—The report of the proceedings relative to the formation of the "Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of South Australia," is, in many respects, a most remarkable volume, extending, as it does, to some ninety pages; and presenting what is evidently a true and particular account of the elaborate means taken to secure a fair and unbiassed opinion from the various Lodges situated in that colony. I feel certain that a careful perusal of the report cannot fail to induce the conviction that the establishment of an independent Grand Lodge for South Australia was the desire of nearly all the members belonging to the Lodges hailing from the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland and Scotland.

The first meeting to consider the question was convened for July 30, 1883, by Bro. H. M. Addison, P.M., Dist. G. Treas. (E.C.), when 108 out of 123 brethren present formed themselves into a "Masonic Union" for the purpose of promoting the cause they had at heart. A verbatim report is given of this meeting, and certainly the statements made, and the numerous questions asked and answered, indicated the desire of the members to have all things "done decently and in order." The able chairman stated emphatically that "we shall not attempt to form a Grand Lodge unless we have a *large majority* in favor of it."

That all might know of the contemplated change, the secretary of every Lodge in the colony was requested to supply a list of its members, all of whom responded but one, but as ninety-six names of members of that Lodge were obtained from another source, practically all the names were duly registered, and as duly informed of all the meetings and resolutions agreed to, as were also the Provincial or District Grand Masters of the three Grand Lodges, whether favorable or otherwise to the proposal. A discreet publicity was a feature of all the arrangements. A letter was then sent to the 2,072 contributing members of the three Constitutions, asking each of them individually and specifically to sign their names in favor of the "Masonic Union," and to use their best endeavors to further its objects. Of these no less than 1564 (1633 including duplicate votes) replied, joining the "Union," and only 39 declined. No replies were received from the 392 brethren.

The next step was to officially consult all the Lodges, which was done by a letter dated October 27th, 1883, and other communications were forwarded for the guidance of each W. M.; such as a report of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of England, September 1st, 1869, when the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia was recognized. The Executive Committee must have been gratified at the unprecedented success which followed their appeal.

SUMMARY.

“ English Constitution ”	}	18 Lodges unanimously joined.
20 Lodges.		1 Lodge, one dissident, since unanimous.
“ Irish Constitution ”	}	1 Lodge sent no official return.
7 Lodges.		4 Lodges unanimously joined.
		1 Lodge had two dissentients.
“ Scottish Constitution ”	}	2 Lodges sent no official return.
6 Lodges.		6 Lodges (<i>all</i>) unanimously joined.

It will be seen that even at so early a stage nearly all the Lodges agreed to form the “Grand Lodge of South Australia,” and hence the meeting of the delegates on March 24th, 1884, (Bro. Addison again in the chair), was of the most unanimous character. The report of the Executive was adopted, recommending Chief Justice Way as the first Grand Master, and Bro. Muecke, District Grand Master, (S.C.) to be the Installing Master.

I am particularly gratified to note that the delegates resolved—

That all Lodges holding warrants from the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland shall be deemed legitimate; and if they so elect, they may be allowed to continue their allegiance to their parent Constitutions.

As it surely is both un-Masonic and unfair to coerce the brethren into submission.

Bro. James H. Cunningham, the Grand Secretary South Australia, in the *Freemason* for September 27th, 1884, alluded to this important point, and stated that no obstacle would be placed in the way of *any Lodges desirous of continuing under their original Constitution*, which says much for the kind feeling and Masonic hearts of the brethren. He also mentioned the suggestive fact that only fourteen members, hailing from nine Lodges, declined to join the new Grand Lodge, and some of these had since “repented.”

Another Convention was held on April 16, when the Grand Officers were elected, as also the members of the Board of General Purposes. On the following day the “Inauguration Ceremony” took place in the presence of about a thousand members, most of the Lodges being largely represented. The proceedings were of a most impressive character, and the Grand Master, having been duly installed, delivered an appropriate address, in which he declared “he had never heard, and never expected to hear, from a South Australian Mason, one disloyal or unfraternal word respecting the Grand Lodges under whose warrants they had hitherto worked.” Though separated some 15,000 miles from their parent Grand Lodges, our South Australian brethren are not unmindful of what they owe Masonically to them, and desire now a kindly and hearty recognition at their hands. I cannot remember a Grand Lodge being formed under more advantageous circumstances, or in a fairer or more Masonic manner, and, therefore, I trust that the recognition of the Grand Lodge of South Australia will soon be granted by all the regular Grand Lodges in the universe, and that our Royal Grand Master will graciously be pleased to accede to their wishes by becoming the Grand Patron of the Craft in that colony.—*London Freemason*.