W. Moon, LL.D.

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1874.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have not a great deal to report at home or abroad.

At home, Freemasonry pursues the "even tenour" of its way, in a full tide of material prosperity.

Abroad, a good deal of unsettledness seems to pervade some of the Continental Grand Lodges, in consequence of proposed changes and considerable alterations in their Constitutions.

But we do not find enough of general interest to submit to our readers.

In Scotland the Craft has lost a very able and distinguished Brother, a P.G.M., in the Earl of Dalhousie, better and longer known as Lord Panmure, where his services to the order had been great, though our distinguished and deceased Brother had also been Deputy-Grand Master in our English Fraternity.

In Ireland, the Grand Lodge has wisely rejected the proposed regulation, No. 133, in the revised Constitutions, about which there has been much discussion, and adhered to the far simpler and truer regulation which renders Craft Masons amenable to the Craft Grand Lodge alone.

By this most unprecedented section, a Craft Mason could for any charge have been removed from one of the High Grades, according to their laws unknown to the Craft Grand Lodge, and this High Grade sentence was to be registered without appeal in the books of the Craft Grand Lodge, and a Craft Mason, thus deprived, unheard and uncondemned of all the priveleges of Freemasonry.

No wonder such an unheard-of proposal, especially in this era of light and justice, should have been unequivocally condemned by the best friends of the Irish Grand Lodge, and rejected by Irish Craft Masons.

A very ancient relic of antiquity has been shewn to the Editor of the "Freemason," by Bro. S. G. Bake, an Officer of Her Majesty's Control Department

It purports to be a very old statuette of some great Chinese, Confucius himself is suggested, and was taken from the Summer Palace in the expedition which went up to Pekin.

To Freemasons it is very interesting, as notwithstanding its very great antiquity of many hundred years at the least, it has on it, what the Editor of the "Freemason" unhesitatingly pronounces with Bro. Bake to be Masonic symbols.

A full account of this Masonic and archæological relic may be read in the "Freemason" of June 11th.

The distribution of prizes to the Boys' School was a great success on the 8th.

The new regime promises very well, and we congratulate the House Committee and Craft, on the proficiency of the pupils and the interest evinced by the friends of our "Masonic Alumni," and by the Order generally.

May all of good attend this excellent Institution.

EDITOR.

ANCIENT MASONIC LODGES, NO. IV.

BY BRO. W. J. HUGHAN.

In continuing our sketches of old Lodges whose origin and existence date before the institution of the first Grand Lodge in the world, we now desire to refer our readers to the St. Andrew's Lodge, Banff, now No. 52 on the Roll of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and to which a date is ascribed of 1736. Its records, however preserved, commence in 1703. These records refer to older documents, which are now, alas, unknown, but evidently the lodge itself has existed for a very long period. Banff holds a peculiarly prominent position in Scotland, from the fact that the resident members of the Masonic body have been connected with the workings of the Masonic Knights Templars and other degrees, including the Royal Arch and the Mark Master, for upwards of a century. Before A.D. 1720 only two degrees are ever mentioned, the Fellow Craft (the second) being questionable even then as to its being a degree after all—but only a grade. Of course the *office* of Master Mason was recognised, but never as a *degree*, before the influence of the Revivalists of A.D. 1717 was felt in the North. In the other lodge held in the town, called "St. John's Operative," No. 92, warranted A.D. 1764, the Royal Arch has flourished since A.D. 1765, and it is believed to have been one of the earliest working chapters in the world, and certainly none so far as we know possess minute books of the degree before it. We intend referring to this lodge again, but on returning to "St. Andrew's" we find that it remained true to pure and unadulterated Craft Masonry until A.D. 1787. Not like "Mother Kilwinning and the Lodge of Edinburgh" though, which from the earliest period to the present year have never given more than *three* degrees, including the choice of the Mark. Under the old system, before modern Freemasonry arose as a Phœnix from its ashes, the distinction was always carefully drawn between "operative" and "geometrical" Masons. The latter consisted of gentlemen who had to pay some fifty per cent. more in *dues*, in consequence of not being operatives, or craftsmen. It is nonsense to talk of the Craft being only operative before A.D. 1717, and that none but *bona fide* workmen were admitted into its ranks! There is scarcely a record before the "Revival" but what will prove the fact of the Masonic Craft being *speculative* as well as *operative*.

We have (through the kindness of Bro. Stenhouse Bairnsfather, P.M., whose accuracy may be relied on) been favoured with a number of excerpts from the minutes of this ancient lodge. One of the earliest of these commences December 27, 1708, in which it is stated that—

"In presence of Alexr. Mill, Mr. for the ensuing year, and Alexr. Forsyth, Warden for the said year, Patric Leslye, Johne Anderson, Andrew Russall, James Bennet, Laclan Jemison, James Faith, and Alexr. Forsyth, yunger, the foresaid number being Masons, heave resolved to pay in four sh. Scots each of them and the rest of the traid, to a box which is to be paid for tha use, commencing from [part torn out] at the end of everie year, and the box delivered to Alexr. Forsyth, elder, with two pound fortein shil Scots, and an bond for four pound fors'd and James Alexr. and Juhn Murhid vests ther yearlie contrabution; and the meeting ordaus al the members concerned to cess the meetings under the payment of four sh. Scots, and ordains the monie in the box ye bond to be lent out upon intrest from Candlmes next headvice."

According to usage, the senior Warden of the lodge was permitted to act as Master in the absence of the regular officer. It was resolved that—

"No Master of the Lodge of Banff shall employ a *Cowan, unless he make it appear it was a case of necessity; otherwise he is liable to the cognizance of the next general meeting." (7th Jan. 1773.)

No Brother who was not raised to the degree of a Master Mason was allowed to "undertake or come on work" even so late as A.D. 1774, showing how curiously the operative was still blended with the modern system.

The St. John's Operative Lodge, Seatown, Banff, stands as No. 92 on the Roll of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and was warranted A.D. 1764, The appended by-laws of the lodge. dated A.D. 1765, are exceedingly curious, and afford an insight into the arrangements and discipline then prevalent among country lodges. As the Grand Chapter of Scotland was not formed until the second decade of the present century, Royal Arch Masonry may be said to have run wild in the north for some seventy years or more. Generally, however, the working of both this degree and the Knights Templars contributed to improve the finances of the lodge; and it will be seen, as the records are still further examined, that the Scottish Benefit Societies usually attached to the early Operative Lodges offered additional advantages to the promoters of the "higher degrees" (so called). It is impossible now to decide whether Scotland obtained the Royal Arch degree from England. It was evidently first started in England, and seems to have flourished soon after in Scotland, and about the same time in Ireland. The following references to the degree, though not the earliest known, are at least the oldest by-laws ever published, or that have seen the light of late years. According to Dr. Dassigny, the degree was unknown in Ireland before A.D. 1744; and before A.D. 1739 we can find no direct reference to Royal Arch Masonry anywhere. Stirling Chapter is said to possess the earliest minutes, dated 1743, but these have never been made public; in fact, if ever they existed, they are now missing, for on enquiry of some of the brethren there who would be likely to know, they actually seem as ignorant of their nature as ourselves. In the absence then of other documents, these by-laws may fairly be assumed to be the earliest extant. We have not produced any records of the Royal Arch being worked in this country anterior to 1750. The original text of the laws has been preserved, and the copy has been most carefully made and examined (to prevent the slightest inaccuracy), from the minute book itself. In the list of chapters under the Supreme G.R.A. Scotland, it is placed as No. 4, 1765. As No. 3 is only said to have been instituted 1818, and No. 1 no earlier than 1779; while No. 2, though it may have been worked as far back as A.D. 1743, is after all but of uncertain date, we think the Operative Chapter of Banff should be honoured with the first position on the roll.

LAWS OF ST. JOHN'S OPERATIVE LODGE, BANFF, SCOTLAND, A.D. 1765.

At a meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff St. John's Day, one Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Four. The following Members being Present and Paid in their Quarterly pennice.

Here follows a list of 42 members.

The Members in Office for this year

JOHN RHIND Master
ROBERT MAIR Seneor Warden
WILLIAM MATHESON Juneor Warden
JOHN ORD Treasurer
GEORGE FAITH Secretary

Banff, 7th January 1765. Regulations and by Laws for the Free and Accepted Masons of the Operative Lodge of Banff.

* This word Cowan has a peculiar Masonic significance, which is fully explained in my friend Lyon's History of the Lodge of Edinburgh. The meaning attached to it was, a mason who had obtained a knowledge of the Craft by illegitimate means such as not serving his apprenticeship, &c.

1st. The Right Worshipfull the Master can Congregate the Lodge when and where he Pleases within the town of Banff.

2d. The Lodge shall meet the first Tusday of every month at the usual place unless otherwise intimated by the Master, the Expence of these Meetings must be paid by the Members its optional to any one to Attend or not Unless they be summoned by order of the Master.

3d. Our Great annual festival is St. John the Evangalist's day the Twenty Seventh of December at which time Every Member of the Lodge must Attend and account for his Quarterly payments which is three pence Sterling Quarterly to each Operative mason and four pence half-pennie to each Geometrical mason. Such as do not pay up those at that day are Lyable to be Prosicuted for the same. The place where the Lodge is to Conveen upon St. John's day shall be appointed by the Master at the Monthly meeting preceeding.

4th. Upon St. John's day the Twenty Seventh of December Annually the Master and Wardens are to be Chosen this Viz the former Master names the Successor, who if aproven of by the Lodge is to be installed and Salliated by the Master and Brethrerine with the usuall solemnity if not aproven of the Lodge proceed to the Election of a Master by Balating and the Brother that has the majority of Vots is to be installed by the former Master and Congratulated by the Lodge as usuall the new Master Chuses his Wardens who if not aproven of they are to be chosen by Balating.

5th. That in the Master's absence the Sr Warden opens the Lodge and the last Master or any other that has acted as Master formerly take the Chair and act as Master that night.

6th. The manner of Admitting any person into this Lodge must be by petitioning and no such petitioning can be received but by Balating and if one single one appears such Petition must be Rejected when any Objection hapens the Master shall call every Member one by one untill he has gone through the whole to seperate them in order to give that Member who did Object an opertounity of giving his reasons therefore without being Distinguished and if the Master satisfies such a Brother so as to relieve such scruples the Master then Deliver the Petition Received.

7th. Each member at his admition shall pay halfe a Crown as dues to the Grand Lodge who ever he be and every one who shall have a title to a concern in the publick Fund of the Lodge who has served a Master of the said Lodge shall pay at his admition the sum of Fifteen Shillings Sterling for Entred Aprentice Five Shillings For Fellow Craft and Ten Shillings for Master and every one who has not served as above mentioned shall pay for the first part one Pound Ster for the second Ten Shillings and for the Third Ten Shillings and any Member who wants to attain to that parts of Royal Arch and Super Excellent shall pay two Shillings and Sixpense to the Publick Fund for each part. All Master's Eldest sons shall be Entred Apprentice Gratis upon Clearing the Expenses of the Meeting.

8th. That no member but an Operative of the said Lodge shall be Master or office bearer, that no mony shall be lent belonging to the publick fund without proper Security to the Satisfaction of the Members of the said Lodge

9th. At any monthly meeting of the Members Conveened consist of nine or upwards in number the Master being orpresent the same is declared a Quoarum to Judge and Determine in anything concerning the publick fund Except Disposing with money or Debts due to it which can not be Done but upon St. John's day or when a full meeting is summoned.

10th. The Lodge fund is Designed for the releif of any member of the Lodge who is Initiat as said is who may by misfortune become in need.

11th. No member ordinary or Extra-ordinary shall affect the fund but the Charges of such shall be paid by the members as said is.

12th. Every member wheresoever he becomes so by being Made an Entred Apprentice shall from that date be Lyable to the Quarterly pennice only at the ensuing St. Johns day after his Admition the ods of the Quarter if any hapen to be shall be given in his favours.

13th. If any Brother shall come Drunk to the Lodge he shall be rebuked and directly Extruded for that time, and if any Member swear in the Lodge he shall pay two pence Sterling for each Oath.

14th. When a full Lodge is summoned by order of the Master all those who are not nessesarly absent are hereby declared Lyable for a proportion of what Expences thos present are put upon the account of the Meeting.

Some of the forgoing laws of A.D. 1765 are certainly singular, while others seem framed with due regard to order and sobriety. It will be seen that at that date, as well as subsequently, the lodge was still of an operative character and was in reality a Benefit Society, practically of a secret nature. It continues so even to this day, although of course now, the BENEFITS are separated from the lodge Masonically. The members, however, must be Masons to enjoy its advantages. The method of admission by petition, mentioned in Law 6th prevails in Scotland, and cannot be too highly commended.

The Petitioner has to sign the following declaration, addressed to the Master for the time being.

Sir,—Having a desire to be initiated into the Mysteries of Freemasonry, in connection with the Lodge over which you preside, if agreeable to that body, I shall feel obliged by your appointing a suitable time for that purpose, and I hereby bind myself to conform to their Rules and Regulations.

My age at last birthday was———
I am yours, &c.,———
Name.....
Designation .....
Address .....

This petition has to be signed by two members to the following effect:—"We, the undersigned, do recommend Mr.———, as a candidate for admission into Membership, and hereby vouch for him accordingly."

The following resolutions are curious and evidence the blending of the *speculative* with the *operative* in such a way as to prove rather unfavourable to the former, seeing that "readie money" was required to pay for the initiation or advancement of "*Gentlemen Masons.*" The ancient Lodge of Aberdeen to which reference is made has Records from 1670, and we are glad to state that we have received the sanction of the R.W.M. and the Members, to make their character known, which we shall be much pleased to do when we can find necessary spare time in which to carefully examine such valuable documents:

"Resolved that hence forward a meeting shall be called ten days or so Before the Annual General Meeting to Settle a Dinner, and that all the Members in a Publick way shall have it by Rotation, beginning at the First whose name stands in our Books.

"That no Geometrical mason shall be Entered, Passed, or Raised without Readie-money.

"That an Operative master's Apprentice shall have credit until St. John's day first after ther entry upon good Security, But that all the Members in Banff and Down shall be called, so that If any Objections shall hapen the Petitioner shall be rejected.

"That John Stewart is to get Five Pounds Ster. for this year in monthly proportions.

"That William Laurence shall Ten Shillings Ster. as was usewally given befor, but it is not to be Continued for the future. But if the Deput Master of Aberdeen Shall be put to extra-ordinary expenses in attending this meeting he has still acess to apply.

"Every member who's name is not Inroled in the Grand Lodge Books shall be searched out and Inroled.

"That no master of the Lodge of Banff shall employ any Cowons, unless he make it appear it was a case of Necessity. Otherwise he his liable to the Cognisance of the next General Meeting.

"J. ROBERTSON, Master."

"Att a Meeting held in the Operative Lodge of Banff, upon the 14th day of December, one Thousand seven Hundred and seventy-three years. It is resolved to have two new Hearses, and the Master impoured to give derections about them, as likewise to have three Sashes, and William Stephen was appointed to make a Cushon for the Bible.

"As also agreeable to the Resolution of last St. John's day, Robert Laing is appointed to provide a Denner for the Brethren against St. John's day next, and the number agreed upon to be Sixty, and in case of a deficiency of that number Robert Laing to be indemnefied out of the fund.

"JA. ROBERTSON, Master.

"Att the Annuall Meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff 7 January, 1774, Resolved that as George Faith had mismanaged the Deputation Bearing date at Banff, 5th October, 1773, Deputing him to Enter Alex Grant and Willm Farskin at Turriff. He is hereby deserned by the meeting to pay in Five Shillings to the fund by way of Fine.

"It is Resolved by the Lodge that after that date no Bills, to be taken for Entering, Passing, or Raising butt all readie-money.

"It is Resolved that no Brother that is not Raised to the degree of a Master Mason is not to undertake or Carrie on work.

"Resolved that there is to be a Procession at founding some of the Peirs of the Bridge of Banff, and that a Guinea shall be given to the Workmen out of the Fund, but that the Expence of the Meeting shall not affect the fund, but the persons present shall Defray the Charges thereof.

"Resolved that every person Entered to our Lodge, and Every Brother passed a Fellow Craft, or Raised to the Degree of Master shall at their Entry, Passing, or Raising, treat the Brethren present to the rate of Three Shillings Ster."

"Resolutions of the Annual Evening meeting, 8th January 1776.

"Resolved That for the Future that there should be a Clearance of the Books of the Operative Lodge every year, the night before St. John's Day.

"Resolved that every Member who enters to this Lodge shall have a receipt for their Entry money, likewise them that is Passed or Reased.

"Resolved that George Smith and Andrew Wilson, shall be Stewards for the ensuing year, and was elected unanimus at St. John's days evening meeting, to provide a denner for the Members at the expence of the Lodge and each Member is to pay eight pence for his denner, at he paying of his Quarter pennice.

"JOHN RHIND, Master.'

"Att at Meeting held in the Operative Lodge of Banff, 7 May, 1776. It was unanimusly agreed that the Office Bearers should employ Quariers and Carters, in order to lay in materials for building an addition to the Lodge, the whole length of the Front to the West, and to be built the hight of the present Lodge, and that the Office Bearers shall borrow what sum of money they think will be wanted for that purpose.

"JOHN RHIND, Master."

"Att a Meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff, 27th May, 1776. In Consequence of the Above Resolution to build a Front House on our Few on the Seatown, have now Agreed with John Marshall, on the Following terms, viz.:—

That he is to build each rood of Scunseon measure at Fourteen pound

scot and to furnish himselfe with water casks, spaids, Barrows, Troacks, Clear the foundations, take down the old Gavel, and sour the lime, And to Execute the mason work fully and sufficiently, according to a plan given him by the Master. And James Robertson is to furnish all Freestone wanted for the house at five pence halfpennie pr foot, exclusive of the stair, likewise, it is agreed upon by the meeting to borrow Twenty Pound Ster., more besides the Twenty six pound formerly Borrowed.

"JOHN RHIND, Master."

"The Office Bearers Re-Elected for the year 1777:—John Rhind, Master; Andrew Wilson, Deput Master; James Robertson, Sr. Warden; Alex. Grant, Jr. Warden; George Smith, Treasurer; Robert Wilson, Chaplain; and William Matheson, Officer.

"Resolutions of the Annual Evening meeting, one Thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven.

"1st. That all Members belonging to the Operative Lodge of Banff, Geometricals as weel as those that has served a Master belonging to the Lodge, shall only pay for the future Five Shillings Ster. at Passing Fellow Craft, and that those who have Passed since the first of December last, and paid Ten shillings Ster. Shall upon their Aplication to be Raised Master only pay Five Shillings Ster.

"2d. Resolved, That James Hepburn shall be Master at Aberdeen for this year as Deput from the Operative Lodge of Banff. James Smith, Deput Master at Turreff for the Operative Lodge. George Ogston to be Deput Master at what ever place providence orders for the Operative Lodge.

"3d. That John Symon, Andrew Wilson, William Milne, and Alex. James be Stewarts for the ensuing year, and is Voted as such at the Evening Meeting.

"4th. Resolved, That George Strachan's widow shall have out of this fund for this year one Pound sterling, John Stewart continued at four Pound ster., James Brodie to have for this year three Pound ster., Widow Hutcheon in Turreff Ten Shillings ster., Widow Hutcheon in Aberdeen Fifteen Shillings sterling, Peter Craib's son in Aberdeen Ten Shillings sterling.

"JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"Att a Meeting held in the Operative Lodge of Banff, the 14 Jany, 1777, It was unanimously agreed by the Meeting that the Office-Bearers should Borrow the sum of Thirty pound ster. towards finishing the Front House. Att same Meeting agreed that John Taylor, mason at Boyndie, shall posses the Front House for one year for the sum of Five pound ten shillings ster., to be paid at two different Terms, viz., Martinmas and Whitesunday. The Apartments that he is to pocess are the lower flat, entire south Room and Closet in the second storie, the Gavel above Do., with a shadd in the back close nine feet wide and not less than Eighteen feet long, with the halfe of the yard after a pass is taken off which the Meeting agrees to be seven feet wide. The said John Taylor is to find sufficient security for the Rent to the Satisfaction of the Office-Bearers. Likewise agreed that Mr. Morgan shall have five shillings ster. deduced off his rent for loss off the Yard, &c., and that the Office Bearers are impoured to comon with him anent the same and to get a sufficient Cautioner for his rent to be paid at two different Terms, viz., Martinmas and Whitesunday, at three pound five shillings ster. of Yearly Rent.

"JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"Att Banff, and within the Operative Lodge of Banff, at an Anuall Evening meeting the seventh of January, 1778 years. The Meeting appoint the Treasurer to pay to John Stewart, a Decayed Brother, the sum of Four pound sterling for this Year. The Widow of the deceased William Murray to be paid Ten Shillings sterling in order to help the defreying his funeral Charges. And Recomends to James

Smith, Deput Master at Turreff, to make particular Enquery anent William Murray's being lawfully married to the Woman who takes on her the title of his Widow, and to Report the same at next Annuall Meeting.

"Appoint the Treasurer to pay to the wife of Alex. James, in Banff, for supporting his family, himselfe being presently in Prison for debt, the sum of Ten Shillings sterling, to be repaid into the Lodge by the said Alex. James when his circumstances will admit thereof.

"And appoint the Treasurer to take proper Receipts for the forsaid Donations, and take credite therefor in his accounts.

"Thereafter a Pitition was put in for Alex. Robertson, mason in Banff, for Joining the Lodge. The vote being put, it was carried by a majority not to admit the said Alex. Robertson; and recommends it to the Meeting that none of the members thereof may never in time coming make any further application for admitting the said Alex. Robertson."

Some little time since we had a friendly discussion with Bro. Tisdall of New York respecting what is called the "Mark Master Mason's" degree being conferred upon Fellow Crafts.

We maintained that the custom had been to confer it only on *Master Masons*, but Bro. Tisdall stated that on the contrary it had generally been given to Fellow Crafts in a Craft Lodge. We challenged the production of a minute to such an effect belonging to any Lodge in the *United States*, but though Bro. Tisdall undertook to send a transcript of one, he has not succeeded in finding any confirmation of his statement, or if he has discovered such a reference he has been singularly quiet in announcing the important fact.

The custom during the last century was for Fellow Crafts to be made "*Mark Men*," but only Master Masons to be advanced as *Mark Masters*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

(Continued from page 13.)

Another ordination of the Art of Gemetry.

They ordained there an assembly to be holden
Every year, wheresoever they would,
To amend the defaults, if any were found,
Among the craft within the land;
Each year or third year it should be holden,
In every place wheresoe'er they would;
Time and place must be ordained also,
In what place they shall assemble to.
All the men of craft there they must be,
And other great lords, as ye may see,
To amend the faults that be there spoken,
If that any of them be then broken.
There they shall be all sworn,
That belongeth to this craft's lore,
To keep these statutes every one,
That be ordained by King Athelstan;
"These statutes that I have here found
"I will they be holden through my land,
"For the worship of my royalty,
"That I have by my dignity."
Also at every assembly that ye hold,
That ye come to your liege king bold,
Beseeching him of his high grace,
To stand with you in every place,
To confirm the statutes of King Athelstan,
Which he ordained to this craft by good reason.

The Art of the four crowned!

Pray we now to God Almighty,
And to his mother Mary bright,
That we may keep these articles here,
And these points well all together,
As did these holy martyrs four,
That in this craft were of great honour;
They were as good masons as on earth shall go,
Gravers and image makers they were also,
For they were workmen of the best.
The emperor had for them great (1) lust,
He willed of them an image to make,
That might be worshipped for his sake;
Such idols he had in his day,
To turn the people from Christ's law;
But they were steadfast in Christ's law,
And to their craft, without nay;
They loved well God and all his lore,
And were in his service evermore.
True men they were in that day,
And lived well in God's law;
They thought no idols for to make,
For no good that they might take,
To believe on those idols for their God,
They would not do so, though he were wood;
For they would not forsake their true faith,
And believe in his false law.
The emperor (2) let take them soon anon,
And put them into a deep prison;
The sorer he punished them in that place,
The more joy was to them of Christ's grace.
Then when he saw no other way,

(1) Lust; liking.
(2) Let take them; caused them to be taken.

To death he let them then go;
Whoso will of their life yet more know,
By the book he may it show,
In the (3) Legent of Sanctorum,
The names of *quatuor coronatorum.*
Their feast will be, without nay,
After All Hallows the eighth day. (4)
Ye may there as I do read,
That many years after, for great dread
That Noah's flood was all (5) y-ronne,
The tower of Babylon was begun,
As plain work of lime and stone,
As any man should look upon;
So long and broad it was begun,
Seven miles the heighth shadoweth the sun.
King Nebuchadnezzar let it make,
In great strength for man's sake,
Though such a flood again should come,
Over the work it should not (6) nome
Since they had such high pride, with strange boast,
All that work therefore was lost;
An angel smote them so with divers speech,
That never one knew what [the] other should reach.
Many years after, the good clerk Euclid,
Taught the craft of gemetry wonder wyde,
So he did that time other also,
Of divers crafts many more:
Through high grace of Christ in heaven,
He commenced in the sciences seven;
Grammatica is the first science certainly,
Dialectica the second, so have I bliss,
Rethorica the third, without nay,
Musica is the fourth, as I you say,
Astronomia is the fifth, by my snout,
Arsmetica the sixth, without doubt,
Gemetria the seventh maketh an end,
For it is both meek and (7) hende.
Grammar forsooth is the root,
Whoso will learn in the book;
But Art exceedeth in its degree,
As the fruit doth the root of the tree;
Rhetoric measures with ornate speech (8) amonge,
And music it is a sweet song;
Astronomy numbereth, my dear brother,
Arithmetic showeth one thing that is another,
Geometry the seventh science it is,
That can divide falsehood from truth (9) y-wys.
These are the sciences seven,
Whoso useth them well, he may have heaven.
Now dear children, by your wit,
Pride and covetousness [see] that ye leave it,
And take heed to good discretion,
And to good nurture, wheresoe'er ye come.
Now I pray you take good heed,
For this ye must show need,
But much more ye must (10) wyten,
Than ye find here[in] written.
If thee fail thereto wit,
Pray to God to send thee it.

(*To be continued.*)

(3) Legent; Legend of the Saints.
(4) 8th of November.
(5) Y-ronne; rained.
(6) Nome; take.
(7) Hende; gentle.
(8) Amonge; at intervals.
(9) Y-wys; certainly.
(10) Wyten; know.

THE NEW MORALITY.

(*Continued from page* 18.)

O huge mistake! yet in this shifty time,
When trust is wavering, faith appears a crime;
When ancient truths and wisdom seem to fade,
We like our thoughts like clothes—all ready made;
We have not time old folios to peruse,
We get our principles from the morning news!
And thus each passing day but serves to show
How very little many care to know;
And how our youth, as laughing ladies tell,
Betrays its ignorance of how to spell!
Not only this, but some now boldly say,
"We've put morality and fear away.
These were the teachings of departed schools;
Ours are wiser ways and safer rules.
What matters this? What matters that indeed?
Why should we still to pedant voice give heed?
Life is enjoyment, let us take our fling,
Our later days will serious feelings bring;
But now's the time, the festive hour is here,
And as youth's season hastes to disappear,
Let's prove that, free from custom's chilling rule,
We are apt scholars in enjoyment's school."

How many thus give up the sterner laws
Of olden days, and, mid the vain applause
Of silly compeers, think that they can cast
A freshness on their race by being "fast."
Yet this great recklessness of a wise control,
This idle wasting of the hours that roll
In quick succession by, in folly's train,
Make us desire those better days again,
When all that decency and right could teach,
Could govern equally our ways and speech;
When though with weakness, which is mortal ever,
Our's were feeble strivings, frail endeavour,
We yet could ever homage humbly pay
To Virtue, nor did we seek with boasts to disobey
The ancient laws of duty and of right,
Honour's grave dictates, ever fair and bright.
But those who live alone for pleasure here,
Who laugh at scruples, and who banish fear,
Though sometimes kind to others they may be,
Are of all selfishness the Epitomè.
For them this life is nothing but a game,
Which all can share in pretty much the same,
And so like cheerful actors, o'er and o'er,
They play as others play'd the comedy before.
O vain delusion! in this life of ours,
With all its radiant hopes and goodly powers,
How great are all those duties which belong
To each one of us in that giddy throng,
Which fills to-day each dusty road of life
With shouts of anxious care and fevered strife.
None are exempt from truth's unfailing laws;
None can desert unpunished honour's cause;
To none is given those right rules to break;
To none is given duty to forsake,
Which still for man, mid trials every hour,
Bind the still conscience in their golden power,
And teach, and warn, and govern, and restrain
Our mortal race under their happier reign

Which still can virtue praise and censure vice,
Which don't confound what's true with what is nice,
But sternly reprobate, under whatever name,
Folly's regime, effrontery's brazen claim.

MENTOR.

(*To be continued.*)

MONSIEUR LE BARON.

(*Concluded from page* 18.)

After that, when the vesper bells were ringing, Celeste always sat in her attic room and sang. She left her door open, that the Baron might hear; and to him the song of "the bird under the roof," as he still called her, grew daily more dear. The Baron's character was changed; he thought oftener of Celeste than was at all pleasant: he wrote to her again, but the letter was returned after some time with the words "not called for" in pencil, on the back.

"Where could she be? Dead, perhaps, of starvation; he had heard of such things. With an eagerness that surprised himself he plunged into the vortex of pleasure that seethes and whirls in the gay capital. There he found forgetfulness. Still, when he heard that clear voice singing, tender thoughts would come, and, strangely enough, he cherished them. The human heart is terribly contradictory. When Celeste stood before him only waiting for his love, that love it seemed impossible to give, and the probabilities are, that should she so stand again, he would again turn from her. Many people wish that they might "live their lives over again;" in nine cases out of ten they would only repeat them.

But now that Celeste was gone,—forever, it appears,—he yearned after her love, and his heart stirred strangely at the old remembrances. His new friends urged a more fashionable residence, but the Baron shook his head. He could not tell them that the vesper hymn, associated as it was with Celeste's memory, kept him where he was.

Once there was a gay party at dinner. The Baron was the life of the assembly—when, hark!—above the clatter of tongues and the click of the glasses, came the sound of a woman's voice singing a hymn to the virgin. He ceased speaking, and the guests looked at one another.

"Baron, are you ill?" asks one, anxiously.

"No, no!" and he laughed lightly. "What was it you were saying, my friend? Hansel, more wine." But ever and anon his voice faltered a little, and he wished to himself that his good friends would not talk quite so loud; he could not hear a note. Then the song ended, and the Baron breathed more freely, but he was *distrait* and unlike himself, and his guests left early. The next day was his birthday. No one knew it. He scarcely remembered it himself till old Picot came stumbling along the corridor with some flowers in his hand—beautiful violets, white and blue, the Baron's favourite flowers.

"They were left at the gate. It is Monsieur's birthday, *is it not?*"

"Who left them, good Picot?"

The old man chuckled softly.

"There was no name, Monsieur."

"Strange!" murmured the Baron, and Picot made haste to retire before more questions should be asked. But a few days later he stopped Celeste as she passed him.

"I will have no more secrets, Mademoiselle," he said, pettishly. "Monsieur has done nothing but pester me with questions all these days. I will do nothing more for you. No, no, do not talk; you will 'good Picot' me into more trouble." And he turned his back on her with an air of great resolution.

Celeste laughed a little. She was much happier. Lately she could often hear the Baron's voice; once in a long while she saw him; she could not speak to him, to be sure; but if she could, what had she to say? It is well to be content.

One evening, one of the Baron's countrymen was with him. They had been neighbours in their youth; their lands joined; altogether he was more nearly a friend than any of those around him. To him he complained of his fits of depression, his loneliness.

"My dear Baron, you should marry. Here am I not yet your age, and my Adolf is already betrothed. One must take interest in something; it is well when one has children."

The Baron made no reply. His gaze rested unconsciously on the violets, fading in their glass, and his thoughts went back to Celeste. Nonsense; how could he marry a woman who was dead, for all he knew to the contrary. Rising, he pulled the bell impatiently. "Hansel, the carriage. Come, my friend, let us go to the opera?"

But again and again his friend's advice recurred to him Why should he not marry? He thought of the women he knew; most of them were frivolous, and too gay for his quiet German home. There was the English widow up stairs; she was young and pretty. He had met her once or twice. Once he had called, but her aunt was tiresome to the last degree, and he had vowed never to go again; but one day he broke his resolution, and once more entered their pretty drawing-room.

His call was a long one, and the pretty widow confided to him how wearisome this living in lodgings was to her. "I have such a pretty home, but we are living in this tiresome Paris on account of Fred, my aunt's son, who is here."

"Why, my dear, *I* was quite willing to stay in England;" and her aunt looked up from her knitting with languid surprise.

The niece blushed and changed the subject. The Baron took some pains to become acquainted with this "Fred," and soon spent many of his hours with the pretty widow, besides being the invariable fourth in all their parties for pleasure.

* * * * * *

"Ah, Mademoiselle, the Baron will take a wife with him in the spring. The English lady has put off her mourning already."

Picot looked reprovingly at his wife; then from her to the figure standing in the door.

"One must not listen to all Jeanette's gossip, Mademoiselle," he said, noting the look of blank despair that had settled on the pale, tired face.

"Come in, Mademoiselle; you are ill;" and Jeanette bustled about, placing a chair.

But Celeste shook her head. "No, I am only tired; I will go up to my room."

As she walked swiftly and noiselessly along the hall she heard voices talking: the Baron's deep full tones, and, mingled with them, the sweet treble of the English widow. Then she heard the clatter of plates, and, speeding up the stairs, she threw herself on the floor by the window with a low sob. "He is at dinner there with them, and I am hungry," and the tears flowed freely at the thought of her long fast, for which in reality she scarcely cared, so common was it.

A carriage rattled up the street, and presently the Baron appeared in full evening dress. He handed the two ladies into the carriage, and then sprang in himself. They waited a moment, and Celeste had time to notice how carefully the Baron wrapped the younger lady's cloak about her white shoulders, and how sweetly she smiled her thanks. Then her cousin hurried out with her fan, and entering the carriage they drove quickly off.

"I will wait till they come back, perhaps he has gone to marry her," and poor Celeste smiled bitterly. But long before they returned she had sobbed herself to sleep. The moonbeams stole in at the window, and shone softly on her wet eye-lashes, but their light touch did not wake her. Stir not the leaves, oh sighing wind! she is dreaming of her lover as he was long years ago. His arm is around her—his blue eyes shine upon her face—she cannot speak. She tries to tell him of her long sorrowful waiting, but she can only sob out her thankfulness that it has passed.

Many a night Celeste knelt at the window, and watched and waited for the Baron. Sometimes she fell asleep at her post, but oftener she saw him coming home handsome, happy, with a smile on his grave face. She heard the gay "good-nights" in the hall, and then with a sigh she threw herself upon her couch to dream fitful, troubled dreams, till the gray dawn stole in and woke her to the duties of the day. Once tired by her long watch for the Baron, who had, this time, gone out alone, she fell asleep in her chair. She dreamed of the firing of guns; a procession passed—soldiers; behind a bier a riderless horse was led. They uncovered the bier, and she saw the face of the Baron; she drew her breath sobbingly. Then she heard some one knocking; the noise grew louder.

"Mademoiselle Celeste, it is I, Jeanette."

She sprang up. How long she had slept! The sun was shining brightly.

"Mademoiselle, do wake up."

She unbolted the door. Jeanette entered, crying, "We are all going to die, Mademoiselle, and lose our lodgers too," she said in answer to Celeste's eager questions. "No one will stay, and Picot says I must tell you to go, and who is going to take care of the lady, I should like to know."

"Jeanette, be quiet, and tell me what is the matter," and Celeste laid her hand firmly on the woman's shoulder.

"Well, Mademoiselle, the English lady has been 'tired, oh, so tired' for days, she says, but she would go out. Last night she was worse. She was ill all night, and now her cousin, the young doctor, says he is afraid it is small-pox she is to have. Her maid has gone this morning. The artist is going—hark!—and Picot tells you to go. They will put barricades in the street, and no one will come near us, and we will all die. And the other lady does nothing but cry, and there are two doctors in the house." Jeanette was continuing her lamentations, when Celeste stopped her. "Who is with the lady now?"

"No one, Monsieur le Baron says," but Celeste was half way down the stairs before she finished. At the foot she met the young doctor. "Monsieur," she said humbly, "I have seen much sickness, will you let me take care of the lady?"

His face brightened. "Have you had the disease?"

"No, but I am not afraid."

He looked doubtfully at her. "I will see the other physician."

They came back together.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you here?" and the elder of the two held out his hand. "You were in the hospital of the convent for some time, were you not? My friend, you cannot do better," he said, turning to the young man. "You are not afraid, Mademoiselle? that is right, come then."

So Celeste entered the sick room, which for so many long days and nights she was destined not to leave. She bestowed the most unwearied care upon her patient. "I am saving her for *him*," she would say to herself.

The doctor was loud in his praises, and one day the Baron stopped her as she crossed the hall. "Celeste"—

"I will not speak to you, Monsieur, it may be death," she said decidedly, and, eluding his extended hand, she passed quickly by him.

The doctor watched her closely, and one day he said, "Mademoiselle, you must go and rest, your patient is out of danger, and I have provided a nurse to relieve you."

"Will she live?" and Celeste lifted her great hollow eyes to his face.

"Yes, thanks to your nursing. I think there is no fear now."

So Celeste went slowly up to her room, and lay down on the bed, from which she did not rise again for many weeks, for while down stairs the life she had saved grew daily stronger and stronger, she lay moaning and tossing in the wildest delirium of fever. Jeanette, forgetting her fears, nursed her tenderly, and even when the dreaded disease appeared, she indignantly refused to leave her post, and often she would sit wiping the tears from her eyes as she listened to the ravings in which were revealed all the sufferings of the past months. There was another listener too, one who would stand outside the door, his head bent, and hands clasped closely together as if in prayer, and sometimes when she would cry piercingly, "Rudolf! Rudolf!" and then say plaintively, "He has forgotten me," and sometimes, "He does not care that I am hungry," he would turn away with a groan.

At last the fight was fought, and Picot coming out of the darkened room touched the Baron's arm: "She will live, Monsieur," he said tremulously.

"Thank God!"

One day when the sunshine was shining brightly in at the window, and Celeste, white and frail as the lilies in her hand, leaned wearily back among the cushions of her chair, Jeanette came in, her face shining with some great secret.

"The Baron wishes to see you, Mademoiselle."

"Oh! I cannot," and Celeste's lips trembled.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, and he has brought you flowers every day, and would stand all night sometimes at the door to hear of you, Picot says."

"But my face, Jeanette."

"It is all gone, Mademoiselle. You have been ill so long you have a right to look pale."

"Bring me a mirror, Jeanette."

"Not now, Mademoiselle, wait till after."

"*Now*," said Celeste decidedly, "or I will not see the Baron."

With a sigh Jeanette placed a glass before her. Celeste looked at herself long and earnestly. The flush was gone from her face, but it was terribly, hopelessly, disfigured.

"I had lost my beauty before, but now I am frightful," she said. "Take it, Jeanette, and call the Baron. I will see him."

The old woman turned away sobbing. Celeste smiled strangely.

A few moments after the door opened, and the Baron came swiftly towards her. Dropping on his knees by her chair he took her hand fondly in his.

"My own Celeste!" he said tenderly.

She trembled and withdrew her hand.

"Have I transgressed beyond forgiveness?" he said sadly. "I was blind, fool that I was; but I have suffered bitterly. Celeste, will you not pardon me, and let me shield you now from all want and sorrow—"

"Stop, Monsieur," and Celeste laid her hand on his, "you do not know what you are saying."

"Perhaps not, Celeste. I am so happy at seeing you that I may not speak quite clearly, but you know surely how much I love you, and—"

Again she interrupted him.

"Monsieur, you forgot. The English lady."

He looked puzzled, then a light broke over his face. "The English lady is only waiting for you to be well enough to be present, to marry her cousin, to whom she has been engaged six months."

Celeste uttered a low cry. "I thought—"

The Baron clasped her in his arms.

"Rudolf," she said presently, "look at me, you were disappointed in me when you saw me first, I was old and plain, but I am much worse now."

He looked at her fondly, reverently.

"Hush! forget that if you can, Celeste. I was a fool then, and saw only with eyes blinded by pride and arrogance; forgive me, suffering has made me fitter to receive the blessing that may still be mine. *Now* I see with the eyes of my soul, and, Celeste, your face to me is the most beautiful the sun shines on to-day.– *Scribner's American Magazine.*

THE MAIDEN'S LAST FAREWELL.

IN THE DAY OF CREMATION.

Then the night wore on, and we knew the worst,
That the end of it all was nigh;
Three doctors they had from the very first—
And what could one do but die?

"Oh, William!" she cried, "strew no blossoms of Spring,
For the new 'apparatus' might rust!
But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring,
And linger to see me combust.

"Oh, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you'll watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn slow match,
And warn them against kerosene.

"It would cheer me to know, ere these rude breezes waft
My essences far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draught,
And have a fond eye on the coal.

"Then promise me, love"—and her voice fainter grew—
"While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the fire,
And gaze while my gases arise.

"For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way,
(Of his 'process' you've surely heard tell),
And you burn like a parlour match gently away,
Nor even offend by a smell.

"So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain,
When my carbon floats up to the sky;
And I'm sure, love, that you will never complain,
Though an ash should blow into your eye.

"Now promise me, love"—and she murmured low—
"When the calcification is o'er,
You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—
I mean by my furnace door.

"Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve,
On their noiseless axles the years,
You will visit the kiln where you saw me 'resolve,'
And bleach my pale ashes with tears."

—*From Harper's American Magazine for June.*

CRICKETALIA.

Most of us, for whom I write to-day, are getting "raythèr" oldish boys!

We have, at any rate, passed the "mezzo termin" of life, and have gradually left behind us the dreams and aspirations of youth, of that happy period before anticipation has given way to reality, and we have imbibed our dose, and a very bitter dose it often is, of experience. Whether "experientia docet" or "does it," it is pretty much the same, and, as a general rule, it mostly reminds one of the doctor's black draught which followed the customary blue pill of the night before.

Well, we are not young, and our tastes are not what they once were. We are getting stout (our tailor looks with a sigh on the pale memoranda of departed measurements); we are getting, as my friend Jorum says, "groggy" (no offence is intended) on our feet, and we like loose fitting clothes and easy boots. The days of close fitting surtouts are over; we are clearly on the wane. And so with our ways and habits of life. We prefer now a quiet dinner at home, where the partner of our bosom sits opposite to us serenely smiling, and we no longer "mix our liquors," but stick to sound claret. Port is eschewed; sherry is even questioned; champagne is regarded with suspicion; and what we term "foreign wines" with a shake of the head.

What a dreadful twinge we had two days ago in our right foot, but thanks to the care of our dear wife and old Bolus, we have surmounted the throes of *that malevolent* malady the gout, and hobbled down to our office with a smile on our face, and a flower in our button hole.

We are still young, and we object to the irreverent youth calling us old.

True it is we have given up late hours and long dinners. No more for us after "work" the "refreshment" of our good old lodge. No Amelia objects to our being out in the night air, dear soul. But even now we are carried back over the dimness of passing hours to the "wreathed mist" of years gone by, when we listened in rapture to P. M. Jones' speech, or Bro. Robinson's song, and when we encored that famous Masonic melody, with which old Tim Maguire, our excellent joining brother, used regularly to indulge us, which always ended with a noisy chorus, and referred somehow to the "ladies," "little darlints," as Tim called them, of whom he was a fervid patron.

And for us, arrived at this sobered time of existence, active exercise has not a great deal of charm. Still, my good brother, even you will be stirred up by the gathering for cricket which old Lord's grounds has seen of our public schools. Surely even your old blood is moved with the sight of a rejoicing youth, and with the sounds of the applause of exulting thousands of boys, in all the hopes and bloom of life's young morn.

I know of no finer sight anywhere, nor am I aware where you can see an equal to it indeed, and I only wish, as once an "alumnus" of a famous school, that Winchester, Eton, and Harrow were again permitted to hold their "Lordian Games" in the yearly "Palœstrâ."

This year, before dense rows of applauding spectators, Eton, of classical reputation, has defeated the genial Harrovians by five wickets. Such is "la fortune de la guerre."

It was Canning who said, that, very few people realized, how much of our public life as Englishmen rested upon our great public schools, and though since that time Civil Service competition has opened more widely the doors of the service of the State, yet he must be little penetrated with the true spirit of English patriotism, who does not regard with tender interest and kindly sympathy these great nurseries of our statesmen and our sons.

The meeting at Lord's is always the most enjoyable meeting for public school men in the year.

"Hullo, Tomkins, you here; thought you were in New Zealand!"

"Jones, my boy, how fresh you're looking; so I hear you've come into a fortune; congratulate you."

"Timmins, introduce me to your wife immediately. Ah, Mrs. Timmins, you little know what a scapegrace Timmins used to be."

"By the way, Jenks, who has got the living of Pluckey," you hear Lorrimer asking with something like disappointment. "Johnson, Lorry!" "What Johnson?" "Well, that Johnson who married Miss Mogson, and has got seven little Mogsons!"

"Compton, delighted to see you. What do you wear a cassock waistcoat for here?" "I'm a Rural Dean," says Compton, somewhat solemnly. "Bless my soul, a Rural Dean," says Everett, musingly.

"What a splendid catch that was of Webbe's," says a cheery Harrovian.

"What a splendid leg hit that was of Lyttleton's," says a gay Etonian.

"Why, here's the Governor come up to see the old team," says one of the lithe captains to a good old wicket keeper, famous in his generation.

Thus "wags" the little world away, and when to this you add the apparition of countless angelic sisters and cousins in dark blue and light blue, with smiling faces and loving hearts, ought not the boys to be happy?

So they are, and long may they be so. Good luck attend them.

MENTOR.

——A coloured philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. If women looks at de moon, dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed de fust thing at night to find a man. Why, I nebber look under my bed to find a woman; does you?"

THE CHEQUERED FLOOR-CLOTH.

I've often thought when in the lodge,
I've listening sat in silence there,
Amid some solemn ways and words,
Some mystic rites both old and rare,
How well in each "component part"
Does Masonry unfold the plan,
With which the architect Divine
Still rules the world and man!

I cast my eyes upon the ground,
The chequer'd floor-cloth meets my view,
Marked with alternate black and white,
In little even squares so true;
And on that floor-cloth outstretched now,
Gather a quiet genial band,
And youth and hope, and health and strength,
Around in glowing power stand.

And yet how true a picture still
Is that old floor-cloth of our life,
How well its all-contrasted dies,
Betoken human change and strife,
Alternate scenes of joy and woe,
Alternate hours of jest and pain,
Those pleasant times which fleet away,
Those friends who greet us not again.

How all things change! how passing time
Does touch us sadly one by one,
As we are feeling old and frail
Whose sands are nearly all but run;
How pass the hopes and charms of years,
The cheery hour, the smiling face,
The song, the sigh, the laugh, the tear,
Old friendship's trust, affection's grace!

The lodge where once we met in glee,
The brethren of a happy hour,
The words we heard, the work we did,
The pleasant strain, the festive bow'r,
The gatherings and the greetings then,
The hands so warm, the hearts so true,
Have faded into nothingness,
And seem but shadows to our view.

Our W. M. no more does fill
So well his stately royal chair,
The Chaplain with his face benign,
Utters no more his words of pray'r,
The Wardens have left their pedestals,
The Deacons no more wend their way,
The Organist has ceased to play,
As in an unforgotten day.

No Secretary with busy air,
Reads out his minutes any more,
The Treasurer has closed his book,
No Inner guard observes the door,
Even the Stewards vanish fast,
With Tyler from the mystic room,
Past Master Clarke no more shuts up
Our secrets—all is darkest gloom!

I look in vain for Wm. Perkin,
No more John Lee lays down the law;
Our Treasurer has got the gout,
Wanting is Brother Shaw,
And hushed are well known voices,
Absent the laughing friend,
Those pleasantest of meetings,
Have long since had an end.

And time has changed us all so sadly,
As we have old and older grown,
As one by one our roll call lessens,
As life has gone, and years have flown,
Few now are there who used to gather
In all of fervour and of truth,
And like as in this life of changes,
Old age has given way to youth.

Yet newer members, newer faces,
Assemble in that goodly hall,
And younger voices oft repeating
The same old words, which never pall,
Still, still are heard, as round them gather
The brethren in their bright array,
Telling of those who used to meet there
In a glad season past away.

Ah, yes! my memory wanders back,
To meetings held in "Auld lang syne,"
To brethren who in love assembled,
Mid many a Mystic sign,
Who met in all the loyal friendship
Of Masonry's all binding chain,
Who parted full of kindly feeling,
Trusting to meet soon there again!

And so to-night, old chequered floor-cloth,
You take me to another scene,
To many a pleasant hour of gathering,
To happy lodges which have been,
And from this gay and friendly gathering,
Amid the splendour which I see,
To vanished labours, parted brethren,
To an old lodge most dear to me.

A. F. A. W.

——"While journeying by rail," says a traveller, "I witnessed the following incident. One night, just after I had scrambled into my sleeping-berth, I heard loud and angry voices proceeding from the rear of the car. 'I tell you this is a sleeping-car, and you can't come in without a ticket' 'Begorra, I had a ticket' 'Where is it?' 'I have lost it.' 'If you really had the misfortune to lose your ticket, perhaps you can remember your berth.' There was an interval of silence, Paddy evidently employing his thinking powers. 'Och, be jabers!' he exclaimed at length, 'I was born on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1838.'"

LIGHT FOR THE BLIND.

BY W. MOON, LL.D.

We have perused with much interest, and we hope sympathetic appreciation, this most striking publication, which, under its very appropriate title is, we trust, likely to be widely read, and as warmly approved! For in truth, Dr. Moon's work comes to us accompanied with, so to say, a twofold claim upon our countenance and commendation. It is, in the first place, the effort of a most industrious labourer, in a good cause, himself suffering from the deprivation of sight; and it is a most praiseworthy endeavour to aid and elevate many thousands of similarly afflicted persons, in all countries, and of all languages, and to afford them the inexpressible advantages of intellectual improvement, and the priceless blessings of religious instruction and study.

It has been well and truly said, that all the greatest works in the world have been effected by individual toil and individual example, rather than by any aggregate action of the community, and most certain is this theory true of the persevering and praiseworthy labours of Dr. Moon, who has so zealously striven in the purest spirit of philanthropic and religious zeal, to advance the temporal comfort, and to promote, we say it reverently, the eternal welfare of others, especially those who like himself, are suffering in the good Providence of God, from one of the greatest afflictions to which mortal man is subject.

He has been supported by many warm friends in his arduous struggles; but by no one more zealously or liberally than by Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., of Swillington House, Leeds, who, inheriting the name and family seat of distinguished ancestors, has been ever foremost in advancing the temporal and religious happiness of others, and in various ways, especially of those who, like himself, have most patiently submitted to a similar bereavement,—of the great blessing of sight.

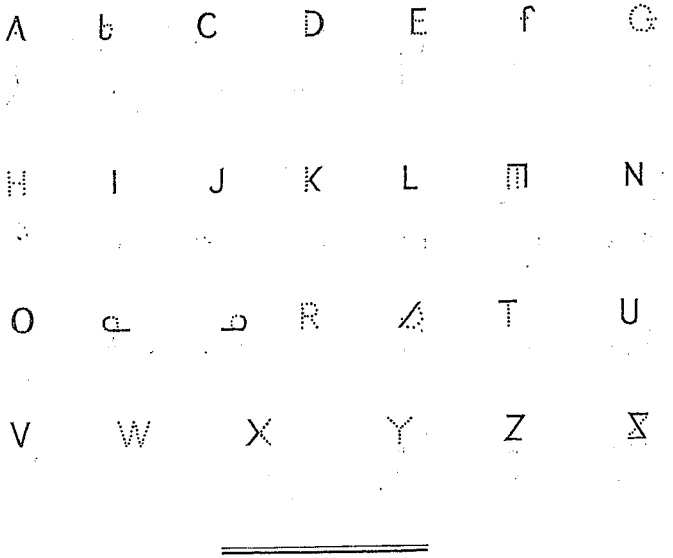
It has been already well pointed out, that Dr. Moon's most interesting work, "Light for the Blind," relates concisely how men of benevolence and zeal struggled

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

Her Most Gracious Majesty, The Queen.

Dr. Moon's Alphabet for the Blind.

Note.—THE DOTTED MARKS OF THE LETTERS PRINTED OVER THE ALPHABET FOR THE BLIND, SHOW WHAT PORTIONS OF THE COMMON LETTER ARE OMITTED, IN ORDER TO LAY THE CHARACTERS OPEN AND CLEAR TO THE TOUCH.



G O D I S L O V E

THE ABOVE ALPHABET CONSISTS OF SIX OF THE ROMAN LETTERS UNALTERED, TWELVE OTHERS WITH PARTS LEFT OUT, AND SIX NEW AND VERY SIMPLE FORMS, WHICH MAY BE EASILY LEARNED BY THE AGED, AND PERSONS WHOSE FINGERS ARE HARDENED BY WORK.

104, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

for sixty years to provide an alphabet for the blind which was universally applicable, and the reasons from which they failed to accomplish the object in view. Upon losing his sight, our author mastered for himself the existing systems. He then endeavoured to confer the same benefit upon other blind persons. With some he either totally failed, or met with only partial success. This led him to seek the cause of failure. The conclusion was, that the Roman characters were too complicated for the touch of the blind generally, and the systems which possessed a simple character had a defective orthography, being based upon stenography.

We are thus introduced to the invention of reading for the blind by means of embossed letters, its introduction into England, and the author's own invention as adapted to that means, together with the extraordinary success which has attended its use, and the author's efforts to extend its benefits to other countries. In his preface, Dr. Moon informs us that the work has been prepared "with a twofold object: firstly, that the kind contributors to the Embossing Fund may know how greatly the Lord has blessed our united efforts on behalf of the blind; and, secondly, that others, when they learn the blessing that has been vouchsafed to our labours, may be induced to co-operate in this Christian work." We have had frequent occasion to notice the simplicity which characterizes Dr. Moon's adaptation of the modified embossed letters to the use intended, and also the interesting character of the details of his continental missionary tours, as related by him on various public occasions; and we commend this little book to the notice of all who feel an interest in the work of enabling the blind to read by the fingers what their more favoured brethren enjoy by the blessing of sight. A list is appended of the various books which have been published in Moon's embossed type, comprising the various books of the Bible in English and some foreign languages, religious books, poetry, educational works, tales, anecdotes, memoirs, &c., some hundreds in number; together with some maps, for the construction of which the author has received the membership of the Royal Geographical Society. The volume is the interesting record of a movement which is and will continue to be a blessing to thousands to whom the art of reading would, but for the invention it describes, be necessarily compelled to exist in literary destitution and darkness.

Some interesting facts are brought before us regarding the statistics of blindness, which appeal forcibly to our sympathies and interests.

It should be stated that the blind in the world number at least 3,000,000. Of these, according to our census returns, 30,000 are to be found in the United Kingdom alone. Thirty years ago, few of this latter number could read for themselves; but the work of teaching the blind, and disseminating the books upon this improved system, has progressed so rapidly that now more than 5,000 of our sightless fellow-creatures in Great Britain and Ireland alone, are possessed of the power of doing so.

The earlier chapters of this volume give us a deeply moving account of the "Origin of Reading for the Blind," and of Dr. Moon's own simplified system.

Thirty years ago he lost his own sight, but from that time he set to work to unfold to others what, in the good Providence of God, he had himself happily achieved —the mastery of the system then in vogue. When, in 1847, Dr. Moon first introduced his system of raised or embossed letters, with an alphabet of the simplest character, there were few adults who could read by the touch, though the idea of the system was 300 years old and is due to a Spaniard, Francesco Lucas, and though numerous advances had been made in the art, especially by Valentine Hüay, who, Dr. Moon tells us, appears to have been the first to emboss paper as a means of reading for the blind, about the year 1784, and was instigated to it by seeing a band of blind musicians playing in the streets of Paris.

It is not too much to say, that the blind generally then were devoid of a scrap of reading which they could decipher for themselves. Dr. Moon was destined to become the inventor of a new plan by which all who were capable of learning to read by an embossed type might be able to do so. We learn from the independent testimonies and extracts from reports of Societies, &c., recorded in this book, that children of even the tenderest years, and

persons of most advanced age are enjoying the blessing of reading by means of this plan. It is as simple as it could possibly be made. The Roman letter which failed, and yet fails to be felt by the generality of the blind, was taken as a basis. Those letters which were appreciable to the touch of the blind were retained, those which admitted of simplification were made plainer by the omission of unnecessary strokes, and where this was inadmissable new and very simple forms were substituted. A glance at the alphabet is sufficient to convince one of its simplicity.

The books are now being read by at least 5,000 sightless ones in the United Kingdom. They are extensively read in Holland, Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Egypt, Syria, India, China; in various parts of Africa, Australia, and America,—indeed, it would seem that the sun never sets upon the books. We would quote one or two remarks in Dr. Moon's work. As was deeply to be regretted, our late Lord Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, became almost totally blind, and whilst in this state he became acquainted with Dr. Moon's embossed type. His own testimony speaks for itself as to his appreciation of the blessing of reading again for himself, and the facility with which a knowledge of it may be acquired. When recently speaking of it at "Willis's rooms," he said, "that Dr. Moon's was the simplest method of teaching the blind to read, that he had himself experienced the benefit of the system, and that in three hours he learnt the 'finger alphabet,' and now he is never at a loss to read the type." The testimonies of persons in a humbler station of life are equally conclusive. The peer and the peasant have alike been provided for.

Indeed nothing can exceed the interest of the book itself, for those who are anxious to benefit their fellow-creatures, but it is a book which must be carefully read "in extenso."

We are enabled, by the kindness of Sir Charles H. Lowther, to whom the book is very properly dedicated, to present our readers to-day with a photograph of Dr. Moon, and which we can say, from personal knowledge, is a very good likeness of that industrious and energetic person. We are also permitted by the same kind friend, to lay before our readers a facsimile of the alphabet for the blind, which has been found the most successful. One of the great objects of the book is, to raise an "Endowment Fund" for the work. Hitherto it has been supported by voluntary contributions, the annual income from which is necessarily fluctuating; but now that the system has proved, after many years' experience, to be supremely *the* system for the Blind, its friends and advocates are anxious that it should be put upon a firm and permanent financial basis. Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., of Swillington House, Leeds, has kindly consented to become Treasurer to the "Endowment Fund," which, when a sufficient amount has been raised, will be placed in the hands of Trustees.

Subscriptions and donations, for immediate use in embossing his books for the Blind will be thankfully received by W. Moon, LL.D., 104, Queen's Road, Brighton.

Bankers: Messrs. Hall, Lloyd, Bevan, and West, Union Bank, North Street, Brighton.

We rise from the perusal of "Light for the Blind" with mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow,—sorrow that so much suffering and affliction should yet abound amongst us; and pleasure, that, under Divine Providence, the suffering itself produces a remedy, and that out of darkness has come light.

We look upon Dr. Moon's system of reading for the Blind as one of the greatest improvements and discoveries of the age in which our lot is cast.

Many other discoveries are daily announced, many other discoverers are claiming rewards; but surely no discoveries are more blessed or important than that of reading for the Blind; and no discoverers are more worthy of the support and commendation of their brother men, than he who thus modestly relates his earnest and religious labours.

We will only add that, should it be, that any for whom we write are suffering from blindness themselves, or in those for whom they feel an interest, we shall be happy, on application to the Editor, or to Bro. Kenning, 198, Fleet Street, to endeavour to procure for any such applicants one or two books from Dr. Moon's admirable establishment at Brighton.

We have also seen some very remarkable astronomical diagrams for the blind, which reflect the highest credit on Dr. Moon.

May all of good attend the work, and may God's blessing rest on such truly philanthropic labours.

W.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

[From an unpublished blank verse poem, entitled *Welcombe Hills, or the Land of Shakspere*, composed by Br. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, during a week's visit to the late Mark Philips, Esq., at Welcombe House, Stratford-on-Avon, in May, 1873.]

Hark! 'tis the nightingale! how that song thrills
Throughout my soul! That lay I long have yearn'd
(With fervent longing, like a pregnant dame,)
To hear; and now its welcome notes salute
Mine ears with floods of music. O how rich
The melody!—what fine variety
Of pleasing sounds does this one bird possess
In its small windpipe,—small but muscular:
For Nature's God adapts to its true end
All He creates. And well has WALTON ask'd,
(Honest old IZAAK, whose delightful book
On angling makes the subject seem divine
Of which he treats, though it be but to take
A simple trout with baited hook and line,)—
If God provideth for bad men on earth
Such music, what then must He have in store
For saints in heaven?* For the Nightingale,
Through all the ages man has heard its song,
Has been admired o'er all the feather'd choir.
Pliny preferr'd it to all instruments.
Like the immortal bards of Greece before
Rome's Ovid sang of Philomela's woes,
The much-wronged daughter of King Pandion
Changed to the Nightingale; and hence its song
Has ever since been plaintive. Perhaps 'twas *here*
SHAKSPERE first listen'd to its pensive notes,
A Stratford school boy, or e'en earlier still,
A child led by his loving mother's hand,—
That Mary Arden, whose sweet name itself
Is redolent of rural poetry;
And wander'd here in manhood's riper years,
Soliloquising like his Valentine:—
"How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns;
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes."†
To name the poets who have loved its lay
Would be to conjure up a galaxy
Of shining spirits in the world of song,
Such as would need my SHAKSPERE'S magic pen
To passion view before us: one great soul
The Godlike MILTON—may alone suffice
To hallow its sweet notes throughout all time.
For he had heard it on the "bloomy spray
Warble at eve, when all the woods were still,"
And has embalm'd that folklore of our sires,
That the fond lover who is fortunate
Its "liquid notes that close the eye of day,"
To hear "before the cuckoo's shallow bill,"
Shall have "success in love." Giving poor hopes
For sighing swains where it ne'er sings at all.
'Tis said at times its thrilling lay is heard
Even in Yorkshire; but our Cleveland coast
Ne'er echoes back its heavenly melody.
Cornwall, and Scotia, and green Erin's isle,
The Channel Islands, though their climate's mild,
'Tis said it never visits.

Let us then
Be thankful for our larks, that overhead
Soar singing to the sky, as sweet as those
That sang to SHAKSPERE meditating here:
Thankful for thrush and blackbird, linnet tribe;
For robin redbreast's piping winter note;
For all the merry songsters we possess;
Yea, for the peewit and the cawing rook;
For all their notes are musical to him
Whose ears are tuned to nature's melody.

* "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the mutual rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"—*Walton's Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation.*

† *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act v., scene 4.

——Scene in court: Judge.—"Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?" Prisoner.—"No, Judge; I had ten dollars, but my lawyer took that."

TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

BY FRANCES LEE.

With marks of a rough, stormy life all over him, a man of about fifty years, gray and sunburnt, sat in my office. I found him there when I went in one morning not long ago.

"Here is somebody waiting for you, Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow.

I looked around, and the man rose and held out his hand.

"Averill—my name is Averill," said he, looking sharply at me out of a pair of shrewd gray eyes. "I am an old friend of your mother; but I have not met her for a matter of five-and-twenty years. So I thought I'd call and ask after her and her family."

"I am glad to see you," said I. "Are you a relative of my mother?"

"No," replied Mr. Averill. "We were of the same name, but not connected—unless it may be very distantly. I used to know her and her folks, though, as well as I did my own sisters, and better, too. Let's see—where is your Aunt Augusta now?"

"She is living with her children in Portland," said I.

"Pretty well, is she, do you know?" asked Mr. Averill.

"Very well when we heard last. Aunt Augusta has good children and a pleasant home, and seems quite happy."

"Um-m-m-m! That is nice," said Mr. Averill, fumbling at a rough nugget of gold that hung as a charm from his watch-chain.

I hadn't much to do that day, so I talked off and on with my visitor till it was time to go home, and then took him along with me. I left him in the sitting-room and went to find mother. She was mixing biscuits for supper, looking through her glasses, and singing a snatch of some old, half-forgot'en love-ditty of her youth.

"Mother?" said I, breaking in upon her song. "Come in the other room. An old friend of yours wants to see you."

Mother looked up over her glasses.

"An old friend? Tisn't any of the Maine folks, is it?" she asked.

Because, if it was so much as a dog that had trotted across a corner of the State of Maine, on his four legs, mother would have run, with her arms out and a smile of welcome, without stopping to even wash the dough off her hands. As it was, with only an indefinite thought of seeing "an old friend," she went, with a dust of flour on her nose, and without her company cap.

As soon as she had stepped inside the sitting-room door, she stood and looked at her guest, and he stood and looked at her.

"It is Sam, as true as you are born!" she said, at last.

Then they both laughed, and then they both wiped their eyes, though they didn't seem like that sort of people, especially Mr. Averill.

I never knew my mother to forget her housekeeping before, but this time she let the biscuit burn till they were as black as my shoe; and when she mixed some more she put in sugar instead of salt, and left out the saleratus altogether. But her cheeks grew pink, and her cap strings flew, and she nor her guest seemed to know the difference.

"Oh, honey!" cried my mother, hopping up from the tea-table as soon as she was seated. "You haven't lost your sweet tooth, have you, Sam?"

"How you do remember?" returned Sam, admiringly.

"I should think I ought to," returned my mother, with a girlish laugh. "The way you used to pick the walnuts to carry to the cross roads store and trade for molasses and make candy of! Speaking of the cross-roads store, I wonder if you know our old storekeeper's daughter, she that was Sarah Curly, has lost her husband?"

"No, has she? Strange I never heard of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as astonished as though he had been hearing from his old neighbours every week.

"Yes," said my mother. "She married one of old Si Seaver's boys, the oldest one, Jonathan, and he died sudden,—all at once; well it must be something like half-a-dozen years ago,—and left his wife and so many children—five children or else six, I don't know which."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Averill, passing his honey plate for the third time. No, evidently he had not lost his sweet tooth.

After supper, mother washed up the dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill smoked

his pipe and listened. It was the first time I ever allowed anyone to smoke in my house, but I had nothing to say now. I even filled his pipe and lighted it for him. And then he told the story of his life, which had been full of strange and interesting adventures. He was evidently a man who did not read much and who could not have written well, but he could talk: not always grammatically, perhaps, but always with force and fascination.

It seemed that years and years ago, his father and my mother's father lived in a town in the valley of the Kennebec. My mother's father was a large farmer and Mr. Averill's father was a very small farmer with a very large family. So his youngest son, Sam, came to work for my grandfather. My mother and my aunt Augusta were young girls—they were twins, and I suppose by the way they look now that they must have been pretty then. My mother was early engaged and married to my father; but there was Augusta, and there was Sam; and where one was you might usually find the other near at hand. Sam never said anything; he was not of a demonstrative kind, but he knew how he felt and he supposed Augusta knew too.

So the years budded and blossomed and brought forth fruit, until at last Sam went down to Connecticut to take charge of a saw mill for an uncle of his. He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt Augusta wrote to him; and now and then he came to Maine on business, always going to my grandfather's before he went home, and carrying himself towards Augusta like an accepted lover.

After a few years he found himself possessed of twelve thousand dollars, and immediately went to work to spend it. He went abroad, to England and Rome and Egypt and Paris and Germany and Sweden and Russia and everywhere. When he came home at last it was with only fifty dollars in his pocket. So next he went out among the copper mines of Lake Superior, and in time was again possessed of twelve thousand dollars.

"Now I will come home and marry Augusta, and settle down," said he to himself. But he didn't say it to anybody else. It never occurred to him that was necessary.

Meantime my Aunt Augusta had not stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for the gardener to come and pick it. She cast out her roots and threw up her branches and bloomed as though it was enough to fulfill the laws of being and beauty for their own sakes.

In that simple neighbourhood work was supposed to be the chief end of everybody. So Aunt Augusta learned vest-making, and then she went to Coos, where her brother Nathan lived, and set up for herself.

Coos was a little crumb of a town in those days; but it held up its head and had its stores and its mills, and its shops, and its great white meeting-house on a hill, with galleries on three sides and square pews and a high box pulpit.

The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta went there, she climbed the hill, of course, and went in the front pew with Uncle Nathan and his wife. She was fashionably dressed in a black crape gown, a scarlet shawl and a white silk bonnet with pink roses inside. Her cheeks were as pink as her roses, and her eyes were as black as her gown.

There was no need that Mr. Keeler should point her out to the young men, but he took the pains to do it. Mr. Keeler the minister, was a little, lank man, as plain and gray as a dor-bug, and so afraid of the pomps and vanities that he wouldn't wear buttons on his coat. No sooner had his eyes fallen on Aunt Augusta, settling herself in the front pew like a variegated tulip, than he dropped the subject he had started upon for his sermon, and began to preach against conformity to the world. He was a sincere, earnest man, and he preached with all his might, emphasizing and illustrating his words by pointing with his blunt finger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses. So if anybody had neglected to look at them before, they looked then.

Among those who were obedient to the ministerial forefinger was Abner Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abner Stanton's heart was a good deal like his iron—not easily melted—but when it once had been hammered into a shape, there it was, fixed and stedfast. And to-day Aunt Augusta's eyes went through it like red-hot arrows as he peered around at her from behind one of the pillars in the gallery.

The next day he came to get a vest made. The day after he came to bring the buttons for it; and the day after that he

thought, as he was going by, he would call and see if she had everything she needed, and how soon the vest would be done. It was not two days more before he was there a gain to bring a letter.

"I happened to see it at the post-office when I went after my paper, and so I brought it along. I could as well as not," said he.

The letter was from Sam Averill, telling about the luck he had had in mining, the weather and the fact that he was well. Nothing more; nothing about the home he was building in his fancy, and the figure that was always central in his thoughts.

"I hope," said my uncle Nathan, "you are not foolish enough to set your mind on such a rolling stone as Sam Averill. He has no continuity to him."

"If we are going to hunt for a man that has no faults in this world, we'll have a long road of it," returned Aunt Augusta, bearing down the heavy pressing-iron upon her seam as though she were trying to crush the life out of something.

In less than a week Abner Stanton called again. He thought perhaps Miss Augusta didn't know the swamp-pinks were out, and so he brought her a handful, that he had got on the way over from Cowesett.

Aunt Augusta had a weakness for flowers—she and my mother are alike about that—and she put a cluster of the blossoms in her hair at once, and another at her throat, while Abner Stanton looked at her with admiration in every hair of his head.

"If you were a sister of mine, you should always sit in a rocking chair and wear swamp-pinks!" said he.

"Abner Stanton is a most excellent man," quoth Uncle Nathan, when he had gone his way, "an esquire and a head man in town. He's all wheat and no chaff. He'll make a first-rate husband, and the girl who gets him will get a prize."

Aunt Augusta made some fierce clippings with her great tailor's shears, but she said nothing, and presently went up-stairs to answer Sam Averill's letter.

The next day Abner Stanton called to see Uncle Nathan on business, and she sent her letter to the office by him. So the months drifted along one after another like pictures in a magic-lantern. Abner Stanton came often on one excuse or another, or on none. He brought flowers and berries strung on grass, and sweet flag root and birds' eggs. He was never intrusive with his love, but he made Aunt Augusta conscious of it every step she walked and with every breath she breathed. It was below her, above her, and all around her. He often brought her letters from Sam, and carried hers for him to the office.

"All things are fair in love," said he to himself. So now and then he forgot to mail or deliver one, dropping it in the fire instead. At last, as his love grew hotter and more impatient, he kept them back altogether, and still never allowed Aunt Augusta to lose sight or thought of himself.

Thus the time passed, until Sam Averill, having made and lost and made again his twelve thousand dollars among the copper mines, came home to "marry Augusta and settle down."

Suddenly, one day he appeared before my uncle Nathan, travel-worn and brown and shaggy. My uncle received him with great cordiality.

"Sam, I'm glad to see you!" said he. "How have you fared all this great long time?"

"Fair to middling. Where's Augusta?" returned Sam.

"Oh, Augusta! She is all right. You go to the tavern and fix up, and I'll find Augusta. I will be around in an hour or so and call for you. Augusta will be proper glad to see you, and so'll the rest of the folks. I don't know when there has been such a surprise in Coos before."

So Sam went off with his honest heart to find a razor and a wash bowl, and my uncle Nathan did a very mean thing. He went straight to Abner Stanton. "Abner," said he, going to the smithy, out of breath, "Sam Averill has come, and you must go right up and get Augusta to name the day, or you will lose her. I'll keep him out of the way as long as I can."

Abner dropped his hammer, without saying a word, and went up the street, rolling down his shirt-sleeves as he went. An hour after Uncle Nathan came home with Sam Averill.

"Here is an old friend you will be glad to see, Augusta," said he, opening the door of my aunt's workroom, where she sat

stitching the pocket of a primrose-coloured vest, and looking fresh as a hundred primroses herself.

"It is Sam!" said she faintly, starting to her feet and dropping her work.

It was Sam. Sam come at last, with his long-smouldering love and his tardy speaking.

"You are too late! An hour too late," said my aunt Augusta, when he had told his errand East. "I have just engaged myself to another man."

"You haven't done right, Augusta," said Sam. "You belong to me; you have always belonged to me, and you ought to have waited till I came."

"You didn't say anything," returned my aunt, with a little pride. "How was I to know what you meant? You never spoke a word."

"I took it you knew my mind," returned Sam. "I never thought of anybody else. I never should think of anybody else, and it didn't occur to me that you would. You must marry this person now you have promised him, of course. But it isn't right and it never will be right."

"Mr. Stanton is a worthy man; just as good as gold, clear through to the core. I have always liked him, and you never said anything," repeated my poor aunt Augusta; "I will be your friend, though, just the same."

They said no more; there was nothing more to be said, and in a month Aunt Augusta and Abner Stanton were married. Sam Averill stayed till after the wedding, and then he went off, and had never been heard of again until to-day by Aunt Augusta's family.

He went to California, throwing his whole life into work; his work prospered, and he had come back now with houses and lands and gold and mines—a rich man. He had come back to find Aunt Augusta, and learn how the world had fared with her. For in all these years of buying and selling and getting gain, he had kept the empty room in his heart that had once been filled by his love.

Aunt Augusta's married life had not been happy. It is very dangerous for a man to take in a mean habit temporarily, for it will stick to him, and Abner Stanton's character never recovered from the twist those intercepted letters gave it. I don't know what, but something was always going wrong between them. Even their children proved barriers instead of bonds. As he grew older his natural economy and thrift became stronger and stronger, until, as my mother said, "he got so close he could sit, and seven more like him, on a three-cent piece." Finally, one day, under some provocation, he told Aunt Augusta about the lost letters.

"You oughtn't to have told me that, Abner," said she. "You ought not to have told me. I can never forgive you."

She never did. Always after there seemed to be something separating them, cold and hard and transparent as ice, until at last they agreed to live apart. And so they did until the death of Mr. Stanton. Now Aunt Augusta was living surrounded by her children and grandchildren, happy and comfortable.

Mother brought down thus the story of Aunt Augusta's life, while Mr. Averill listened, eager and excited. When she had finished he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and starting up, began to walk the floor.

"I will start for Portland to-morrow morning and see what Augusta will have to say to me. I am of the same mind I always was. I have never hankered for a moment after any other woman, and I am as ready to marry her to day as ever I was."

So the next day I saw him on the Portland train, gray with years, but youthful with expectation.

This time he did not waste his opportunity by waiting to make himself fine, but with the grime and dust of travel yet upon him, he went directly to the house of Aunt Augusta's daughter, with whom she is living.

"Where is Mrs. Stanton? I want to see her right away," said he, as soon as the door was opened.

"You will find her here; walk in, if you please," replied the housemaid, throwing open the door of the sitting-room.

Mr. Averill stepped quickly forward. Yes, there she sat, stitching away as before on some kind of primrose-coloured stuff, with her eyes as black and bright as ever, But the primroses were faded in her cheeks. and she wore a cap on her head.

"I have come for you again, Augusta Am I too late this time?" cried the impatient lover.

The roses came back to Aunt Augusta's cheeks, and the red-hot arrows shot out of her eyes once more.

"Bless us! If it isn't Sam Averill, nose and all!" she said, holding up her hands.

From twenty to fifty is but as a watch in the night, then the years are past; and it is only when an old lady nods triumphantly at you from the looking-glass, saying, "Here I am, my dear!" or when children that you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of full-grown men and women, that you remember one is no longer young at fifty. But the sight of Sam Averill's grey hairs and wrinkles were as good as a looking-glass to remind Aunt Augusta.

"Sit down, Sam," said she, "and let me look at you. It seems like the real old times to see you once more. You look wonderfully natural, but dear me, how you have changed! You've grown old as well as myself."

But Mr. Averill was not to be diverted by any side issues.

"Augusta," said he earnestly, "I made a serious mistake once. It was not a mistake about my own mind, however; that remains the same as it always was. Every woman I've seen seemed like a tallow candle beside the sun when I think of you. I have made my fortune, and all I want now is you to come and share it with me. It is you, or nobody, just as it always was."

Maybe Aunt Augusta's heart throbbed a little with the old yearning towards the love of her youth, but she shook her head with unhesitating decision, as she put out her hand to stir the cradle where her youngest grandchild lay asleep.

"It can never be, Sam," said she. "I won't deny that it was all a mistake my marrying Stanton. He didn't turn out to be the man I took him for. He proved contrary and onery, and besides he wrote letters in disguise. But that is all over and past and can't be undone. And now I am in the midst of my children with my grandchildren growing up about me, and I am in the right place. I shouldn't be contented to leave everything and go off to a new country to begin the world over again, as it were. I am too old an oak to be transplanted."

Well, after that Mr. Averill might have talked till she was at the age of Methuselah. Aunt Augusta had made up her mind, and an earthquake couldn't shake it.

So Mr. Averill again went away alone.

"Well, Amelia, Augusta wouldn't have a word to say to me," said he, walking in upon mother and me as we sat at supper a few evenings after, "not a word."

"I want to know if that is so!" cried mother, fluttering up after another plate and knife. "Lay your overcoat right off, and sit by and have a cup of tea with us. Augusta always was decided, and you couldn't turn her after she got her mind fixed. She wouldn't keep you waiting long for your answer, either. Well, it is likely it is for the best; we will hope so," pursued mother, reaching over to put an extra lump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup, as though to sweeten life, if possible, for him.

"It serves me right for taking it for granted that Augusta understood my intentions. I must have been a self-conceited, inconsiderate fool. But it seems hard a body can't work his way out of a blunder in a whole lifetime."

Mother looked full of sympathy, and dropped another lump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup. To my astonishment he seemed to relish it the better, as if life were growing sweeter and sweeter.

Mother and Mr. Averill sat up late that night; so late, that as I had had a hard day, I went off to bed and left them talking over old times and purring like a couple of cats by the kitchen fire.

After breakfast the next morning, mother followed me into the hall when I started for the office.

"I want to speak with you, Elwell, just a minute," said she, stroking my coat-sleeve, tremulously. "What should you say to my going back to California along with Mr. Averill?"

"You, mother!" I cried, feeling as though the world had tumbled of its axis. "Why, it is Aunt Augusta he wants. 'It is Augusta, or nobody!'"

"Yes, so it was," returned mother, humbly, "but Sam says I seem more like Augusta, as she used to be, than she does herself. To tell you the truth, Elwell,"

continued mother, humbler still, "I suppose it wouldn't have taken much to turn me towards Sam in my young days; I always thought the world and all of him; but he seemed to take rather more to Augusta. She was always nineteen to the dozen, and I never could hold my own against her And then your father, he came along, and I never was sorry it happened as it did. But now you don't need me, and Sam and I have about concluded to make arrangements, only I told him I must have a talk with you first to get your advice."

Get my advice! Dear little mother! I was not idiotic enough to offer it if I had any advice to give. So she and Mr. Averill went on and "made arrangements."

Which arrangements were that that day two weeks, after a quiet wedding at the minister's, they started off for California together, to begin life anew on each other's account, as blithe and joyous as two birds on the wing. — *American Voice of Masonry.*

DISPERSION OF LANGUAGE.

BY W. S. HOOPER.

THIRD PAPER.

The second dispersion of languge was not so prominent, universal, or great as that at the tower of Babel. The first embraced all the world, while the second took in only a part of the civilized portion. The first had for its object the diffusion of tongues, so that all lands should be peopled, cultivated, developed, and language be perpetuated under all the forms of coming civilization; while the second had for its object the instillation of certain great truths. This last occurred at the grand work of building King Solomon's Temple. We know, in that great enterprise, workmen, in great numbers, from many countries, were engaged. They came as the representatives of different nations, speaking perhaps different tongues, but there was no confusion of language, and the dispersion, as already intimated, was of a character far different from that of the former. Indeed, aside from the fact of this building being erected for the worship of God, the great object was the development of truth and its diffusion throughout the world. To accomplish this other nations were engaged, with the Jews, in the work. We remember at that time no nation, except the Jews, had a proper understanding of the power and authority of the Supreme Being, and infer that one of His designs in the work was to make the initiatory step towards the conversion of the idolatrous people of the rest of the world.

Among the workmen God's worshippers had the predominance, and the others soon perceived that a prevailing opinion or belief had a great effect upon their lives. This, they also soon perceived, was the result of the teachings of the law of God as it then was in the hands of the priests and leaders of the Jews. These foreign men, by constant mingling in the society of God's people, imbibed much of their religion and piety, became imbued with it, and in large measure renounced idolatry, and became worshippers of the true God. At the close of their labour it was more difficult for them to throw off the newly acquired religion than it had been to give up idolatry, and, instead of returning to their former practices, they carried away with them true ideas of God, and thus the language of the religion of the true God was diffused among the idolatrous nations, and men, generally, obtained so good an idea of his nature and character that not even their subsequent darkest hours could blot it out, nor prevent them from erecting over their idolatrous shrines an altar dedicated to the true God.

It seems to be a matter of necessity for the wellbeing of civilized society that both a commercial and a well developed spiritual language be spoken.

Now, whatever may be the fact in regard to the origin of Masonry, we believe there was at the building of the Temple of Solomon a well developed and thoroughly organized society of workmen, and that its object was not only mutual protection, but also the development of the spiritual truth of the eternity of Jehovah and of man's duty to Him. Hence, as a consequence of

their dispersion, after the completion of the Temple, we find in every land and island of any nation whatever, the Fraternity of Masons, and among them all the prevalence of the same language of signs and symbols, and the cultivation of the same spiritual ideas. This being the fact, there is, to our mind, no other place or event in the history of man where this dispersion could have originated. Masonry has never been a system of missionary work, or this universality of the Order might in that way be accounted for. But, there never having been any such spirit among the Fraternity, nor any such effort at a general diffusion, and there being no other event or work to which it can justly be attributed, it seems perfectly reasonable to accept the theory that the second dispersion of language occurred at that period.

The effects of this dispersion were not immediately fully apparent, nor has their greatest influence yet been felt. Their development was gradual and persistent, and wherever they were exerted society was benefited. So permanent and so general has this influence been that to-day, even among nations closely allied to heathenism, one has but to speak in the language of Masonry to find easy access to the hearts of the people, and to interest them in hearing the truth.

In the great pressure of our present labour we cannot now develop this thought more plainly, but will endeavour to do so in our next paper.

Two Irishmen jogged along one day,
When a milestone greeted them by the way,
Time worn and grey, with its mossy bed,
To Dublin, forty miles it said;
As paused the twain from the noontide heat,
Neath a tree whose shadows were cool and sweet,
With a knowing air, Pat viewed the stone,
Then turned to his friend who sat alone.
Jemmy, said he, with shake of head,
Tread lightly, lad, here lies the dead.
It's a lucky man I am, quoth he,
For larning to read at school, d'ye see.
An ower good soul was the same, I'll own,
But hark ye now, I'll read the shtone,
Forty years ould, and Miles his name,
And from Dublin it was his honor came.

MOTHER KEMP ON READING MASONS.

"Some of your Masontry Brethren, Jeems, I fear, don't read much," said the old lady, as she punched up her old-fashioned wood fire with her right foot, "and I have most always known," she added, with a sort of sarcastic air, "that such men are very apt to get behind the times in almost everything except their own ignorance. Why, Jeems," said she, "I was amazingly astonished the other day to hear Jonas Frisby, one of your brethren, say that he had never taken your paper since it had been printed. He was a sittin' in his house close up to the corner of the chimney, with his big jack-knife in his hand, whittling away on a pine stick, just as if he owned the whole township, and when I asked him why he had never taken the paper, said he:

"'Why, Mother Kemp, I never have time to read it.'

"'Never have time, Jonas,' said I.

"'No, you know,' said he, 'that I'm always busy doin' somethin'.'

"'Yes, Jonas,' said I, 'I see you are a very industrious man. You appear to be most always busy at somethin', if it's only whittlin' a pine board. What do you get for whittlin', Jonas?' I asked him.

"'Oh, I get nothin' for that, Mother Kemp,' said he.

"'Then why do you fool away your time at it?' I asked.

"'Oh,' said he, 'I jest do this because I've got in the habit of it.'

"'Habit, habit!' said I; 'Why, Jonas, I've known you well nigh on to twenty years, and I've often thought if you had become a readin' man you might by this time have been one of the squires of the town-ship.'

"'Are you a bright Mason, Jonas?' I asked him, 'for you know, Jeems,' said she, 'that's what you called smart Masons the other day, and I remembered it, and I just thought I'd ask him if he was one.'

"'Well, no, Mother Kemp,' said he, 'you know I never had time to study it.'

"'Time! time! Jonas,' said I, 'I fear you've got the wrong word. You mean,' said I, for I wanted to be frank and honest with him, 'that you hadn't the brain

power, as my revered husband used to say, to study it. Well, Jonas, I'm sorry,' said I, 'that you've read so little and whittled so much. The habit, as you call it, has never made you anything, and besides all that it has fooled you out of enough time to have made a little fortune for yourself, if you had had the brain power to have read a little.'"

"Didn't he get mad at you, Mother Kemp?" we asked.

"Why, no, Jeems," said the old lady, good naturedly, "he didn't dare to, and if he had I'd soon make him ashamed of himself, but he just whittled away as if that had been his only profession. Don't you think, Jeems," she asked with a smile, "that your Brethren who haven't time to read *sixteen pages* of Masontry in a month are awfully industrious?"

"Certainly, certainly, Mother Kemp," said we.

"Yes, Jeems," interrupted the good old lady. "Such men most always remind me of an old goose of my father's. The old thing would go to settin' on a stone or a brick bat or anything, and she'd set, and set, and set, until she'd set nearly all the feathers off of her, and until she'd get as poor and lean as a starved goslin'. I was amazingly pleased though, Jeems," continued the good mother, "the other day, with your brother Simons. You see I went over to see his wife, and I found him a readin' of the *Masonic Advocate*, and so much taken up with it that his wife and me had to do most all the talking."

"Why, Simons don't take the *Advocate*, Mother Kemp," said we.

"He don't?" said she.

"Why no; there is no such name on the books," we affirmed.

"Well, then, Jeems," said she, "I recken he had *borrowed* them of his brother Jones."

"That may be," said we.

"But, Jeems," she asked, "is that fair? I know," she added, "that neighbours have to borrow sometimes of one another, but I didn't think that Masons would *sponge* in that way.'

"Oh, Masons are but men, Mother Kemp," said we, "and you musn't expect too much of them."

"Well, now, Jeems," said she, "my revered husband used to say that Methodists who got to heaven on a quarter of a dollar a quarter were pretty economical kind of Christians, and so they were, perhaps, but for my part I have most always thought that people of any sort that sponged their way through the world were only paupers; don't you? But then, Jeems," said she, "I always like to see people read good books and papers, whether they borrow or own them, for it makes them more intelligent and fits them better for society. Don't you?"

"Yes, Mother Kemp," said we, "there's nothing makes a good man or a good Mason more certainly than the reading of good books and good papers."

"That's so, that's so, Jeems," affirmed the precious old woman, and lifting her specs from her head she remarked with a serious leer: "Why, Jeems, I have never know'd a readin' man in my life in any profession of society but become a leadin' man among the people. It was readin' that made my revered husband what he was, and if I'm any judge you'll find that your Masontry brethren that don't read, with some few exceptions, are always led by others, or else they don't lead at all. Ain't it so, Jeems?" she asked.

"Well, Mother Kemp," said we, "that's what's the matter." Here our time was up, and we had to leave.

—*American Masonic Advocate.* JEEMS.

"I would not," says Mr. Beecher, "for all the comfort which I might get from the books of the Alexandrian Library, or from the Lennox Library, give up the comfort which I get out of Nature. . . . There is nothing that grows—no weed, no grass, no flower, no fruit—that is not in some way related to God in my thoughts; and I am never so near Him as when, night or day, I am in that solemn cathedral, the world of Nature, and behold its ever changing beauty. There are no such frescoes in art as God's hand paints in the heavens. There are no such relations of God as come to us through Nature. In the budding, blossoming days of spring, in the balmy days of summer, in the fruitful days of autumn, in the days of winter, in every day of the year, there is something that is a separate leaf to me in God's outside Bible, now that I have learned to read it."

AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN SIAM.

(*Continued from page* 32.)

After a few hours' sleep we returned to the trap about ten o'clock in the morning, and found in place of the green and turfy alleys of the preceding day, nothing but a range of black trees, and even five or six of these had been all bent under the tremendous pressure of these enormous creatures. We had not been long on the terrace when the guests arrived, and the capture of the animals was begun.

One of the elephants was three feet taller than any of his companions; he was one of those who showed such rancour against the little pagoda the preceding evening, and the Regent had designated him as the first one to be caught.

Two of the tame elephants now advanced with two armed drivers on each, the front driver having a strong bent hook in his hand, the other man in a crouching posture and holding a pole about eight yards long; this pole was flattened at the end, and around it was rolled a strong rope forty yards long, made of thongs of rhinoceros and elephant hide.

One animal entered by the eastern, the other by the western gate. The intelligence of these animals was something extraordinary. A word, a sign was enough for them. They had now arrived behind the animal they wanted to catch, and making him walk, the men took advantage of the moment when he lifted his hind feet, to pass a running knot round his hams, by means of their spear. Having done this, the coil of the rope was thrown to the Siamese in the alleys and made fast to one of the trees. When this was accomplished, the western gate was opened once more, and all the elephants went out of the trap to bathe in the pond, and to feed on whatever young plants they could find around it. A circle of their treacherous companions at every ten paces remained as silent and immovable as veritable sphinxes, and hindered them from going outside the allotted boundary.

The wild herd was, for the most part, composed of females, a bull elephant having generally from fifteen to twenty—a fact which will explain why it was impossible for four hundred of these animals to revolt against three hundred bull elephants chosen from the royal Siamese stables, which always contain five thousand of these animals ready to take the field. Besides, the hunt never takes place during the pairing season, as it would be impossible for the elephant hunters to succeed.

When the pit was entirely empty and the captive saw himself cut off from his companions and his little ones, he set up a terrible cry, and made a rush for the door through which the last elephant had just disappeared. The rope tightened, his legs were pulled different ways, and he fell on his fore knees heavily to the ground; three times did he try the same experiment with the same result. He bellowed and ploughed up the ground with his tusks, but no force can break these thongs, which are made of elephant skins.

When he realized his position he turned all his rage against the stakes, but had to rest at the end of a quarter of an hour. After an hour and a half the ropes were loosened from the stakes, and the eastern gate opened. He then made a rush for it, thinking he was free, but only dragged his chains with him, for beyond the door were two elephants on each side, like two policemen, each having an enormous collar of rattans, while a third stood right in front, and prevented any further movement on the captive's part.

While he tried to overcome these new obstacles, the keepers put a similar collar round his neck, and another on his back, and then tied him to his two companions; the third one cleared the way, and, taking a position behind, shoved on the poor captive, while the other two dragged him towards the southern shed, or *sala*, prepared for the occasion. It was exactly like three policemen conducting a troublesome prisoner to the station. In the shed he was tied to a strong stake, his fore feet fettered, and then given into the charge of his keeper. The whole proceeding occupied about three hours. Two other elephants were taken in the same manner, but one of them had a desperate fight with his antagonists before he was captured. Every time one of the tame elephants would approach, he would rush at him with his tusks; he was received in the same savage fashion, and they came together with a dull thud. Four domesticated elephants were worsted in the fight, and had to be taken off the field; with the fifth, the struggling animal lost one of his tusks,

and, being thus unfit for use, was allowed to regain his liberty. He was not long in plunging into the water, and, having washed off the blood with which he was covered, he rejoined his companions. The third elephant did not give so much trouble, and at five o'clock we went to the sheds where they were to be tamed by hunger. The first animal was twenty-three feet high, the second, twenty, the third, nineteen, and the one we lost twenty-two. In these countries the elephants are of the greatest service, and it would be difficult for man to have any of the luxurias of life without their intelligent aid.

The foreign guests started the same night for Bangkok, extremely well pleased with what they had seen, and the Regent returned to his camp. I was very desirous of having a young elephant, and the mandarin of the elephants was kind enough to place four men at my disposal. We set out and lay for the herd along the road it had to follow to the forests. I was so fortunate as to capture a young bull elephant about eight months old, which I named Joseph, and brought with me to Bangkok, where the King was kind enough to give me a nurse for it, as it could not do without one for a couple of years.

Many an evening I would amuse myself by taking out the foster-mother with little Joseph, and watch his gambols as he would set out on a gallop and then return between his mother's legs. At other times when he would see me stretched on the mat before my door, he would run to me and dirty my face with the end of his trunk, and if I would not rise up and run and play with him, he would endeavour to roll over me, and I was then obliged to rise, or I would have been crushed by the young colossus. Joseph is at present in a beautiful *sala* of the royal palace of Bangkok, as one enters the court through the fourth western gate, which is called the Gate of the Lhuangs-Phatout-Lhuang.

It is remarkable what precision characterized this hunt. The animals had been gathered from several hundred leagues distant; three months had been occupied in forming the herd and driving it on. The 26th of April, at four o'clock, was the time appointed, and on that day, at exactly ten minutes past four, the elephants passed before us.

BETTER THINGS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's favours proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by woman's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God, than say, my goods my storehouse fill.

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening state;
Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the realm unseen, than watch the hour's event;
Better the *well-done* at the last, than the air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

—*Michigan Freeman.*

RIP VAN WINKLE LODGE, No. 1001.

A TRUE HISTORY FROM NOTES.

This grand *old* Lodge has long been working under a Charter obtained from Holland in the early days of the Knickerbockers, and it is not therefore strange that its membership is a large one. It may not be so, but it seems that the most of them were selected to membership in the Order because of their natural inherent lethargy and special carelessness, for the most of them have always been noted for these things. In the first place they are all proud of being Masons, and if they are asked, "Are you a Mason?" they answer

promptly, "Yes, siree," showing that they pit themselves in belonging to the ancient Fraternity.

Then secondly, they are distinguished for never paying their dues until they receive two or three notices from the Secretary, giving evidence that they like to be *officially* noticed with financial honours, at least every two or three years.

Then thirdly, they are very indifferent in their attendance upon their Lodge meetings, which has been charitably accounted for, in most cases, in their having no almanacks. It seems they never study the changes of the moon, which, as all know, is essential to any full knowledge of Masonic philosophy.

But they have all taken the degrees of the Craft, and this they think is enough, and therefore they do not propose, as Masons, to live on anything other than "past recollections," and to have Masonic machinery carry them through.

The fact is now patent that most of them expected from the beginning that Masonry would glorify them instead of their having to glorify it. This was their personal idea of the contract, and they have taken due notice thereof, and of course govern themselves accordingly. Hence they look to the east for help, for patronage, for professional honours and such like glorifications, and when they don't come thick and fast enough, they are very apt to take the *studs* and refuse to pull anywhere.

Under such circumstances many of them drop off from their Lodge meetings and don't attend once in six months. It is on this account that many of them grow to be very indifferent sort of Masons, so far as *work* and interest and Masonic intelligence are concerned. They appear indeed to be very like the man who got married. "The first month," he said "he felt like eating his wife up, soul and body, and ever since then he had been very sorry he hadn't done it."

It is no doubt true that Masonry has been disappointed in a great many men, but then the thing has been made equal in the fact that a great many men have been disappointed in Masonry. It didn't help them along, or make them half as great as they expected it would. At least this is the experience of many in the old Rip Van Winkle Lodge, and they ought to know, for what they don't know in that Lodge no other Lodge need try to learn—or in other words, "they know it all."

To some this assertion may sound a little strange, as but very few of them ever read a Masonic paper of any sort.

But then it should be remembered that most of them, like the Irishman, "get their knowledge by inheritance," which shows that they are Masons "to the manor born."

The nomenclature of this good old Lodge is peculiar, as well as its membership, for they define "Brotherly Love" to mean "water to our mill," and "Relief" they say signifies "that we shall help others as others help us." And they also tell us that "Truth" means "all such things as are on their side of the question." In other words, they don't call any one much of a "brother" unless he plays on their fiddle strings.

To live in this good old Lodge one must not expect too much of his brethren, as but little or nothing is expected of himself, for this principle of nomenclature they have found out by experience is their very best hold. Hence they teach all their members to place great reliance on that passage of Scripture which reads, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

That such a Lodge as the old Rip Van Winkle should flourish in these days is not to be wondered at, for they tell outsiders that the very name of Master Mason is popular, respectable, ancient, and therefore glorious. They teach that it is only necessary to take the degrees, and then you know it all. "It is knowledge of the ancient mysteries," they say, "men want, and when they get them they need no more." Like the ancient Oracles of Delphi, they speak but one language, and cling with tenacity to the primitive landmarks as the only hope of maintaining the prestige of their antiquity. With many of our modern Lodges this old Rip Van Winkle Lodge may not stand so fair. They are looking for progress—for advancement—for new light, and some of them are even making improvements on the ancient science, and it is not remarkable that they especially find fault with the old Rip Lodge, because they think they see as plainly as they can see the outlines on the trestle-board, that the example

of this old antiquated concern is a drawback on the advancing light of Masonry, and calculated to make the world believe that the Mystic Tie is pretty much a humbug after all. In this matter, however, we think they need not greatly trouble themselves, for the old Rip has stood it well, and she is, for a good many years, and the human probabilities are that she will continue to do so until the crack of doom.—*American Masonic Advocate.*

THE SILVER LINING.

Captain Bro. Macclermont, late of the regular army, tells us that the horrors of war (especially in his case) were mitigated by the humanizing influences of Masonry, and that there is no cloud, however dark, but hath its silver lining. We accept the following interesting sketch from his graphic pen, and commend it to the perusal of all who believe in the universal humanity of heaven born Masonry:

"In the fall of 1864, several squadrons of Federal cavalry went out on a raiding expedition through one of the most Southern States. The expedition was successful—completely so. The enemy had fled before it. Artillery had been captured, hundreds of prisoners, and an indefinite amount of horses and mules. The country had been raided successfully. To the initiated that sentence speaks volumes in itself; it means a country had been devastated, plundered—private property not excepted—a people's feelings aroused to the highest pitch of exasperation. As a general thing, those captured from a raiding party get but sorry treatment. This successful expedition spoken of had been out seven days, and was within one day's march of its home, or camp destination, when the enemy, who had been following warily, made an attack on the rear of the column, in hopes of recapturing some of the plundered booty. The attack was soon and easily repulsed, but with the loss of one officer and five men to the raiders, which happened in this wise: A little party of six made a dash into the woods after the same number of rebels; the chase became exciting; several miles of ground had been travelled; when the rebels made a stand, and showed fight.

"The Federal column had passed on its route; the six troopers were not missed until the next day. The Federal soldiers opened on them with carbines and pistols immediately, and thereby emptied six rebel saddles; but the firing brought more rebel troops to the scene of action. Our little party still fired away, until they saw themselves being surrounded, then they attempted to retreat to their column; but, alas! 'twas too late—they were hemmed in on every side; they were raiders—need I say more? No; my horse threw me from the saddle; he was captured—and so was I.

"When I began to look about me, I found myself between two regiments of Confederate cavalry; I saw no other Union prisoners besides myself; I was hooted and jeered at; one party rode up to me and demanded my arms, another wanted my spurs, another took a fancy to my coat and hat; but one who considered that coats and hats could be bought with money modestly requested that I should give *him* something, if it was only my Yankee manufactured pocket book, with its contents of greenbacks, as he had heard very much about such things, and wished to see some. His wish had to be gratified, but my wish to see the book and its contents again was never gratified. Next some one suddenly wished to know what time it was, and a special requisition was made for my watch, no objection being made to the chain and ornaments attached.

"Thus far the privates had their own way; then I loudly protested against giving up my watch, as it had some Masonic engravings upon it, and Masonic ornaments attached to the chain. While pleading for the watch, an officer rode up and overheard a part of the conversation, and, understanding that I was a Mason, took the watch from the trooper who had taken it from me, and put it in his own pocket, at the same time drawing his revolver and declaring that he would take charge of me and my property; and, as the others seemed to demur at it, the officer ordered me to walk ahead of him, at the same time telling the men that he would defend me with his life, and that he was bound to do it.

"That officer was a Mason, and through his instrumentality my life was spared, for I was informed by one of the men who helped to strip me (some time afterwards), that when they had finished plundering me, I was to have been taken into the woods

and *shot* as the other prisoners had been. I must here say that my watch and chain were returned to me intact. Before the officer left me, he put a guard over me, with strict orders to bring me safely to their headquarters, while he himself galloped on ahead, and reported a Federal prisoner coming. Shortly after, the commanding officer privately gave orders to one of his subordinates to take me into the woods and see that *I* was shot.

"As soon as I understood what disposal was to be made of me, I very naturally expostulated upon the lawlessness of the act about to be perpetrated. In doing so, I gesticulated with my hand. I happened to have on my finger a ring, with the Masonic emblem engraved upon it; the officer saw it, paused suddenly, and asked me two or three Masonic questions. I answered him correctly. That officer was a Mason also, and when he knew me to be one, *he* couldn't find it in his heart to execute his order. His commanding officer was likewise a Mason, and when informed by his subordinate that I was a brother, my life was not only spared, but many little kind attentions were shown me, and within a short time afterwards, through the influence of my Southern Masonic brethren, I was paroled and sent within our lines.

"Thus, my Brethren, you see, under *Divine Providence*, Masonry saved my life twice, and released me from a long imprisonment. And while in prison, *many* of the Brethren visited me, and administered unto my wants; and on my return journey through their country, in every town or village I stopped, some Brother would inquire if any of their fraternity were among the prisoners. I being the only one, the distinction between myself and the other prisoners was marked, as regards the favours I received. Thus, my fratres, you perceive in my case an instance where the *Divine* principle of *fraternal love* and *Masonic Charity* mitigated the horrors of war, and thereby the more solemnly impressed upon *my heart* and *memory* the *beauty* and *glory* of that institution whose pillars have withstood the decay of ages, and the convulsions of revolution, and now stands as firm as when the Wise King was *divinely* inspired, and erected a Temple to the Most High."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

BRO. EMRA HOLMES ON CHARLES DICKENS.

In our last number but one we gave a notice of Bro. Emra Holmes' lecture on Tom Hood, which he recently delivered at the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Ipswich.

Bro. Holmes has since delivered a lecture on Charles Dickens at Dovercourt, a pretty and rising watering place in Essex, the residence of our well known brother Robt. J. Bagshaw, P.G.M., for Essex, who lent the Assembly Rooms for the occasion. The lecture had been some time previously delivered in Ipswich at the Working Men's College, a very flourishing institution, of which the venerable and learned Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, is President. Our contemporary the "Civilian," the leading Civil Service organ, thus comments on the 8th March, 1873:—"Mr. Emra Holmes, of the Provincial Civil Service, upon whose able contributions to Masonic Literature we have frequently had the pleasure to comment, gave a few evenings since a highly interesting lecture at the Working Men's College, Ipswich, on Charles Dickens. Lord John Hervey presided, and a large audience testified their delight at the intellectual treat which had been presented to them."

The "Suffolk Chronicle" stated that there was a crowded audience, and Bro. Holmes kept up the interest of his audience for nearly two hours, and gave a reading from Oliver Twist with considerable humour and elocutionary ability. The "Ipswich Journal" says, "the room was filled to overflowing. The noble chairman thought it was rather for the lecturer to introduce him on this occasion, as that gentleman was so well known amongst them, and he (the noble Lord) was a comparative stranger. A capital syllabus had been compiled, and the narrations therein were listened to with marked interest." The "Ipswich Times" was equally complimentary, and in reporting the address, says "the able lecturer moved on in a fascinating way, describing the hero of his lecture as he grew up to man's estate."

Bro. Holmes is preparing his lecture for publication in the pages of the Masonic Magazine, and we hope to introduce it to our readers in our next number.