THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 18.—Vol. II. DECEMBER, 1874. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

Since our last Month's Summary, we have to deplore the death of the Duke of Leinster, G.M. of Irish Freemasonry. He had ruled over the Craft for sixty-one years, we believe, with unprecedented harmony and success. The geniality of his temperament and the courtesy of his manner made him many friends, and few rulers have deserved so well of the Order for his consistent kindness and toleration.

The Irish Grand Lodge has elected as his successor the present popular Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Abercorn. It is a most wise and opportune choice, as few persons, either by position or ability, by a kindly disposition, and by a pleasant presence, are more likely to uphold the dignity of the Irish Grand Lodge, or to maintain its true interests, than our noble brother. Indeed, we do not know where the Irish Freemasons could have found a more fitting occupant of the Grand Master's chair than in so distinguished a statesman, and so popular a nobleman. We wish him and the Irish Grand Lodge all prosperity.

We trust, too, that with a new regime, and with a new year, the Irish Grand Lodge will relax a little of its strictness as regards publication, which, as it is now maintained, passes often into the ridiculous.

The Irish Grand Lodge will not allow or grant any authorised record of its proceedings; and yet most minute reports appear in the Dublin non-Masonic journals, so that our contemporary, the *Freemason*, is actually compelled to borrow from a non-Masonic paper the report of the Irish Grand Lodge proceedings, which it is not permitted officially to receive or procure. We will hope for better things.

At home we hear, on all sides of us, of new lodges, and fresh applications for lodges.

Abroad we notice the same amount of material progress.

And yet there never was a time in the memory of this generation of Freemasons when our Order was so much attacked as it is just now, both at home and abroad.

We are told, too, that the Archbishop, if not Cardinal Manning, is about to issue another attack on Freemasonry in the "Contemporary" for December, so that we shall look forward with some little interest to what our latest and not least distinguished antagonist may say of us. That it will not be flattering we may fairly expect; that it will be effective we do not believe. Free-

masonry has outlived all such attacks, and we do not fear anything so able a person can say in depreciation of our good old Order. We, on the contrary, would rather say to that very able and astute ecclesiastic (if he would listen to a Freemason), "leave well alone"—leave us alone. Your attacks are utterly useless; your waste of words is all to no purpose. The answer to your incrimination and condemnation is plain and ready, and is, in fact, that good old advice, which cannot be too often remembered or repeated, "What have you to do with us; pray, mind your own business."

In England we are under the protection of our wise and tolerant laws; we are peaceable citizens, loyal subjects, friends ever of order and government, charitable, benevolent, tolerant; what have you to do with us? What have you to say against us? We do not antagonize you. We go on our way; you surely can go on yours—there must be room in the world for us both! We deny your authority to condemn, we doubt your knowledge of our system, and we repudiate any claim the Chief Pontiff makes over the whole world or his flock, and remembering former edicts as well as recent manifestoes, we have the very lowest opinion of the wisdom, or the fairness, or the propriety, or the truthfulness, which has dictated the anti-Masonic utterance of the Roman Curia. Therefore, leave us alone, for we are neither alarmed by anathemas, or impeded by condemnations. We shall pursue the even tenour of our way in charity and toleration and goodwill to all, no one being in any way competent to hinder the spread of our Order, and no one by any means being able to make us afraid.

Bro. W. J. Hughan has published his most interesting "Memorials of the Union of 1813," with Fifield Dassigny's Pamphlet, which we commend to the notice at once of all our readers, as the number for sale is very limited.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Masonic Magazine for August, September and October, 1873, being out of print, copies will be thankfully received by the Publisher, at 198, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

THE VOICE OF THE BUILDERS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

First Wisdom spake: "I have contrived
The plan on which to build
A temple grand, with whose renown
The ages shall be filled;
Through whose bright halls your willing feet
To walk shall never cease;
For all my ways are pleastantness,
And all my paths are peace!"

Then STRENGTH gave voice: "It shall be mine
Its pillars to support,
To glorify in Heaven-built walls
From porch to inner court;
Mine to uphold its lofty roof
With emphasis sublime,
While temples built by man alone
Yield to the touch of time."

Then BEAUTY: "'Tis my sphere t' adorn
Your walls with living light;
To prophesy of coming days
Whose dawn shall be more bright
Than rose of morning, noon-day's gold,
Than light of sun or star;
Behold, upon the eastern hills
Your King's triumphal car!

"He comes in His imperial robe
And glittering diadem:
The stars are but seed-pearls upon
His garment's purple hem;
We serve Him where he entereth in,—
Our plans but shadow His;
Lo, Earth and Air and Sea give praise
For all that in them is!

"He holdeth all things by his might,
Appoints each star its track;
From the beginning God hath looked;
We turn the pages back.
Our God is WISDOM, He is STRENGTH,
And BEAUTY, three in one;
He gave us being, and controls
The work that we have done." *Keystone.*

OUR MASONIC MSS.

No. III.

I continue my collation of the Masonic Poem with other MSS.

My readers will perceive that "Urbanitatis," an old MS. Poem in the British Museum, is about identical word for word with the latter part of the Masonic Poem.

Both "Urbanitatis" and the "Masonic Poem" had a common origin, probably some Norman French or even Latin poem.

In the "Babies Book" of the early English Tract Society, where Urbanitatis is found, there are some Norman French directions and some Latin ones, which have a good deal in common with the exhortation of the Masonic Poem to good manners.

We have not yet, however, clearly got the original, as the person who wrote the Masonic Poem tells us that he had seen other MSS., and was therefore only a transcriber from several MSS., as I have always thought and said.

This form of "Urbanitatis" is transcribed about 1460, though probably somewhat earlier.

Urbanitatis.	*Masonic Poem.*
Who-so wylle of nurtur lere,	Furthermore yet, y wol yow preche
Herken to me & ye shalle here.	To yowre felows, hyt for to teche,
When thou comeste be-fore a lorde	When thou comest byfore a lorde,
In halle, yn bowre, or at the borde,	Yn halle, yn bowre, or at the borde,
Hoode or kappe thou of tho.	Hod or cappe that thou of do,
Ere thou come hym alle vn-to,	Yer thou come hym allynge to;
Twyse or thryse *with*-owten dowte	Twyes or thryes, withoute dowte,
To that lorde thou moste lowte,	To that lord thou moste lowte;
With thy Ryyth kne lette hit be do,	With this ryyth kne let hyt he do,
Thy worshyp thou mayst saue so.	Thyn owne worschepe thou save so.
Holde of thy cappe and thy hood also	Holde of thy cappe, and hod also,
Tylle thou be byden hit on to do;	Tyl thou have leve hyt on to do.
Alle the whyle thou spekest *with* hym,	Al the whyle thou spekest with hym,
Fayr and louely holde vp thy chynn,	Fayre and lovelyche bere up thy chyn;
So after the nurtur of the book	So, after the norter of the boke,
In his face louely thou loke;	Yn hys face lovely thou loke.
Foot & hond thou kepe fulle stylle	Fot and hond, thou kepe ful stylle
Fro clawyng or tryppyng, hit ys skylle;	From clawynge and trypynge, ys sckylle;
Fro spettyng & sneting kepe the also;	From spyttynge and snyftynge kepe the also,
Be priuy of voydance, & lette hit go.	By privy avoydans let hyt go.
And loke thou be wyse & felle,	And yef that thou be wyse and felle,
And therto also that thow gouerne the welle.	Thou hast gret nede to governe the welle.
In-to the halle when tho dost wende	Ynto the halle when thou dost wende,
Amonge the genteles gode & hende,	Amonges the genteles, good and hende,
Prece thou not vp to hyy for no thyng,	Presume not to hye for nothynge,
Nor for thy hye blood, nere for thy komnyng,	For thyn hye blod, ny thy comynge,
Nothur to sytte, nethur to lene,	Nowther to sytte, ny to lene,
For hit ys neythur good ne clene.	That ys norther good and clene.
Lette not thy contynaunce also abate,	Let not thy cowntenans therfore abate,
For good nurtur wylle saue thy state;	Forsothe, good norter wol save thy state.
Fadyr & Modyr, what eunr they be,	Fader and moder, whatsever they be,
Welle ys the childe pat may the:	Wel ys the chyld that wel may the,
In halle, in chambur, ore where thou gon,	Yn halle, yn chamber, wher thou dost gon,
Nurtur & good maners maketh man.	Gode maneres maken a mon.

To the nexte degre loke thou wysely
To do hem Reuerence by and by:
Do hem no Reuerens, but sette alle *in* Rowe
But yyf thou the bettur do hym knowe.
To the mete when thou art sette,
Fayre and honestly thow ete hit:
Fyrste loke that thy handes be clene,
And that thy knyf be sharpe & kene;
And cutte thy breed alle thy mete
Ryyth euen as thou doste hit ete.
If thou sytte be a worthyor man
Then thy self thow art on,
Suffre hym fyrste to towche the mete
Ere thy self any ther-of gete;
To the beste morselle thou may not stryke

Thowy thou neuur so welle hit lyke.
Also kepe thy hondys fayre & welle
Fro fylynge of the towelle,
Ther-on thou shalt not thy nose wype;
Nothur at thy mete thy toth thou pyke;
To depe in thy cuppe thou may not snyke

Thowy thou haue good wylle to drynke,
Leste thy eyen water there by,
Then ys hyt no curtesy.
Loke yn thy mowth be no mete
When thou begynneste to drynke or speke;
Also when thou sest any man drynkyng
That taketh hede of thy karpyng,
Soone a non thou sece thy tale,
Whethur he drynke wyne or Ale.
Loke also thou skorne no mon
In what thegre thou see hym gon;
Nor thou shalte no mon repreue
Yyf thou wylt thy owen worshyp saue,
For suche wordys thou myyth out kaste
Sholde make the to lyue in euelle reste
Close thyn honde yn thy feste,
And kepe the welle from haddy-y-wyste.
In chambur among ladyes bryyth,
Kepe thy tonge & spende thy syyth;
Lawye thou not with no grette cry,
Ne rage thou not with Rybawdry.
Pley thou not but with thy peres;
Ne telle thou not that thou heres,
Nor dyskeuere thou not thyn owen dede
For no myrth nor for no mede;
With fayr speche thou may haue thy wylle,

And with thy speche thou may be spylle.
Yyf thou suwe a wordyer mon
Then thy self thou art on,
Lette thy Ryyth sholdur folow his bakke,
For nurtur that ys, with-owten lakke.

To the nexte degré loke wysly,
To do hem reverans by and by;
Do hem yet no reverans al o-rowe,

But yef that thou do hem knowe.
To the mete when thou art y-sette,
Fayre and onestelyche thou ete hytte;
Fyrst loke that thyn honden be clene,
And that thy knyf be scharpe and kene;
And kette thy bred al at thy mete,
Ryyth as hyt may be ther y-ete.
Yef thou sytte by a worthyour mon,
Then thy selven thou are won,
Sofre hym fyrst to toyche the mete,
Yer thyself to hyt reche.
To the fayrest mossel thou myyht not strike,
Thaght that thou do hyt wel lyke;
Kepe thyn hondes, fayr and wel,
From fowle smogynge of thy towel;
Theron thou schalt not thy nese synte,
Ny at the mete thy tothe thou pyke;
To depe yn the coppe thou myyght not snyke,
Thagh thou have good wyl to drynke,
Lest thyn enyn wolde wattryn therby—
Theen were hyt no curtesy.
Loke yn thy mowth ther be no mete,
When thou begynnyst to drynke or speke.
When thou syst any mon drynkynge,
That taket hed to thy carpynge,
Sone anonn thou sese thy tale,
Whether he drynke wyn other ale.
Loke also thou scorne no mon,
Yn what degré thou syst hym gon;
Ny thou schalt no mon deprave,
Yef thou wolt thy worschepe save;
For suche worde myyht their outberste,
That myyht make the sytte in evel reste.
Close thy honde yn thy fyste,
And kepe the wel fro "had-y-wyste."
Yn chamber, amonge the ladyes bryght,
Holde thy tonge and spende thy syght;
Lawye thou not with no gret cry,
Ny make no ragynge with rybody.
Play thou not but with thy peres,
Ny tel thou not al that thou heres;
Dyskever thou not thyn owne dede,
For no merthe, ny for no mede;
With fayr speche thou myght have thy wylle,
With hyt thou myght thy selven spylle.
When thou metyst a worthy mon,
Cappe and hod thou holle not on;
Yn churche, yn chepyns, or yn the gate,
Do hym revera[n]s after hys state.

When he doth speke, holde the style ;
When he hath don, say thy wylle ;
Loke yn thy speche thou felle,
And what thou sayste a-vyse the welle ;
And be-refe thou no mon his tale,
Nothur at wyne nere at Ale.
Now, criste of his grette grace
Yeue vs alle bothe wytte & space
Welle this to knowe & Rede,
And hauen to haue for our mede !
Amen, Amen, so moot hit be,
So saye we alle for charyte !

Yef thou gost with a worthyor mon
Then thyselven thou art won,
Let thy forther schuld sewe hys backe,
For that ys not withoute lacke ;
When he doth speke, holte the stylle,
When he hath don, sey for thy wylle,
Yn thy speche that thou be felle,
And what thou sayst avyse the welle ;
But byref thou not hym hys tale,
Nowther at the wyn, ny at the ale.
Cryst then of hys hye grace,
Yeve yow bothe wytte and space,
Wels thys boke to conne and rede,
Heven to have for yowre mede !
Amen ! amen ! so mot hyt be !
Say we so alle per charyté.

A. F. A. W.

MARGARET'S TEST; OR, CHARITY ITS OWN REWARD.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"If ever I marry," said Margaret Bailey to her cousin Olivia, "it will be a man who does not live entirely for himself, but who, out of the benevolence of a charitable heart, will not pass unheeded the cry of the widow and orphan who call on him for relief."

"You speak warmly, Margaret."

"Because I feel it. I have always thought that a charitable man would make a good husband."

"But how will you be able to judge of this? You are an heiress, and of course have many suitors. Do you not believe that any one of them would be willing to don a charitable mood for awhile, if they supposed that upon this issue depended the hand of the wealthy heiress?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Margaret, thoughtfully; "but," added she, suddenly, "an idea has just come into my head, by which I think this embarrassment can be avoided."

"What is that?" asked Olivia, curiously.

"Let me confess, in the first place, that among all who are generally considered suitors for my hand, perhaps fortune would be the more appropriate word, there are none whom I would think of as a husband except Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth. The former, you know, is wealthy, the latter a clerk, dependent on his income, which I should judge is not large. Now, I have a mind to subject these two to a test."

"A good idea, but how will you manage it?"

"You know there is a poor family in Allen Street—the one of whom we heard to-day, consisting of a widowed mother, who is sick, and three young children. Now I am going, anonymously, of course, to recommend them to the charitable offices of both Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth, and we will see the result. They will not recognize your hand-writing; therefore I want you to take pen and paper and write a note at my dictation."

Olivia procured writing materials, and her cousin dictated as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Though a stranger to you, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the case of a poor family now living in a single room in Allen Street, who in consequence of the illness of the mother, who has hitherto supported them by plain sewing, are reduced to extreme want. A little aid at this time would be to them like the visit of an angel from Heaven. Will you extend it? At least call upon them, and you will be convinced that this is but a simple statement of the truth.

CHARITY."

The note was copied, and despatched through the post office to the address of both gentlemen.

Perhaps three days afterwards Herbert Lee called at Margaret's residence. Margaret adroitly led the conversation to objects of charity and charitable institutions.

"Ah," said Lee, "that reminds me of an odd circumstance. I received a letter the other day, recommending to my notice a poor family in Allen Street; it was signed Charity, and very earnestly advised me to go and see them."

"And did you go?" asked Margaret, quickly.

"Not I!" was the laughing reply. "I haven't time to waste in hunting up all the destitute families in the city. I should have my hands full."

"But the family may be suffering from want."

"If they are, Charity would be in better business in relieving them himself than in sending anonymous letters of advice to *others*."

Would Herbert Lee have laughed so merrily if he had known the effect of his want of feeling on her whom he was most anxious to please?

"I think, after all," said Margaret, when Herbert had withdrawn, "*that I must go* and see Mrs. Green myself. If Henry Ainsworth is no more charitable than Herbert, she will fare hard."

The ladies arrayed themselves for a walk. A few minutes brought them to the residence of the poor widow of whom they were in search.

To their surprise they found, on being admitted, that a cheerful fire was glowing in the stove, while a pleasant smell of dinner filled the apartment. On a table by the side of the widow were some medicines. The hearth was brushed up, and the room, though scantily furnished, presented a neat and comfortable appearance.

Margaret looked around in surprise.

"I was led to believe," said she, "that you were *in great want*."

"So we were," said Mrs. Green; "but, thanks to the generosity of a noble young gentleman, who stepped forward to our relief, we are no longer so."

"Indeed, who has thus befriended you?"

"His name is Ainsworth, he sent for a doctor for me, and at his own cost purchased food and coals; so that, by the blessing of God I hope soon to recover my health, and then all will go right once more."

After a little more conversation, Margaret and her cousin withdrew, leaving with Mrs. Green some money for her present necessities.

That evening Herbert Lee offered his hand to Margaret Bailey, and, to his surprise, no less than his discomfiture, was rejected.

A week afterwards Henry Ainsworth made his appearance. He seemed unusually thoughtful.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Margaret, gaily.

He looked at her earnestly a moment, and then replied:—

"I will indeed tell you the subject of my thoughts, and ask you to forgive me afterwards. It is, I know, an act of presumption for a poor clerk to speak of love—of marriage to a wealthy heiress, but I cannot keep it secret longer—I love you, Margaret, with truth and sincerity. Do you pardon me?"

"No," said Margaret, promptly, "for you have said nothing that requires it. And if you indeed think me worthy of taking, you may have me and welcome."

"*Do I hear aright?*" was the delighted reply. "How have I deserved such good fortune?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. I had resolved never to marry one unless I was convinced that he was charitable. Last week you received an anonymous letter recommending a poor family to your charitable notice. I find you have visited them and relieved their necessities. I feel that I can safely trust my happiness in your hands, since you have so nobly stood the test."

"Truly," said Henry Ainsworth, as his eyes lighted up with gratitude, "charity is its own exceeding great reward."

IS THE POPE A FREEMASON?

BY THE EDITOR.

Much attention has been given lately, for many reasons, to this question, both by our Order and the press, not at all unnaturally we think, though the answer be not so easy to give as some of our good brethren may be hastily disposed to think.

It cannot be replied to, for instance, off hand or without some authority, as that is only to repeat the old random and mistaken system of Masonic

asseveration which has been productive of so much evil to the Order historically and archæologically in the opinion of all Masonic lovers of truth, and especially of non-Masonic writers, both of the past and of the present. It appears, therefore, to us, to be our bounden duty to endeavour to prove the assertions so often made and so readily given, to the very bottom; to sift the mass of authorities and declarations made with so lavish a hand, so as to separate the wheat from the chaff, and without paying any attention to reckless assertions, to ascertain what is absolutely true, if possible, not merely what we wish or assume to be the case.

And all this, it appears to us, that we ought to do as carefnl students, thinking Masons, for the sake of Masonic veracity.

It seems from an editorial in our contemporary, the *Freemason*, that the matter has again been referred to Philadelphia, U.S., for investigation; but in the meantime let us see what are so far the "proofs" submitted to us. What are the "scintillations of evidence?" For some years, it has been openly asserted, Pope Pio Nono was a Freemason. Bro. Chalmers I. Paton, for instance, in the *Freemason* for April 2, 1870, (see vol. iii. *Freemason*, page 163), states that "some two years ago I explained the fact that Pius IX. was initiated into the Order of Freemasonry. I shall in the course of a very short time send to the *Freemason* further particulars."

And accordingly, in the *Freemason* for June 25th, 1870, (vol. iii., page 310), Bro. Paton communicates an article headed, "The Pope a Freemason."

But when we look at this carefully, hoping to find proof, we find nothing whatever but a repetition of Bro. Paton's own opinion, and which it appears he had communicated to the *Scotsman* two years previously, namely, in 1868.

Did we say that there was no proof? That is not quite correct, for as evidence Bro. Paton bases his statement on the negative fact, that the "truth of Pius IX. being himself a member of the Order has never been disputed by any member of the Roman Catholic Church, in a private or public manner," and on the positive fact that to "myself it has been admitted by one who has had a conversation with the Pope personally on the subject."

Without appearing too inquisitive or too sceptical, (we are only searchers arter truth), we should like to know, we confess, to whom the Pope made such an admission, and what were the exact words of the venerable Pontiff.

For we fear that we must say that Bro. Paton's evidence is not conclusive, and his facts are not satisfactory, as they rest entirely upon his own "ipse dixit," and are therefore opposed to all the true conditions and critical canons of historical inquiry. At present we ourselves are unwilling to pronounce any opinion one way or the other.

We wait for evidence, as we feel sure that is the only possible way of rightly answering the question or of finally disposing of the subject. We want something more than negative probabilities and suppositious averments.

The Pope is said to have been made a Mason at Rome, at Havannah, and at Philadelphia, for into these three "locales," all the present evidential facts seem to resolve themselves. It is possible that the Pope was made a Freemason surreptitiously in Rome, in the days of his early liberalism, when he was a friend of Guiseppe Mazzini, and not hostile to "Giovene Italia."

Indeed, some writers have said that Pio Nono was once admitted into the "Carbonari" or one of the Italian secret societies.

But so far no evidence whatever has been adduced of such a reception. Other writers have, however, publicly declared that the Pope was made a Freemason in Spain, at Madrid, though we believe all that the Spanish Grand

Lodge has ever asserted is, that when Nuncio he was a visitor at more than one of their Lodges.

In 1870, the *Libertad del Ponsamiento*, a Madrid Masonic Journal, quoted in the *Freemason* of December 3rd, 1870, (vol. iii., page 625), made the following statement:—"Few persons know, and that is the reason we take this occasion to relate the fact, that the present Roman Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., owes his elevation to the see of St. Peter to the influence of Masons, whose 'principles he promised to sustain.' Pius IX. was initiated into the 'Sons of Hiram,' 'Los Hijos de Hiram,' under the symbolic name of 'Savola.' He became a Knight of the Red Cross 18°. There are existing Lodges at Madrid which he visited during his residence in Spain, and many brethren who remember the facts."

It is not quitecertain from this record where the Pope was initiated; on that point it is silent; but from the use of the symbolic name "Savola," it must have been, if the fact be true, in a Lodge under the Italian or Spanish system. Indeed, we believe the "symbolic name" is mostly insisted on in Spain, though it is still used, we have been told, but not universally, in Italy.

But the same record goes on to say, and the fact, if correct, is most important:—

"Bro. Soussingeas has shown us a fine portrait of the Pope in full Masonic regalia, with the following inscription underneath in Latin: "Et excommunicate fratres meos meâ culpâ,' which the translater says means, 'If my brethren are excommunicated, it is my fault.'"

We should like to know more of this picture, and a little more of the Latin inscription, which, to say the truth, seems at first sight, rather canine.

In the *Freemason* for March 26, 1870, vol. iii., page 145, appears a statement taken from the *Philadelphia Keystone* of about the same date, quoting the *New York World* of the 10th March, as publishing a translation from the *Era Paoli Sarpi* of Venice, to the following effect:—

"Freemasons will be interested to know that Mastai Ferretti, better known as Pope Pius IX., once belonged to their order, having joined it in Philadelphia when he was Papal Nuncio to this country, and that he continued to be a Mason two years after he became Pope."

"This," as the *Keystone* then said, and we say to-day, "is a very interesting question," and the *Keystone* gives in consequence some equally interesting information, to which we deem it well to refer our readers.

In 1868 it appears that the then Grand Master of Pennsylvania (Richard Vaux) received from the editor of the *Monde Maconnique*, a Parisian Masonic journal, the August number of that periodical.

In that number was an article entitled, "Initiation de Vie IX," taken from *L'Umanitaris*, and which the editor terms "the first document intended to prove the initiation of Pope Pius IX. into the mysteries of Freemasonry."

This document is a letter which the Masons of Messina in Sicily are said to have addressed, in 1865, to the Very Rev. Monsignore Aglotti, capitular vicar of that diocese.

It asserts that Mastai Ferretti, while Gregory the 16th was Pope, was sent on a mission to America, North and South.

That after his mission was ended he went to Philadelphia, and was then and there made a Mason. The year, however, is not given. This letter of the Messina Masons proceeds to give extracts from the speeches of Pius IX, then Nuncio, on various occasions, as when he says, "I am fully convinced that Masonry is one of the best, 'plus belles,' associations that is known in the world."

This is probably from an Italian original.

On another occasion he is alleged to

have said, "I shall ever be a warm defender of this sublime Order, whose mission it is to moralize the universe, and to relieve and protect suffering humanity."

The Editor of the *Monde Maconnique*, sent with his paper a letter to the grand Master, calling his attention to the article, and asking him to forward to the *Monde Maconnique* a certified copy of the facts and proceedings of the Lodge initiating M. Ferretti.

To this letter the Grand Master replied November 23rd, 1868. In that reply he stated that "from time to time he had heard a report that the Pope was made a Freemason in the United States, but that he had always regarded it as an idle story."

Since, however, so respectable a Masonic authority had published what purported to be the letter of the Freeemasons of Messina, and vouched to be authentic, in which such statements were publicly made, an examination would be instituted by the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Bro. John Thompson.

That investigation was made when these facts appeared.

There was a Lodge, "Le Temple des Vertus Thelogales," No. 103, held in the City of Havannah, under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania, of 17th December, 1804.

From a list of its members, it appears that on January 15th, 1815, Juan Aug. Ferretti was made a Mason, and that on March 21st, 1817, he withdrew from membership.

It appears also that there was a Lodge, "Las Delicias dela Havannah," No. 157, held also in Havannah, under the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and on March 27th, 1818, J. A. Ferretti joined that Lodge.

On November 17th, 1819, Martin Ferretti was made a Mason in No. 157. These names are, it appears, copied from the Grand Secretary's Register in the Grand Lodge at Philadelphia.

Thus the questions arise, do these names refer to the Pope and his brother? Was Juan Aug. the name of the Pope's brother?

Is Martin a mistake for Mastai? We should endeavour to ascertain these facts, as otherwise some facetious Roman will be sure to say that it is all "my eye and Betty Martin."

The "Luce del Terreno" of Palermo has recently repeated this story, and our contemporary, the *Freemason*, has, we believe, referred the matter to our accomplished correspondent, Clifford McCalla, Esq., Editor of the *Philadelphia Keystone*, and asked him to investigate the whole matter. Until we receive his reply, we shall leave the question where it is.

We have stated simply the facts of the case, as we think the whole subject demands a full and impartial inquiry, and demands a decisive settlement.

AN AFTER DINNER CONVERSATION.

My old friend Jorum and I have long been the fastest of friends. We knew each other at school in ancient days on St. Catherine's Hill; we knew each other at college; we lived in the same set; we played in the same eleven; we rowed in the same boat; and this pleasant friendship of boyhood and youth has been cemented in maturer years, since it does so happen that we have been neighbours in the same county; habitual associates amid the genial hours and sterner duties of life.

I am still an elderly bachelor, surrounded by my books, and many cherished "Lares and Penates" in an unpretending but not uncomfortable dwelling.

Whereas Jorum, the king of good fellows, the cheeriest of companions, and the warmest of friends, ever "on

hospitable thoughts intent," married a few years ago, much to the consternation of his nephews and nieces, as well as of an old maiden aunt, a "sonsie lass," as the Scotch say, of three-and-twenty.

I will not say what my old friend's age really is, though, as he and I are contemporaries, and I have long fallen into the "sere and yellow" leafage of advancing years, I may simply remark that Jorum, excellent fellow as he is, is nevertheless not "dans sa premiere jeunesse."

His wife is a charming person, and Jorum is very happy.

But his wife has a mother, and that mother, like a good many more wives' mothers, is a strong-minded, resolute woman, ruling everybody, with a decided opinion of the debt of gratitude Jorum owes her for giving him her dear daughter, and by no means without a very clear idea, too, of improving both the opportunity and the occasion.

Accordingly she likes to take, and does take, the lead in everything, and thinking it constitutionally bad for Jorum to be too much now in the company of his bachelor friends, surrounds him with her select and agreeable circle of family relations and connexions.

The consequence is that poor Jorum, when he meets any of his quondam comrades, those whom he knew so well and liked so much, looks downcast and woebegone, as much as to say, "Ah, Master Shallow, Master Shallow, what far pleasanter days were those when you and I heard the chimes at midnight, or even of the cool, calm, virtuous morning!"

I had not seen Jorum for some time, not, indeed, since I went to stand as godfather to his firstborn, Theophilus John Jorum, named after me and an uncle of Mrs. Jorum's, and which young hopeful is, I may observe, "en passant," one of the most howling little brutes I ever set eyes upon or listened to, in my long life.

But then, as Jorum always says to me, "sotto voce" of course, "His dear mother and his dear grandmother, Tommy, my boy," (my real name being Tomlinson, Theophilus Tomlinson), "have such lungs!"

However, the other day I received a letter from Jorum to say that his mother-in-law was going on a visit to another daughter of her's, equally well married, and in a most interesting condition, as Jorum added, "hourly expected."

And then he told me that if I would drive over and stay for a week with them, Mrs. Jorum and he would be greatly pleased.

As regards Jorum himself I knew he was speaking the truth, and though not feeling quite so sure about Mrs. Jorum's "inner mind," I wrote a cheerful and affirmative reply at once, and on the appointed day bowled over in a dog cart to Jorum Hall.

Old Jo, as we used to call him, was evidently on the look-out for me, for he met me at the lodge gates, and said, "Tommy, you and I will walk up to the hall; it will do you good to stretch your legs a bit, and I want to show you some fine shorthorns, and a neat two-year-old."

So sending my portmanteau and the dog-cart on, Jorum and I walked up arm-in-arm, glad to find ourselves together once again.

Jorum seemed quite pleased to welcome me, and yet somehow he also appeared to be a little nervous about something.

At last he spoke out with an effort, and looking on the ground. "Tommy, Mrs. J. is an angel, but I think you had better know, she is a little queer in her temper at times. I think it's the nursing, though she does take a deal of porter, which Dr. Hoggins says is good for her. Don't be annoyed if she gets a little sharp!"

"Oh," I replied, gaily, "don't you be alarmed Jo, a bachelor like myself is a citizen of the world, and I always do get on with the women, for I never contradict them."

But to say the truth and to do them

ustice, they are really "as good as gold."

Jorum immediately brightened up, and by this time we had reached the front door.

So in we walked and found Mrs. Jorum in the library in a most becoming dress, who welcomed us both warmly, and myself most kindly.

She was "quite pleased," she said, "to see so old a friend of her husband's again, and it was so good of me to come over, she did so like a chat."

At that moment tea was brought in, and Jorum to his horror, (for he manfully eschewed tea) saw me drink two cups of tea and dispose of two thick slices of bread and butter.

"Bless my soul, Tommy," at last he said; "remember dinner's at seven."

After a little while, the lady retired full of grace and benignity, as she said to "Baby," and after a few moments more Jorum took me up to my room, for he said "You will like to know where you are going to hang out."

"Ah," he said, "it does me good to see you, Tommy, my boy, once more; it does so put me in mind of the 'days that we went gipsying,' and a good many other things besides, old fellow, 'a long time,' yes a very long time 'ago.'

Having shewn me into a most comfortable-looking room, which by the way I had often slept in under the "ancien regime," he left me, evidently pleased, but still a little worried about something.

I was soon in my dressing gown and slippers before a snug fire, and had a comfortable snooze until Thomas came in with the hot water and things to dress, at 6.30.

Roused up by his entrance and the dressing bell, I (as our mutual friend Horsey Johnson is so fond of saying), "titivated myself up," and walked into the pretty drawing-room as the clock struck seven.

When I got there, I found Jorum and Mrs. J. in an animated conversation, she uncommonly well dressed, and looking particularly pleasant and genial, and I excused Jorum from that moment and for ever more.

Dinner was now announced, and in I walked with my fair hostess.

The dinner itself was A1, everything was in perfection, but somehow something seemed "out of joint," with my good friend the host.

He said very little, and looked "distrait," whereas she was full of conversation and chaff too, and abounding in amiability.

"A very superior woman," I mentally exclaimed, "Jorum evidently misunderstands her, just as some husbands don't perfectly appreciate their wives."

But my good friend kept looking most unhappy until the lady gracefully retired, saying as she left us, "I expect you two gentlemen to coffee, remember, in half-an-hour."

As soon as the bright vision had, departed and left us in comparative gloom, old Jorum said to me confidentially, looking at me at the same time, "Charming creature, Tommy. I am a very lucky fellow!"

"Charming indeed," I answered him, "and so agreeable, warm-hearted, and well-informed."

"So she is, my boy," poured out old Jorum, in voluble words, "so she is, my boy; but do you know the reason why? do you know the reason why? Her dear mother is not here." And here Jorum chuckled, and winked suspiciously and sagely at me.

"Tommy, my boy," he added immediately afterwards, solemnly, "I really can't do with that dear mother of her's any longer. I can't, no, I can't. There never was such a woman for hearing her own voice and having her own way. She bullies my wife, she bullies her daughters, she bullies her maid, she bullies the servants, she bullies the nurse, she bullies the baby, and I'm blessed if she don't try and bully me. Everybody's afraid of her. Now, you see, my wife is quite a different being when her dear mother ain't here; she is what she really is, an angel in petticoats. But what can I do, Tommy?"

"Speak to her," I said, "calmly and quietly."

"Well," he replied, "I was speaking to her quietly when you came into the drawing-room, but it did no good!"

"What were you telling her," I asked.

"Well, I only just observed to her how still the house seemed now that her dear mother was gone, and she flared up immediately, and said I was an unfeeling brute. Luckily you came in, or I don't know what she might have said, as she was getting the steam up."

"Ah," I observed, "you are to 'brusque' with her; that's not the right way to go to work. Women, like some birds you and I wot of, require to be 'circumvented.' You must get to leeward of them, old boy," I added; "if you and I between us can't get the better of that old gal, 'we ain't what we used to was,' that's all!"

Jorum plucked up courage immediately, and said, "What a thing it is to have a friend like you, Tommy. Well, it's not the first scrape you've got me out of, old chap."

At this moment the door opened, and the stately butler announced "Mrs. Jorum's compliments, and begs to let you know that coffee is in the drawing-room."

"Have a whitewash, Tommy," asked Jorum?

"No, thank you, Jo," says I; and so we both "toddled" into the drawing-room.

Nothing could exceed Mrs. Jorum's amiability and evident desire to make herself agreeable, she was full of fun and "gaiete du cœur."

All that cheery evening Jorum was in ecstacies, and I was myself delighted.

I told one or two stories, "more meo," at which Jorum roared, and Mrs. Jorum was greatly amused, even at one about an inconvenient mother-in-law, and so the evening passed over most comfortably. We all were pleasant and pleased, and at last we all went laughing to roost.

When we met at breakfast in the morning, to Jorum's utter astonishment in walked Mrs. Jorum, full of smiles, and in a most becoming "peignoir." "Excuse my dress," she said, "but I thought I would come down, though my dear mother always objects."

Jorum winked at me immediately.

In a moment or two the olive branches appeared. My little godson was duly kissed and admired, and received his knife, fork, and spoon, and the others were made happy with some toys, and were "highly commended."

At last I said cautiously, as if "apropos des bottes," "I wonder, Jorum, that you don't take Mrs. Jorum and the children to the sea-side for a short time just to change the air, or as the doctor's say, to 'inhale the ozone.' The weather is so nice and charming, it would do you all a 'power of good.'"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Jorum, aloud, "what a capital idea, Mr. Tomlinson. Do take us, Jo, but," then she checked herself, adding—"my mother."

"Oh, never mind her," replied Jorum, boldly and decidedly, "she is doing well where she is, and when her work is over there, she can go home for a little. I'm certain they must want her energetic superintendence at home again. She has been a long time away.

And Jorum actually chuckled and looked hard at me.

I hardly knew what to expect. But to my intense astonishment, and I must add gratification, Mrs. Jorum did not make any reply at all to this rash sally of Jorum's.

But turning to me she quietly remarked, in a business way of speaking, that she thought the trip to the sea-side would do the children good, and that she was much obliged to me for suggesting it. "Julia," she said, "is looking thin; Theophilus does not sleep well," (as I knew to my cost, for the little brute had howled nearly the whole night), "and Henry's appetite was not what it used to be. Even baby, actually, would do with change of air."

And so she wound up with saying, "Let us go."

"Yes," quite roared out old Jorum, delightedly, "we will go at once, and we can write to your dear mother, and tell her we are all gone, and that after we leave the sea-side we intend making a "round of visits."

Mrs. Jorum opened her eyes widely, but still said nothing.

"We'll concoct the letter after breakfast," added Jorum, joyously, "and Tommy shall help us. He's a capital hand at that sort of thing."

So soon after breakfast, in Jorum's little room, we wrote the prettiest, and yet most decisive letter to a mother-in-law, that ever was penned.

How Mrs. Jorum's dear mother would like it when she read it, I do not think it needful to attempt to realize.

After Mrs. Jorum had gone to "baby," Jorum said to me in triumph, "You're quite right, Tommy, Mrs. J. is a trump card. She quite admitted last night, she is so sensible, that her mother had become too domineering, and that we must learn to live independently. My dear Tommy," he continued, "how can I ever be sufficiently grateful for your admirable hint of the sea-side. You've put it in as well as the old 'governor' used to put down the wickets."

They say "Virtue is its own reward," and I had the intense satisfaction of seeing Jorum and his pleasant wife, and the olive branches and the servants, all safely off by the express, to "Sliddle-on-the-Sea."

I said to myself as I left the station, like the Roman Emperor, I can safely aver, "non perdidi diem."

If any of my readers are suffering from that trying malady, a too impressive mother-in-law, let them go to the sea-side, bag and baggage, nurses and children, without her. Not that I wish to speak disrespectfully of so important a class of the female community, but like all great institutions in this free and favoured land, that mother-in-lawdom, so very marked and active in some cases, requires, as all such great institutions always do, amendment and reform.

No cloud has ever since dimmed the matrimonial journey of Jorum and his fascinating wife, and she often says, laughing to me, "Oh, Mr. Tomlinson, you are the best of doctors. Do you remember your famous prescription to go to the sea-side? It had complete effect."

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

HOW MAY I KNOW YOU TO BE A MASON?

BY BRO. M. MAGIL.

Not by blabbing and prating of what I don't know,
Not by wearing gold pins, and making a show,
Not by trying to make all creation believe
That I am a Mason, and Craft honours receive.

Not thus must I show that I was made free,
Not thus can I satisfy or make the Craft see
That I am a Mason, both trusty and true.
To answer the question, good work I must do.

There are tokens and signs which I must employ,
And which used aright all cowans defy,
None but true Masons can these recognise,
None but true brothers their value can prize.

These signs well presented, my skill is perceived,
And as a Freemason, I will be received;
I can draw right angles, perpendiculars raise,
Or lay horizontals to receive just praise.

You may know by my signs, that I am well bound,
Solemn pledges in each, by true brothers are found;
Each sign gives assurance which Masons can prize,
While cowans its meaning cannot recognise.

By tokens I also can prove I am right,
As well in the dark as in clearest daylight,
I can satisfy all who are skilled in our art,
That in tokens or signs, I can well take my part.

Our tokens are friendly, and prized by the true;
The grip of such brothers no cowans can view,
And yet 'tis so simple, so pleasant to make,
That in its performance kindest feelings awake.

You may know of my claim to Masterly skill
By my step, or my speech, or by signs, if you will.
From my feet to my head, my ear or my eye,
And yet, if not free, all your skill I defy.

When brother grasps brother, as Freemasons can,
'Tis when we see friendship linking man to man;
Then tokens and pledges of love are renewed,
And the soul with true greatness is largely imbued.

The Canadian Freemason.

RECORDS OF THE PAST.

NOTICE II.

We continue the highly interesting resumé, from the "*Times*," of these important publications.

"The second volume of the records contains Egyptian translations, and among them some of the most important inscriptions of the Valley of the Nile. The hieroglyphs were soon known after the revival of learning in Europe, and many objects inscribed with them were in European capitals, but all attempts at deciphering them failed at the hands of the learned charlatans who essayed the task. A torn bilingual page of black granite, found by the French at Rossetta, in 1799, by a fortunate coincidence, was at the same time a monument of British success by its transfer from Alexandria to London. When Young, in 1818, discovered that the miscellaneous articles which appeared as hieroglyphs in an oval ring only spelt the name of Ptolemy, the secret of the language was exposed to view. But it required the genuis of the French Champollion le Jeune to advance with a bound, of which Young was incapable, to the real deciphering of the texts, the elimination of the grammar, and the exposition of the history. Since the death of Champollion, a school of followers and improvers has arisen, and in no country has the study been pursued with greater zeal and success than in England. Egypt, indeed, has not such Biblical attractions as Assyria, and the principal points of interest in her history are the extreme limits of her chronology, and the probable period of the Exodus, the light thrown on the later contemporary history of Central and Western Asia, and the comparison of her religious thought and ritual with that of the other Semitic nations, her imitators, and her neighbours. Still, the monuments of Egypt present an almost unbroken chain for more than 20 centuries before Christ, and heiratic papyri, only slighly more coherent than tinder, of that antiquity are known, so that a mass of literature—monumental on rocks, and literary on paper—has come down as the jetsam and flotsam of the stream of history. On the whole, it is more interesting in its variety than the Assyrian, for in addition to historical composition, treatises on morals and medicine, geometry and religion, novels or polite literature for youthful princes, songs, chants, and dirges diversify the matter, spur the flagging ardour of the student, and pique the latent curiosity of the public. The number of texts published during the last half century has placed an unexhausted quarry at disposition of the student. The researches conducted by the numerous Egyptologists have reconstructed the history of Egypt on a sound basis, done much to fathoming the depths of time between the dawn of civilization and the present day, and partly penetrated the esoteric meaning of the outward and visible signs of the Egyptian religion. The contents of the second of these volumes are the combined efforts of most of the principal English and other Egyptologists. Of the historical contributions to this volume may be cited the annals of an officer named Una, in the service of the Monarchs of the fifth dynasty, engaged in the warlike operations of conquering some of the neighbouring tribes or nations by means of an army of negroes, levied from the tribes of the Upper Nile. These black troops were officered and drilled by the Egyptians, and were quite a success, plundering the towns of the enemy, and cutting down the vines and fig-trees of his territory. It is the first historical mention of the negro. Besides his military exploits, Una was occupied in the construction of the pyramids and coffins of his royal masters, and had ascended the Nile in a war galley, higher than ever Egyptians had reached before, in search of the necessary materials. The annals of Thothmes III., a monarch who reigned

at an interval of 12 dynasties—for Egyptian history counts by dynasties and not years—are not less interesting. Thothmes was the greatest warrior King that Egypt possessed. From his earliest youth the battle-field was his home, and war his pastime. No sooner had he abjected the Hykshos from the borders of Pelusium than he marched amid the blazing suns of Asia to the conquest of the alluvial lands of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Tablets as the landmarks of his empire he placed on the banks of these rivers. The Princes of Palestine and the Kings of Assyria paid an annual tribute or revenue into the Egyptian Exchequer. His great exploit was the battle of Megiddo, which was fought in the 23rd year of his reign, between Thothmes and the Kita, then the most powerful people of Central Asia. Thothmes fought in his war chariot in full Egyptian armour, and defeated the enemy with immense slaughter. It was in vain they fled to a neighbouring fortress. It was taken and assured to Thothmes the supremacy of Asia. At this time the tombs of the heroic dead at Thebes have on their brilliant walls the scenes of conquest and the lively description of the deeds of the illustrious mummies. They address the visitor as if living, in the first person, not in the wail of the departed, but with the pride of the living. One of the most remarkable of the staff of Thothmes was a General Amenemheb. He had marched at the side of his sovereign from the Nile to the Tigris. At the the siege of Khadesh he had led the forlorn hope, many prisoners he had taken with his own hands, and killed a wild horse driven against his division. When Thothmes hunted elephants in the plains of Mesopotamia, Amenemheb had cut off the trunk, and captured the leader of the herd which rushed at Thothmes. Next to the annals of Thothmes, the often-repeated campaign of Ramses II. against the Khita appears in the series translated by Professor Lushington. As a literary composition it is of the highest order; it rises to the dignity of an epic poem, and the scribe Pentaur, the author raises the mortal Ramses to the skies. Alone in his war chariot, surrounded by 2,500 of the enemy, Ramses—another Achilles—withstands their entire force, revives the drooping courage of his charioteer, and, dashing through the ranks, regains his host, to lead it, inspired by his example, to the total defeat of Asia confederated in arms against him. The most important and extensive of the Ethiopian inscriptions record the conquest of Egypt, by the monarch Piankhi, whose seat of government was Napata, or Mount Barkal. The Ethiopian conqueror descended the Nile, and expelled a number of petty Princes in the 8th century B.C. These were probably the vassals of Assyria, for while by professions of piety to the Egpytian gods he so conciliated the priesthood that Thebes threw open her hundred gates to welcome his arrival, it required the arguments of mounds, and battering rams to enter the walls of Memphis. That city, defended by Tnephachthus, the father of Bokchoris, evidently an able commander of foreign troops, succumbed only to a bloody assault, as Hermopolis had already done to investment and catapults. Its Monarch, Nimrod, who bore a Babylonian name, submitted reluctantly to Piankhi, and delivered up his family and his horses to the victor. The Ethiopian despised the women, and reviled the horses. If Nimrod found any favour in his sight, it was owing to the abstinence from a fish diet, which entitled him for some occult reason, to more consideration than the other princes. This historical piece is one of the most interesting of the series, and is well translated by Canon Cook, of Exeter. An imaginary tour of an Egyptian adventurer or hero, translated by M. Chabas, gives a vivid idea of the state of Palestine about the time of the Exodus, its Arabs and its camels, and the griefs to which a wandering warrior might come on the road. Passing by the Lamentations of Isis, by M.

De Horraik; and the hymn to Ammon, by Mr. C. W. Goodwin, the collection ends with two works of fiction. It is startling to find that long before Milesian tales and Greek novels, and contemporary with other Semetic ideas, romance engaged the Egyptian scribe. A stirring romance in the days of Joshua is a startling addition to a subscription library. The *Tale of the Two Brothers*, known as the D'Orbiney papyrus, has long been known to scholars, both by the various tranlations made of it, and the fac-simile which has been published by the British Museum, into which collection it passed. The first translation of it was made by De Rougé, in 1852, and the later ones are only improvements on his labours. In the present volume the translation is by Mr. Le Page Renouf. This story bears some resemblance to the history of Joseph in the house of Potiphar; the ill-regulated affection of the wife of the elder for the younger brother, and her false impeachments of his virtue are, however, very faint similarities. The death of the younger brother, and the creation of a wife for him by the gods, the departure of his heart into the cone of a cedar, his change into a bull, a persea tree, and a chip, belong, however, to quite a different class of thought; and the reading of King Seti II., for whom, when heir apparent, it may have been made, dealt decidedly with such stories as may be heard in the coffee-houses of Cairo to-day. The *Fate of the Doomed Prince* is another of the same kind; the evil prognostics of the seven cows of Ather; the spiteful fates of Egyptian myths; his departure to Mesopotamia, and scaling the tower of the Ninevite Princes; his marriage with the fair one; his escape from the first threat, the death by the bite of a serpent, and from the second threat of being devoured by a crocodile; and, last of all, his probable death from his dog, ally it with the same class. The text of this is unedited, and is found on one of the papri purchased of Miss Harris. Romance writing was evidently always in its cradle in Egypt; it never threw off its supernatural wraps, and the hero of a tale was always a Prince, as in the French romances till the days of Louis XIV. The translation of the *Doomed Prince* is by Mr. Goodwin. The other translators are Dr. Birch and Mr. Maspero. It is not necessary to make verbal criticisms on a work intended for general reading and popular instruction, and these efforts must be accepted on the whole as a true translation, although the dragomen are not sworn to the veracity of their work. Probably, as time rolls on it will be felt that the day is at hand when this old Semitic and Hamitic literature shall take its seat side by side at Universities with Greek and Latin. In all European countries the language and literature of Egypt and Assyria are always publicly taught by professors specially appointed for the subject.

PEARLS AND BLACKBERRIES.

"No!" said Dr. Darling slowly—"no; I can't believe the evidence of my own senses?" And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness, he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M.D., who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles, and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with red-brown hair and huge auburn moustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled, but he looked a little embarrassed notwithstanding.

"She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose," pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing-

wax over a sheet of blotting-paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aiml ss sort of way.

"Yee but I tell you, Sir, I don't want to propose," and Harry stared at the intertwined D. J. D.'s, as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

"You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?"

"Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor."

"Nor fifty thousand dollars," added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made the sound very weighty indeed.

"I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, Sir; but as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—"

"I believe the boy is crazy," ejaculated Mr. Darling. "Well, well," as the Scotch proverb has it, "a wilfu' man maun hae his way, and I shall interfere no farther. By the way, Harry—"

"Yes, Sir."

"You are going to the city this afternoon"

"That is my present intention, Sir."

"Stop at Depierre's, will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago, but a man can't think of everything."

"Certainly, doctor;" and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch, an old fash ioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed pearls, in his waistcoat pocket.

"Rather a careless way to carry jewellery, young man?" said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

"Oh, I never lose anything," asserted Harry, in an off-hand manner.

The morning sun was casting bright flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning-glories and Madeira vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Darling's orphan niece, was busy "doing up" blackberries.

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times, by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the housewifely apron of white dimity that was tied around her waist, and her black curls tucked remorselessly back off her ear—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving kettle, like a beautiful parody on one of the witches in Macbeth; while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaded with the beautiful jet black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eyes of an eastern belle."

"Ursula!"

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving kettle.

"How you startled me, Harry!"

Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face flushed with a litle blush and a good deal of stove heat.

"You are always at work, Ursula!"

"I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living," Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows. "I am not an heiress, like Miss Bradbury."

"Confound Miss Bradbury!" exclaimed our hero. "I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time."

"She is a very sweet young lady, Harry," replied Ursula, in slightly reproving accents.

"I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, Ursula."

"Forty quarts," said Ursula, demurely. "Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in winter."

Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit in his mouth.

"Blackberries are a delicious fruit, Ursula."

"Very;" and Ursula skimmed diligently at the bubbling cauldron.

"Especially when you are doing them up," added the young M.D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took hold of both her hands.

"Harry, *don't!* The blackberries will burn."

"Let 'em burn, then; who cares?"

"But what do you want?" she asked, struggling imploringly to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she would have assumed.

"To see your eyes, Ursula."

She lifted those soft, hazel orbs to his face—then withdrew them with sudden shyness.

"Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest?" he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by

the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.

"No."

"I read *yes!*"

"Oh Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury."

"And I am so determined *not* to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know? Ursula—"

"Harry, they *are* burning? I am sure of it. I can smell them. Oh, do let go my hands."

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

"It's all imagination, Ursula."

"No, it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling."

"But Ursula—"

The creaking sound of an opening door beyond, suddenly dissolved the *tete-a-tete.* Ursula almost pushed Harry out of the kitchen.

"You will be on the piazza to-night when they have all gone to the concert?" persisted Harry, asking her through a crack in the door.

"Yes, yes; anything—everything—only go!"

And Harry went—beginning to realize that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

"Your pearl brooch, my dear?" Oh, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have it mended. I dare say its done by this time;" and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

"I—I'm very sorry," began Harry; "but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—"

"Yes," dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, "I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost anything. So the brooch is gone, eh?"

"Yes, sir, it's gone; but Mrs. Darling may rest assured," added Harry, with a glance at that lady, "that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity."

"Oh, it is of no consequence at all," said that lady, with a countenance that said plainly, "it is of the greatest consequence."

"Perhaps we shall find it somewhere about the house."

But the days slipped by one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry bought another one, and presented it to Mrs. Darling with a complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed and pinned it into the folds of the thread lace garb she wore at her throat.

"But it's so strange what can have become of the other," said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the golden month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to ask Miss Bradbury to tea.

"Will have pound cake and preserved blackberries," said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the practical side of things.

"And if Harry don't come to terms now, he never will," added her husband, who didn't.

"Now get out the best china, and the chased silver tea set, Ursula," said Mrs. Darling.

"And wear your pink French calico, it's the most becoming dress you have," said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunette.

And Ursula Percy obeyed both of their mandates.

Miss Bradbury came — a handsome, showy young lady, with a smooth, "society" manner that made Ursula feel very "counterfeited" and common indeed.

"Delicious preserves, these," said Miss Bradbury.

"They are of Ursula's making," said Mrs. Darling, and Harry passed his plate for a second supply.

"I remember the day they were boiled or baked, or whatever you call it," said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.

Suddenly old Dr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.

"He's swallowed the spoon," cried Miss Bradbury.

"Oh! oh! he's got the apoplexy!" cried Mrs. Darling hysterically.

"Uncle! dearest uncle!" piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water. But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

"It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apoplectic family," said he. "But upon my word, this is about the largest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!" and he held out his wife's pearl brooch boiled up in the blackberries.

There was a momentary silence around the table, and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies, who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled nose.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Darling, "how could it have ever come into the preserved blackberries? I—do—not—see—."

"But I do!" said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. "Yes; I see a good many things now that I didn't see before."

And Harry glancing across the table at Ursula was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if possible, than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office, when the evening meal was concluded—Ursula didn't know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface-charm of manner—and plunged boldly into the matter.

"Doctor—" he began valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

"There's no need of any explanation, my boy," he said, "I know now why you didn't want to marry Miss Bradbury. I don't say that I blame you much; only I came very near choking to death with Ursula's blackberry jam!"

And Dr. Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would surely have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.

"Little Ursula," he added, "who would have thought of it? Well, you shall have my blessing."

The pearls were all discoloured, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knick-knacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table. And every year, when she preserves blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea, and makes ponderous witticisms, and pretends to search in the crystal preserve dish for a "boiled brooch."

But then jolly old gentlemen will have their jokes.—*American Masonic Advocate.*

"SO MOTE IT BE."

"So mote it be!" What memories throng,
Whene'er we hear those mystic words,
What hopes, what aspirations strong
Stir the heart's deepest inmost chords,
To hear, in mystic harmony,
The craft's response "So mote it be."

When first as youthful neophytes,
With fear the dangerous path we trod,
And humbly kneeling, prayed for light,
Professing there our trust in God,
We heard in tones of sympathy,
The deep amen, "So mote it be."

Supreme Conductor, wheresoe'er
A craftsman turns in prayer to Thee,
In mercy lend a listening ear,
Give Faith, give Hope, give Charity:
And let the craft from sea to sea,
Respond amen, "So mote it be."

Where craftsmen on the level meet,
Or part uprightly on the square.
In mystic form each other greet,
And raise their hearts to Thee in prayer—
Join every soul in harmony,
While we respond "So mote it be."

CHARLES DICKENS—A LECTURE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(*Continued from p.* 139.)

Delivered at the Working Men's College, Ipswich, President, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

LORD JOHN HERVEY, IN THE CHAIR.

At the same time he wrote and published his charming Christmas Carol, the profits of which he expected to be £1,000, but which brought in only between £400 and £500. At this time he was greatly in fear of being ruined past all mortal hope of redemption; and this was, in fact, Forster says, the turning point in his career.

The Christmas Carol afterwards sold 15,000 copies, and brought him in £726, but his after-Christmas numbers, of which this was the original, and which were sold for as many pence as this was shillings—the numbers might be counted not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands. In November, 1865, Dickens wrote to Forster to tell him that his Christmas tale for that year, "Dr. Marigold's Prescription," had gone up in the first week 250,000 copies.

There was fame with a vengeance!

In 1844 we find Dickens showing his great interest in such institutions as the Mechanics' Institute and Working Men's Colleges by taking the chair at two great meetings at the Mechanics' Institution, Liverpool, and at the Polytechnic Institution, Birmingham, where he spoke ably and well, as was his wont; for not only was he a great novelist, but he added the rare gift of being able to give expression to the power that was within him, and was alike a great reader, a great speaker, and a great writer.

As a speaker Dickens was particularly effective, especially when he was soliciting aid for some excellent charity.

Forster gives a very good example when he mentions the case of the Hospital for Sick Children, which was established in Great Ormond Street at a large, old-fashioned mansion, with spacious garden, which had been fitted up with more than thirty beds. During the four or five years of its existence out-door and in-door relief had been afforded by it to nearly 50,000 children, of whom 30,000 were under five years, but want of funds having threatened to arrest the merciful work, it was resolved to try a public dinner by way of charitable appeal, and for president the happy choice was made of one who had enchanted everybody with the joys and sorrows of little children.

Dickens threw himself into the service heart and soul. There was a simple pathos in his address from the chair quite startling in its effect at such a meeting, and he probably never moved any audience so much as by the strong personal feeling with which he referred to the sacrifices made for the hospital by the very poor themselves, from whom a subscription of £50, contributed in single pennies, had come to the treasurer during almost every year it had been open.

The whole speech, indeed, is the best of the kind spoken by him, and two little pictures from it, one of the misery he had witnessed, the other of the remedy he had found, should not be absent from the picture of his own life. Thus he spoke:—

"Some years ago, being in Scotland, I went with one of the most humane members of the most humane of professions on a morning tour among some of the worst-lodged inhabitants of the old town of Edinburgh. In the closes and wynds of that picturesque place—I am sorry to remind you what fast friends picturesqueness and typhus often are—we saw more poverty and sickness in an hour than many people would believe in in a life. Our way lay from one to another of the most wretched dwellings, reeking with horrible odours, shut out from the sky and from the air—mere pits and dens. In a room in one of these places, where there was an empty porridge pot on the cold hearth, a ragged woman and some ragged children crouching on the bare ground near it—and I remember as I speak, where the very light, refracted from a high, damp-stained wall outside, came in trembling, as if the fever, which had shaken everything else, had shaken even it—there lay, in an old egg-box which the mother had begged from a shop, a little, feeble, wan, sick child, with his little wasted face, and his little hot, worn hands folded over his breast, and his little bright, attentive eyes—I can see him now, as I have seen him for several years—looking steadily at us. There he lay, in his small, frail box, which was not at all a bad emblem of the small body from which he was slowly parting—there he lay, quite quiet, quite patient, saying never a word. He seldom cried, the mother said; he seldom complained. 'He lay there seemin' to woonder what it was a' aboot.' God knows, I thought, as I stood looking at him, he had his reasons for wondering. Many a poor child, sick and neglected, I have seen since that time in London; many have I also seen most affectionately tended in unwholesome houses and hard circumstances where recovery was impossible, but at all such times I have seen my little, drooping friend in his egg-box, and he has always addressed his dumb wonder to me what it meant, and why, in the name of a gracious God, such things should be?

"But, ladies and gentlemen," Dickens added, "such things need not be, and will not be, if this company, which is a drop of the life-blood of the great compassionate public heart, will only accept the means of rescue and prevention which it is mine to offer.

"Within a quarter of a mile of this place where I speak stands a once courtly old house, where blooming children were born and grew up to be men and women, and married, and brought their own blooming children back to patter up the old oak staircase which stood but the other day, and to wonder at the old oak carvings on the chimney-pieces. In the airy wards into which the old state drawing-rooms and family bed-chambers of that house are now converted, are lodged such small patients that the attendant nurses look like reclaimed giantesses, and the kind medical practitioner like an amiable Christian ogre. Grouped about the little low tables in the centre of the rooms are such tiny convalescents that they seem to be playing at having been ill. On the dolls' beds are such diminutive creatures that each poor sufferer is supplied with its tray of toys; and looking round, you may see how the little tired, flushed cheek has toppled over half the brute creation on their way into the ark, or how one little dimpled arm has mowed down (as I saw myself) the whole tin soldiery of Europe. On the walls of these rooms are graceful, pleasant, bright, childish pictures. At the beds' heads hang representations of the figure which is the universal embodiment of all mercy and compassion, the figure of Him who was once a child Himself, and a poor one. But, alas! reckoning up the number of beds that are there, the visitor to this child's hospital will find himself perforce obliged to stop at very little over thirty, and will learn with sorrow and surprise that even that small number, so forlornly, so miserably diminutive compared with this vast London, cannot possibly be maintained unless the hospital be better known. I limit myself to saying better known, because I will not believe that in a Christian community of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters it can fail, being better known, to be well and richly endowed."

It was a brave and true prediction, Forster adds. The Child's Hospital has never since known want. That night alone added greatly more than £3,000 to its funds, and Dickens put the crown to his good work by reading on its behalf his famous Christmas Carol. It was from this date (1858) may be reckoned his taking to public reading.

Writing to Forster from York during the time of his readings, Dickens says:—

"I was brought very near to what I sometimes dream may be my fame, when a lady, whose face I had never seen, stopped me yesterday in the street and said to me, 'Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with many friends?'"

The effect of his readings seems to have been most amazing, and the prices paid enormous.

In Dublin he says, in a letter to his eldest daughter, they had offered frantic prices for stalls. Eleven Bank notes were thrust into a pay-box at one time for eleven stalls. "Our men were flattened against walls and squeezed against beams. Ladies stood all night with their chins against my platform. Other ladies sat all night upon my steps. We turned away people enough to make immense houses for a week."

At Belfast the success was quite as great. He had enormous houses, and turned away half the town. Writing to his sister-in-law, he says, "I wish you and the dear girls could have seen the people look at me in the street, or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel after the reading last night, to 'do me the honour to shake hands with Misthur Dickens, and God bless you, sir; not ounly for the light you've been to mee house, sir (and God love your face) this many a year!'"

He says he had never seen men go in to cry so undisguisedly as they did at the Dombey reading; and as to the Boots and Mrs. Gamp, it was just one roar with me and them, for they made me laugh so that sometimes I could not compose my face to go on."

A little incident illustrative of his worth in the eyes of perfect strangers ought not certainly to go unrecorded.

In 1870, not long before his death, a correspondent had written to him from Liverpool describing himself as a self-raised man, attributing his prosperous career to what Dickens' writings had taught him at the outset of the wisdom of

kindness and sympathy for others, and asking pardon for the liberty he took in hoping that he might be permitted to offer some acknowledgment of what not only had cheered and stimulated him through all his life, but had contributed so much to the success of it. The letter enclosed £500.

Dickens was greatly touched by this, and told the writer, in sending back his cheque, that he would certainly have taken it if he had not been—though not a man of fortune—a prosperous man himself; but that the letter, and the spirit of its offer, had so gratified him, that if the writer pleased to send him any small memorial of it he would gladly receive it.

The memorial soon came. A richly worked basket of silver, inscribed, "From one who has been cheered and stimulated by Mr. Dickens' writings, and held the author among his first remembrances when he became prosperous," was accompanied by an extremely handsome silver centre-piece for the table, of which the design was four figures, representing the Seasons. But the kindly donor shrank from sending Winter to one whom he would fain connect with none but the brighter and milder days, and he had struck the fourth figure from the design. "I never look at it," said Dickens, "that I don't think most of the winter."

At his first reading in Liverpool 2,300 people come to hear him, and hundreds were turned away from the door. In 1862, at his readings in London, he took £190 a night. For his last batch of readings, of which there were thirty, he was paid £50 a night and all expenses by Messrs. Chappell, who undertook the management, and who made £4,720 profit. At his second readings in America in 1867 Dickens made £1,300 a week! He made a great sensation with his reading in three short parts from "Oliver Twist," in which he introduced the murder scene with vast effect. Mr. Fang, the magistrate in "Oliver Twist," was taken from Mr. Laing, the Hatton Garden magistrate, who was afterwards removed from the bench.

The subsequent order in which Dickens's works were published was, I believe, the following:—

Of his Christmas books "The Chimes" appeared in 1845, the "Cricket on the Hearth" in 1846, "The Battle of Life" in 1847, "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain" in 1848. "Dombey and Son" came out in 1847-8, "David Copperfield" followed in 1849-50, "Bleak House" in 1853, "Little Dorrit" in 1856, which was followed by "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Uncommercial Traveller," and "Great Expectations," which last three were reprinted from *All the Year Round*. In 1850 Mr. Dickens had started "Household Words," which he conducted for some years, but in consequence of a quarrel with his publishers—the cause of which we need not seek now—he brought it to a close in 1859, and established in its place *All the Year Round*. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans also started at that time *Once a Week*, which at first was very ably written and illustrated, but has since very much fallen off. *All the Year Round* is still conducted by Mr. Dickens's son, and is a very high class periodical. *

Dickens earned a high reputation as an amateur actor, and was passionately fond of the stage. He often organised performances to aid the funds of the Guild of Literature and Art—of which he was one of the founders—or some other good object, and made handsome sums for charitable purposes in that way.

Touching the originals of some of his great characters, I might mention that Walter Savage Landor, the poet, figured as Lawrence Bythorn, whilst Harold Skimpole was no less the representative of Leigh Hunt. The derary writing of Skimpole, as Forster calls it, was taken from Haydon, the painter.

This character gave great offence to Hunt's friends, and Dickens afterwards apologised for making the fictitious character too like fact.

* I am glad to find that Charles Dickens the younger is a brother of our ancient and honourable society, and it must be a matter of regret to all lovers of the craft that his illustrious father, who was at heart a true Mason, never sought admission to our ranks. I believe one of his brothers was initiated into Masonry many years since. His great friend the late Lord Lytton, who assisted him in his plans for the institution of the Guild of Literature and Art, was a Mason, and, indeed, President of the Rosicrucian Society, which is composed of Masons, though I believe not looked upon as a Masonic degree, and it is surprising that, amidst such associations, and possessing such a large, benevolent heart, and such world-wide sympathies, he should not have joined the most benevolent and most liberal association in the world.

I suppose almost every one knows that the renowned Mr. Micawber was a sketch from life, and taken from Dickens's own father, Mrs. Dickens herself being the unconscious original of Mrs. Nickleby.

Thackeray was a warm admirer of Dickens, and a warm friend also, I believe.

But Thackeray became famous when he was forty, Dickens at half that age.

The one wrote for a highly polished, elaborately educated, and cynical public, the other wrote for all mankind.

Hence the difference!

There is an admirable lecture by Professor Ward, recently given before the Manchester Institution, and of which I should have liked to give some extracts, but I have been compelled to cut it out for fear of wearying my readers. In concluding that address the learned Professor says:—

"Modestly, as becomes a man speaking of the labour of his life, Charles Dickens once summed up the spirit of his endeavours in these words:—'I felt an humble and earnest desire, and shall do till I die, to increase the stock of harmless cheerfulness. I felt that the world was not utterly to be despised, that it was worthy of living in for years.'"

Professor Ward adds, "Yes; this is the task which he set himself, and the task which, by God's blessing, it was given him to perform."

Dickens had many imitators, and vampires who sucked his blood figuratively. At one time he prosecuted one or two of these gentlemen for pirating his works, but he soon found out what others have discovered, that the law is often a great wrong doer, and that it is as uncertain in its results as it is expensive in its operation.

One thing must not be forgotten. Dickens has never, so far as I know, had to bring actions against newspapers for describing his books as indecent or profane, as have other authors, whose names have recently been brought rather prominently before the public.

It is a curious but melancholy circumstance that the most objectionable novels of the present day are written by ladies, and it would be an interesting fact to know how much of their popularity depended upon the impropriety.

Of Dickens it may be said he painted vice, but he never painted it in glowing colours. He introduces us to Virtue, but it is virtue which is human and loveable, often allied with weakness and eccentricity, but because it is human and not angelic we recognise it as true, and we love poor Tom Pinch or honest Mark Tapley, though we laugh at them, and despise Pecksniff and Stiggins, and the whole tribe of hypocritical pretenders to religion as much and as heartily as we abhor Bill Sykes, Quilp, Fagin, and the rest of the outspoken exponents of vice in all its hideous deformity.

Of Dickens's private character it is enough to say that he was a good father and a firm friend, and if there were domestic troubles which vexed him sorely, let us not, now the grave has closed over him, seek to rake up old sores and raise new scandals.

He died somewhat suddenly on the 9th of June, 1870, and was buried, at the express wish of the whole British people, in Westminster Abbey.

I feel I cannot do better than give a short passage from the eloquent sermon of Dean Stanley, preached on the Sunday following:—

The Dean selected as his text the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus (Luke, 16th 19), and in the course of a powerful and eloquent sermon, he observed there were some passages in Scripture which demanded special notice, as there were incidents in human life calling for special observation, from the breadth and depth of feeling which they awakened in a congregation. "Such was the ceremony of Tuesday, the day of Dickens's funeral," the Dean said, "when the gifted being whom we all lament was carried to his grave. The story of the text is a real one, but, nevertheless, a tale of pure fiction from first to last, and it is well we should see that the Bible sanctions that mode of instruction."

The Dean then spoke of the great Sir Walter Scott, whom he characterised as the glory of fiction and the glory of Scotland; and, passing to the consideration of the effect produced by the writings of Charles Dickens, and how we should regard them, said:—

"View these wondrous works of genius, enjoy them as God's special gift to us, and

remember that their reflected life is life to us. This leads me to the further question of the special form of this gift in him whose loss the country deplores in grief so genuine as to be in itself matter for serious reflection. What was there in that gift to call forth this widespread sympathy? What was there in this sympathy and that which created it worthy of our thoughts on this occasion? I profess not to sit in judgment upon the character and career of this distinguished man. That must be left to posterity. Neither is this the place to speak at more length on those lighter and more genial qualities which were such as to render his death like nothing else besides than almost an eclipse of the gaiety of nations. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. Laughter is in itself good; yet there are moments when we dare not indulge it. It has been said that the drollery and merriment which the man brought out threw the trivial side of life into too strong or bold relief. While he descended into disgraceful scenes which he described, he still breathed the pure atmosphere around him. In that long series of shining tales, amidst all its comic and satiric veins, there was a profoundly philanthropic tone of which he was in his own way a special teacher. Those struggling men, this vast mass of unseen suffering we have need to be reminded of. He who spake as never man spake saw, in his far-seeing glance, into our age as far as his own. What was needed then is far more needed now, and to meet those wants we require those pre-eminent gifts possessed by the eminent writer who lies there. Through his genius the rich man, who fares sumptuously every day, was brought to see Lazarus at his gate. On people in the workhouse, neglected children, and starved and ill-used boys, in remote schools far off from human sight, a ray of hope was thrown; for an unknown friend had pleaded their cause with a voice which rang through the palaces of the great as well as through the cottages of the poor. The little workhouse boy threads his way pure and undefiled through the mass of wickedness around him; the orphan girl brings the purity of Heaven into the hearts of all around her. He told us, in very new words, the old, old story, that there is in the worst of mankind a note of goodness. If he has brought rich and poor together and made Englishmen feel more one family, he will not have lived in vain, nor will his bones have been laid in vain in this mausoleum of the English people."

"When, on Tuesday last," the Dean continued, "in the deep, still silence of the summer morning, we stood beside that open grave, it was impossible not to feel that there was something more sacred, more interesting than the earthly glory, and brighter and higher than the historic mausoleum, and that was the return of an individual soul to the hands of its Maker. Many are the hearts both in the old and the new world, which are drawn towards his last resting-place; many are the flowers which will be strewn; many the tears shed by the grateful affection of the poor whom he served, and by the fatherless and those who have none to help them."

May I speak a few sacred words, which will come with new meaning and deeper force, because they will come from the lips of our lost friend, because they will come from lips now closed in the grave. They are extracted from the will of Charles Dickens, dated May 12th, 1869. After the most emphatic injunctions respecting the inexpensive, and unostentatious, and strictly private manner of his funeral—injunctions which were carried out to the letter—he thus continues:—

"I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. I conjure my friends not to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country, upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its expressed spirit, and to put no faith in any man's new construction of its letter here or there."

"In that simple and sufficient faith," said the Dean, in concluding, "he lived and died. In that simple and sufficient faith he bids you live and die. If any of you have learned from his works the value of—the eternal value of—generosity, purity, kindness, and unselfishness, and learned to show these in your hearts and lives, then remember that these are the

best monuments, memorials, and testimonials to the friend whom you have loved, and who loved with all exceeding love his friends, his country, and his fellow men. These are monuments which he would not repress, and which manifestly the poorest and youngest have all in their power to raise to his memory."

Professor Jowett, who preached an eloquent sermon at the special evening service after his death, in speaking of him, said :—

"Men of genius are different from what we suppose them to be. They have greater pleasures and greater pains, greater affections and greater temptations than the generality of mankind, and they can never be altogether understood by their fellow men. We do not wish to intrude upon them or analyse their lives and characters. They are extraordinary persons. We cannot prescribe to them what they should be, but they are so few we cannot afford to lose them."

It would be well if some men were as charitably disposed as the learned professor.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

One word at closing. A laudable ambition urged on Dickens, so that from the little blacking maker he rose to be one of the greatest literary men England has ever seen—who was even caressed by royalty, and whose creations were beloved, wept over, and bewailed by hundreds of thousands wherever the English language is spoken, where the sun never sets.

Indomitable perseverance, unwearied application, united with genius, placed him on the pinnacle of fame. In a free country he attained a position of great eminence. He might have got into Parliament. I believe I am right in saying that he was offered knighthood and declined it. Lord Houghton hoped he would be a peer, and so he ought to have been; for the reason our peerage holds so proud a position before the world is because its ranks are constantly replenished by the admission of the greatest warriors, the most learned lawyers, the most eminent statesmen, or the most gifted *literateurs*. This is the secret of the security of the Constitution. We want no Republic whilst we have a limited Monarchy, where the most eminent are sure of advancement, and where even the peasant born, if he be the possessor of God's great gift of genius, may one day stand on the steps of the throne. In a country like our own, where the nobility of talent is recognised as amply as the House of Peers, and where greatness and goodness are alike invested with the purple—instance Lord Napier, of Magdala, Lord Clyde, Lord Lytton, and Lady Burdett Coutts—we want nothing to assure us that after all there is something in the old proverb, that so far as England and the Constitution are concerned, "whatever is, is best."

The feeling of contentment, the satisfaction with the powers that be, comes to us all the more readily when we remember, that we have the best Queen in Christendom, the best form of Government in the world, the greatest liberty of any nation on the earth, and the most deservedly popular heir to the throne some day to reign over the happiest, the most contented, and most loyal people in the world.

Perhaps at this moment I may be addressing some embryo Dickens. To him I would say, "Learn the lesson of his life." Remember he wrote for a purpose, not only to amuse. Remember the good he did, the shams he attacked, the evils he exposed, the wrong doings he unveiled.

Remember that, spurred on by an honourable ambition, he never forgot to do his duty, never failed to perform his task like an upright and honourable man. I believe Dickens to have been a good as well as a great man (the things, unfortunately, are often as wide as the poles asunder), and if we only all of us work as steadily, honestly, and unweariedly as he did, we shall, either in this world or the next, reap a like reward.

LIGHT, BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

BY M. F. BIGNEY.

Light, beautiful light!
Light, the reflection of Deity's smile,
That wakeneth worlds from the chaos of night,
And brighteneth ocean and isle!
Fleet as thought o'er the waters careering,
Iris-hued pearls in thy pathway appearing,
Gemming the foam, while the depths thou art cheering.
Light, beautiful light!

Light, beautiful light!
Light as it lingers o'er forest and field,
That tinteth the flowers to gladden the sight,
And brighten the emerald shield!
Thou to the gardens in glory descending,
Mystical beauties for ever art blending,
While to the fruit trees rich treasures thou'rt lending,
Light, cherishing light!

Light, gladdening light!
Light that converteth to diamonds the dew,
That wakens the morn with a hymn of delight,
As if 'twere created anew!
When over nature thy mantle thour't flinging,
Groves become vocal, and birds with their singing,
Gush forth in thy praise, like a fountain upspringing.
Light, gladdening light!

Light, truth-telling light!
Light as it comes from the radiant spheres,
That shadows dispels with its silvery might,
And dangers and phantoms and fears.
Bright through the lattice thy matin rays streaming,
Startles the maid from her passionate dreaming,
Showing the true from that only in seeming.
Light, truth-telling light!

Light, heavenly light!
Light, as in brightness it beams on the mind,
That seems with a pencil of glory to write
High lyrics of hope for mankind!
Mortals the mystical tablet divining,
Still for the fair and holy are pining,
While thy best thougths thou art upward inclining.
Light, heavenly light!

N. Y. Dispatch.

TO THE EDITOR.

"ON DISTINCTIONS OF LANGUAGES."

Sir,—With the contributions of "Distinctions of Languages" I have been both pleased and interested, because the study of languages has a charm for me which no other pleasure can lay claim to, dialects being closely allied with the study of languages, more specially with what we are pleased to designate "modern languages," and none calling forth one's surprise and frequently facial risibility more than the diversities of our own. The study of dialects and languages is said to be very dry; but then those who labour in this field get at the "sap" of speech, and the same time materially help to master the avidity of one's studies.

Upon the article in the *Masonic Magazine* for September on "High and Low Dutch," I should like to make one or two remarks—from the fact of being acquainted with "Vaterland" bis Aachen nach Wien, Baltic, and Tyrol, and for many years also have "studied" her peoples and their dialects, and spent much time on the frontiers of Holland and Rhenish Prussia. Dialects spring from countries bordering one upon another, and these different kingdoms speaking other tongues; but from the continual intercourse, especially the border folks, hence arises the cause of dialects, and thus the purity of each separate language becomes abused and impure. It is in the interior of a kingdom where the pure and true vernacular is spoken, and the purity of pronunciation is heard. For instance, if I wished my sons to acquire pure German I should send them to Halle, certainly not to Berlin, neither to Aachen, Bonn, Neiwied, nor Switzerland. Again, I think that where there are many ruling heads in a great country speaking one common language—like Germany, for instance; she, until recently, was governed by a host of princes, dukes, and little kings, and each of these small states had a *twong* the same as they had a currency of their own, which puzzled many to understand; but since the amalgamation these two facts are dying out.

Permit me to say, that I think there is a great misunderstanding as to the meaning of the word "Dutch" and the word "Deutch;" "Deutch" literally meaning German, and not "Dutch." The Dutch are Hollanders, and not Germans; but the Germans are called Dutch after this fashion: when an unlearned person hears any language spoken, he will say I do not understand Dutch, meaning German; but would cause you to believe that the Hollanders are Deutchers, when they are really and truly no such personages. Allow me to further add, that I am somewhat surprised to see that a "German" should ask to "know" what is the "distinction between high and low German?" What, let me ask the German interrogator, does he understand, and is understood in his country by "Hoch Deutch and Platt Deutch?" Surely, he must know that "Hoch Deutch" simply means the pure spoken German; and that "Platt Deutch" is low German, is border dialect or lingo. "Platt Deutch"

appears to be understood as such, more especially by those peoples who reside near to the frontiers of Holland and in Rhenish Prussia, stretching away from Aachen to Cleves and the near laying districts. Finally, I must beg very essentially to differ from your honourable contributor in his opinion, "That the Dutch (Hollandish) language is for dignity, emphasis, and power, much superior to the English." There is not an "Aechter Deutcher" or Hollander who would venture to say so; and, I would state, that it is not the opinion of the very learned high professor of the high school of Berlin, "For," he says, "that for terseness, boldness, fulness, and comprehensiveness, there is no language extant that you can express yourself so completely and so freely as in that of the English language." This is also my humble opinion. Trusting that our mother tongue may ever hold this exalted pre-eminence, that we may be enabled thus to convey to other climes our Masonic zeal, and find "everywhere a home,"

Yours fraternally,
T. BURDETT YEOMAN, 18°.

N.B.—Germans speaking disparagingly, and by comparison, call the Hollandish tongue "Platt Deutch."

[Platt Deutsch is not confined, as our good Brother seems to say, to special districts; nor is it to be considered as merely "Border Dialect;" it extends all over Germany, and is the national "lingo," so to say, of the working classes.

Halle is not, moreover, the purest German speaking town, we should feel inclined to say "Hannover and Braunschweig."]—EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEMASONRY.

(From *The Craftsman, and Canadian Masonic Record.*)

The following lecture was delivered in Pembroke, P.Q., on the occasion of the festival of St. John the Baptist, by Bro. Rev. E. H. Jenkyns:—

This subject must be interesting as a historical subject, and is well calculated to furnish us with practical lessons of wisdom for the present. However unworthily we may treat such a subject, it cannot fail to interest us to investigate into the effects and impressions produced by a system which has ever counted the most refined, cultured, and scientific minds of the world as its most enthusiastic disciples. It must be something worth while to search into the principles of a system which has played so conspicuous a part in the grand march of civilization; which so nobly put forth its might to rescue Europe and the East from the tomb of a dark and dreary superstition; which nobly maintained its character for liberty, intelligence, judicial, and comprehensiveness of views, when the night of ignorance brooded over the nations of Europe; and which, when the divine rights of man were almost obliterated, yet presented a broad, clear platform upon which man should meet and deal with his fellowmen. Such a subject cannot be without its lessons, and we trust our survey of it may not be without profit.

It is a customary expression with us, that when a man is of a very bad character of disposition, that his mind is essentially bad; and so, on the contrary, we say of a good man that his mind is essentially good. In the same sense we speak of the spirit of Masonry as the grand controlling principle of soul, which reveals its active operations, and which connects it with every good word and work. There is a disposition amongst men to overlook, disregard, or forget even the noblest principles, and to fall below the requirements of acknowledged standards, and instead of moving according to the exact square or plumb, they move in a zig-zag or shuffling manner. And it is no disrespect to the brethren present, to say that in many respects we fail to come up to the requirements of Masonic standards. And as we glance at the fundamental principles of Freemasonry, as these have been from time to time laid down in the ancient charges, this fact will appear still more apparent.

It is to be regretted that some Masons see nothing in Masonry but certain forms and ceremonies, and that it presents opportunities of social gatherings of the brethren. The very language of the Masonic Ritual ought to convince such brethren that Freemasonry teaches by symbols. When Freemasonry became a speculative rather than an operative fraternity, the temple of Solomon, in its construction, completion, and dedication, became the great symbol of the Brotherhood. That building was not remarkable for its size, for we find that the temples of Isis and Osier were of much

larger dimensions; but the surpassing excellence of that building over all others consisted in its cost, and in the magnificence of its decorations. Built of enormous blocks of white marble, put together with all the architectural symmetry and harmony which the most ingenious workmen could devise, it was a monument of skill and ingenuity. In the superb glory of that temple; the order manifest at its creation and the gorgeous ceremony of its dedication—in all these things the true craftsman sees the symbols of a still more glorious temple, with its golden streets. And the Mason who does not look beyond the mere forms and ceremonies of the institution fails, utterly fails, to realize the import of its teachings. Its sublime truths are indeed mysteries to him. But no brother can fail to become a better and a wiser Mason if he carefully pauses on his way through the degrees, and studies the allegories and symbols so profusely set before him. If he turns to the right or to the left, the lessons of truth are there before him, and it only remains for him to study their deep and hidden meaning. It is necessary that I should state these facts, because whatever good effect, or whatever good impression Masonry is calculated to produce are all but lost upon the careless or unthinking Mason. The system has certain lessons of practical wisdom to teach, and a certain impression for good to produce, or else, how shall we account for the hold which it has upon the learned, the great and the good of all ages and nations. A system which has outlived centuries of conflicts, of defeats and victories, and which has become so extended in its ramifications, must certainly contain within itself living principles of paramount importance. To bring to light some of these principles, and to show their practical bearings upon us as Masons, is at present our object.

When a candidate once passes the door of a Masonic Lodge, he is made to feel that whatever distinctions prevail in the outside world, within that lodge all are equal. It is quite true that in a Masonic Lodge we have certain distinctions, which are secured by moral worth, and, it may be, intellectual culture; yet, nevertheless, the broad fact remains, that we, as Masons, are all equal, and meet upon the common basis of a brotherhood. This fact will appear patent to everyone who realizes that Freemasonry is not an association, order or institution, but a fraternity. So that within a Masonic Lodge the poorest Mason may feel himself as the equal of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. A Mason is made to feel at the very threshold that he is a poor candidate in a state of darkness, and that all that lies before him in the world of Masonry has to be acquired by patient labour, close observation, and by a spirit willing to learn. Such an ordeal is well calculated to take from a man all vain conceit, and all silly, puffed-up ideas of superiority. Here, also, in this fact lies the grave responsibility of a Freemason when about to cast his vote for the admission of a candidate for initiation. By such a vote you are about admitting one into the fraternity, and as a matter of course, into the most intimate and confidential relationship to yourselves. It behoves you, therefore, to weigh the matter honestly and fearlessly, and to act according to your well-founded convictions. On such an occasion it is necessary that every Mason should lay aside all prejudices, and to weigh such an one in the scale of righteousness, to see whether he comes up to the weights of the temple, and to come up to the requirements of our ancient usages. If by reason of carelessness or unfaithfulness, an unworthy man is admitted, you do yourselves and the fraternity at large an irreparable injury. Then again, on the other hand, if by reason of prejudice, a narrow mind, a mere matter of feeling, a good and true man, well calculated to grace our mystic gatherings, is rejected, you yourselves, and the fraternity at large suffer a grievous loss.

The more attention I devote to Masonic Ritual, the more am I convinced, that if we faithfully and honestly carry out its requirements, we cannot fail to maintain for our institution the distinguished and honourable position which it ever has held. In the entered apprentice degree the candidate is required to declare his belief in the existence of God, because He is the source of all knowledge, and the fountain of all light, and how can a man enter upon the search of that which he does not believe in? His existence is the central fact of human life, and every other light or knowledge is only a broken reflection from the great sun. Therefore it is that no one can take even the first step in Masonry until he declares his belief in the great I am, of

whom the tetra-grammon is the symbol. And the Mason's first prayer is for the gift of divine wisdom, that he may be enabled to display the beauties of virtue, to the praise and glory of that holy name. It has been wisely said by one of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, that "reverence for the Supreme Being is the foundation of all religion." This spirit of reverence for the Supreme Being is fully recognized in Masonic Ritual, and enters largely into all its teachings. Nor do we wonder at this, for we find that even the cultured minds among the heathen of old would never allow the names of their gods to be profaned; but informed as are Masons as to God's glorious character and excellent glory, how much more weighty are our obligations to reverence his holy name. And it is a question which every one must individually settle, whether a Mason who takes the name of the Supreme being in vain and profanely, whether he is not by reason of such conduct unmasonic and recreant to the solemn pledge which he has made.

Following immediately after this confession comes, as a matter of course, a Mason's obligation, to remember the Sabbath, and keep it holy. I do not mean to infer from this that a Mason is bound to keep the Sabbath either in the Jewish or Christian manner; but the Sabbath, as a wise provision of Providence, is a fact recognized by all enlightened creeds, from the Brahmin upwards, and is founded in the very requirements of human nature. This fact is recognized and enforced in that sacred Volume of the Law, which is ever open in our lodge, and is a fact fully established by the historic traditions and lectures of our organizatiou. These all tell us that the Almighty Builder of the Universe having accomplished his six days work, rested on the seventh. He blessed, hallowed, and sanctified it. He thereby taught man to work industriously for six days in the week, but strictly commanded him to rest on the seventh. Do you ask why in the divine economy this arrangement was deemed necessary and beneficial? We answer it was in order that man might contemplate the wisdom, goodness and providential arrangements of his great Creator, and that he might offer praises for his unspeakable gifts to the children of men.

> "In holy duties let the day
> In holy pleasures pass away;
> How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
> In hope of one which ne'er shall end."

As we advance upward through the Masonic degrees, we shall find new landscapes continually presenting themselves to our view; we shall perceive a new colouring in every gleam of light, and a new emphasis in every deepening shade of Masonic mysteries. Without dwelling too minutely upon the symbols of all the degrees, I cannot but call your attention to the facts indicated by the 3rd degree. In this we are taught the grand and glorious truths of the resurrection of the dead, and the life which is eternal. It clearly symbolizes that death is not the end of man; but that this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. This is the spirit of Masonry. To deny the truth of the resurrection and the life to come is to open the door to all licentiousness. If this body is simply to drop of, or be laid aside for ever in death, what matters how we use it in this life? How narrow must be such a one in his views, and how dwarfed in intellect and human sympathy, who can see no prospect beyond the earthly horizon; what low ambitions control him, and how essentially weak he must be in the great conflict of life. If you as Masons would act well your part in life; if you would live in full sympathy with your fellow men and with the spirit of the age in which you live, then look well and earnestly to the future, and to the final approval of the great Master. The man who does this becomes, as the ancients would say, athanatos or immortal.

> "Corruption and the grave
> Shall but refine the flesh,
> Till my triumphant spirit comes
> To put it on afresh.
> Arrayed in glorious grace,
> Shall their vile bodies shine;
> And every shape and every face
> Look heavenly and divine.
> For it is not all of life to live; nor all of death to die,
> For beyond this vale of tears; unmeasured
> By the flight of years, there is a life above."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SOLOMONIC ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

One of the most important results of the revolution which is now taking place in the

literature of Freemasonry is the disintegration of its historical elements, so that what is pure and recognised history may be separated from what is merely mythical or symbolical. The legends are all still retained, but they are beginning to be regarded, not as the foundations of history, but as the material for the development of symbolism.

It would not be well for the philanthropic tendencies of the instiution if its legends and myths were to be eradicated. Such iconoclasm would result in its eventual destruction, because these myths and legends constitute the very essence of its symbolism, and it is its symbolism that gives to Freemasonry all its identity—separating it in character and design from every other secret association—and all its beauty as the most perfect of all human inventions for the teaching of truth.

William Taylor, in his *History of German Poetry*, has expressed his regret that the Protestant Reformation did not begin in Italy rather than in Germany, which would have been the case if it had been delayed for a few years. He thought that the ideality of that Southern people would have preserved many beautiful and useful symbols in the religious service of the Church, which were needlessly rejected by the unimaginative Teutonic mind. So, too, the early Puritans of New England, confounding the symbolic teaching of the cross as the emblem of man's redemption with its adoration by the Papists, cut its figure from the national standard of England; and the disciples of Knox in Scotland, while properly abolishing the corruptions of the Roman worship, unfortunately extended their destructive energies to the classical specimens of sacred art which adorned the old cathedrals.

There is little fear that such a mistaken spirit of iconoclasm will ever distinguish the reformation of Masonic literature. Masons have been too well imbued with the symbolical idea, its true use and import, ever to make the mistake of rejecting its mythical legends because they are to be no longer received as authentic histories.

Therefore, I say that, while juster and more rational views of Masonic history are now beginning to be entertained, its legends will always remain as a part and parcel of its intellectual structure. Even the important legend of the third degree may no longer be regarded as an historical narration. We may fail to find the event corroborated by contemporaneous authority, sacred or profane, and yet the legend will never be abolished. It will continue to be taught as an essential part of Freemasonry, as the legend "*by excellence*" on which the whole system of symbolic instruction is founded, and as something that cannot be cast away without casting away with it the whole system of Masonic philosophy.

There is a puerile credulity which holds every myth to be a history, and finds no difference in the proofs that make the Duke of Sussex to have been a Grand Master, and those adduced to bestow the same title on Adam, our common father. Now the scholars who are waging at this day energetic and successful war against this Masonic superstition as it may well be called, must not be supposed to be desirous of abolishing the system of Masonic symbolism. On the contrary, they would leave that system precisely as it is, but they would give to it a newer and truer character. They are no iconoclasts. They break no images. They leave every image standing in its niche; but they view the image in its real light. They continue to repeat and to teach the myths and legends; but they no longer repeat or teach them as historical narratives, but simply as developments of a symbolic idea. So, while the ignorant Catholic peasant falls down and worships the Madonna of Raphael, the more enlightened Protestant views and admires it as a work of art, and derives from it suggestive ideas of the human love and human character of the Holy Child, and of the maternal sympathies of the Holy Mother.—*New England Freemason.*

(*To be continued.*)

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Tired and sick of the dusty town,
Longing for quiet, I hurried down,
Hoping to find sweet Lilian free—
Free to accept my love and me,
Down by the sea.

I read her name in the register,
Took tea, then went in quest of her;
But learned, by some young people's talk,
She had gone upon the beach to walk,
Down by the sea.

I had conned my love speech o'er and o'er—
I meant to kneel upon the shore,
Then, with the pathos of despair,
Beg her to love or kill me there,
Down by the sea.

My heart beat wildly in my breast
As hotly o'er the path I pressed;
I saw a white-robed figure stand
Tracing some letters on the sand,
Down by the sea.

Perhaps my name was written there,
And by that hand so wondrous fair!
Now would I end all doubt and see
What fortune had in store for me,
Down by the sea.

Softly I crept up to the place—
So dark I scarce could see her face—
"O, Lilian!" cried I, frantic'ly,
"Pity a wretch who dies for thee,"
Down by the sea.

As down I plumped upon the sand,
Pressing hot kisses on her hand,
A sooty face looked into mine—
I knew the cook in "just no time,"
Down by the sea.

A pair of lips of monstrous size
Muttered some words of *sweet* "surprise,"
While I, with dizzy brain and sick,
Sought my hotel in "double quick,"
Down by the sea.

I left for town that very night,
Of Lilian never got a sight;
She's married now, and far away,
While I'm a bachelor to-day,
Down by the sea.

COUNSEL TO LIVE MASONICALLY.

Before concluding my address, the last probably which it will be my privilege to present to you, permit me to refer briefly to the importance of a faithful adherence in principle and practice to the sacred tenets and cardinal virtues of our institution. It may seem trite to say that these are of far greater importance than its ritual; and yet the fact remains and is a reproach to Masonry that Masons here and there, and among them some who spare no pains to make themselves perfect in the ritual, are sadly indifferent to its moral precepts and obligations. Do not understand me to depreciate the value of high acquirements in the ritual. We should all be bright Masons. Let it be remembered, however, that the brightest ritual can never hide a tarnished character. The ritual is only the shadow of the real body of Masonry. It is the casket which contains the jewels of Masonic principle and character. Too many of us carry caskets in which the jewels are either wanting or so defaced with careless handling that we dare no longer call them jewels.

I am aware that to some Masons these admonitions are distasteful, and will probably be received with some impatience. They will say that Masonry is not religion, and that it is not to be so preached and enforced. I answer that it is true that Masonry is not religion, and that any man who accepts it as such makes a mistake which may be fatal to his happiness here and hereafter. But I answer further, that Masonry is a pure, high-toned morality, to the practice of which every brother has voluntarily, and in the presence of that God in whom he has avowed his trust, solemnly pledged himself. The obligations thus assumed cannot be set aside or neglected without condemnation and loss of character both to the individual and to Masonry.

Further, any brother who, after faithful instruction and warning, finds himself unwilling to abandon immoral practices, becomes a proper subject of Masonic discipline, and where a lodge unfortunately includes in its membership a controlling immoral element and influence, there can be no question as to the propriety of promptly arresting its charter.

We are not to content ourselves, however, with merely abstaining from immorality. It is especially the duty of Masons to carry into daily life the tenets of our profession, which are brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. It has been represented to me that some of the brethren have been careless in this direction. We should not wait for invitations to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, or rally to the s pport of a falling brother. Our eyes should be open to see and our ears to hear and our hands ready to supply the needs of those in distress. I am persuaded that any failure in duty in this direction will be found mainly in our larger towns, where the pressure of business and other preoccupations sometimes seem to leave little

time for other duties. I am glad to be able to say, also, that I believe the average standard of morality to be fully as high in our jurisdiction as in any other, and that it is advancing from year to year.

The words of admonition which I have expressed are intended to aid the advance referred to, and to arrest tendencies in the opposite direction, which seem to exist in a few localities.

In conclusion, brethren, allow me to congratulate you on the present, and to encourage you in your efforts to extend the blessings of our institution. May your labours be abundantly rewarded, and may the time soon come when Masons everywhere will recognise their obligation "to be good men and true, and strictly to obey the moral law."—Brother Thos. H. Logan, G. M. of W. Va.

INCINERATION.

THE DYING WIFE'S APPEAL.

When the day of my destiny's over,
Oh! lay me not in the cold tomb,
Nor bury me under the clover,
Let fire my corpus consume.

Then after my body's cremated,
And my substance is done to a turn,
Let my ashes be carefully dated,
And packed away safe in an urn.

And when your collection increases—
To add to it surely you must,
As uncles, aunts, cousins, and nieces,
All die and bequeath you their dust—

Oh! say that with care you will tend it,
And watch it with love and with hope
Of a bright resurrection. Don't vend it
By selling the *potash* for soap.

And my spirit shall ever be near you,
My caloric to you I will lend,
To brighten the flames that will sear you
When survivors your burning attend.

W. M. L.

CHIPPINGS.

If you want to see a black squall, just look at a negro attacked with the colic.

Note-shavers succeed financially because they take "so much interest" in their business.

Why were the monks of old seldom warm? Because they were nearly always "cowl'd."

When does a candlestick resemble a tombstone? When it's set up for a *late* husband.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because if he's the first in pity, he's the last in help.

A young woman who put vitriol on her scalp to remove dandruff, says it was the dandruffest experiment she ever tried.

"I wouldn't have left, but the people kinder egged me on," said a man who was asked why he quit his Kansas home in a hurry.

Grace is a modest girl, and refuses to wear low dresses. "Mamma," she remarked to her maternal, "that is more than I can bare."

The expression of a nervous woman's face, upon getting into a dentist's chair, is something that no man can imitate until he gets a letter from his mother-in-law, sharply inquiring if that spare room is ready.

A fellow in Norwich was bitten by a dog. As soon as he recovered from his fright he declared he would kill the animal. "But the dog isn't mad," said the owner. "Mad!" shouted the victim exasperatingly, "what has he got to be mad about?"

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a friend more addicted to boating than to study; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay," replied the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that, but if I were to write better, people would find out how I spell."

A chap went to a pork shop to buy pork on credit. First he bargained for a lot of pigs' ears; next, the tradesman seeming willing to trust, he bought a pig's head; then, growing bold, he said, "I believe I'll take that ham." "No, you won't," replied the shop-keeper, "you are head and ears in debt now."