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P R E F A C E .

WITH this number we have reached to the close of our Sixth Volume.

Publisher and Editor heartily thank alike Contributors and Subscribers, and trust that in the future, as in the past, in all their efforts to advance the interests of Masonic investigation, and to develop the need and utility of the *Masonic Magazine*, they may be cheered and encouraged by that same fraternal consideration which has accompanied their preceding labours, and is the only guarantee we have for the extension of our "Maga," or the diffusion of a healthy and interesting and improving Masonic literature amongst us.

May 24th, 1879.

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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JULY, 1878.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.



JUNE has passed away and July has come in, and the London Lodges are closing, and some of the brethren are moving away from the "Little Village." We have not much to report, except that the progress of consecration of new Lodges and Chapters continues, and we are especially glad to note, new R.A. Chapters are increasing amongst us. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught presides at the Anniversary Festival of the Boys' School at the Alexandra Palace, and we shall duly chronicle in our next Summary the result of this our last great Charity Festival for 1878.

We understand that a new Lodge is about to be formed, to be named the "Creaton," in honour of our gallant Bro. Lt.-Col. Creaton; and we rejoice to know that such is the case, as no better Mason, no more hard working Brother, no more zealous friend to our charities, and no more urbane and kindly companion exists.

We regret to have to mention that certain irregularities have been committed in the last voting for the Board of "General Purposes," but they are in course of investigation by the authorities, and the evils are already redressed.

A lively contest for the vacant Secretaryship of the Girls' School is going on. We trust that merit will again win the day; as if there is any one thing as Masons we should set ourselves against, it is yielding to private influence or personal consideration. We, with our avowed principles of Masonic action, ought to maintain inviolate the great principle that in such public offices and responsible duties merit and service, not interest and personality, should be considered.

We say no more, as—like our contemporary, the *Freemason*—we do not officially support any one candidate: we hope, however, that the best man will be elected.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Continued from page 581.)

CHAPTER II.

The Testimony of divers illustrious Authors of this Arcanum.

FIRST, *Paracelsus*, in the *Signature of Natural things*, fol. 358. This is a true sign of the tincture of philosophers. That by its transmuting force, all imperfect metals are changed, viz. (the white) into Silver, and (the red) into the best Gold, if but the smallest part of it be cast into a Crucible upon melted metal, etc.

Item, For the invincible *Astrum* of metallis conquereth all things and changeth them into a nature like to itself, etc. And this Gold and Silver is nobler and better than that brought out of the Metallick Mines; and out of it may be prepared better Medicinal Arcana's.

Item, Therefore every Alchymist who hath the *Astrum* of the Sun, can transmute all red Metals into Gold, etc.

Item, Our Tincture of Gold hath Astral Stars within it: it is a most fixt substance, and immutable in the Multiplication. It is a powder having the reddest colour, almost like Saffron, yet the whole corporeal substance is liquid like Rosin, transparent like Christal, frangible like glass. It is of a Ruby colour, and of the greatest weight, etc.

Read more of this in *Paracelsus Heaven of Philosophers*.

Item, *Paracelsus* in his seventh book of Transmutation of natural things saith, The Transmutation of Metals is a great natural mystery, not against natures course, nor against God's order, as many falsely judge. For the imperfect Metals are transmuted into Gold, nor into Silver, without the Philosopher's Stone.

Item, *Paracelsus* In his Manual of the Medicinal Stone of Philosophers saith, Our Stone is a heavenly Medicine, and more than perfect, because it cleanseth all filth from the Metals, etc.

Secondly, *Henry Khunrade*, in his *Amphitheater of the eternal wisdom*.

I have travelled much and visited those esteemed to know somewhat by experience, and not in vain, etc. (Amongst whom, I call God to witness, I got of one the universal Green Lyon, and the blood of the Lyon: That is, Gold, not vulgar but of the Philosophers. I have seen it, touched it, tasted it, and smelt it. O how wonderful is God in His works!) I say they gave me the prepared Medicine, which I most fruitfully used towards my poor neighbour in most desperate cases, and they did sincerely reveal to me the true manner of preparing their medicine.

Item, This is the wonderful method which God only hath given me immediately and mediate, yet subordinately through Nature, Fire, Art, and masters, help (as well living as silent) corporal and spiritual, watching and sleeping.

Item, Fol. 202. I write not Fables, with thine own hands shalt thou handle, and with thine eyes see the *Azoth*, viz. the Universal Mercury of the Philosophers, which alone, with its internal and external fire, is sufficient for thee to get our Stone; nevertheless with a sympathetick Harmony, being Magick-physically united with the Olympick fire, by an inevitable necessity, etc.

Item, Thou shalt see the Stone of the Philosophers (our King) go forth of the bed-chamber of his Glassie Sepulchre, in his glorified body, like a Lord of Lords, from his Throne into this Theater of the world: That is to say, regenerated and

more than perfect; a shining Carbuncle; a most temperate splendour, whose most subtle and depurated parts are inseparably united into one, with a concordial mixture exceedingly equal, Transparent like a Chrystal, Compact and most ponderous, easily fusible in fire, like rosin, or Wax, before the flight of quicksilver: yet flowing without smook, entering into solid bodies, and penetrating them like oyle through Paper, dissoluble in every liquor, and comiscible with it, fryable like glass, in a powder like Saffron: but in the whole Mass shining red like a Rubie (which redness is a sign of a perfect fixation and fixed perfection) Permanently colouring or tinging; fixt in all temptations and tryals, yea, in the examination of the burning Sulphur its self, and the devouring waters, and in the most vehement persecution of the fire, always incombustible, and permanent as a *Salamander*, etc.

Item, The Philosopher's Stone being fermented in its parts in the great world, transforms itself into whatsoever it will by the fire; hence a Son of art may perceive why the Philosophers have given their *Azoth* the name of *Mercury*, which adheres to bodies, etc.

And further, in the same place it is fermented with Metals, viz. The Stone being in its highest whiteness, is fermented with pure Silver to the white. But the Sanguine Stone, with pure Gold to the red. And this is the work of three days, etc.

Thirdly, *Helmont* in the Book of *Eternal Life*. Fol. 590.

I have oft seen the Stone and handled it, and have projected the fourth part of one grain wrapped in paper, upon eight ounces of quicksilver boyling in a crusible, and the quicksilver with a small noise presently stood still from its Flux, and was congealed like to yellow wax, and after a flux by blast, we found eight ounces wanting, eleven grains of the purest Gold; Therefore one grain of this powder would transmute nineteen thousand, one hundred and eighty-six parts of Quicksilver into the best Gold: so that this powder is found to be of Similary parts amongst Terrestrials, and doth transmute infinite plenty of impure metal into the best Gold, uniting with it, and so defends it from Canker, rust, rottenness, and death, and makes it in a manner immortal against all tortures of fire and art, and transfers it to a Virginian purity of Gold, requiring only a fervent heat.

Item, In his *Tree of Life*, fol. 630. I am constrained to believe there is a Gold and Silver making Stone or powder; for that I have divers times made projection of one grain thereof, upon some thousand grains of boyling quicksilver, to a tickling admiration of a great multitude. And further as before is rehearsed in the first Chapter. He also saith,

He who gave me that powder had so much at least as would transmute two hundred thousand pounds worth of Gold.

Item, He gave me about half a grain and thence were transmuted nine ounces and three quarters of quicksilver into gold, and he who gave it me was but of one evening's acquaintance, etc. Besides,

The most noble expert man in the art of Fire, Doctor *Theodor, Retius* of *Amsterdam*, gave me *John Helvetius* a large medal with this inscription, *Theo-Divine Metamorphosis*, etc. It was of Count *Russ* his making of *Styria*, and *Carynthia* in *Germany*, of which one grain transmuted three pound of quicksilver into pure Gold at all assayes.

Item, It is written that sixty years since *Alexander Scotus* made such a projection at *Hanaw* in high *Germany*, etc.

I cannot here pass by Dr. *Kufler* in an extract of his Epistle.

First I found (in my Laboratory) an *Aqua fortis*, and another in the Laboratory of *Charles de Roy*; I poured that *Aqua fortis* upon the Calx of gold prepared after the vulgar manner, and after its third Cohobation, The Tincture of that gold did rise and sublimed into the neck of the retort, which I mixed with two ounces of silver precipitated in a common way, and I found that ounce in an ordinary Flux transmuted an ounce and an half of the said Silver into the best gold, and a third of the remainder into white gold, and the rest was the purest Silver fixt in all examinations of the Fire;

but after that time I could never find more of that *Aqua fortis*. And I *Helvetius* saw his white gold.

Item, Another rare experiment done at the *Hague*.

There lived at the *Hague*, 1664, a Silver Smith, named *Grill*, well exercised in *Alkymy*, but poor according to the custome of Chymists. This *Grill* got some Spirit of Salt, not of a vulgar preparation, from one *Caspar Knotner*, a Cloth Dyer, to use as he said for metals. The which afterwards he poured upon one pound of common Lead in an open glass, dish or platter, usual for confections or conditures; and after two weeks there appeared a most curious Star of Silver, swimming upon it, as if it had been delineated with a Pensel and pair of Compasses by some ingenious Artist. Whereupon the said *Grill* told us with joy he had seen the Signat Star of the Philosophers, whereof by chance he had read in *Basilius*: I with many others saw the same to our great admiration. The Lead in the interim remaining in the bottom of an ashy colour. After seven or nine days in *July*, the Spirit of Salt being exhaled by the heat of the air, the Star settled on the Lead or Feces in the bottome, and spread itself upon it, which many people saw. At last the said *Grill* took a part thereof, and out of that pound of Lead, he found by computation twelve ounces of cupelled Silver; and out of that twelve ounces, two ounces of the best Gold; and I *Helvetius* can shew some part of that spongy Lead with part of the Star upon it, and also some of the said Silver and Gold. Now whilst this envious Silly *Grill*, concealing the use, endeavoured to get more of that spirit of Salt from *Knotner*, the said *Knotner* having forgot what sort it was or else not finding it suddenly; was shortly after drowned. and *Grill* with his family died of the *Plague*; so that none could make further benefit or tryal of the said Progress afterwards. Indeed it would move admiration, that the Lead's inward nature should appear in such a noble outward form by the simple maturation of the said spirit of Salt; neither is it less wonderful, that the Philosopher's Stone should so suddenly transmute all Metals to Gold or Silver, having its vertue potentially implanted within itself, and raised into an active power; as is manifest in Iron toucht with the Lead Stone.

But enough of this.

(To be continued.)

RECORDS OF OLD LODGES.

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

IN continuing our sketches of old lodges, which is our special Masonic vocation, we cannot do better than refer to "The Royal Cumberland Lodge," Bath, England. Its history has been written by one of the respected Past Masters who grace the lodge-roll—Bro. Thomas Payne Ashley. The history, however, is but a glance at the eventful career of the lodge, contains but few extracts from the Minutes, and wants the copy of the warrant of the year 1733. The fact is, but few particulars have been preserved, and the exact origin of the lodge had not been discovered. We have carefully searched our Books of Constitutions and lists of "deputations," etc., and find that a lodge was warranted for Bath "at the Bear, 18th March, 1732—3 and meets 1st and 3d Friday." (Const. 1738, p. 193.) The warrant was issued by the authority of Lord Montague,—a name familiar to all American Masonic students, from being the nobleman from whom Bro. Price, of Boston, Mass., received his deputation, and who for many years was erroneously styled Lord Montacute by our Massachusetts brethren.

The extraordinary researches as to this nobleman's name and family are graphically described by M. W. Bro. W. S. Gardner and others in the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. The strange thing about the lodge in the city of Bath is, that the members had assembled previously as a lodge, and yet no evidence has transpired as to their authority for so doing. The warrant, be it remembered, was granted April 26th, 1733. The first record preserved commences December 28th, 1732, and is as follows:—

"The Lodge met at Brother Robinson's, the Bear, in Bath, and regularly form'd themselves.

"Present: Mr. Hugh Kennedy, Master; Mr. Wm. Howell, Mr. Steph. Martin, Wardens.

"Members: Mr. George Rainsford, Mr. Charles Gomm, Mr. Thos. Collins, Mr. Johnson Robinson, Mr. St. John Smyth, Mr. Joseph Wooley, Mr. Christopher Fleming."

Our able Brother Ashley considers that "it is evident this was not the commencement of this lodge, for it is to be noticed that the year before the date of the warrant, it is stated, as in the ordinary way of entry, that the lodge met, it had *then* its own Master and Wardens, without any mention of their being elected,—was initiating and raising members, and performing ceremonies; thus making it probable that this was one of the private lodges already referred to, as having destroyed its records for fear of their falling into strange hands, and, like one of the four old London lodges (No. 3), "whose constitution was from time immemorial, yet thought it better to come under a new constitution, tho' they wanted it not," and we are the more warranted in saying this, from the minute entered on the 18th May, 1733, when the new warrant was read. The minute mentioned by Bro. Ashley is a very curious one indeed, and well worthy of careful consideration by all interested in such inquiries. It is rarely we meet with any of such an age now, and especially is this true as respects England, which possesses but few Masonic records prior to the last century, whereas Scotland has them back to the 16th century.

"Friday, the 18th of May. Lodge met and by warrant from ye G. M. Ld. Montague, were Constituted into a Regular Lodge. When ye officers chosen were:—

"Hugh Kennedy, Master.

"Charles De Labelly, Sen. Warden; Steph. Martin, Jun. Warden.

"*Fellow Crafts Present*:—Mr. Thos. Bragg, Mr. Jno. Wiltshire, Mr. Jno. West.

"*Masters Present*:—Mr. Jno. Plummer, Mr. Jas. Vaughan, Mr. Wm. Howel; Mr. Geo. Wrainsford, Mr. St. Jno. Smith, Mr. Jos. Woolley.

"*Pass'd Masters*:—Mr. Johnson Robinson, Mr. Felix Farley, Mr. Philip Green-slade, Mr. Rutland Gill.

"*Absent*:—Mr. Thos. Collins.

"*Accounts of ye Lodge*:—Ballanc'd this night when due to Box, one Pound, one Shilling, one Penny."

According to the foregoing, there were 16 brethren present, and the character of the record fully confirms Bro. Ashley's supposition that 1733 did not witness the beginning of the lodge, the only point to elucidate being when the lodge originated as mentioned in the record of December, 1732. We shall again investigate the matter prior to closing this "spark," and seek to discover a little light where it is so much needed, in order that the interesting history may be fully completed as respects the commencement of actual masonic work at Bath.

It will be noted that the record of May 18th, 1733, is a most important one, and allows plenty of scope to our imagination in seeking to determine its exact bearing. The lodge, before 1773, might have met under "*dispensation*."

As to its being of especial value there cannot be a doubt, because of the title "Pass'd Master." There were *three* classes present, and, including the "entered apprentices" of which there were none at that date, comprised, in fact, four masonic

degrees, or positions. We all know as to the "Fellow Crafts," and by "Masters" we shall not, we think, err in considering them Master Masons, to which degree, evidently, the Bro. Wm. Howel, therein mentioned, belonged, and who was Junior Warden in December 1732. But what are we to understand by "Pass'd Masters"? May we not take them as representing those who had "passed the chair" of a lodge, or, in other words, those who have served as *Masters* of the lodge for six months, as was the custom then? If so, that would give the lodge an existence from 1731, and in addition, presents an instance of a very early use of the term. The custom later on was to allow brethren to simply "pass the chair" as a ceremony by approval of the lodge, without any actual service, to render them eligible to be exalted as Royal Arch Masons. That, however, was a custom springing out of a still earlier regulation, for prior to *virtual* "Pass'd Masters," we must look for *actual* "Past Masters," and, from the Royal Arch degree being originally only conferred on Past Masters, the law was subsequently violated in spirit, by allowing brethren, in an imperfect sense and wholly imaginary, to *pass the chair* without ever being elected actually as Masters of lodges, thus only in an honorary sense, to secure the pre-requisite for Royal Arch Masonry. This plan of making Honorary Past Masters ornamental "nothings" has continued to the present day, and, excepting where the English system is adopted, no one is eligible for *exaltation* unless he possesses the qualification of being a "Past Master" of *nothing*! In Dr. Dassigny's time (A.D. 1744), evidently *Royal Arch Masons* were actual Past Masters prior to their exaltation. Under the "Ancients," in England, from about A.D. 1756, brethren wishing the degree were made *nominal* Past Masters by vote of the members present, and a lodge certificate issued accordingly. The same custom seems also to have been followed by the "Moderns," but after the "Union of 1813," the United Grand Lodge having recognized the Arch degree, did not require the Past Master to be a pre-requisite for its ceremonies, but wisely, we think, permitted Master Masons to be exalted.

The minute of the lodge at Bath concludes as follows, of date 18th May, 1733:—

"The same night. For ye many good offices, useful Instructions, and unnumber'd Favors the Lodge have receiv'd from their worthy Brother Charles De Labelly (through his zealous endeavours to promote Masonry) they unanimously desir'd the Right Worshipful, the Master, to return him their Hearty Thanks in Form, wch was accordingly done and a memorandum thereof order'd to be enter'd in the Lodge Book; wch is here by the order of ye worshipful lodge, in obedience thereto most willingly done."

Another record is made, evidently referring to the same meeting, as follows:—

"This night our worthy Brother Charles Labelly (his private occasions requiring his presence in London for a considerable Time) mov'd ye Lodge for leave to resign ye Badge of his office, wch, upon reasons satisfactory given, was obtain'd, and by ye by-Laws in this Lodge to be observ'd ye next lodge night a Junior Warden was then to be by ye Lodge regularly chosen."

In early days Wardens and even Masters of lodges were elected, and appointed from the Fellow Crafts, for the simple and sufficient reason that Master Masons were not *degrees* then, but only positions of trust, official titles, and generally employers of labor. The *Master Mason* meant the Master of the masons engaged about any special work, and only qualified men were so styled until the last century, unless whilst Master of a Lodge.

The first time that the term "Passed Master" is used on any MS. that we have been able to trace is in the *add. MSS. British Museum*, folio 23,202, and must have occurred prior to the 18th February, 1724, but not necessarily more than a few days. The minute in question speaks of four gentlemen "who were regularly passed Masters in the before mentioned lodge in Hollis street." The MS. (not strictly a lodge record, but accounts of a musical and architectural society) contains an illustrated page of twelve coloured sheets representing the arms of certain members. The extract we have alluded to occurs at page 7, the MS. itself occupying 296 pages, or 409 inclusive of blank leaves.

It also says that before the Society was founded "a lodge was held consisting of Masters sufficient for the purpose." The members of the Society had all to be Freemasons, and the register of its doings is valuable, because of the proof it affords of the Master Mason's degree being worked by an individual lodge as early as 1724.

That "pass'd Master" sometimes meant, 1720—50, what has since been termed "*Raised Master*" is evident from the fact that the 6th by-law of a lodge of date A.D. 1731 provides:—

"That all & every Person or Persons recommended & accepted as above, shall pay for his or their making the sum of Three pounds three shillings, and for their admittance the sum of five shillings, and every Brother who shall *pass* the Degrees of F. C. & M. shall pay the further sum of seven shillings and six pence."—*Freemason*, London, April 27th, 1872.

The 15th by-law of the Lodge of Bath is especially clear on this point of A.D. 1746:—

"Every Fellow Craft who is found able & cunning in the Judgment of the Officers, and desirous to *pass Master* shall pay Five shillings into the Treasurer's hands for the Benefit of the Lodge."

It is clear, however, "Masters" in the minute of the Lodge at Bath of date 18th May, 1733, really represented the "*Master Masons*," as we now term them, or in other words, those who had been *raised* to the "*Third Degree*."

That being the case it seems equally clear to us that the four brethren who were present at the same meeting and designated "Pass'd Masters," must either describe those who had served in the chair of a lodge for the legal time, and thus, actually Past Masters of lodges, as we describe them in England, or they were the *Masters* of four *other* lodges present. The latter is most unlikely to have occurred in Bath as early as 1733, and would rarely occur now, and so we must hold to the belief that the minute under consideration is illustrative of the fact that the "Pass'd Masters" mentioned, described *Past Masters*, and that "Masters" alluded to Master Masons; "Pass'd" being intended *sometimes* to describe the modern term of "Raising," as well as the still earlier one of *Past Master*.

Similar minutes are to be found in the records of a lodge held at London, and dated December 5th, 1732, when ten shillings and six shillings were charged for being Pass'd Master, and on December 3rd, 1734, the Secretary speaks of it as the "Degree of Master," but the term "Raising" does not occur.

Since writing the former part of this "Spark" and whilst our "masonic anvil" was enjoying rest, we obtained a copy of the warrant of the lodge which is the subject of our sketch. We had well-nigh despaired of securing the transcript, for apparently insuperable difficulties stood in the way, and the warrant itself was in a most awkward part of the lodge, up high, in an old cumbersome frame, and covered with dust and cobwebs. Thanks, however, to Bro. Ashley, and the assistance of some men as operatives, the original has been exactly copied, and we append a faithful reproduction, which, for the first time, will now be seen in print since the origin of the lodge, and is, moreover, the earliest copy of a warrant we ever remember seeing in England.

MONTAGUE

(L. S.)

G. MR.

"Whereas, A Petition has been presented unto us and signed by several Brethren residing at present in and about the city of Bath, humbly praying that they may be constituted into a regular lodge.

These are, therefore, to Impower and Authorise our Worshipful and well-beloved Brother, Mr. Hugh Kennedy, to convene our Brethren at Bath aforesaid who have signed the said petition, and that he do in our place and stead, constitute them into a regular lodge in due form (He, the said Mr. Hugh Kennedy, taking special care that they and every of them have been regularly made Masons) with like privileges as all other regular lodges do enjoy, and that they be required to conform themselves to all and every the Regulations contained in the printed Book of Constitutions, and observe

such other rules and instructions as shall from time to time be transmitted to them by us, or Thomas Batson, Esq., our Deputy Grand Master, or the Grand Master, or his Deputy for the time being. And that they do send to us or our Deputy a list of the members of their lodge, together with the rules agreed on to be by them observed to the end they may be entered in the Grand Lodge Book. And upon the due Execution of this our Deputation the said Mr. Hugh Kennedy is hereby required to transmit to us or our said Deputy a Certificate under his hand of the time and place of such Constitution. In order that the same may be entered in the book of regular lodges.

Given under our hand and Seal of Office at London, this 26th day of April, 1733, and of Masonry 5733.

By the Grand Master's Command,

Tho. Batson, D. G. Mr.

G. Rooke, S. G. W.

Jo. Smythe, J. G. W.

Doubtless the above will be particularly valued by the readers of the *Voice of Masonry* in Massachusetts, as this warrant was issued the same month, in fact, only four days earlier than the Deputation to "Mr. Henry Price in behalf of himself and several other Brethren in New England," constituting that gentleman Provincial Grand Master of New England, a copy of which is inserted in Bro. W. S. Gardner's address as Grand Master, 27th December 1871, which on the side of those who accept Price's deputation as genuine, is a most masterly production. The name of the Grand Secretary or *Secretary*, as that officer was termed then, is absent from both documents, which is so far confirmatory of the deputation to Mr. Price, and their general agreement in style cannot fail to be noticed by all students.

The warrant at Bath has "Montague G. Mr." but in the "Book of Constitutions" for 1738 the name is spelt without the "e" The former mode agrees with the Price deputation, as also the names of the S. G. W. being G. Rooke, and of the J. G. W. J. Smythe, though the various editions of the "Constitutions" of the Grand Lodge of England have "George Rook" and "James Moor Smyth." It is a singular fact that all the editions of these "Regulations" after 1738, and to 1784, inclusive, represent the Grand Master's name of 1732-3 to be "Anthony Brown, Lord Viscount Montacute," which doubtless was the origin of the title being chosen of the "Montacute Lodge," Mass., and which resulted in such an exhaustive examination and report by the committee appointed by the Grand Lodge, finally terminating in the name of the lodge being altered. The report of the committee itself is worth a perusal by those not connected in any way with the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, for it is amongst the best of its kind ever submitted to a Grand Lodge, and it is a model of research, fidelity, and completeness.—*Voice of Masonry*, February, 1875 (with corrections).

Constitution of the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, containing the Charge, Regulations, E.A. Song, etc. A copy should be in possession of every Brother. It may be obtained for 2s. at the office of the *Freemason*, or will be sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of twenty-five penny stamps. Address, Publisher, 198, Fleet-Street, London.—ADV.

PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

(Continued from page 586.)

V.—ITS MASONIC TEACHING.

THOSE who have followed me thus far in tracing the historical and scientific features of the Great Pyramid must, I think, admit that everything connected with the building lends itself in a remarkable manner to illustrate Masonic lore. We have seen how the master mind which designed it formed upon a square base a monument of that peculiar geometrical figure which still retains in the East its character of the Divine Symbol, and chose the centre of the earth for the site of his work.

Having five sides and five points, it also gives a reasonable origin for that mysterious reverence for the number 5, still so remarkable in the East, especially upon the banks of that river which divides with the Nile the interest centring round the early home of Masonic knowledge. By the banks of the Ganges, clinging to the traditions of the Past, the native Hindoo bases upon them his system of local government, which Professor Monier Williams tells us has survived alike repeated conquests and the more modern innovations of Western civilization. "The Voice of God is in the Council of Five," says the Hindoo; and he but echoes a sentiment and a tradition not unknown in the West, but having its origin, we are taught, in the East.

It was the symbol of deliverance from the land of servitude, when our great ensample, Moses, led forth the people whom the Lord had made free, and they marched forth from the land of their sore travail and affliction by *five* in a rank.* They went forth too with a *high hand*; the uplifted hand being itself the symbol of 5. Nor did they choose the number unwittingly. It had been the favourite number of their forefathers. It was the symbol of their separateness from the Egyptians, and thus became to the Egyptian, and is to this day, an aversion, a number never used. So Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us, and adds that even on their watches the obnoxious number is omitted, and the 0 substituted.

It appears to have been an object of aversion even in the days of Joseph, who, when anxious to obtain for his father and brethren a suitable settlement in the land of Egypt, and yet to avoid the absorption of their descendants among the native populations, instructed them in the answers they were to make, and then "took some of his brethren, even *five* men, and presented them to Pharaoh.†

Thus do we find an affinity in symbol between the race of Israel in its earliest days with that monument which was erected by their Semitic ancestors in the land of Egypt, and an agreement with the great constructive number of the Tabernacle and the Temple. But this, to suit the prejudices of those who pride themselves on being matter-of-fact people, may be regarded as purely an imaginary connection,—a pretty fancy, of no material value unless corroborated by evidence of a more direct nature. Can such be produced? There is no written record. We have seen how careful those

* Such is the generally received meaning of the word rendered "harnessed" in the account of the Exodus. See margin of Bible.

† Genesis xlvii, 2.

early Masons were to leave no record of their secrets, and how, having finished their work, they appear to have been separated in the earth. Thus it is only by the survival of fragmentary traditions and by the guidance of the volume of the Sacred Law that we are able to see dimly into the darkness of the Past.

In shape, in place, in date, we have seen a marvellous agreement with Masonic tradition,—tradition which, like all other, must have had its rise in matters of fact. Events originate traditions, though tradition often, in course of time, so misplaces and transforms the memory that it becomes useless. But what is the use of Masonry if it does not preserve a true tradition? Can we not picture to ourselves how valueless it would be. The life-blood would be drained from the ritual. It would become a mere form, an empty show, a meaningless mummerly. How then does this view of Masonry affect the rise and existence of the Order? Does it run counter to the views of the great Masonic writers who have found pleasure and honour in the study of the history of the Craft. I think not. It rather harmonises and blends theories which appear opposed into one complete whole. There are who speak slightly of what they term the exaggerated claims of Freemasonry, yet who is there, acquainted with history and not wilfully blinded by prejudice, who cannot conceive an unwritten memory of the Past being treasured through succeeding ages by men who told of the wonderful things that God did in their time and the old time before them?

To such a theory of Masonry the Pyramid origin lends not only probability but absolute certainty. The connection of Speculative and Operative Masonry is placed on a satisfactory basis, and the latter proved to be the means of preserving the former, until the day is fully come when nothing shall be taught in secret that shall not be proclaimed publicly, and nothing hid that shall not be revealed. Little by little the darkness of the world has fled before the Light, and the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man ceased to be a doctrine treasured in secret by the few who still preserved a glimmering of the truth.

In these days of wide-spread knowledge and multiplication of books there is a tendency to forget the times when the oral tradition formed the learning of the people. Nor could it be well otherwise when manuscripts were scarce and costly. Yet many of the older records are but written traditions more or less true. Some even would have it that the Scriptures themselves are but the traditions of a nation, and valuable only as such, and as containing clearer and more highly developed views of morality and philosophy. Traditions in truth they are, but their record is true, and the Sons of Light have ever jealously guarded them from corruption.

We have seen how the master-builder of the Pyramid was guided in his work by the understanding of geometric truth, and thus sought to glorify God the Creator by reference to His works as T.G.A.O.T.U., and utterly refuted the idea of Chance being a factor in the creation work by showing that the Universe itself was subject to certain established laws and bore evidence of preconceived plan and design. Thus it was not without reason that those instructed in the deep mysteries of the science which had ruled the proportions of this early monument, should have attached a sacred import to the art of building, and hence the reason that the memory of the early work was handed on in connection with the Mason's craft.

"God in Nature," the summation of the religion of the so-called Aryan races, does not, however, constitute a full revelation of the Divine Being. It lacks what is called the Semitic teaching of "God in History." We know the early Egyptian faith centred on the great doctrines of the resurrection, and of future rewards and punishments. The Rev. E. B. Zincke calls this the Aryan faith,—an instinct which clings to the whole Aryan family, and from the influence of which its members cannot escape. But even this is not enough, and though we were inclined to receive the teachings of the theory which classes all the great races of the earth under the term Aryan as entirely distinct from the Semitic families, we could not as Masons accept a revelation which omitted to teach reverence and love for the Creator, not only as the Almighty Father, but also as the Supreme Director of the affairs of men; which gave to its believers

no trust in an All-Good Providence; nor taught the dependence of earthly authority upon the "Most High who ruleth in the kingdom of men."*

This is the highest conception of the Deity and the unending theme of the Prophets of Israel; as it was also the great truth which their nation was destined to manifest to the world. By the very nature of the case, this doctrine constitutes a subject for higher mysteries than those which I have endeavoured to illustrate by Great Pyramid Science. Its proof being found in history must have given rise to other and later traditions than are found in the E.A., F.C., and M.M. degrees, and being but acquainted with the ritual and tradition thus far and no further, I cannot, even if it were permitted me, so handle the subject as to make the references direct and intelligible to the instructed. Yet my slight acquaintance with Masonic writings has convinced me of the existence of certain teachings with regard to the symbolism of figures, and its origin and import, that I cannot conclude these papers without some remarks on Great Pyramid teachings which may serve to explain, or at least obtain an interest for, the peculiar significance of the Divine attribute in the M.M. degree.

It is in this light, then, that we must consider the theory that the passages of the Great Pyramid have a historical import, and record the duration of certain eras on the scale of a Pyramid inch to the year. If readers will refer to the lengths of the passages as given on page 444 (March Number) and also to the brief remarks on this subject in the May Number, they will see that this theory requires that human history, or such part thereof as may be there referred to, should be divided into three grand epochs: the first covering a period of 986; the second, 1542 years; and the third, 1881½ nearly. On these *data* and in the confusion prevailing in ancient chronology, Professor Smyth and his fellow workers and believers in Great Pyramid truths have adopted a chronology which I have ventured to dispute as neither consistent with history nor agreeable with those Scriptures to the truth of which they maintain the Pyramid was intended as a witness. Yet it does not necessarily follow that because they may be, and I believe are, mistaken in applying the *data* in the manner they do, therefore the theory of chronological signification in the passages is wrong also. On the measurements of the passages, there is of course agreement; the Professor's careful measures being accepted and corroborated. But it is the application of those measures to the historical events, which they have hitherto been assumed to indicate, that I have called in question, and shown that the Scriptures themselves point to a different application. For, whereas the first length of 986 inches is divided by the lines ruled on the sides of the passage into two lengths of 358 inches and 628, there were also, to follow the *text* of the Scriptures literally, 358 years from the Flood to Abraham, and 628 years from Abraham to Moses; and the next length of 1542 inches would therefore require to represent a like number of years between Moses and Christ. The next length would then cover a period on the verge of completion, and mark 1881-2 as the beginning of a new dispensation. On this point much misrepresentation has been made of Pyramid teaching, and its believers are credited with following Mother Shipton in an insane belief that the end of the world is at hand; or, on the other hand, that the millenium is about to commence. Neither the one nor the other may take place. The years may pass by, and the signs of the times be apparent only to a few. But this is not the place to discuss the subject, even were I so inclined. I would not have referred to it, but that the theory requires that the last length of 1881½ inches should also mark an epoch and typify a new turning-point in the world's history. Suffice it for us that Providence is over all, and that whatsoever is hidden in the counsels of God shall be revealed in His own good time. For nearly eighty years was Israel ignorant of the mission of Moses, and for thirty years was the world unaware of the life of Him we own as Lord. Not for us then is it to say "this shall be" or "that shall occur." Of what is in the future may be a subject for faith and hope; but of what lies in the past only can we expect to possess knowledge. It is not therefore for any to say, I will wait and see what 1882 may bring

* Daniel iv. 32, and vii.

forth before I interest myself in this subject, for until the certainty of the dates is established even the history of the past is enveloped in a cloud, and we walk as men blindfolded.

It cannot be for nothing that during the last thirty years the histories of Egypt, Babylon and Nineveh have been unfolded to our eyes, and the fetters of false traditions, which, because written, obtained credence as history, burst asunder. The day cannot be far distant when the systems of Bible dates now in use in our schools and colleges will be revised, and the biblical history, no longer distorted by false dates, stand forth as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

If any would like to learn the effect of modern researches on the conventional system of chronology now in vogue, I can refer them to the writings of Mr. Bosanquet, F.R.A.S., etc. in the *Transactions of the Biblical Archaeological Society* for 1874 and 1876, where will be found many proofs which I was unable to adduce in my own work. I have to thank Colonel Gawler for calling my attention to Mr. Bosanquet's labours, for although his conclusions do not exactly agree with the Great Pyramid chronology, they come so near as to constitute a most important and unbiassed confirmation. I am alluding now, of course, to that period where proof is attainable from the concurrent histories of Assyria and Egypt. He lowers the dates throughout the monarchical period of Israel's history, twenty-five years; and if he falls into errors in the closing years of Judah's monarchy and the times of the destruction and re-building of the Temple, it is the result of the conflicting accounts of that period, and no proof of the correctness of the present conventional dates. Indeed he does not hesitate to affirm, that while these dates are allowed to disfigure sacred history, it is in vain to attempt to find any confirmation of it in the monumental records of Egypt and Assyria. He says they tend to bring the sacred writings into disrepute, and have already cast doubts on the Book of Daniel.

Now the Pyramid chronology lowers the dates about thirty years during the duration of the great Masonic temple of King Solomon, and ninety-nine at the completion of the re-building under Zerubbabel, at the same time that it makes the return from captivity coincide with the first year of XERXES. This is perfectly consistent with both sacred and profane history, and will also account for the existence of the tradition which made Josephus connect the great Persian monarch with a return of the Jews instead of the return, which he had already recorded as having occurred in the reign of CYRUS the Mede, who was not and could not be the CYRUS the Persian of *Chronicles* and *Ezra*.

Having in another place gone into the subject in its historical bearings as fully as I am able, I do not intend saying more here on this point, but will conclude with a few suggestions connected with the two reckonings as they appear to me to have been likely to be affected by, or be the outcome of, oral tradition.

We are so accustomed to reckon Ancient History according to the years before Christ, that we are liable to pass over lightly the earlier reckonings which must have been in common use.

Let it now be understood that I am claiming nothing for Freemasonry beyond the preservation by its means of certain traditions which from time to time may from various causes have been in danger of falling into oblivion, or through the prevalence of other teaching have been abandoned as untenable. Such a view is neither preposterous nor founded on exaggerated ideas of Masonic teaching. We simply say that a traditional history must have lingered in the minds of men, and that in succeeding generations the more earnest and enlightened men may have sought to preserve such particular truths as appeared to them important by means of a process of initiation of disciples who were sworn to be true to the trust given to them to hand on. Ancient History affords ample proof that such was indeed the case, and therefore it is not unreasonable to believe that Freemasonry in its modern form may have had its rise in such a necessity.

Now the merest tyro in Masonic literature must be aware that whatever traditions may linger in the Craft, they are pre-eminently of an Israelitish character, and although referring remotely to a previous connection with Egypt, are associated with a great event in the national history of Israel. It therefore follows that the original retailers of the traditions must have been Israelites, for on no other ground can we account for the

prominence given to events which would fail to interest people of another race. Indeed it is of this people only that we have direct evidence that their artificers and skilled workmen engaged in a particular work were *free*, for we are told that "of the children of Israel did Solomon make no bondmen."*

Now the era from which the foundation of the Temple was reckoned was that of the Exodus, and the next era that we find in general use among the scattered families of Israel is that of the Captivity of the Ten Tribes in the days of Hosea. Mr. Bosanquet places this event in the year 696 B.C., while Great Pyramid reckoning gives 690 B.C. Now the year of the invasion, 693 B.C., was 729 years after the entrance under Joshua, while the first year of Hosea was the 729th year before our Lord began to manifest forth His power in the thirtieth year of His life. Such a coincidence could not have failed to impress Christian Israelites of the Captivity, for the period of 729 years lends itself very easily to that love of symbolism which is said still to characterise the use of figures in the East, for $9 \times 9 \times 9 = 729$, and thus afforded an easy means of keeping the number in mind.

Here, however, it is to be noted that it is quite possible an earlier date than 690 B.C. was adopted as the era of the Captivity of Israel, and one which would lend itself even more closely to this $9 \times 9 \times 9$ reckoning. Thirty years before Shalmaneser completed the deportation of the ten tribes, their captivity had commenced in the days of Pekah, who conspired against Pekahiah and warred against Judah. Pekah succeeded to the throne in 729 B.C., and it was at this time that Tiglath-Pileser, King of Assyria, "took Ijon, and Abel-beth-maachah, and Janoah, and Kedesh, and Hazer, and Gilead, and Galilee, all the land of Naphthali, and carried them captive to Assyria." This was really the first blow that fell on Israel, and Dr. Oliver therefore misapplies this term by using it with reference to the invasion of Shalmaneser.

Having now shown why I believe the question of dates to be one with which traditions may have readily been connected, the difficulty which is next to be met is as to the errors which have crept into the received reckoning. Are they the result of ignorance or falsification? I am not prepared to answer this definitely. So far as I can learn there appears to have been a wilful falsification of dates during the dark ages; but whether this be so or not, the corruption of the text of Josephus—for it is hard to believe that he inserted six or eight different reckonings himself—together with the prevalence of corrupt traditions elevated to the dignity of history, will sufficiently account for the adoption of the conventional dates, for convinced as all may ultimately become of their incorrectness, there can be no doubt that they were the best which could be used to make an apparent agreement with so-called history.

If then through the prevalence of error on this subject *Truth* has been compelled to hide for a time its head, and to seek refuge from the world until such time as light should shine in the darkness, and the facts of History be revealed, we ought to search for evidences of that truth among the Sons of Light.

I must now bring this series of papers to a close, and I shall be well content if anything I have written awakens an interest in the heart of but one Brother who may be able to pursue the inquiry further than I am, and to assist others in that work which ought to be dear to all Masons, the pursuit of Truth for Truth's sake.

Alfreton, June 1st, 1878.



ROWBOTTOM.

* 1 Kings ix. 22.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Thus the tale ended."—LONGFELLOW.

I DO not exactly know how Rory O'More made out that there was "luck in odd numbers," though his practical proof of the assertion was, as perhaps my readers may remember, as pleasurable as anything here well can be; yet on the whole, I am not inclined to quarrel with his dogmatic declaration. And it is just possible, moreover, I am disposed to think, that my readers may welcome this thirteenth chapter as the conclusion of my truthful tale, though it be an unlucky number as good old times declare, as much, as if I had prolonged it even to a fourteenth chapter. And the truth must be fairly stated;—I have come to the close of the first part of Paesiello's autobiography as far in fact as for reasons of state, as well as for private considerations, I think it safe or prudent now to communicate to the sympathetic readers of the *Masonic Magazine*.

If ever I continue these veracious memoirs; if ever I lift the veil which hangs over the "Kismet" of Paesiello; if at any time my sense of duty or decorum will permit me to resume this eventful history, I shall have the greatest satisfaction in making my kind and forbearing audience *au fait* of the mysteries and marvels, the joys and sorrows, the trials and the temptations which surrounded the onward journey of our hero. But for obvious reasons, and on personal grounds, I think it better, more discreet, not prematurely to open out the "Aporrota" of his hopes and fears, his struggles and his cares, his pleasures and his pains.

Very few lives, after all, are worth "the telling," and that is the reason that we have so many senseless biographies in the world, as for the most part we are very silly mortals indeed, our existence petty and jejune beyond description. As Horace Walpole puts it, if the "angels can smile," how they must laugh at the inconsistencies and littleness, yes, and the absurdities of us all alike! No exception, my masters: in this we are all, be we who we may, true children of Adam and Eve,—faithful inheritors of the frailty of the one, and the weakness of the other! It must be by this time evident even to the dullest of my readers, (and what a lot of dull people one has to meet and deal with daily!), that as far as the *dramatis personæ* of our little "genteel comedy" are concerned, all is with them a "*parti pris*," and that the *dénouement* approaches, which will close this short but authentic narrative.

Stanelli and Bechner soon recovered their normal health on the whole, despite their wounds, and returned to the wonted ways and habits of civilized life. For them their soldiers' duty was over, and unless, which was not likely, war should again throw into hostile camps the Austrian and the Italian armies, though they never forgot that they once had formed part of a goodly array, yet henceforth, as we have said, theirs was the "civil line," and as peaceful, loyal citizens, they left the voice of camps for the sweet voices of dear home companions.

I doubt very much whether any soldier ever forgets, in whatever subsequent vocation he may be found, that he once formed part of a gallant army. There is something so pleasant in the *camaraderie* of arms, something so cheery in the memories of old days, of drill and discipline, of pleasant mates, and kindly chums,—the active life, the buoyant emotions, and the vivid anticipations, to say nothing of the exhilarating blessings of health, youth, strength, that, go where we will, be what we may, we often recall

with a sigh those glad days of old, and kindly voices and smiling faces, from out of the dim and vanished past. It is affecting at times to remember how the old band of friends, fast and unselfish, has been disassociated, dissevered, and dispersed by the relentless march, the resistless episodes of years!

Thackeray, in well-known words, has said, and said most truly, though the reflection be perhaps trite after all,—

“There’s Jack has made a wondrous marriage,
There’s laughing Tom is laughing yet,
There’s brave Augustus drives his carriage,
There’s poor old Fred in the Gazette.
On James’s head the grass is growing,
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank and ate the ‘Bouillabaisse.’”

And thus as “Time” runs away, and brings with it “its strange conceits,” as it does with us all, we like to re-people the scene with the forms and faces and voices and sympathies of the past, (we have none so pleasant in after times),—we seek to re-colour the now dimmed landscape with the brightness of early dawn, or the brilliant lights of happy maturer years. But alas! all in vain. The “inexorable Three” * have clouded over alike our hopes and fears, in that gloom of evening which settles down upon the meads and on the hills of Life. But as I said before I question really whether the old soldier ever can forget that he once was a soldier, just as I believe, “*inter alia multa*,” that Orton was most truly an impostor “*de la première qualité*,” because he did not know what “telling off” meant. No real soldier could have forgotten such “ground work” of all drill and movements. Yes, all of us who once have “shouldered a musket,” like to recall the past days and friends of “ours,” though—

“Jeffrey sleeps ‘neath flowers at Nice,
And Paul’s forgotten in Kensal Green.”

The soldier remains the soldier to the end of his days, notwithstanding the changes and chances of Life, and, like the “old war dog” “Black Dawson” commemorated by Chandler, they follow with beating heart the “old battalion,” go where it may, do what it will.

Ere long with our heroes and heroines those inevitable preparations began, which terminated in that serious crisis of their destiny which changed their condition and controlled their lives. For marriage, look at it as lightly and carelessly as you will, is a very ticklish step. It may lead you to happiness; it may be a leap in the dark, which may land you—where? Well, who can tell?

But, as Madame Allegri liked to observe, “now its all settled, why should we have any more delays? There’s nothing sentimental about marriage,—it’s all matter-of-fact.” And so, according to her sagacious arrangements, the three couples were all properly married and blessed the same day by a Roman Cardinal of high lineage and great amiability, who paid Madame Allegri and the two brides many charming compliments; and, as Compton irreverently remarked, they were carefully “tied up and done for.” And Paesiello records in his diary these striking words:—“I have seen to-day three couples married, six human beings bound, fast bound, to one another for the rest of their journey. If they are “*sinpatico*,” if their tastes and tempers agree, all is well with them; but if they don’t—what then? I don’t like to anticipate what the lot of such unthinking mortals must be, and so I wish them good luck. But marriage is a very serious thing.” (This passage he has underlined.) “Let us hope that it is all for the best!”

* For fear our young men don’t understand the allusion, we mean the “Fates.”

Marriage with our friends, however, unlike some couples you and I know of, dear readers, has been a very happy episode, and nothing has ever happened to dim the sunshine of their lives, or make them regret that they took what Compton always jokingly terms "a header."

Bechner has made himself a happy home in his old chateau, where a young Bechner is duly trained to fight, if need be, as his father fought, "Für Gott, für Kaiser, und Vaterland."

Stanelli's home is at Venice, where he too is bringing up some young Italians devoted to "United Italy."

Madame Allegri passes from one home to the other at stated times, for ever useful, agreeable, and charming, and never in the way (some mothers-in-law can't say that); and while Balthazar makes the most complaisant and sententious of husbands, is the most sagacious if pleasant of companions.

Paesiello and Compton are still unmarried, and spend much of their time alternately at each other's house, and in the Tyrol, and at Venice. A fast friendship unites them, which nothing can weaken or dissolve. What may be their future lot, who can say? Will they succumb to woman's eyes or woman's wit? will they learn to be cold and cynical, worldly and frivolous? or will some good fairy still help them along life's dusty pathway, and preserve them pure-hearted and generous, "tender and true," to the last? We must leave to Time, the great discoverer of all secrets here (except Junius and the Man in the Iron Mask), to reveal, if ever it can be revealed, the subsequent fate of our hero and his friend. And thus the curtain falls at the prompter's call. *Fuete se plaudite, omnes!*

SONNET.

NATURE—false fashion's inroads to restrain—
 No preference, or but little, doth profess
 For arts of female pride; nor grants access
 To those her modest teachings who disdain.
 Though bright the golden peacock's spangled train,
 The peahen's garb how plain in loveliness;
 How splendid the cock's military dress,
 His hens, less fair attir'd, how little vain;
 And so of other fowls, or wild or tame.
 Yet maids, wives, widows, this wise lesson scorn,
 And still themselves extravagantly adorn
 With meretricious graces, all the same;
 As if not theirs the far more flatt'ring boast,—
 "Beauty, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

28, Sun Street, Tunstall,
 North Staffordshire.

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TERBS.

INTRODUCTORY.

“When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
‘Beauty is truth, truth beauty’——”

DEEP in the buried past, but clear as deep, written in imperishable characters, stand revealed the souls of men, and it is in the storehouse of antiquarian research that we can read the characters of nations, for no truer test of a people's advance in civilization is there to be found than is made manifest in the treasures of the archæologist.

In the page of history, where even it exists, interpolations may have crept in; the very truth of history itself may have been so overlaid with mis-representation or corrupt tradition that its story may be nothing worth; but in the remnants of a nation's Art, be they never so few, never so mutilated, there stands recorded, in letters that can be neither doubted nor denied, its perception of the beautiful and therefore of the true.

For what is Art?—

It is not our purpose here to write a treatise upon the nature or characteristics of this divine gift to man, but rather to describe in a brief and popular manner some few of the processes by which it is brought home to the homes of the many, and therefore a simple definition will suffice.—

Art is the silent language of truth, its embodied reality presented in visible form to the inner eye of man; in other words, the presentment of true beauty enforcing upon the human mind the precepts of divine perfection. There are those who would tell us that Art is the creation of civilization; we hold the very reverse, that civilization is the creature of Art. We do not for a moment pretend to deny that in the gradual dawn of culture and refinement the work of men's hands will grow more true to that of which it is the presentment, and that thus it will step-by-step grow more and more beautiful; but what we affirm is this, that Art-work is ever striving to recall an idea once possessed, now lost, but gradually being and to be regained.

Peoples, as individuals, are but re-acquiring a long-lost status; and the gradual growth of civilization is but the nearer-and-nearer approach to a standard of perfection, once existing, once lost, but evermore being strained after and more or less nearly attained to again. Who, with our record before him, can doubt that man, in his original state, had a knowledge as perfect as humanity could possess it? who deny that this perfection was lost in man's fall? who doubt, but that in his renewal and restitution, man shall arrive at it once more?

As, then, man sank from this former standard of God-given knowledge, he became correspondingly degraded and corrupt; when man gradually comes back to the perception of the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth, so does he gradually draw near to that estate from which he has so long been severed and estranged.

We know that there are those who tell us that man's religious practice, not his religious instinct, has cultivated in him the pursuit of Art,—that religious teaching has awakened a fervour in his soul that has forced him to clothe his ideal in material form; but if we look at the Art-productions of a savage race in the way of religious embodiment we shall form but a poor estimate of the spirit that leads him to represent the good and the beautiful in such barbarous guise; rather as it seems to us, does something within him, the spirit of Art let us call it, bid him materialise the truth, and then his pursuit of his object softens and moulds him, so that at last the beautiful is attained and there stands revealed the true.

In what, once more, does Art consist? Not the mere presenting to the eye the picture of that which strikes us as the beauty of form, but rather in the reading a lesson to our inner sense of sight whilst it shows us the counterfeit of perfection as near to life as human hand can fashion it.

How has Art been given again to man? He has, as one commonly says, discovered and improved. Rough untutored man, savage may be, yet endued with intelligence, has found a knotted piece of wood or rugged fragment of stone; in it he has seen a slight resemblance to some thing of life; a few touches of his knife or such rough tool has improved the likeness; improvement begets practice, practice improvement; till the work of his hand, rude enough at first, has become a closer imitation of his model. Practice, ever-increasing, guides his effort, and his work becomes more and more beautiful; whilst, as his hand becomes more skilful, his mind becomes more cultivated, and as his representation approaches the true he attains to the beautiful, so too, as he produces the beautiful he begins to realise the true; and from merely representing to the eye the likeness of the real, he gradually comes to picture to the mind the perfection of the ideal. And so the sculptured block becomes capable, in his hands, of passing beyond the presentment of the frailty of this present state to the picturing of the perfection of the long-distant past and the ever-nearing future.

The girl who traced her lover's shadow with the charcoal on the wall strove to keep with her his presence in their parting, so the true Artist strives, and to a great extent succeeds in presenting to our view, the permanent resemblance of a beauty and a truth, of whose reality we have here but a fleeting, evanescent glimpse.

Amphion, wandering by the restless sea, picked up the hollow tortoise shell; letting slip, by accident, the tightened cord by which he bore it, a resonant note resulted; here was the foundation of music. Probably the note of the beating wave produced with that of the vibrating string a pleasing whole, whence might have resulted Harmony; but how? Could this one sounding note have taught man music? Could this single chord have generated the gamut? Is it not more feasible to suppose that man had within him some long dormant melody that this one stray taste of sweetness called into action,—some sleeping memory of heavenly song, long forgotten and laid aside, that this feeble glimmer awoke to the full perception of the "concord of sweet sounds"? In short, was it not rather the Music within the man that became developed, than that the faculty was formed by the extraneous influence of the accidental sound? Surely we have our great master of song with us when we recall his sweeping condemnation of the man within whose breast there is no innate trace of melody:—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Such then is, or at least seems to us to be, the origin of Art.—A heaven-born gift, implanted in man's nature in the time of his innocence; lost, or at best marred, in his fall, and overlaid by the savage ignorance into which he drifted; called again to life, however, by some chance touch, like melody awakened from the rusted string of the dis-used harpsichord by the passing breeze; recognised by some intuitive quality of soul; harboured and given a home in some cobwebbed corner of the mind; appreciated, and fostered and nurtured by man's better nature, till the outcome is the beautiful and true.

Its work a reflective one, as well as a diffusive—like mercy,—

———"It is twice bless'd,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes":

for it not only spreads its influence far and wide over a man's surroundings, but it acts and reacts upon himself. The soul that has once arrived at a true conception of true

beauty, is one educated as nearly to perfection as may be; but this is not all, for in this educative process, progressive as it must be, the man becomes, not in this one particular of Art-appreciation but in every other mental quality, gradually softened and moulded, until complete civilization in the individual is the result. Nor is this process, once more, going on in the individual, without its results in his surroundings; hence, one true Artist—that is true appreciator and expounder of this mental quality—might, nay must, in time, mould the people to which he belongs; wherein consists the true value of Art.

Once more, we do not, in the papers to which this preparatory one is but an introduction, intend to lay down the principles of Art, so much as to give our readers some practical information in a concise form of the various processes used in "The Arts," and by thus beginning, as it were at the bottom of the ladder of Art learning, we hope to awaken such an inquiring spirit as may lead them to tread its rounds for themselves, assuring them that every upward step will more than repay them for the toil expended in the ascent. Nor should they delay, for as a poet-artist reminded us:—

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

AN ANCIENT CHARGE.*

I CONGRATULATE you, my Brother, on being initiated into the ancient and venerable order of F. and A. Masons, an order which has often been decried and calumniated, and which you may have heard represented as wicked or trifling, whilst you may have heard our meetings designated as assemblies of riotous jollity or of destructive intemperance. I am glad that such misrepresentations have had no ill effect upon your mind, and that they have not deterred you from entering amongst us. You were doubtless aware that men the most renowned for Wisdom and Honour, and who lived in the practice of every domestic and public virtue, had in all ages, as well as in the present, been members of our Society, and most zealous to promote its present welfare and future prosperity, and you must have been assured that this could not have been the case if such men had found themselves betrayed into anything wicked, trifling, or ridiculous.

If we look into the page of history, we shall find that from the commencement of the world to the present moment no other institution has ever been universal or durable. The most celebrated law-givers have been unable to render their institutions permanent, whatever were their laws, however excellent their systems, they could not be extended into every age and every country. They had chiefly in view victories and conquests, and the elevation of one people above another. They, therefore, could not be reconciled to the interests, or congenial to the feelings of every nation. Philanthropy was not the basis on which their systems were founded. The love of country, badly understood and carried to excess, frequently destroyed the love of humanity.

Men are not essentially distinguished by the difference of language they speak, the garb they wear, or the dignities with which they are invested. The whole world is one great Republic, of which every nation is a family and every individual a child. To

* For this interesting Charge we are indebted to the Editor of our excellent contemporary, the "Canadian Craftsman," who had received it from Bro, Jas. Wilson, P.M, Occident Lodge, 346, Toronto.

revive and spread abroad these maxims, drawn from the nature of man, is one of the ends of our establishment. We unite men of every description, wherever dispersed over the face of the earth, by the great principle of genuine philanthropy. Thus our interests are identified with those of all mortals; hence the remote antiquity, boundless extent, and unceasing duration of our institution. Masonry instructs us in our duty to the Supreme Architect of the Universe, to our neighbours and ourselves. To God by never mentioning His name but with that reverence and awe due from the creature to the Creator; by esteeming Him our chief good; by imploring His aid in all our undertakings, and making His sacred word the rule and guide of our conduct. To our neighbour, by ever considering him as entitled to partake with ourselves of every blessing which Providence has bestowed on us, and by doing unto him on every occasion as we would wish him under similar circumstances to do unto us. To ourselves, by not abusing the bounties of Providence, impairing our faculties by irregularity, or debasing the dignity of our nature by intemperance. It teaches us to be good subjects of the Rite, true to our sovereign and just to our country. To pay due obedience to lawful authority, and to maintain on every occasion the real interest of the community. To consult the public good, undeterred by the fear of power, and uninfluenced by private advantage. It teaches us Truth, Peace, and Concord. It bids us open our ears to the cry of the unfortunate, and extend our hand to them with the cup of consolation. It annihilates all parties, conciliates all private opinions, and renders those who by their Almighty Father were made one blood, to be also of one heart and one mind. It shows us we are all upon a level, and that merit is the only distinction. It orders us to live within the Compass and always to act upon the Square. It forbids intemperance, but encourages rational mirth and innocent pleasure. It makes us brethren firmly bound together by an indissoluble tie—the love of our God and the love of our species.

Pure morality is the second disposition required in our Society. Let a man's religion or the mode thereof be what it may, we do not exclude him from the benefits and advantages of our Order, provided he believes in the Almighty Architect of Heaven and Earth, and practises the sacred duties of morality. We are directed to expand our hearts with the most generous sentiments, to root out bigotry and to stop the cruel hand of persecution. We are to unite with the virtuous of every persuasion in the firm and pleasing bond of fraternal love. It is our duty freely to extend to all the benefits which we derive from society, to make them the participators of every good which we possess, to view their errors with compassion, and by the purity of our own lives to demonstrate to them the superior faith which we possess. How lovely is an institution fraught with sentiments like these! How congenial of every liberal and benevolent mind! How agreeable must it be to Him who is seated on a throne of mercy; to that God who is no respecter of persons.

We have secrets amongst us, my Brother, some few of which have been communicated to you. These form a language, sometimes mute and sometimes eloquent, to be communicated at a distance and by which we know a Brother, let his country or his language be what it will. We can boast of what never has happened to any other Society. Our lodges have been established from the earliest ages, and are spread over the whole civilized world, yet amongst such innumerable multitudes no Brother has yet betrayed our secrets. Dispositions the most volatile, the most indiscreet and the least trained up to secrecy, learn this great science as soon as they enter amongst us, so great an empire over the mind has the idea of brotherly union. This inviolable secrecy powerfully tends to link together the subjects and citizens of different states, and to facilitate and render mutual between them the communication of benefits. We have many instances of this in the annals of our Order. Brethren travelling over distant countries have been often relieved from distress and raised from penury and want. The horrors of captivity have been softened, the gloom of the dungeon has been dissipated, and thousands have been thus restored to life and liberty. May you, my Brother, if ever reduced to similar distress, find affectionate brethren where others might only meet unfeeling strangers, or unrelenting enemies. If any of us should ever fail in the performance of those solemn promises which connect us together as

Masons, we know there can be no greater punishment than that which would follow in the remorse of conscience, the infamy of perfidy, and the penalty of exclusion from our Society.

The fourth qualification necessary to enter into our Order is a taste for the useful sciences and liberal arts of every kind. These improve the heart as much as the understanding, moderate the selfish affections, sweeten and harmonize the temper, and better fit man for social happiness, that happiness which Freemasons most zealously endeavour to promote. Who, indeed, in this polished, this improving age is insensible to the attractions, the excellences, the utility of the fine arts and liberal sciences? Who, in this peculiarly humane and philanthropic era, is cold to the call of benevolence? that never-failing attendant on the ingenious arts, that all-pervading and all-performing virtue which in one short and easy precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," compresses all duty, and consummates the round of moral perfection. The name of Freemason, therefore, ought not to be taken in a literal, gross, and material sense, as if we were simple workmen in stone and marble. We do not consecrate our talents and our riches to the construction of external temples, but to enlighten, edify, and protect the living Temples of the Most High.

Formed as *this Temple* and enriched with the ornaments of the creative wisdom—consummate architect of thy Master's building—Man! We look up to Thee to inspire with understanding, with virtue, with science, with all which can dignify, refine, and exalt our nature and render the temple at least not wholly unworthy of its sacred inhabitants. To this end, direct us to make the blessed volume of Thy instructive wisdom the never-erring *Square* to regulate our conduct; the compass within whose circle we may ever walk with safety and peace; the infallible plumb line and criterion of rectitude and truth. Enable us to fill up every sphere of duty with correctness and honour, and by our amiable attention to all the sweet and blessed charities of social life, teach us to win the love of all those who unite with us in those tender charities; and as fathers, husbands, friends, and worthy men and worthy Masons, to distinguish and exalt the professions which we boast, so that those who have spoken evilly or lightly of our Order, behold our conduct and see our light so usefully shine, their evil speaking may be silenced, their foolish prejudices removed, and they may be thus convinced that Masonry is a useful and venerable structure, supported by the great and everlasting pillars of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

"FALSE friends, you say, are falling fast,
As ebbs your fortune's tide,
Swept by dark sorrow's wintry blast,
Like sere leaves from your side;
But cast grief's shadows from your brow,
And joy's bright smiles awaken,
Tho' false friends go, dear Brother know,
A Mason's ne'er forsaken.

"The storm that quenches friendship's ray,
But fans Masonic love,
And still the darker grows life's day,
The fonder it shall prove;
Then cast grief's shadows from your brow,
And joy's bright smiles awaken,
Tho' false friends go, dear Brother know,
A Mason's ne'er forsaken."

"HAIL AND FAREWELL."

"Hail and farewell!" We meet to part
Even with the greeting on our lips.
As those who from some busy mart
See all their wealth go out in ships
That never come again to shore,
So fade our days to rise no more.

Our three-score years are but a span,
We scarcely trill an idle song,
Before the funeral army's van
Passes with muffled drums along,
And sadly then the doleful bell
Moans in the palsied ear, "Farewell!"

"Hail and farewell!" The stars go down;
The billows of the rosy dawn
Are breaking on the idle town,
The night's weird armies, far withdrawn,
Fade like dim spectres down the west,
And hope is strong and love is best.

Yes, hope is strong in newer souls,
And love is best for those that stay.
No more my ship at anchor rolls,
And yours is sailing fast away;
I lose you, for the ocean's swell
Breaks now between us. "Hail, farewell!"

The lamp goes out, the embers die,
Pale Dian tips her silver keel
In some far-hidden reach of sky,
While night and darkness round us steal,
And sorrow sits on every sail;
We cry "Farewell!" but whisper "Hail!"

Beyond the ocean, where the palms
Arise beside the jocund streams,
And love rehearses all his psalms,
And youth renews his happy dreams,
If I may wait your coming sail,
How blessed then the cheerful "Hail!"

FREEMASONRY IN KELSO.

BEING A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ST. JOHN'S LODGE, KELSO, No. 58.

Transcribed from the Old Records by Bro. W. Fred Vernon, R. W. M., Tweed Lodge, No. 261, and communicated to the "Scottish Freemason."

WE come now to the "Acts and Resolves" so far as they have been preserved in this old minute-book, but unfortunately these only refer to the resolutions contained in the minutes we have already published. That there were other acts or rules is plainly evident, for the reader will notice in the minute for the 27th of December "*that acordeinge to the acks of our books ther be some time spent every Saint Johns day by them in eximinitiou & those not found Qualified is not to be admitted to be passed.*" Now, none of the acts following contain this rule, proving incontestably that there were former acts promulgated at a period anterior to the date of this book (1701), and that they were likewise written in books which have, unfortunately, been lost or destroyed. There is much that is interesting, however, in the fragmentary materials before us: for instance, while the Lodge was most particular about the observance of "Holy St. John's day" on the 27th of December, their "summer St. John's" was held near, but never upon, the day dedicated to St. John the Baptist. In England the latter Saint's day is more generally observed, the Scottish Masons religiously holding St. John the Evangelist's day, but this is by the way; the following rules speak for themselves:—

"A short abridgement of the most materiall Acts & Resolves of the honourable society of masons belonging the Lodge of Kelso, collected out of their former sederunts."

"Kelso 27 Decr. 1701 being Holy St. Johns day

imo Resolved that, that sederunt and all following be registrat in a book to be kept by the Tresaurer and subscribed by the master or next officer in case of absence.

2^d That all entred apprentiss shall pay eight pounds scots with their gloves.

3^{to} All the gentlemen who are the honourary members obleidged themselves to pay three pounds scots yearly on holy Saint Johns day & all tradesmen to pay 12 p scots yearly on the said day.

v Appointed that the first tuesday of June shall be a day for general meeting of the said Lodge about the affairs of the same as well as Saint Johns day to be held att Kelso.

v That all absents from the meetings either of the said days whither honourary members or otherways shall pay to his quoties three pounds scots unless he send a reasonable excuse as shall be sustained by the meeting and that to be contained in the days sederunt.

vi Enacted that when ane Entered apprentice is received as master and fellow of the craft he shall pay five shster to the companys stock and neu gloves to the members.

vii That all fines be received by the Tresaurer as funds which mony or any part of it, is to be disbursed att sight of master warden Tresaurer to indigent persons or on other occasions in which the honour or interest of the company is concerned they being answerable to the next meeting.

vii Concluded that all former fines be remitted to the discretion of the persons lyable for the intertainment of the company.

St. Johns day Decr. 1702.

The company continued the further consideration of their resolve last sederunt

- anent the members subscribing their names in the book and obleidging themselves to observe the order of the company.
- ii Again ordered that the treasurer should provide a book for containing and regrating sederuuts & decrees of the society and that all members shall subscribe their names bearing title.
 - iii Ordered for the future that all absents from the meetings on St. Johns day both honourary members and mechanicks shall pay half ane croun unless he send such excuse as shall be sustained by the company & that to be payed to the treasurer betwixt & St. Johns day next thereafter under the penalty of paying the double besyde the ordinary stent.
- 20 Jany 1704 in place of St. Johns day day before.
- j A proposition being given in by the mechanicks about entrants in writing was ordered to ly in the box & be considered next St. Johns day.
 - ii The company considering that in all trads, one keeps the box as Theseurrer and anyother the key ordered that the said form shall be observed in the said company, the keeper of the key being obleidged to leave the same with the master or warden if he be to be one night from Kelso.
 - iii Ordered that the Thesaurer instruct to the master and warden that he hath given three severall wranings to the deficientes in stent, & fines for absence, to be sub by the master and produced next St. John's day.

St. Johns day 1704

- j The proposition given by the mechanicks former sederunt sustained w^t some small variations the tenor whereof follows."
- The "tenor," however, is not inserted, although a large space is left blank, but the following is inserted, bearing date St. John's day, 1709:—
- "The variation you will finde set down in the book page* that Eight pounds is only to be payed for ane enterd aprentis."
- ii Upon representation made by the honable master that the stent for honorary members was too great and stoped people to join with the company ordained for the future commencing from this day that the stent shall be half ane croun."
- Here the "short abridgement" ends, and then follows the last minute recorded for ten years, a hiatus occurring between St. John's day, 1706, and the 31st of December, 1716. We give them both in their order, and it will be seen that some of the arrears and fines tabulated in the last minute have been paid.

St. Johns day 1706

"A particular accompt given in by the Thesaurer of what is ouing by the members for fines and stent which lyes in the box

Received from the Laird of Cliftoun in part of what he ous	3 ^{lb} 0 0
Received from the Laird of Stodrig for deficiency of stent & diner his fine being forgiven	2 2 0
It ^h from Sir Pringle his for dinner	0 12 0
It ^h from James Binnie his stent fine being forgiven	0 12 0

The said day the honable members of Lodge of Kelso mett the honable master the Laird of Thirlestane, worshipfull warden Andrew Brown Smailholm, Thesaurer, & all the rest of the members except the following absents

Cornett Drummond
Laird of Chirrietrees
Laird of Grubett
Mr. Ker in Banff mylen
John Esart
John Jamison

The members went to choise a master the vote being stated they unanimously choised

the Laird of Cliftoun master, Walter Scot warden & continued Andrew Don of Smailholm Thesaurer.

The absents fined according to the statutes of the Lodge.

Robert Latie payed eight poun scots for which the company had his ticket & gave it up to him & discharged, there was Like ways 3^{lb} scots payed be William Lowrie which he owed the com. The members present payd in their stents which came to sextein pound ten shillings scots.

Robert Young entered this day & payd dew. What is received this day with the money in the Thesaurers hands extends in all to 77^{lbs} 19^{ss} 8^{ds} ordered that the Thesaurer give out of the said sum to Mrs. Hall ten ss ster & to Janet Young relict of the decest Robt. Wait 5 ss ster & to the officer 2^{lb} scots.

Elect officer for the ensuing year William Laurie Elder."

In the above minute it will be noticed that the secretary has called the treasurer Andrew Brown in one place and in another Andrew Don—this proves that the offices of secretary and treasurer were not held conjointly. The carelessness of the office-bearers, of which this is a small specimen, seems to have culminated about this time, as there is no minute in the book until we come to one dated, "Att Kelso the 31 of Decemb. 1716 years."

The next minute is somewhat confusing in its dates, as the Lodge *continues* the office-bearers for two years previous to the date of meeting. Here is the minute *in extenso* :

"Att Kelso the 27 day of December 1717

The hounerable sosity of masonse being mett according to ther order and our hounerable Lodge have taking to ther consideration that the alteration of members yearly was not nedfull so we continue them for the year 1715 & the year 1716 also the year aforsaid we have shosen Andrew Brown master & William Laidley wardin, James Mein Box master & James Lourie for to kepe the kie & the wholle members of the hounerable Loge payed ther stents & entered prentisis geve ther tickites. So much for the year 1717."

The secretary has, in the above minute been trying evidently to make one minute do for several; however, things were improving, and on the next St. John's day an important resolution was passed, as will be seen by a perusal of the following minute which we have already alluded to:—

"Att Kelso ye 27 day of Deer 1718

Sederent for Saint Johns day according to the apoyntment & by the Lodge of Kelso met on the day aforsaid & that day is passed into the box the sum of siventine pounds eliven pence scots money of which soume was payed that same day for denner and Drink twilfe pound twilfe shil scots so ther is remaining in box four pound money & that same day the Lodge taking into ther couriouse consideration that some of our entered prentises and some of our pased men also is not so dilligentt in proveing of ther lessons as could saitesfie the lodge therefor we with consent of our master and warding with a sertain number of our members that acordeinge to the acks of our books ther be soun time spent every Saint Johns day by them in Eximinatioun & those that are not found Qualified is not to be admitted to be passed, it is also passed this day that all who hath Bonds or bills or tikits is to renew the saime or find sufishent casionery this is all our sederent on holy Saint John's day in the year 1718."

We think that this resolution of the old Masons of one hundred and fifty years ago might well be adopted and acted upon by many Masonic Lodges in the present day. Too many Masons are *passed* and *raised* because they claim their degrees as a right, when it should be remembered they are given as a mark of proficiency and merit, or as these old Masons put it, they must be "so dilligentt in proveing of ther lessons as to saitesfie the lodge."

AMABEL VAUGHAN.*

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST APPEAL.

IN due course, and without any particular adventure, Mark arrived at Wolverston, and was received very cordially by Mr. Seymour, pleasantly by Fitz—who was not quite so cordial and off-hand, he thought, as usual, but no doubt it was only imagination—and kindly by Mabel.

From something he saw between the two cousins, he was perplexed to know in what relative position they stood to each other, and, in order to solve all doubts, he made up his mind to speak to Mabel. The poor fellow had quite made up his mind to ask her to share his home; and she, feeling it would be better to give him an early opportunity, knowing by her woman's instinct what he wished to say, soon managed to grant him the desired interview. It was a morning or two after he had arrived, and they were sitting in the drawing-room alone after lunch, the rest having gone out to some skating party. Mark had not told Mabel of the good news about the presentation, for fear it should look as if he came with a bribe in his hand, and he scorned to take any advantage, resolving that, if she would have him, it should be for himself alone, and not for anything he had done or might do to please her.

Was he right or wrong? I do not know. I only know he was a noble-hearted young fellow any girl might have been proud to have as a lover, and I know that this girl, in her heart of hearts, knew that he was.

"Mabel," Mark began, "you say that I must not write to you any more. Why may I not?"

"Because—because—what would be the use?" Mabel evasively replies.

"Oh! Mabel—what would be the use? Have you not long learned that secret which I thought you knew long ago? Have you forgotten the past? You cannot mean it Mabel—I know you cannot.

"I have loved you as no man loved before. I loved you the first moment I saw you. I loved you when your sweet eyes looked in mine as we walked in those beautiful courts when you were in London. I loved you when I saw you sitting quietly working in the Parsonage, and my whole thoughts have been of you from that day to this.

"Do not draw your hand away from me—do not turn your face away. Oh! Mabel, is it true, can you love another?"

The young man had started to his feet at the last words, and was looking imploringly at the proud, beautiful coquette, waiting for an answer.

"Mabel, I entreat you, speak. I will forgive you, though you have wronged me sorely. Tell me now, and put me at once and for ever out of my misery."

And Mabel answered quietly and sadly; yes, sadly, for she was woman after all, and she could not but feel for his grief:—

* Some exceptions having been taken to the "facts" of this story, we beg to remind our readers of the wonted claims of *Fiction*. As far as we know no personal reflections are intended.

"I am engaged to my cousin Reginald," was all she said.

With a sudden cry of pain the young man sank down into a chair, and burying his head in his hands, sobbed like a child.

There is something terrible in a man's grief, when it is so great a grief as this. To see a strong man weep is pitiful indeed.

Mabel, with a woman's tenderness, tried to soothe him in vain with words of sympathy, but at last, with a great effort, he mastered his emotion, and then the rush of pride came back upon him, and he was a man again.

"Good-bye, Mabel," said he, with a proud quietude of manner; "good-bye, and may your cousin make you happier than I could have done."

"Nay, Mark, do not go yet," she answered. "Will you not stay with us at least for to-day?" and seeing his pale face and the big tears trembling in his eyes, she fell at his feet saying: "Oh! forgive me, forgive me: I did not know."

And he lifted her up very gravely and very courteously, took her hand, pressed it to his lips, but never said a word, and then went away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEAPON SALVE FOR LOVE.

It was night, and the moon shone full upon the town of Wolverston, and lighted up the sea. The shadows now fell darker on the shade, and the brightness of the glow upon the waves seemed brighter from the contrast of the gloom. It was bitter cold, and the keen frosty air swept by in gusty eddies of rude wind, which sighed and moaned as if in mighty sorrow for some lost soul.

Nothing disturbed the silence of the night but those sad winds which seemed to wail a mournful requiem for the dead. But hark! Was that a voice—a human voice—that cried above the winds?

No; it is but the scream of some night bird, disturbed by the fierce howling of the coming storm.

Again that shriek; surely it is a drowning cry!

The great pier is shrouded awhile in the darkling of a cloud that is passing swiftly ghost-like across the moon.

A moment, and it is bright again—and suddenly, solemnly still.

But where is the voice now—that despairing, awful shriek—that pierced the air anon. Oh! nevermore shall that sad cry be heard, and nevermore shall those sad eyes be seen.

Two days after the interview between Mark Seaton and Mabel Vaughan, some fishermen came to Mr. Seymour on important business.

They said that one of them had been out the night before with his mate in their fishing boat, off the new pier at Wolverston, when they fancied they heard a cry of distress. Imagining that it came from the neighbourhood of the breakwater, they rowed thither with some difficulty, for there was a heavy swell on, but nothing could be seen.

It was then high tide, and about two o'clock in the morning.

Being certain that something had gone wrong they laid by till morning, when, as the tide ebbed away, leaving the rocks bare at the end of the pier, they found the body of a drowned man. Nothing was discovered about his person which could identify him—indeed the body was fearfully mangled, and the face cut so as to defy recognition; but on the pier above, from which he had fallen,—so it appeared,—there lay a pocket-book, with the name Marcus Seaton written therein, and a letter addressed to him at "The Elms, Wolverston."

Little doubt remained in the minds of our friends, then, that poor Mark had come

to an untimely end, and Mabel, who knew his passionate disposition, trembled, as she feared she was to blame for this, and the melancholy event cast a gloom over the party at the Elms, which was not soon removed. Mr. Seymour gave Mabel the pocket-book: she took it to her room, and one of her cousins coming in two or three hours after, found her weeping bitterly—and on the floor was a folded paper, evidently taken out of the pocket-book. She opened it and read the following fragment:—

But very sad and sorrowful your letter ends to me,
With those quiet words and sober, that "it is not to be;"
I must not write to you, nor hope to hear from you again;
I must not love you secretly, nor yet may use my pen
To write your praises, or to speak my love thoughts wild and free,
Nor think of you by *day* or *night*, for it is not to be.

The world is growing dreary, and the skies they seem so cold:
And I am getting weary, and the days will soon be told,
When all sorrows shall be ended, and life's troubles shall be o'er,
And the body shall *go downward*, the spirit upward soar.

For what are life and pleasure when joy is at an end,
When the earth is full of trouble, and Death thine only friend?
And its sting is welcomed kindly, for it cometh from above,
And proveth now itself to be the weapon salve for love.

The sun hath lost its shining, or shineth not for me;
The dim clouds sail by sombrely, and settle o'er the sea;
And the air is thick with vapours, and earth is full of care,
But the heavens above are pure and bright, I wish that I was there.

The fields look dead, no longer glistening greenly in the light;
The very cattle and the sheep seem, to my altered sight,
As if they, too, were weary; and all things seem to prove,
That Death's the only healer, the weapon salve for love,

M. S.

(*To be continued.*)

MODERN AND ANCIENT LODGES IN AMERICA, ON THE ROLL OF THE ENGLISH GRAND LODGE, A.D. 1813.

WM. JAMES HUGHAN.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has arisen of late, as to the names, ages and localities of the lodges under the two rival Grand Lodges of England, immediately *before* and *after* the union of 1813. In order to assist in the solution of the various problems propounded, I have carefully compiled the following, and am quite willing to add thereto, if needful, as time permits. The material at our command is contained in the Calendars of the Regular Grand Lodge to 1814, really issued in 1813; the printed lists of the seceding Grand Lodge of A.D. 1807, and 1813, all published, and the Calendar of the United Grand Lodge of England of A.D. 1815, issued early in A.D. 1814. Various other lists, of an unofficial character, have, likewise, been consulted. The lodges of the regular Grand Lodge, "Moderns," in America A.D. 1813 were as follows, according to the roll of lodges of that body, excepting military lodges:

"QUEBEC: 151, Merchants' Lodge, 1762; 152, St. Andrew's Lodge, 1762; 153, St. Patrick's Lodge, 1762; 155, Select Lodge, 1762.

"MONTREAL: 154, St. Peter's Lodge, 1762; 424, St. Paul's Lodge, 1787; 428, Select Lodge, 1787; 522, St. John's Friendship Lodge, 1793.

"DETROIT: 289, ——— Lodge, 1773; 320, Union Lodge, 1775.

"FORT WM. HENRY: 426, Lodge of Unity, 1787.

"CATARAQUI: 427, James Lodge, 1787.

"OSWEGATCHIE: 429, New Lodge, 1787.

"NIAGARA: 430, St. John's Lodge, 1787.

"THE LAKES: 498, Rawdon Lodge, 1792.

"CORNWALL: 521, Union Lodge, 1793.

"MICHILIMACINAC: 376, St. John's Lodge, 1785.

"NEWFOUNDLAND: 367, Lodge of Placentia, 1784; 381, Harbor Grace, 1785.

"NOVA SCOTIA: 82 (No. 1), Halifax, 1749.

"NEW BRUNSWICK: 450, Fredericton, 1789.

"NEW ENGLAND: 39, Royal Exchange, Boston, 1733; 81, Second Lodge, Boston, Br. Coffee H., King Street, 3d Wednesday, 1749; 83, Marblehead Lodge, Massachusetts Bay, 1750; 85, New Haven Lodge, in Connecticut, 1750; 130, Providence Lodge in Rhode Island, 1757; 370, *African Lodge, Boston*, 1784.

"NEW YORK: 135, St. John's Lodge, Ann Street, New York, No 2, 1757.

"MARYLAND: 195, Lodge at Joppa, in Baltimore county, 1765.

"VIRGINIA: 102, Royal Exchange, Norfolk, 1753; 119, Swan, at York Town, 1755; 296, Williamsburg Lodge, at Williamsburg, 1773; 297, Botetourt Lodge, at Botetourt, 1773.

"GEORGIA: 302, Unity Lodge, No. 2, at Savannah, 1774; 315, Grenadier's Lodge, at Savannah, 1775.

"NORTH CAROLINA: 114, Lodge at Wilmington, on Cape Fear river, 1755; 223, Royal White Hart Lodge, Halifax, 1767.

"SOUTH CAROLINA: 45, Solomon's Lodge, Charleston, 1735; 46, Solomon's Lodge, Charleston, 1735; 75, Prince George Lodge, Georgetown, Winyaw, 1743; 116, Union Lodge, Charleston, 1755; 125, A Master's Lodge, at Charleston, 1756; 126, Port Royal Lodge, 1756; 163, St. Mark's Lodge, 1763."

I have added the years of constitution so as to make the list complete, and supplement the information by reproducing the list of Military Lodges on the roll of A.D. 1813, "Moderns," prior to the Union. Some of these lodges were in England at the time, and others, possibly, abroad; and all, excepting those with a †, were struck off the register of the lodges at the Union of December 1813, *as also all the foregoing forty-three American lodges!* Many of the latter, however, had previously been working under their own local constitutions, and should have been struck off the roll of English lodges long before; however, as they had not returned their warrants, or intimated that they had left the Grand Lodge of England, I presume the English authorities still retained them on the register. At least so it appears.

"LODGES IN MILITARY CORPS, NOT STATIONARY, 'MODERNS:' 112, in the 8th or King's Own Regiment of Foot, 1755; 156, in the 52nd Regiment of Foot, 1762; 233, in the 24th Regiment of Foot, 1768; †322, Royal York Lodge of Perseverance, Coldstream Regiment of Guards, 1776; 335, in the 6th or Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons, 1777; 342, Lodge of St. George, in the 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards, 1780; †356, St. George's E. York Militia Lodge, in East Riding Regiment of York Militia, 1782; 377, Barry Lodge, in the 34th Regiment, 1785; 378, Rainsford Lodge, in the 44th Regiment, 1785; 425, in the Regiment of Anhalt Zerbst, 1787; †541, Lodge in Royal Regiment of Cheshire Militia, 1794; †571, Lodge of Truth, in 1st Regiment of Life Guards, Cadogan Arms, Sloane Street, London, 1798; 587, Lodge in Regiment of Loyal Surrey Rangers, 1800; †618, Royal Cornwall Lodge, in Cornwall Regiment of Militia, 1810; †626, Union York Lodge, in 2nd Regiment of West York Militia, 1811."

Number 618, now 330, still exists, and is located as a civic lodge at Bodmin, Cornwall. The others have, for years, ceased to work. I cannot well afford the time to trace the changes in the numbers of the lodges during the various alterations, but, in

illustration of them, will give the numbers of the lodge at Boston from its No. 126, in 1733, to its constitution. In 1740, it became 85. In 1756, it was raised to 65, and, in 1770, to 54. Then, in 1781, the number was made 42, and finally, in 1792, it was placed at No. 39.

The lodges under the "Ancients" are not so easily arranged as those of the "Moderns," and there is no authoritative record of the date of their constitution. I have for years endeavoured to obtain the latter by reference to the old warrants of such lodges, and have partly succeeded, added to which my good friend and Brother, John Constable, has been busy in the columns of the *Freemasons' Chronicle*, and has published transcripts of several warrants, of considerable value in this inquiry. The date of the warrant, however, is not always a sure indication of the age of the lodge, as many lodges obtained a higher position on the roll by assuming the number of a dormant, or extinct lodge. Of the lodges in America, I find the following in the register of the "Ancients" for A.D. 1813, printed shortly before the Union was constituted.

"CAPE BRETON (Island of North America) : †326, in garrison.

"CHARLESTON, South Carolina : 190, York Lodge ; 236, no name given.

"HALIFAX : N. S. : 65, Provincial Grand Lodge, F.M.H. ; 65, granted Dec. 27th, 1757 ; 66, granted Dec. 27th, 1757 (Row Barge) ; 67, granted Dec. 1757 (King's Arms) ; †155, St. Andrew's Lodge, Halifax ; 211, St. John's Lodge.

"MISCELLANEOUS : *1, Prov. Union Lodge, Halifax ; *2, Virgin Lodge, Halifax ; *3, Paris Lodge, Shelburne ; *6, Digby Lodge, Digby ; *7, Temple Lodge, Guysborough ; *9, Chester Lodge, Chester ; *10, Hiram Lodge, Shelburne ; *11, St. George's Lodge, Cornwallis ; *19, St. George's Lodge, Mangerville's, New Brunswick ; *21, Sion Lodge, Sussex Vale, New Brunswick ; *22, Solomon's Lodge, Fredericton, New Brunswick ; *25, Annapolis Royal ; *26, St. John's Lodge, Charlotte Town ; *27, Hibernia Lodge, Liverpool ; *29, St. John's Lodge, New Brunswick ; *30, Trinity Lodge, Halifax ; *31, Midian Lodge, New Brunswick ; *32, Wentworth Lodge, Yarmouth.

"NEW YORK : 169, New York ; 210, New York ; 212, Royal Exchange, New York ; 219, New York.

"MONTREAL (Upper Canada) : †274, Provincial Grand Lodge.

"QUEBEC (Lower Canada) : †273, Provincial Grand Lodge ; †9, Fourth Battalion Royal Artillery ; 40, Merchants' Coffee House ; 241, Royal Artillery,

"PHILADELPHIA : 69, at Philadelphia ; 89, Provincial Grand Lodge.

"NASSAU, New Providence : †242, Freemasons' Hall."

Of the Military Lodges of the "Ancients," I find the following, some of which are included in the foregoing, and will be easily recognized by their numbers, while others were, previously, civil lodges, and some which had military warrants in 1807, or before, subsequently exchanged for private lodge constitutions.

"†9, Royal Artillery, Quebec ; 18, 17th Regiment of Foot ; 42, 40th Regiment of Foot ; 52, 37th Regiment of Foot ; 58, 14th Regiment of Foot ; 75, 72nd Regiment of Foot ; 86, Royal Artillery ; 90, 33rd Regiment, Chatham ; †101, Royal Artillery, Eastbourne ; †112, 50th Regiment of Foot ; †120, 2nd Royal Lancers, Militia, Portsmouth ; 123, Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons ; †147, 3rd Royal Lancers, Militia, Chatham ; †148, Royal Artillery, Gibraltar ; †153, Shropshire Regiment of Militia, Portsmouth ; †156, Royal Horse Artillery, Colchester ; †170, 96th Regiment, St. Croix ; †175, Royal Regiment of Cornish Miners, Cahir ; †183, 9th Regiment, Valenciennes ; †187, Royal Artillery ; †191, 91st Regiment ; †209, K. O. Regiment Stafford Militia ; †213, Royal Artillery ; †215, R. Cumberland Militia, Halifax ; †216, E. Devon Militia, Ireland ; †232, Recten's Hanoverian Brigade ; †237, Berwickshire Militia ; †241, Royal Artillery, Quebec ; 248, 76th Regiment of Foot ; 252, 23rd Regiment of Foot ; †262, 7th Regiment of Light Dragoons ; 228, North Devon Militia, Gosport ; †260, Royal Marine Lodge, Barracks, Chatham ; †282, Wiltshire Regiment of Militia ; †284, 9th Regiment of Dragoons ; †285, 17th Regiment of Light Dragoons ; †291, Parkchurch Barracks, Isle of Wight ; †292, R. W. London Militia ; †298, 85th Regiment, Barbourne Lees ; †311, 6th Dragoons, Dublin ; †317, Royal Artillery, Calcutta ; †321, 91st Regiment of Foot ; 322, 78th Regiment of Foot ; †329, Royal Artillery, Ceylon ;

†332, 58th Regiment, Portugal; †333, 92nd Regiment of Foot; †338, 14th Regiment of Foot, Calcutta; †340, 34th Regiment; †343, 4th Garrison Battalion, Guernsey; †345, Royal Artillery, Portsmouth; †347, 14th Regiment, Calcutta; †348, 68th Regiment, Barbourne Lees; †351, 1st Veteran Battalion, Harwich; †353, 5th Regiment, Fermo; †354, Royal Artillery, Cape of Good Hope."

In 1807, Nos. 7, 41, 197, 198, 272, 312 and 313 were Military Lodges, but since changed for civil warrants, and 335 and 339, Military warrants, were withdrawn after 1807 and before 1813. The occurrence so frequently of "Royal Artillery" refers to the different battalions of the same class of soldiers, which were widely distributed over the world at that time. All those marked with a † were included in the register of lodges at the Union of December, 1813, but the majority ceased to work soon afterwards, if indeed they had not ceased before. Those not so marked were struck off during 1813. Those with a *, 1 to 32 inclusive, at Nova Scotia, etc., are included in the list of lodges in "Ahiman Rezon" of A.D. 1807, their numbers being local, but are entirely omitted in the Register of the Ancients of A.D. 1813! The only lodges on the roll of the United Grand Lodge of England, A.D. 1863, when the numbers were last changed, were 9, 147, 148, 153, 155, 175, 211, 213, 232, 241, 284, 292 and 317, *all of which had ceased to be military lodges.** At the Union some thirty "Ancients" were struck off, or, in other words, some seventy American lodges connected either with the "Moderns" or "Ancients" were removed from the roll, immediately before the Union of December, 1813! What has become of these lodges thus struck off the register of English Freemasons, should form another chapter in Masonic history, to be written by one of our competent American Craftsmen, of whom there are several.—*Voice of Masonry, November, 1876.*

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(Continued from page 617.)

IN concurrence with the above traditions, the Deliverer or Mediator was expected by the heathen to purify mankind from their sins; make reconciliation with the offended deities, and reveal the true system of human salvation. The conduct of the Persian Magi, who came to make offerings to the new-born Babe at Bethlehem, forms a striking corroboration of the hypothesis. Bishop Porteus says that these men "were a set of ancient philosophers, living in the eastern part of the world, collected together in colleges, addicted to the study of astronomy and other parts of natural philosophy, and highly esteemed throughout the East, having juster sentiments of God and His worship than any of the ancient heathens, for they abhorred the adoration of images, and worshipped one only God; they were, therefore, evidently the fittest of all the ancient heathens to have the first knowledge of the Son of God, and of salvation by Him, imparted to them."

If these wise philosophers had not received their knowledge of the above fact from tradition, and possessed implicit faith in its credibility and truth, is it likely that they would have abandoned the important duties of their office as princes or priests, to follow the guidance of that preternatural star, that they might worship the expected Deliverer, and offer the enjoined oblations? Is it likely that they would have rejoiced with

* We give the original numbers only.

exceeding great joy,* when they beheld the star which conducted them to Him who was born King of the Jews, if they had not believed that His salvation would extend to the Gentiles also?

Some learned writers entertain the opinion that this tradition was originally derived from the Jews, after their captivity and dispersion into various countries. But there appears to be one inseparable objection to the hypothesis. When the star made its appearance, and Christ was born, the Jews, who were in undoubted possession of the more correct version of the prophecy, in all its forms, whether as enunciated by the Divine promise to Adam, Noah, or Abraham, or by the more explicit words of Jacob, Balaam, or any of the Jewish Prophets, refused to acknowledge Him as the Prince or Lawgiver referred to by the prediction; how then could it be expected that the three heathen hierophants, whose knowledge of the tradition would be weak and imperfect if derived only from the Jews, for whom they entertained very little respect, would have thus travelled from far distant countries consentaneously to offer sacrifices to the newly-born King? And how could the Gentiles have been so ready to receive Him as the expected Deliverer after He had been rejected by the Jews, if the prophecy had been derived from them alone?

Thus then it appears that while God communicated freely with His favoured people, He did not entirely desert those who had strayed the farthest from His fold. The Light shone amidst the darkness, although the darkness comprehended it not.† The idea of an expiatory sacrifice is perceptible in all the mysterious systems of religion practised by heathen nations, although perhaps its precise nature and typical reference were not distinctly understood. But every country in the world, how ignorant soever its inhabitants might be respecting the general truths of religion, was prepared for the atonement of the Messiah, by an universal belief in the efficacy of bloody sacrifices, as will be explained at large hereafter; and these always accompanied initiation. The most benighted savages, as well as the refined philosophers of Greece and Rome, where alike imbued with this overwhelming tenet.

Now it cannot be supposed that infinite wisdom acts without design, or that God would thus prepare the minds of His creatures for an event which was never to be verified. At length, therefore, after frequent plain declarations of His intention to the Jews, and amidst the universal expectation of the Gentiles—taught in their mysteries, and embodied in their symbols—by a wondrous display of power, God sent forth His only-begotten Son into the world, made in fashion as a man, and leading a human life on earth, sin only excepted. Born of a pure virgin at the precise period of time when all mankind expected a new incarnation of the Deity; in the province and town foretold by the Prophet Micah several centuries before; attended by a blazing star, as had been predicted by Balaam, and universally transmitted in the mystical celebrations of the heathen; and His birth announced by a multitude of the heavenly hosts.

And to prevent any mistake in the application of the prophecies, He is referred to as a Star in many places of Scripture. St. Luke uses the word *ανατολη*, ORIEUS,‡ translated “Dayspring;” and corresponding with the *και ιδου, ο αστηρ, ον ειδον εν τη ανατολη* of St. Matthew. In like manner St. Peter uses the phrase *φωσβορος ανατειλη*,§ the Star in the East. This word, which means the Blazing Star of Freemasonry, denoted amongst the cabalistic Jews, *the eternal Wisdom of God*; which is the same as the *eternal Word of God*, or Christ. Hence the early Christians, when they prayed, turned their faces towards the East, which is the dayspring of light, and the same practice constitutes an essential ceremony in the lodges of Freemasonry, where WISDOM is placed in the east. Eusebius uses the same imagery when he says, speaking of the descent of Christ into hell, “the deeps of hellish darkness saw the most bright Star of heaven.”

Every circumstance, whether prophetic or typical of the Messiah of the Jews, and the expected Deliverer of the Gentiles, was exactly completed and fulfilled in the person of Jesus Christ. At His advent the heathen oracles ceased to yield responses,

* Matt. ii. 2, 10.

† John i. 5.

‡ Luke i. 78.

§ 2 Pet. i. 19.

and even bore a reluctant testimony to His Divine mission;* the symbols and hieroglyphics of the Spurious Freemasonry were superseded; and the empire of Satan was overthrown by the universal sovereignty of the PRINCE OF PEACE.†

The question of the heathen oracles is a doubtful one, and too much encumbered with difficulties for discussion here. It should appear from various passages of Scripture that Jehovah condescended, in ancient times, to dictate their answers;‡ although he abandoned them in their subsequent degeneracy, and they were probably inspired by demons. However, we have the testimony of heathen writers to prove that they ceased generally at the advent of Christ. Thus the oracle at Delphos said to Augustus:—

Me puer Hebræus divos Deus ipse gubernans
Cedere sedu jubet, tristemque redire sub orcum;
Aris ergo dehinc tacitus discedito nostris.

Occasionally, however, as it is said, they were heard after this event, as when the Emperor Julian inquired of the oracle at Daphne why the gods refused to communicate with their worshippers? The oracle replied that he was prevented by the bones of a Christian saint which had been deposited near. Julian ordered the bones to be removed, and almost immediately afterwards the temple of Daphne was burnt to the ground. And St. Athanasius said that when the idolaters sacrifice to their gods, if a Christian used the sign of the cross, the devils would be put to flight, the oracles would be silent, and the magical arts of the people would be of no avail.

It is true paganism maintained a long and arduous conflict with Christianity, and the powers of darkness struggled to recover their dominion over the mind of man; yet it rapidly declined. Constantine gave it an effectual check, and in the reign of Theodosius, the whole system, complicated as it was, sank to rise no more. The superstitions of Greece and Rome, of Gaul and Scandinavia, have been utterly abolished; Egypt and Chaldea have renounced their fabled deities; and the countries of the New World have embraced the Gospel of Christ. And the day, as we sincerely hope, is not far distant when all the kingdoms of the earth shall bow down at His footstool, and worship His Holy Name.

This was the Deliverer who had been embodied in the great anaglyph of the Hermesian Spurious Freemasonry; and was expected by both Jews and Heathens to make atonement for the sins of men. The Jews still expect Him, and look with great anxiety for His herald, the star which appeared when Joshua conquered the land of Canaan. When this constellation shall at length manifest itself, they look for the most awful prodigies in nature to announce His descent. The most sanguinary wars shall desolate the globe; a dew of blood shall fall down from heaven; plague and famine shall ravage the earth; and the most venomous reptiles and the most savage monsters of the desert are to be let loose on mankind. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, according to Joel's prophecy; but in thirty days shall recover their pristine lightness. "Men," says the Gemara, "formidable with two heads and numerous eyes, burning like fire, shall come from the extremities of the earth; and a powerful and despotic monarch finally prevailing, shall govern the universe with a rod of iron."§

This, however, is a fabulous belief. The Deliverer is already come. By His bloodshedding the darkened mind of the pagan has been enlightened by the rays of truth; and the austere bigotry of the Jew will ultimately be softened into the humility of a sincere believer; and both freely and completely reconciled to God. Christ died for our sins, rose again for our justification, and ascended into heaven to re-occupy that blessed seat which He had with God before the world began, as our Mediator; and at the final consummation of all sublunary things, will again appear as the appearance of quick and dead.

* Said in voc. Delphi.

† Strabo. l. vii.

‡ See Job iv. 13; xxxvii. 18; Acts xiv. 15; Rom. i. 19.

§ Gemara, quoted by Maurice, Ind. Ant. vol. v., p. 833.



REVIEWS.

We have the greatest pleasure in transferring to our pages the kindly and paternal review of *Kenning's Cyclopædia* by our courteous and sympathetic *confrère* Clifford MacCalla, Editor of that excellent paper the Philadelphia *Keystone*.]

WE have the pleasure of introducing to our readers a new and valuable addition to the Masonic literature of the day.* Its author, P.G.C. Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., the editor of the London *Freemason*, and an occasional correspondent of *The Keystone*, has long been favourably known, on both sides of the Atlantic, as a Masonic student, archaeologist and writer, of rare ability and scholarship, and we have no hesitation in saying that the *Cyclopædia of Freemasonry* that he has just given to the world (which is the result of several years' conscientious labour) will surely increase his reputation, and itself become a standard authority among the Craft.

The Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, and Lexicons of Freemasonry are growing to be numerous, but no one of them is superfluous. The writer of each has written skilfully and intelligently, with the works of his predecessors before him, and has produced in every instance a work of more or less distinctive interest and value. The leading authors of these Encyclopædias are, Bros. Dr. A. G. Mackey, Robert Macoy, and Dr. Rob. Morris, in this country, and Bros. the Rev. George Oliver, Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie (a nephew of our able Philadelphia Brother, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, literary editor of the *Press*) and Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, editor of the London *Freemason*, and the *Masonic Magazine*, abroad. By far the fullest work is Mackey's, which is a miracle of industry, and an undoubted authority—indeed, a perfect library of Masonic information; the most compendious work is Bro. Morris's; while Bro. Woodford's is the latest in time, occupies a medium position in size, and is the painstaking production of a skilled Masonic scholar. It is especially noticeable for its frequent and correct mention of American subjects, including some that were overlooked by Bro. Mackey. At the same time, it does generous justice to this now venerable and always able Brother, in the following language, which we take from its preface: "I can, and ought to, specially mention Mackey's invaluable work—one of the most remarkable Masonic compilations ever achieved: the more so, as I have followed on his 'lines,' though I have always mentioned when I agree with him, and above all when I venture to disagree with him. . . . No Masonic Cyclopædia is henceforth possible which does not work on his foundation." This is a deserved tribute to Bro. Mackey, and a creditable and fair statement from Bro. Woodford; but while the latter thus modestly disclaims originality, to a certain extent, as to plan and matter, he nevertheless has given to the Masonic world a book of positive merit, which will, we cannot doubt, find a ready sale in all English-speaking countries.

We will indicate some of its distinctive features. It is unusually accurate in its facts, and in information is abreast with the latest discoveries of Masonic archaeologists and writers. It is conservative, not radical in tone. It has no rubbish in its pages, such as frequent or long accounts of extinct secret societies that had no connection with Freemasonry, or numerous details regarding modern high or side degrees. It espouses no Masonic heresies, but boldly exposes them. It gives frequent biographical notice of famous American Freemasons, living as well as dead, including Bros. A. G. Mackey, Stephen Girard, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, C. W. Moore, Rob. Morris, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic hero, and others in America, and Bros. W. J. Hughan, D. Murray Lyon, and many others in Great Britain. It is especially liberal in its notices of American subjects. For example (in a matter which we fraternally

* *Kenning's Masonic Cyclopædia*, and Handbook of Masonic Archaeology, History, and Biography. Edited by the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P.G.C. of England. London: George Kenning, 198, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 19s. 6d.

appreciate), it frequently refers, approvingly, to this journal—in one place saying: “The pages of the *Keystone* . . . most emphatically prove the right of Pennsylvania to claim priority in Masonry for all America;” and in another: “At the present moment, journalism is well represented in the Old and New World, and we can especially commend the *Voice of Masonry* and *The Keystone*, as ably edited and truly Masonic papers.”

Of so-called Adoptive Masonry, he says: “Such institutions are not Freemasonry, never can be Freemasonry, and it is very doubtful whether they can do any real good or be of any lasting use.” “We do not affect to understand its position, or sympathise with its end.” So-called Masonic baptism he sensibly terms “a very unmeaning and unmasonic practice, sometimes so-called and carried out abroad, but happily unknown in Great Britain, and we believe not practised either in Canada or the United States.” He is misinformed, however, as to the United States, where, on several occasions, under the A. and A. Rite, mis-called Masonic baptisms have taken place.

Under the title “Pennsylvania,” Bro. Woodford says:—

“The early history of Freemasonry in America has lately had to be re-written consequent upon the discovery of documents which prove that Philadelphia is, as Bro. Hughan styles it, ‘the premier Masonic city, and Pennsylvania the first Provincial Grand Lodge in America,’ instead of Boston, Mass., as formerly stated. . . . Bro. Clifford P. MacCalla, in his ‘Philadelphia the Mother City of Freemasonry in America,’ has collected a number of valuable facts on this important subject, and has demonstrated the right of that city to such a special and unique title. . . . It appears that the ‘City of Brotherly Love’ has led the way in every Masonic movement on the American continent. Philadelphia had the first lodge in America, in 1730, the first Provincial Grand Master (with New York and New Jersey), in 1730, the first Masonic Hall, erected in 1754, the first Royal Arch Chapter (before 1767), the first Grand Chapter (1795), and the first Masonic Magazine (1811), besides the first of everything else worth having, in Freemasonry, or ought else, according to our esteemed Bro. MacCalla.”

Bro. Woodford espouses the Guild theory of the mediæval history of Freemasonry and asserts the Craft’s connection with the monasteries—to our mind the only satisfactory theory; and he wisely makes no mention of certain subjects connected with the “secrets” of Masonry. He is also generous in his references to his Brother scholars—the only exception we have noted being that of Bro. George F. Fort, whose general ability and unequalled work, “The Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry,” entitles him to the amplest recognition. This must have been an oversight, which doubtless will be corrected in future editions of the *Cyclopædia*.

The *Cyclopædia* is the most comprehensive form that information can be arranged in, and gives to the purchaser the most knowledge for the least money. We have no doubt the present work will be welcomed by a large circle of readers—indeed, it had nearly one thousand subscribers prior to publication, including some thirty or more lodges. The book is issued by Bro. Kenning in very handsome style, bound in blue cloth, with characteristic gilt stamping. It will prove ornamental and useful to any Freemason, and be “handy to have” about the house or lodge. We wish it the success which it merits, and will be sure to attain.

KENNING’S MASONIC CYCLOPÆDIA.—*Vade-mecum d’Archéologie, d’Histoire et de Biographie Maçonnique*, par le Rev. A. F. A. WOODFORD, docteur eslettres. 1 vol. grand in-8° de 666 pages. (Langue anglaise.)

Un de nos amis, savant modeste et Maçon zélé, causant récemment avec nous, se plaignait amèrement de ce que, selon lui, la Maçonnerie n’avait jusqu’à cette heure donné le jour à aucune œuvre importante à aucun écrivain de grand mérite. Nous ne protestâmes que faiblement contre cette objurgation, sachant que l’objection même en était la source et que, semblable à ces amants passionnés qui ne peuvent souffrir la

moindre imperfection dans leur idole, notre interlocuteur rêvait pour notre Ordre des Tacite et des Homère.

Aujourd'hui, si nous reprenions ce sujet nous appellerions son attention, comme nous le faisons pour vous cher lecteur, sur une œuvre magistrale, qui fait grand honneur et à l'Institution qui l'a inspirée et aux FF.: KENNING et WOODFORD qui l'ont menée à bonne fin.

L'*Encyclopédie Maçonnique* de KENNING, que nous avons en ce moment sous nos yeux, forme un beau volume richement relié en toile gaufrée représentant nous principaux attributs Maçonniques, gracieusement entrelacés et au milieu desquels se détachent en or les portraits des trois Grands-Maitres actuels de la Francmaçonnerie des Îles britanniques.

Nous avons souvent constaté que pour découvrir d'une façon nette et sûre la pensée vraie d'un auteur et le but poursuivi, il fallait s'en rapporter à la préface. Nous avons donc lu la préface du F.: WOODFORD et nous n'avons pas été déçu.

Ce que les FF.: KENNING et WOODFORD ont eu en vue, en rédigeant et publiant cette encyclopédie, a été de réunir en un volume tout ce qui, sous le rapport historique, archéologique et biographique, peut intéresser la Maçonnerie. Et ce n'est pas un piteux labeur qu'exige une telle entreprise. Aussi, comme le dit le F.: WOODFORD lui-même, oser espérer que toutes les erreurs ou les omissions ont été évitées serait trop demander à la faiblesse humaine. Et cependant nous nous plaisons à le reconnaître hautement, elles sont bien rares les omissions que nous avons pu constater, et nous ne doutons pas que, dès la première des nombreuses éditions auxquelles nous semble appelée cette œuvre, ces légères imperfections disparaîtront.

Tel qu'il est, cet ouvrage, qui contient près de 5,000 articles, nous semble appelé à orner et à enrichir la bibliothèque de tous les Maçons intelligents et desirieux d'approfondir les beautés de notre Institution. Comme livre à consulter, chaque Loge devrait en garnir sa bibliothèque.

Le prix de ce beau volume magnifiquement relié *ad hoc* est de 10 shillings 6 pence (13 francs) seulement, ce qui le met à la portée de toutes les bourses.

BE NOT UNKIND.

Be not unkind to the needy and lowly—
Charity's mission is lovely and holy:
Hard is the heart that feels not for its neighbour
Doom'd by misfortune to groan and to labour.

Be not unkind to the aged and weary—
Life at its close must be darksome and dreary:
Bear their complainings and foibles with meekness,
You may grow old and display the same weakness.

Be not unkind to the youthful offender—
He to the accents of love will surrender:
Force for a time his wild passions may fetter,
But in the end will it render him better?

Be not unkind to a soul that comes near you—
Harshness and anger may cause one to fear you:
But what a recompense waiteth above you,
If you can teach the rebellious to love you.

ALONE : A MOTHER'S SONG.

Written for the "Masonic Magazine."

MILD was the morning,
Still was the sea,
Soft came the breezes
Over the lea ;
And the great sun rose
Right royally.

Balmy the evening,
Gone was the day,
And the ship sailed by
Out into the bay ;
My sailor went :
Ah !—Jack-a-day !

The moon riseth pale,
Death in her face,
With stedfast beauty
And queenly grace ;
And my soul goes forth
Into the space.

Cometh he never
To me again,
My own bonny boy
Who felt not pain
At that sad parting—
Freedom to gain ?

For many go forth,
And some reach home,—
From the far far north
No longer roam.
But will he return ?
Ah !—never come.

I have dreamed, and know
My dream is true ;
Turned up to the sky,
Celestial blue,
A pallid face and
A form I knew.

On the heaving waves
He rocks to rest,
And his soul has gone
To the land so blest ;
And I am alone,
And sore distressed.

EMMA HOLMES.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

ETA MAWR (whose numerous poems have been highly commended by Lord Lytton, Sir John Herschel, the Rev. George Gilfillan, James Gregor Grant, Dr. Thomas Dick, and many others, and whose beautiful volume, *The Story of Count Ulaski, &c.*, is worthy of a very wide circulation), has kindly lent me the manuscript of an unpublished poem, entitled *The Tour of "the Sax,"*—for so the Scotch dubbed herself and five female companions who made the tour of Scotland, visiting most of the places of public interest, without a single male defender, nearly half a century ago:—

"And some did say *the Sax's* praise
Should be the subject of their lays,
But that the critics all agree,
Without some flowery simile,
Poetic compliments won't do,
And are, in fact, not worth a *sous*,—
A rule establish'd in such cases;
And oh, ye hapless Nymphs, to you
No classic simile was due,
Since for the Muses three too few,
And three too many for the Graces!"

As Melrose Abbey, like all the noble works of art left us by our ancient operative brethren, cannot be without interest to any true Freemason, I here publish, for the first time, the lines she wrote in the Guide's register of visitors to that classic pile:—

"MELROSE ABBEY.

"Oh! fair are the scenes that bright Albyn displays,
And worthy the wanderer's transport to raise;
Where the wild charms of Nature, the soft ones of Art,
Still dazzle the eyes and enrapture the heart.

And where o'er a scene, so attractive *alone*,
A spell of enchantment by song has been thrown,
Then sacred becomes what was lovely before,
We more than admire it—we almost adore!

Favour'd Ruin! more fortunate though in decline
Than if still in the light of thy youth thou couldst shine;
Since Fame has arrested fleet Time on his way,
And Genius has given fresh life to Decay.

We leave thee, fair Albyn! but deeply imprint
On Memory's tablets thine image shall rest;
And longest her glances shall love to repose
On the grey mould'ring turrets of lovely Melrose.

Still the harp of the Minstrel shall sound on our ear,
Still to Fancy the forms of the Past shall appear:
Oh! ne'er can the scene or the bard be forgot,
Where the scene was a *Melrose*—the bard was a *Scott*!"

Mr. Angus Macpherson, the author of numerous clever books both in prose and poetry, has just published a small work on *Good Templary*, in which order—or rather

in one of which orders, for already the Good Templars are split up into two bodies—he is a District Deputy. I have no wish to introduce into the *Masonic Magazine* any discussion on total abstinence from intoxicating drinks; though I may be allowed to remind my Masonic readers, that on their first introduction into the Craft they were taught, among other important duties, the necessity of such a prudent and well regulated course of discipline as may best conduce to the preservation of their corporeal and mental faculties in their fullest energy; thereby enabling them to exert the talents wherewith God has blest them, as well to His glory as to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Judge, then, my surprise, shortly after I had received the above instruction, on being asked by the old secretary of a lodge where I was a visitor, if I really did not think that Freemasonry had led many a man to his ruin by causing him to become a drunkard? My reply was then, as it would be now, that men had got drunk at christenings, at marriages, at funerals, at public auctions, at visitations, at meetings of benefit clubs, and such like, but the drunkenness was no part of the institution; and that the Mason who gave himself up to the dominion of any passion, was a false Brother, who had better never have been admitted to its privileges. The true Mason, whether a teetotaler or otherwise, will be quite ready to exclaim with Mr. Macpherson:—"Alas! how many men stoop from their gifted stature, and reel along the path of life, shrivelling up their nobler nature into something worse than that of brutes, covering basely within the bounds of the lowest animal propensities. Take the very elements out of which he builds the physical stature of his life. Does he build up his own body as he would the dwelling within which he houses it? How well he cuts his clothes and fits them to his body! How ill he fits his body to the requirements of his soul! As he advances in civilization, his art touches hardly anything but what it adorns—except himself. When he tries to manipulate himself, the inspiration of his art seems to fail him. He seems in fact to have lost his nature in his art, forgetting that true art is but 'nature dressed to advantage.'" And too truly he remarks, that "man has fallen from his high estate, and lies weltering in sensualities." "The leading features of our constitution," he remarks, "are the Fatherhood of God, and the universal Brotherhood of Man," adding:—"Under the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, which are indispensable articles of our faith and practice, we comprise the whole duty of man." So that an atheist can no more be a Good Templar than he can be a Freemason. Of their secrecy he remarks:—"There is no more secrecy about our proceedings, than there is in those of any domestic family; and the whisper that opens a welcome to every lodge in the world, is but the confidential latch key, which proclaims the entrance of a member of the family. Our secret signs are merely symbols of brotherly affection, and of aspiration towards heaven and God: Our regalia are ensigns of the royal yoke of duty we have undertaken as subjects of the King of kings, and are intended to impress our minds that our duty should be pure as the snow, true as the blue of heaven, and lofty as the imperial purple. Everything around us in our lodge points to truth of thought, charity of purpose, nobility of action. We may not rise to the height of our principles, but there they are continually symbolized before us." So it is too with our dear old Craft!

That Angus Macpherson has thoughts, and knows how to express them, the following specimen of his pen-craft will show:—

"Working men, who use the reason God gave you to think by, let me sketch before your mind's eye a picture you may verify for yourselves. The night is dark and gloomy, but the flaming furnaces beat back the darkness and the gloom, and glow with a strong, stern light. Swart sons of Vulcan stand by those furnaces, kneading the molten iron into pliant forms for the purposes of man. Carefully they supply the fierce fuel which melts the iron, and renders it obedient to their will. A bad workman he, who burns his iron and sends it up the chimney stack. Proudly the good workman turns out a full weighted bloom of metal on the anvil of the steam hammer. And yet the men who are so careful of their iron, and turn out with honest pride the full weight of metal, will burn the precious metal out of their nature, by the force of strong drinks, and bring a seriously defective bloom to be laid on the anvil of life."

About twenty tons of grapes are sent every year from Jersey to Covent Garden Market.

In Mr. Robert White's pleasing book on *Worksop, the Dukery and Sherwood Forest*, the library chimney-piece at Thoresby, which, he tells us, "is 14 feet 6 inches high, and 10 feet wide," is described as follows:—"The principal subject of the design is a scene in Sherwood Forest, magnificently carved by Robinson, of Newcastle, in Birkland oak, introducing that monarch of the forest the Major or Queen Oak, a herd of deer, with a foreground of beautifully rendered fern, &c., supported on either side of the fireplace by statuettes of Robin Hood and Little John."

The "Major Oak" above alluded to—which Spencer Hall calls "that king of all the forest"—stands near one of the footpaths from Budley to Edwinstowe. "The late Christopher Thompson (venerated name)," he says, "made a special measurement of the Major Oak. A considerable portion of its tendons are seen above ground, and measuring these half-way between their trunk and their insertion in the earth, they gave a circumference of nearly thirty yards; the circumference of the trunk at nearly six feet from the ground—the height at which begin the branches—was thirty feet; the circumference of one of the arms, at a distance of four feet from the trunk, was twelve feet; the circumference of the out-spread tree at the utmost extent of its branches, was two hundred and forty feet. The recess in its trunk—for, with all its superincumbent mass of branch and leaf, it is quite hollow—afforded a diameter of nearly seven feet, and a height of fifteen feet—was, in short, not unlike one of those dark circular towers we sometimes find in ruined castles. Seven persons at once have been known to partake a meal in it; while, no doubt, with a little contrivance, it might have accommodated more. This cavity has a narrow but convenient opening, to the south, and commands a pleasant look-out into the forest, whilst affording excellent shelter. It was at one time called the *Cock-pen tree*, from its interior being occupied as a hen-roost. Many a poor wanderer has passed a winter's night in a worse place; and yet, notwithstanding its internal decay, it is externally one of the most noble and perfect trees in the kingdom."

Only the other day, I measured the trunks of two decayed oaks, in what was formerly the park of Skelton Castle, and found one to be twenty-one feet in circumference, and the other twenty-two feet six inches. They are close to the footpath leading from Skelton Ellers to Slapeworth, and must have been spreading their boughs to the breeze in the days when the De Bruses or the Falconbergs were the lords of the soil in which they flourished. Would that they could write their reminiscences of the events that have happened within a moderate distance of the ground they have grown upon! What a valuable contribution it would be to my *People's History of Cleveland*!—worth all the dry dusty documents I can examine in a life time.

The late Sir Francis Goldsmid, M.P., has left to University College, London, and its Hospital, to both of which institutions he was treasurer, the princely sum of £50,000. I am glad to see also that a new Supplemental Charter has been granted by the Crown, to enable this non-sectarian University to bestow its honours and privileges on female students. An address, signed by 1,960 women, has been presented to the Senate, expressing their "heartfelt gratitude for the noble part it has taken in coming forward first among the Universities of Great Britain to propose to open all its degrees to women, and thereby to place them in the position so long coveted, of free intellectual activity, alike unhindered by mistaken protection, and unfettered by ancient prejudice."

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says:—"I have found the convolvulus major, or 'morning glory,' of considerable practical value as a test for acids and alkalis. In the first place the flower itself is very sensitive, indicating the trace of nitric acid in

a thunderstorm. The flowers show red spots whenever rain-water has wetted the surface after a shower during the night. A few of the flowers rubbed in a glass of water will give a bright blue liquid, which will instantly redden if a drop of nitric or other acid be put in; and the blue will be restored by neutralisation. But if the alkali is much in excess, it will turn green, and return to blue on neutralising again. Water coloured by the red convolvulus will turn blue on the addition of an alkaline salt, but is not so sensitive as the blue."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

LOST AND SAVED; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. VIII.—*Continued.*

AND so time passes; time that destroys great cities, mammoth structures, and great minds; time that in its flight causes hearts that were young to grow old, that changes fond hopes into despair, that makes the small great, and then blots the great out of existence; that reaches its great hand over all the world, and gathers everything within its grasp, and slowly but surely crushes out its life.

Five weeks had passed, and the "Sparkling Sea" was again on the bosom of the great ocean. Within a short week after entering port she had been loaded, and once more her anchor had been raised, not to be again dropped until thousands of miles had been sailed over.

During those five weeks, there had been some pleasant days, and some days that were not pleasant. During this time, the crew aboard the "Sparkling Sea" had spun yarns, and cracked jokes, as countless as the stars.

Jacko had performed any quantity of funny tricks on the shrouds and stays of the vessel, much to the amusement of his mistress; while the parrot, which had been christened like all other parrots, Poll, had done so many bad things that many vows had been made by the captain and his officers to sooner or later close its book of life. A great many times he had roused the captain out of a sound sleep, by the cry of "all hands on deck," or "eight bells," which he had learned to speak in the voices of the different officers. Hearing an officer speak would give him his key-note, and during that officer's watch, Poll did all his talking in that person's tone of voice.

It was on an evening, just five weeks after leaving port, that the crew of the "Sparkling Sea" were gathered around the fore-castle employed in their usual evening vocation of spinning yarns. Each man had his little black pipe, and clouds of smoke, which, although not made by the most costly tobacco, made beautiful wreaths in the eyes of the men as they sailed along over their heads and disappeared.

"Barney," said Dick Flynn, "I votes ye pass along that 'ere tobaccy can, an' then after we've all filled up again, I votes Tom Mooney sings us that ere splendiferous song, o' hisen, 'Down on the Rio Grande.'"

"That's it," cried the men in a chorus, "give it to us, Tom."

"Now shipmates don't be askin' me for the same, for I forgot it long ago. But there's Dick Flynn, hisself, that has a vice loike a crow, so swate it is, an' he can sing as many songs as iver there was in the oild Muther Goose book."

"No, no, Tom, give us a song," cried the men.

"Well thin, I'll do the bist I can, but I'll not go to warrant that I'll plaze you."

After taking two or three whiffs on his pipe to keep it agoing while he sung, he said, "Now here it is. It's a name I give it, whin I composed it on my last voyage, for I was a poet on that voyage, more or less, for the men knew no songs, and I had to make thim. It's the 'Irish Sailor Lad,' and goes in this wise:—

THE IRISH SAILOR LAD.

There was a lad from Limerick,
Who niver crossed the raging sea;
His hair was red as Yorkshire brick,
His nose was long as it could be.
He was a funny sort of feller,
The good ship's hold he called a cellar."

Here the men joined in the chorus:—

"He was a funny sort of feller,
The good ship's hold he called a cellar.

The cook gave him a fish head soup,
A noice stewed mess of ropes and tar;
And overboard he throwed thim up,
And says to me, 'How sick I are.'
His eyes, that looked into his nose,
Were crossed in love, the sayin' goes.

CHORUS:—

His eyes, that looked into his nose,
Were crossed in love, the sayin' goes.

He had an ind, so this man had,
Which would have made ye drop a tear;
He saw a shark come up, bedad,
Who says to Jack, 'I want ye here.'
And he has gone 'way down below,
Where all the greenhorn sailors go.

CHORUS:—

And he has gone 'way down below,
Where all the greenhorn sailors go."

The men greeted this song with a loud cheer, and Nellie, who had been a silent listener, broke out in a hearty laugh.

As Tom sung the last verse, he fastened his eyes on Slow Simon, and all the men, following Tom's eyes, fastened their eyes on Simon, and now he had finished, Sam Watson said,—

"Simon, simple Simon, I'm afeared that will be the fate o' ye; leastwise, the first shark wot ye see, that ye think is hungry, ye just step over to him. If ye don't, we will appoint ourselves as a committee, to see that the shark has its dues."

"Ah! but that song was a stunner," said Barney Risley. "Did ye gravitate at the univarsity, Tom?"

"You had better larn your spillin' book, so you had, and not be making such bad jokes at the bist man as iver was in Dublin College. If gravitation had only been up instid of down, you would have the brains in your head at this minute that you have in your boots," said Tom, as he went to work filling his pipe, which had gone out during the song.

"I guess, Tom, ye were a schoolmate along of Dave Blackman, for ye both have the same classical countenance," said Sam Watson.

"I guess he was never at school at all, but only dreamed of it," said Dick Flynn, who had great faith in dreams.

"I had a dream wonce that was worse than dreaming you was in college. But if

you had only had more college dreams yourself you would have more riverence for your superiors," said Tom.

"Give us your dream, Tom," cried two or three at once.

"So I will," said Tom. "You see I was on the 'Franklin,' and we were whalin' in the Arctic. One evenin', me and the starboard crew went out huntin' seals. We had just started for a couple of seals that we saw, when the ice broke, and the pieces went all ways. I was on a piece no bigger than the top of this fok-sail, and a sailin' out into the middle of the ocean. You may reckon I was scart. I said all the prayers Father Murphy iver sid when he came acourtin' my mother, who was a widder, and for which he was renounced by the Church. He made her Mrs. Murphy, so he did, but that's not my story. I sid my prayers, but it was no use, I saw nothin' of the vessel, and I laid down to contemplate the glorious chance I had to make an hero of myself, by floating to China on a cake of ice. While I was meditating thusly, the cake floated near the shore, and a boat crew of haythens came off and took me aboard. When we reached the shore, what do you suppose them fellers did? It was meal toime with them, and they touched off the fire and put the kittle on, which, as I remarked, was a big wone. They sid it was the wone they used when they had company, and cooked a whole boat's crew at once. I sat down and watched them make preparations. Wone of them had eyes loike a pair of green goggles, and he was starin' at me, and smackin' his lips, loike as though he thought I would make a rare taste. But there was another feller among them who was near and dear to me. He had a mouth which reached from ear to ear, makin' the top of his head a peninsular, and he poked me in the ribs, and felt of my legs, to see how fat I was. Bad luck to him. I looked at him hard because I knew he meant business. The other feller had the eyes, but this feller had the stomach. When I looked at my future abidin' place I made up my moind to lay so hard in that feller's bread basket that the ache I would give him would last him a sixth month. I inspected him, shipmates, very much loike you would the vessel you were to sail in. But I didn't have much toime for inspection, or to take the measure of the rist of them, for that water biled the quickest of any water I iver saw. I was aggravated at it, so I was, for I niver could make the water bile as quick as that at home, when the oild woman hoisted me out of bed, of a cold mornin', to warm water for her leg that had the runatticks. It was many a discussion we had over the bilin' of that water, and them discussions always resulted in my leavin' the house followed by the broom and the fire shovel. So of course when I saw this water bilin' so quick loike, I could not help thinkin' of the obstinacy of my oild kittle. But I had not much toime to think of them things, for them fellers came, and takin' an arm and leg each, they swung me for'ard and aft, till I was well under way, when they let go of me, and I went head furst into the hottest place iver I was in durin' my existance. I didn't have much opinion of them nagurs as Christians, for they niver asked me did I want to say my prayers or offer to take any word to the oild woman, so when they chucked me in I gave a yell that would make the biggest fog whistle on Dobney Shoals envious, and"

Here Slow Simon interrupted Tom by asking, "How in the world did you live to tell of it, Tom?" At the beginning of the yarn Slow Simon had sat the farthest from the speaker, but as the story progressed he had hitched along, until now he was close under Tom's nose. He could not see how it was that Tom had been thrown into boiling water, and perhaps eaten by the cannibals, and still was alive to tell about it.

"Have you no manners to be interruptin' a speaker. Besides he wasn't chawed up, you greenhorn; didn't he say how it was a dream," said Peter, provoked to think that Tom was interrupted just at the most exciting part of the tale.

"It mought have been a day dream with his senses wide open," said Barney Risley.

"Now Barney Risley, what don't know a day dream from a sea gull," returned Peter, "keep still, and let us hear how Tommy got out of his scrape. I know myself how it was, he was so tough that they could neither boil or eat him. But go on Tommy and tell us in your own words; but keep the truth on your side."

"Well, thin, as I was agoin' to say, when this ere useless, who ought to have taken to an edication instid of the sea, interrupted me, I yelled. I know that I yelled, because them haythens jumped tin feet straight up, and thin they put loike as though they thought the Oild Boy was after them. Says I, Tom, now is your toime to escape; at that I tried to jump out of the pot, but somehow I could not move, and the yell, and the exertions I made in tryin' to get out awoke me, for I had gone to sleep on the ice, and where do you suppose I was, shipmates?"

"After all ye went through we'd none of us venture an opinion on that," said Risley.

"Well, thin, I was flat on my back on that ice froze solid, and whin I was tryin' to jump out of the pot, I was tryin' to get free from that ice. When I found out how things was, I give another yell, which moight have been mistook for Gabriel's trumpet, and started the sleepers from the bottom of the ocean. Just thin the ice knocked agin what afterwards proved to be the vessel, and I'd drifted tin miles on that ere cake of ice. I was soon in more comfortable quarters, but the men who helped me off that ice sid I clung to it loike a man to his mother-in-law, dreadful affectionate loike."

The men had been so interested in listening to Tom's dream, that they had not noticed the large frowning storm clouds, which had gathered in the western sky.

A flash of lightning, which lit the whole ocean, first called their attention to the danger. The loud peal of thunder which followed the lightning had hardly died away when the captain's voice was heard crying to the mate,—

"Mr. Evans, tie up the fore and main royals, fore and main top-gallant sails, jib and flying jib, and have the men look alive."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the mate. "Lay aloft there somebody and furl the fore and main royals, and fore and main top-gallant sails. Look alive. Lay out on the boom somebody, and tie up the jibs." The mate, while giving his orders, sprung forward to the down hauls. The men leaped into the rigging with their accustomed alacrity, and were soon working as if for dear life. The air now became close and oppressive, and the whole heaven was streaked with the lightning which continually flashed across its surface, followed by repeated peals of thunder, which shook the whole ocean. Great drops of water came pouring down with a deafening sound, and the wind began to blow a gale. The night became pitchy dark, and the sea lashed itself into a fury, which made the vessel roll and plunge violently, as it struggled with the elements. Tom, who had been aloft, now came aft, and touching the captain's shoulder, asked him if there was anything more to be done. "Yes," replied the captain, "we must tie up the foresail, and double reef the spanker. Where are the men who laid out on the boom to tie up the jibs, have they got in yet? I'm afraid they have been washed off, she has put her bows under two or three times since they went out." At that moment a flash, more vivid than any that had preceded it, lit up the scene for an instant, long enough to reveal the men who had been out on the jib-boom, and who having waited a favourable time, were now scrambling along toward the deck, which they were trying to reach before the vessel should again bury itself beneath the seething billows.

The clap of thunder which followed this flash cannot be described, a hundred cannons belching forth their fire and hail would be something of a comparison. It showed how near the electric fluid was to them. The little vessel shook from stem to stern with the concussion. The heavens rolled in continual flames, and the water, like huge mound tains, seemed to threaten the complete overwhelming of the "Sparkling Sea." Twice she had been thrown on her beam ends, but being a stout sea boat, she had immediately righted, and again started off before the wind like a racehorse.

The topsail was blown into shreds, and the "Sparkling Sea" was now scudding under a double reefed spanker, and foretopmast staysail.

(To be continued.)

THE MASON'S TRUST.

BY BRO. ROBERT RAMSAY.

Written for the "Keystone."

EVERY Brother recollects the solemn moment, when, amidst profound silence, he answered before his brethren the momentous question that involved the basis of his trust. No matter how negligent he may have become in after life; no matter how carelessly he may have performed his duties as a Mason; no matter how indifferently he may have upheld the principles of the Fraternity, he cannot forget that he has openly, before his brethren, professed his belief in One Supreme God, the Great Architect of the Universe.

We, as Masons, from time immemorial have declared that man must look forward to a great and glorious hereafter; that we must pass through "the valley of the shadow of death;" that we must rely upon something more than the puny wisdom (?) of man's finite mind; that we must place faith in Him who created the heavens and the earth, who from mother-earth formed man, and who inspired him with vitality by His breath, and who developed at the same moment an everlasting, never-dying soul by His will. The answer, therefore, of the Freemason is clear as the noonday sun and bright as the star that guided the wise men of the East to the stable in which rested the infant form of the Gentle Nazarene. No Mason can hesitate. His belief is in the Giver of all good, the Grand Geometrician of the Universe.

Brethren, we have proclaimed it to the world; we have not "hidden our light under a bushel;" we have published to all mankind that our institution is based upon a belief in the Wisdom of all the acts of God, in the Strength of His enduring, never-tiring love for man, in the Beauty of that Divine Holiness that has promised to the good and true a bright and glorious hereafter in the Grand Lodge above. Brethren, it is upon this that we have erected our time-honoured institution; it is upon this that every ceremony of our Order is based; it is upon this that our symbolism is created; it is upon this belief, and this alone, that we wish farewell to our deceased Brother, and with loving hands cast the emblem of immortality, the cherished sprig of acacia, into our Brother's grave—we trust in God alone.

The time has arrived when we must answer this query anew, with a more decided tone than before—when like a clarion note, clear and loud, the answer shall be heard in the valleys and echoed on the hill tops. For years we have been accused of treachery, of perjury, and worse than perjury, by narrow-minded bigots of spurious protestant organizations, by wild fanatical bodies, composed of scoffers at religion and mockers of the Word of God, by the influence and weight of the ancient and learned Church of Rome. For years we have borne this, silently and steadily progressing, drawing within our fold the great and good of every class, sect, creed and nation, receiving only those whose faith was placed in the Adonia. The time now has come when silence would be a crime, the hour has arrived for Freemasons of every clime to boldly declare, and prove by their acts, that their faith rests in the Fatherhood of the Creator of the Universe.

Masons, hesitate no longer to buckle on your armour, and prove to the world that every Brother has a faith in common, a faith in God, and a hope in immortality. Outside assailants could do us little or no harm; we have received a stab from those whom we ever welcomed as Brothers. Cæsar exclaimed, when stabbed by his supposed son, Brutus: "*Et tu, Brute!*" and so might we exclaim, "And thou, oh! Grand Orient of France!" We sicken as we think of the injury that has been done to our cause by the recent action of those who claimed to be Brothers and Craftsmen. No blot hitherto has ever soiled the spotless escutcheon of Freemasonry; her flag was the emblem of purity and fidelity; her lodge rooms were consecrated to God, and in our Temples were

taught the sublime truths of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, founded upon a belief in the Great Fatherhood of God and the Great Brotherhood of Man.

By the late action of the so-called supreme Masonic body of France, we are told we must fraternize with those who deny the very existence of a God; who sneer at the thought of a hereafter; who would place that puny, weak, miserable thing, the mind of man, upon a level with the infinite soul of an infinite God; who would raise man, the created, to a higher point than the Creator; who would declare this life to be the beginning and ending of all, forgetting that He who first fashioned man from mother earth is, Himself, the *Alpha* and *Omega*. Such being the case, we repeat, no time is to be lost in reiterating our belief in the Great I AM. Our voice must no longer be silent—we must not only declare it, but we must act up to it; we must guard our portals with tenfold greater care; we must, by precept and example, teach our younger members that Masonry is something nobler and grander than a mere symbolism; that it is a living, vital institution, inculcating great truths, pregnant with noble thoughts, surrounded by generous sentiments and based upon an undying trust in the Wisdom, Goodness and Greatness of the Jehovah.

We have declared it, and now before the world we must prove it. If many of us have been lax and careless amidst the cares and business of every day life; if when surrounded by the pleasures of the hour, we have forgotten, as it were, our duties, it is not too late to return to them. Our mission has become far more difficult, since now we find traitors, and worse than traitors, in our midst. True, most of the Grand Lodges and Supreme Bodies have severed connection with those who have betrayed us, and forbidden Masonic intercourse with them; still, we must not overlook the fact that the Grand Orient of France is a powerful organization, that her action will be commented upon by those who oppose us, that it will be a weapon in their hands, which they will freely wield against us, and against which it will be hard for us to shield ourselves. We can only do so by acting up to our principles, by being still more careful in admitting candidates to our mysteries and being doubly and trebly particular with regard to our own acts and actions. The time, then, has come for Freemasons of every branch and rite throughout the globe, to sever all connection with the Atheistical Grand Orient of France, and to prove to friend and foe alike, that a Mason's hope is in the immortality of the soul, and his trust in the wisdom of the Divine Essence of an Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent Being, whose *Wisdom* is everywhere seen, whose *Strength* is beyond the comprehension of weak, miserable man, and the *Beauty* of whose Holy Will can never be even faintly understood, till the soul of man is welcomed into the abode of the Great I AM, the Adonai, the Alpha and Omega, the Everloving, Everlasting Jehovah.

Orillia, Ontario.

THE NAME OF GOD.

F. IN N. Y. DISPATCH.

WE sing Jehovah, God most High,
 Possessor of the earth and sky,
 The great Elohim on His throne,
 The Holy, High, and Lofty One;
 El-Shaddai shows Almighty power;
 El-Holam reigns for ever more;
 El-Roe sees us when we stray;
 El-Bethel meets us by the way;
 To rise and seek a better land,
 The God of Abram gives command;
 The God of Isaac guards us there,

The God of Jacob bears our prayer,
 His saints Jehovah-Jireh feeds,
 The war Jehovah-Nissi leads,
 The strife Jehovah-Shalom quells,
 With us Jehovah-Shammah dwells.
 What wrongs the God of Patience bears,
 The God of Hope, He calms our fears,
 The God of Peace His thunder stills,
 Our cup the God of Noah fills.
 One fearful name bespeaks His ire,
 Our God is a consuming fire;
 But, O Immanuel, Thou canst prove
 That God is Light, and God is Love.

MASONIC THINKERS.

By W. W. HIBBEN.

In the "Iowa Advocate."

AN intelligent member of the Masonic Fraternity, who ranks among the first of the Craft in the Queen City, said to us a few weeks ago: "Masons, as a body, are not a reading people." The expression was sincere, and was evidently uttered with reluctant regret.

We passed from his presence with the reflection, that his assertion was probably true, notwithstanding the general intelligence of the body in business affairs, and in the general interests of the country. The conviction is doubtless too common, that the communication of the degrees in the lodge rooms of the Craft, is the chief thing necessary to make one a Mason. But however common this conception, the very idea is erroneous, because it tends to the building up of communities of mere Masonic automatons, who never know anything more of the Craft, than, that it is an old secret society. It is a pity that any such Masons are ever made and turned out upon the world as the representatives of the Fraternity. They misrepresent the true animus of its philosophic antiquity, and never learn the great mystic fact that no better foundation of fraternal and intelligent society has ever been laid than is comprehended in the moral teachings and philosophic principles of Ancient Craft Masonry. To them ignorance and indifference are most unfortunate, for these hold all such in the outer courts, where even Masters compare only with Entered Apprentices, and where they are never able to work, save where more competent Masters prepare the trestle-board.

To teach them to think, to act, and to feel, not for themselves alone, but for their fellow men, is the true Masonic philosophy, which makes known to the Craft the higher trestle-board—the grander and more noble work of the moral and social men, where intelligence distinguishes the good from the bad among the sons of humanity, and where the rewards of virtue add to the distinctions of life and give happier sunsets to its dying scenes. All men may not read, yet they should all think, for thought makes the great differences between man and man, and distinguishes him from the brute and from all lower animals. This, indeed, is an obligation which is imposed on us by nature itself and we cannot ignore it without driving from our presence our higher manhood, and sacrificing the life-time luxury of delightful travel through the mystic regions of what may be truly termed the Masonic heaven of light and knowledge.

If man had not been a thinking being, then it would not have been necessary to have placed in his hands any revelation of God or of himself. The primitive elements of his nature might have served him for all time, and he could have been left to run the

race of his generation without an effort of thought or act of morality. But this is not the animus of our endowment or the order of our being. We were constituted in the beginning creation's capstone—nature's lords—and to us have been committed the oracles of God, which obligate us to "read, think and inwardly digest" the Word of Life and best basis of human civilisation the world has yet received.

To the intelligent Mason this book is the more valuable because he remembers that when he received his first ray of Masonic light the sacred writings were before him. The book was open for him to read, and the compass and square pointed him to the significant passages of truth which constituted his first lesson in the mystic philosophy of life. Here is where every Mason must meet us and have his memory refreshed; but alas, how many stop just there! They go no further, only as they are led, as it were, by a cable-tow. They never learn to walk alone, and the obstacles in their way appear to be of their own erection. They bear on their persons the insignia of the Craft, while the inner man knows nothing, comparatively, of that higher life, where thought kindles its fires and throws the bright glare of its mystic effulgence everywhere along the corridors of the future.

To think, to reflect, and to investigate are the manly duties which alone can elevate us in the world of intellectual life, and he who never enters there may bear physical affinity with our race; but he knows nothing of that sun that makes the higher, broader and more beautiful sphere where philosophy strews its flowers, and where moral and social activities find the true basis of their enjoyment. Ignorance and Masonry can never travel together; the one is light and the other is darkness. This lives by progression, while that finds its home only in the dulness of stagnation. The one demands the elevations of intelligence, while the other is pleased to sit down anywhere and listen to the songs of idle pantomimes.

Every element of ignorance is anti-Masonic. The bigotry that breathes intolerance—the pride that makes distinctions—the tyranny that is cruel and oppresses the poor—the arrogance that inaugurates its own monopolies, and the selfishness that plants itself within the narrow confines of sectarianism, as well as the devilish nature that lives and dies ignorant of humanity and charity, are all anti-Masonic. The Craft cannot recognise them in any shape or form, and if any of them ever show their heads in a lodge-room, the spirit of Masonry vanishes like ember fires before the destructive avalanche. No, the very first element of Masonry is light, and he that will comprehend it and enjoy its beauties must become a Masonic Thinker.—*Id. Advocate.*

FORWARD.

Let us on, oh, faithful Brethren,
To the end which lies before;
Let us, true and loyal Craftsmen,
Gladly seek you distant shore.

There the Master, in His glory,
Welcomes patient labourers all;
There no more of pain or sorrow
Can this mortal heart befall.

All is peace and all is gladness,
All is happiness and rest;
In that Grand Lodge, Divine and radiant,
Angel officers "tile" the blest.