

selves and thus obtained memorials so conspicuous. Be this as it may, these monumental relics are not without their charm; they call to mind in a most impressive manner the days of the Crusades, which gave birth to the order that built and adorned the Temple Church. The visitor of to-day, especially the Templar Mason, beholds the effigies, "cross-legged as men moved to the Holy Land against the infidels," and straightway the glow and inspiration of the distant past thrills his soul—his quickened thought leaps at a bound over centuries, and he seems to be living in those stirring times when the Templars first won their reputation, or were established in its largest glory!

Temple Church, as has been stated, retains unimpaired many of its ancient features. "The Round" is there as it was six or seven centuries ago. The old architecture has been in the main kept up in the renewals and repairs, and portions of it are of wondrous grace; so, too, the marvelous beauty of the painted windows has the same charm to day that has elicited the admiration of generations. Well is the structure calculated, therefore, with the recollections that cluster around it—the associations and memories that attach to it—to move the feelings of the worshipper within its courts, the antiquarian and the interested Templar of our time. Looking upon the grim effigies on the floor; on marble pillars and grooved arches above it that have so long withstood time's consuming tooth; on signs and relics that constantly meet the eye—it requires no great effort of the imagination to float the thought backward even to those strange eventful days when the Crusader went forth with the blessing of the Church to perform his vows and the whole earth was shaken as the cross and the crescent came together beneath the walls of the Holy City. It is an old history, but it will never lose its interest; its romance will never grow less. Criticise and condemn as we must many of the manifestations of that remarkable era, it will always rise before our thought as an heroic age; we cannot forget the grand enthusiasm of that awakening; we cannot but note the chivalric impulse that roused the sluggish energies of Christian Europe—that sent the pilgrim warrior to the field, and called into being a powerful society something of whose character and work, no less than its name, is perpetuated by so glorified a token as the old Temple Church in London! Its venerable walls, its marble effigies, its sculptured portraits, its monumental relics, and historical associations move and thrill the pilgrim visitor and worshipper of to-day, as they speak to him with an eloquent voice from out of the dim past, telling of the ancient glory and prestige which so grandly illumine the Illustrious Order of Knights' Templar!—*Freemasons' Repository*.

THE MYSTIC WORD.

ALFRED W. MORRIS.

The following adventure was related to me by a Mason who has done yeoman service in the cause of Freemasonry for a quarter of a century. Grand Lecturer of — for many years, he is yet reckoned as one of the brightest jewels of the Craft. He said:

I had an engagement to lecture to the lodge at L—, a small village on the State road, noted for a hospitable and peace loving community. The Lodge itself had a character for a membership who, though not considered the brightest Masons, were ever in search of more light; and whenever I was in the neighborhood I was sure to receive an invitation to spend an evening with them. On the occasion named, I had taken up my lodgings at the village tavern, kept by one of those old-fashioned, genial hosts who always meet their guests at the door and smother them with welcome and good humor. My host was a gem among them, and a good Mason. Besides being relieved of baggage and the dust of travel I was conducted into the reception room.