

Tyler his sword, deacons their gloomy rods,  
Join now and supplicate the God of gods!

But hark! that dog! that thundering, deafening howl!  
That yelp! that bark! that scratching! what a growl!  
Will no one stop him! Tyler, kick him out!  
Beat him, Oh, Deacon! mercy what a shout!  
What! has he bit you? Tyler run him through—  
He's mad! he's mad! kill him or he'll kill you!

The cruel point pierced through poor *Fides'* breast,  
His life-blood answered; must I tell the rest?  
Prepare then for a tear—poor *Fides* crept  
Up to those feet, where oft-times he had slept,  
And eyed his master, while his master wept.  
He licked the extended hand his master gave—  
Could he refuse his faithful, dying slave?  
Then moaning a parting wish for one he loved,  
Cast one kind look around, then slowly moved  
To the vault-door—scratched feebly—tried to bark—  
Looked back (the room to him was growing dark)—  
Growled—whined once more—a dying token tried,  
And, with his feet extended, *Fides* died!

Not slow those sorrowing men to read it now;  
The truth was written on his dying brow;  
With bar and hammer, threat and many a blow  
The massive hinges yielded: there he stood  
*The peeping cowan*, guilty of the blood,  
Of one more human, more of man, alone,  
Than hundreds such though welded into one.

There was no Lodge that night; but should you go  
That thriving little town of Ralepenn through,  
Call at the Hall; there, on the eastern side,  
You'll find a monument—stop there and read—  
“*Faithful unfortunate! thy cruel lot*  
“*Shall teach to us that CAUTION we forgot!*”

MORRIS.

Masonry is *not* ritual, any more than it is a dogma. Ritual is need-ful for its basis; but neither, of itself, and separate from the practical and essential, is of any possible value. We might practice right angles, horizontals, and perpendiculars, “world without end,” but it would not feed the hungry, or shelter and protect the orphan, or build an asylum for the homeless and friendless. The injunction to “aid and assist the worthy, the widow and the orphan,” if observed in its true spirit, is of more worth than all the rituals that Webb or Cross ever taught or dreamed of. We should understand and preserve the ritualistic, but not neglect the practical in deeds; remember that Charity is the crown-ing virtue, and without which all else is but “sounding brass or a tinkling cymball.”

Fellow Masons! lend your hand,  
To your feeble, faltering brother;  
Bear in mind the sweet command—  
“Love ye one another.”  
Sow ye seeds of kindly deeds,  
As on through life you're roaming;  
Think ye not 'twill be forgot,  
Harvest time is coming.  
—*Keystone.*