

In an instant the whole multitude were prostrated to the dust. A flash of contempt shot across the features of the Templar, but it soon vanished in a more holy expression, as he murmured to himself, "Forgive them, Lord; they know not what they do!" The pause was of short duration; like the voice of the forest when the first breath of the tempest agitates the foliage, the multitude rose to their feet. A horseman dashed out from the cavalcade which thronged around their Soldan, checked his steed beside the archer band, spoke a few words, then galloped back to his station.

Soon arrow after arrow whistled from the Paynim bows, piercing the Templar's limbs and grazing his body. Again there was a pause. Encircled by his Nubian Guard, and the brightest of his Court, the Soldan rode up to his bleeding captive. Decked in all the pomp of royalty, and sublime in bearing, the monarch was shamed—shamed like a slave before his master—by the native majesty of Christian virtue. Nor could he at first find words in which to address the tortured knight, who stood at his feet with the serene deportment which would have becomed the judge upon his tribunal not less than the martyr at the stake.

"Has the Nazarene yet learned from experience the bitter sting of adversity? The skill of the leech may assuage thy wound, and honors may yet efface thine injuries. Will the Nazarene live, or will he die the death of a dog?"

"The Lord is on my side," was the firm reply; "the Lord is on my side—I will not fear what man doeth unto me."

On swept the Monarch train, and again the iron shower fell fast and more fatally than before, on his broad chest and manly trunk. The blood gushed forth in blacker streams—his life was ebbing fast away—when from the rear of the broken hills a sudden trumpet blew a point of war in notes so thrilling that it pierced the ears like some thrust of a sharp weapon. Before the crowd had time to vent itself in word or deed, the eminences were crowded with mail-clad myriads of the Christian force. Down they came like the blast of the tornado, with war-cry and the clarg of instruments, and the thick trampling of twice ten thousand hoofs. Wo to the sons of the desert in that hour! They were swept away before the mettled steeds and lances of the Templars like stubble before the devouring flame!

The eye of the dying hero brightened as he saw the banners of his countrymen. His whole form dilated with exultation and triumph. He tore his arm from its fetters, waved it around his blood-stained forehead, and for the last time shouted forth his battle-cry, "Ha, Beauseant! A Vermandois for the Temple!" Then, in a lower tone, he cried, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

He bowed his head, and his undaunted spirit passed away."

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, GRAND MASTER OF MASONS IN ENGLAND.

THERE are model Masons as well as model men; those who fully exemplify the special and practical duties of a Mason, while they adorn social life, and are examples of moral purity and integrity. A man may be as pure in his religious character as John the Evangelist; a patriot as disinterested and devoted as Tell, as Hampden, or as Washington; a scholar who has explored every avenue of knowledge, and acquired all that the human mind is capable of grasping; he may be the glory of his family, a companion and friend whom you can clasp to your heart with joy, and a citizen to whom the community may point with an honest pride—and yet not be a Freemason—although he would be none the worse for being one. But, in addition to all these virtues and acquirements, he may have passed through the solemn ceremonies of our Order, and illustrated the virtues while he faithfully discharged the duties of a Craftsman; exhibiting, in his own life, the wisdom, strength and beauty, which were so harmoniously blended in the immortal *three* who labored in the erection of the first Temple at Jerusalem.

There have been such in our mystic temple—magnificent pillars, towering in grandeur above their fellows, apparently perfect in their proportions, uniting moral purity with classic elegance, and blending, in their own persons, the skill of the Craftsman with the acquirements of the scholar, the integrity of the citizen, and the virtues of a friend. We love to gaze upon such exhibitions of excellence, for, alas, they are somewhat rare in the history of our race: men who seemed fitted for the enjoyments of another world, while they are spared as the ornaments of this: such are rarely appreciated as they should be, until they have passed from our sphere to one more in harmony with their nature.

Such are model Masons; and such was Sir Christopher Wren, to a sketch of whose life and labors we now invite the reader's attention. A scholar of rare and varied