

on 'the walls and watch towers of the temple.' Ah! no more import-questions could be propounded in this era of our Order's history. Is it *healthy* and pure? Does not the excessive vitality and apparent vigor betoken the wild, fierce delirium caused by a fever, which is consuming the *inner life* of Templarism? Are not our excesses largely outweighing our *virtues*? Are our charities in proportion to indulgencies? Would not the thousands of valuable treasure expended in displays, hilarities, and convivialities, do more to dry up the tears of 'destitute widows and helpless orphans' than all our *professions*? 'Good men, and true, live and labor in the pleasing hope, that when they are under the green turf their dependent ones will be provided for and remembered by the 'valiant and magnanimous order of Knights Templar,' whose *once* well earned fame hath spread both far and wide for deeds of charity and acts of pure beneficence.' But they pass away, and with their disappearance from active life, are forgotten. Their loved ones, for whom they lived and toiled, are thrown out to struggle amid the surges of selfishness in a heartless world. Where are the hands that vowed to wield the 'sword in defense of destitute widows and helpless orphans?' How many such hands are outstretched to-day in aid or 'defence of the widows and orphans' of our fallen *fraters*, who fell with armor on, as 'pilgrim warriors?' How many of the needy are beneficiaries of the boasted charity, vowed to be rendered 'by counsel, purse, and sword?' How far, or to what extent, are we making PRACTICAL the grand characteristics of our Order—*Charity*? To what degree are we redeeming vows made to 'help, aid, and assist' the needy, the poor, and afflicted? Is our charity a *name*? Are our professions mere *pretenses*?

"These are sober issues. The world looks on, agape with wonder, at our splendid pageantry and paraphernalia, but asks, 'where is the good?' What can we answer? Can we point to *happy* widows, and the beaming faces of relieved orphanage, and say, with conscious pride, 'these are our jewels?' Such ornaments would shine more to our glory than a thousand GRAND displays such as we pride ourselves in making. Amid the splendors of such demonstrations, how many heart-throbs follow us with benedictions? How many smiles of those made glad by Templar beneficence brighten our line of march? How many praises echo along our way in sweeter music than costly bands—praises that tell what we have done, rather than what we pretend? Are we benefiting the race, and proving a real good to the world? Life is too grand an enterprise, and time too short for life's complete and high attainments, for us to be engaged in mere child-play and nominal efforts. Many of us can not afford to waste the energies of being in the aimless and profitless indulgences of mere animal gratification. Templarism has a great mission, as it has a grand sphere, among men. The accomplishment of its work is great desideratum. A perversion and prostration of its high aims and powers is as much to be deprecated as it is seriously to be feared. The great and dreaded tendency of the present spirit prevailing among us, is to excessive indulgence in the gross forms of *intemperance*. The convivial feeling glides into excesses, often reproachfully unfortunate, if not absolutely degrading. We can not afford to carry such reproaches as are, often, justly laid upon us from this cause. It is no uncommon thing, now-a-days, to hear of, and to see, Templars wearing the dress of Christian Knighthood in places of evil and dens of wickedness. I have seen Templars with their '*rig*' on go