

experiment of a Grand Lodge has been tried, and in each colony a Grand Lodge has been formed. The former Masonic connection between these colonies and the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland, has been partially disturbed. The believers in a Grand Lodge have thrown off the privilege of subordination to Great Britain's Grand Lodges, while others have retained them. South Australian Masons cannot plead ignorance in the matter. They are plunging into the position with their eyes wide open. The consequences are staring them in the face. If they are unanimous in the matter, what a glorious victory it will be for the brethren hailing under the Grand Lodges of New South Wales and Victoria? What a declaration of condemnation from South Australia it will be against those who still remain subordinate to the Grand Lodges of Britain? There is no evading the question. The mere fact that South Australian Masons have individually and collectively declared themselves in favor of establishing a Grand Lodge in South Australia, must be a source of pleasure to the founders of the Grand Lodges of New South Wales and Victoria. But there is another phase in the question: Will it not be the means of opening the eyes of the leaders of the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland? Will they not have sufficient evidence before them to convince the most obstinate and selfish that the Masonic mind of Australia is that they should govern themselves Masonically? Will the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland, still persist in spreading discord and dissension among Masons in Australia, or adopt the Masonic course open to them, viz.: "Act as becometh Grand Lodges of Masons, by investigating the cause of the present difference among Masons in New South Wales and Victoria, and do what is their duty by putting an end to such differences?" We state without fear of

contradiction that the true facts of the case have not been made known to the Grand Lodges referred to, or they would long since have put an end to the matter. A certain few have sent home garbled statements, and it suits the governing powers to continue to wink while certain fees are annually floating into their treasury.—*Sydney Freemason.*

A MASONIC ROMANCE.

Or the Masonic Talisman.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. A.

During the late Mexican war a lad of sixteen, a daring young Virginian, leaped a fence and climbed a parapet some hundred yards ahead of his company, and was taken prisoner; but not before he had killed three Mexicans, and mortally wounded a Colonel. His mother, a poor widow, but though poor, a lady, (and why not?) heard of his fate, and, as he was an only son, her heart yearned for his release. She wept at the thought, but while the tears were streaming down her cheeks, suddenly she recollected that she was a Mason's widow. Hope lighted up her bosom at the thought—she dried her tears and exclaimed:—

"I will go and test the talismanic power of the order my husband loved and revered so much."

She sold some articles of furniture, and with the money reached the city of Washington on foot.

In her dusty attire she entered the Department of the Secretary of War, and with some difficulty obtained an interview. As she entered the apartment in which he was seated, and he saw how dusty she appeared, "Well, ma'am," was the salutation he gave her, but when she removed her veil, and he saw the visage of the lady in her face, he half raised himself in his chair and pointed her to a seat. She told him of her son's capture, and wished to go to him.