

"I've seen a great many people in my time, Jeems," she continued, "who appear to care dreadfully about their old grandfathers and their old grandmothers, and after all but very little about themselves. They hold up their heads, though, Jeems, as if they were somebody, just because some of their family had been something like 'squires or constables two or three years ago."

"Why, Jeems," said she, "I don't think much of even that sort of Masonry brethren of your'n that have jined you just to get a big name, and to wear breastpins, and the like, to let everybody know that they belong to Masonry. I saw one of 'em, James, the other day, and he was eating parched coffee—I suppose to hide his bad breath. He had on his bosom a great big square and compass. I didn't say anything for I suppose he knowed what he was eatin' and where he was goin'. But I couldn't help looking at his big breastpin, and wonderin' whether it was gold or brass. I rather think, though, Jeems, it was brass, for that poet wrote the truth when he said:

"To prize one's self on his connections,
Is but a vain pretence:
It shows the rule of vain affections,
And want of common sense."

As this was the first effort the old lady had ever made in our presence to give a *finale* to her argument by quoting poetry, we could but smile at her common sense simplicity. But gathering her breath again, she went on after the following:

"Jeems," said she, "I have 'most always known that the best class of people rely on themselves instead of on other people and other things. I do not object to people wearing breastpins, and ear-rings and finger-rings, and sich like, if they do not pin their faith to 'em. But if they have clean breasts and honest ears, and not too long, Jeems, and industrious fingers, it won't matter much what they put on 'em. On these pints my revered husband used to 'most always tell me to go slow, or I might hurt somebody's feelings, and I try to do so, Jeems, for it never does me any good to tramp on other people's toes.

"But I like your ideas, Jeems, of Masonic history," said the good old lady, as she saw we were about to leave. "I see you do not rely on Masonry for its great past history, but for its present charities. This is right, my son," said she, "and I hope every one of your Brethren will do the same thing, for I am satisfied there is work and plenty of it for all of you, if you will only keep your eyes open and your hearts in the right place, when a brother comes to you in distress, or when widows ask for help, or poor orphans cry for bread. JEEMS.—*Masonic Advocate*."

ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE RITE OF MEMPHIS—SOVEREIGN SANCTUARY—THIRTY-THIRD AND LAST DEGREE.

From the New York Herald, June 9th.

THE Annual Convocation of this body commenced last evening in Masonic Hall, East Thirteenth street, Most Illustrious Grand Master General Harry J. Seymour in the orient. The following Grand Officers were present:—Most Illustrious Harry J. Seymour, Grand Master General; Illustrious J. J. Gorman, Grand Administrator General; Illustrious Stephen H. Johnson, Grand Chancellor General; Illustrious A. F. Kibbe, Deputy Grand Expert; Illustrious H. M. Clark, Grand Secretary General; Illustrious A. G. Bishop, Grand Keeper of Golden Book; Illustrious William Youngblood, Grand Inspector General; Illustrious John Cook, Grand Examiner; Illustrious A. H. Marinus, Grand Master General of Ceremonies; Illustrious H. J. Smith, Grand Keeper of Sanctuary; Illustrious William Welch, Grand Treasurer General.

The sanctuary was opened in ancient and primitive form with three times seven. The mystic chain was then formed around the altar, and prayer was offered by the Grand Master General, all exclaiming at the conclusion the following:—

Glory to thee, O God! Peace to man. Love to the brotherhood. Amen.

Representatives from every State in the Union, and from Cuba, Roumania, &c., were present.

Illustrious Harvey G. Goodall, thirty-two, was then introduced, and was vested with the thirty-third degree.

The Grand Master General reported that Richard H. Nott, of Mobile, Grand Representative, and John S. Bradbury, of Pennsylvania, Grand Master, had died during the past year. The Most Illustrious brother paid a glowing tribute to their memory.

The Grand Master General then delivered a brief but neat address, in which he recounted his services during the last twelve years, and tendered his resignation. Some of the opponents of this beautiful rite had called it Harry J. Seymour's rite. This was not true, because brethren were present who belonged to the rite before he did. He