

*soit qui mal y pense*" I shrink from calculating the amount of evil that might fall upon some people in the world who occupy their thoughts with princes who are Gartered Knights. Nor do I pen this to you as Colonel either of Cavalry, Infantry, or Artillery, for I can but wonder at and admire the glorious military feats which, though your modesty has hidden them, have nevertheless entitled you to command your seniors, one at least with a Waterloo medal on his breast. Our history tells us of a warrior, "Black Prince," who killed many foes: it can also in the future write of you as a gallant soldier before whom pheasant, plover, and pigeon could make no stand.

I write to you as a fellow Master Mason, as to one on an equality with myself, so long as you are true to your Masonic pledge, less than myself whenever you forget it. I address this epistle to you as a fellow-member of a body which teaches that man is higher than king; that humanity is beyond church and creed; that true thought is nobler than blind faith, and that virile, earnest effort is better far than dead or submissive serfdom.

The Grand Lodge of England has just conferred upon you a dignity you have done nothing to earn, but you saw light in Sweden, and that initiation should have revealed to you that the highest honor will be won by manly effort, not squeezed from slavish, fawning sycophancy. Freemasonry is democracy, are you a Democrat? Freemasonry is Free-thought, are you a Freethinker? Freemasonry is work for human deliverance, are you a worker? I know you may tell me in England of wine-bibbing, song-singing, meat-eating, and white kid-glove wearing fashionables who say "Shibboleth," make "royal salutes" and call this Freemasonry; but these are mere badge wearers, who lift their legs awkwardly over the coffin in which truth lies buried, and who never either know the grand secret, or even work for its discovery. Come with me

to-day, and I will show you, even in this country, lodges where the brethren work day and night to break through conventional fetters, where they toil hourly to break down imperial and princely shams, where as a prince they would scorn you, and where as a man they would give you a brother's grip, and die with you or for you in the fight for human redemption and deliverance. Go to Joseph Mazzini, and he will tell you of lodges where, for fifty years, Poles and Italians have kept the sparks of liberty alive whilst Russian and Austrian tyranny was striving to trample and crush them out. Go into France, and the imperial tottering Lie—which has stood too long in the shadow of the first Desolator's bloody reputation—will, if it can (now it is near its grave), forget its daily life-practice, and speak truth by way of change—tell you that the Masonic Lodges of France have been the only temples in which for twenty years it has been possible to preach the gospel of civil and religious liberty. Read Bro.: Adolph Cremieux's recent declaration: "*La Maçonnerie n'est pas la religion, n'est pas la foi, elle ne cherche pas dans le Maçon, le croyant, mais l'homme.*" Get Odo Russell to ask Mastai Ferrati, or some old woman, to enquire of Monseigneur l'Evêque d'Orléans, and each will tell you that in the lodges are the greatest enemies of the falling churches, the bravest preachers of heretic thought, and the most earnest inculcators of Republican earnestness. Or instead of going, with some noble German glutton, to a paltry casino, read, if only once or twice, a page of Europe's history for forty years before '93, and then Germany's and Sweden's Master Masons, speaking from their graves, shall tell you how their teachings helped to pulverize crowns and coronets, and build up living citizens out of theretofore dead slaves.

You have joined yourself to the Freemasons at a right moment, for true Freemasonry is about to be more