

trifle for it, and I purchased it myself. She told me it was a present to her from her husband previous to her marriage."

"Have you the ring with you?" said a strange voice, quivering with emotion.

"Yes," replied the old man, searching for it in his vest pocket. "Any one who wishes may examine it."

The stranger, who was a tall, fine-looking man, but very pale, as if from long sickness, crossed the room quickly, and looked eagerly at the ring.

"Oh, heaven!" he exclaimed, "it is Mary's ring. Where did you say, No. 6, E— street? My wife! my poor wife!"

He vanished from the room, but the old man followed. When he reached the house of Mary, it was to find her lying insensible upon her wretched couch, and her husband endeavoring to restore consciousness by bathing her brow, and chafing the hands hardened by toil.

Captain Stanford, of Company A, had been indeed among the missing, but he was not dead. He had pressed forward in advance of his men, and fallen where the fight was thickest. He had been borne from the field as a prisoner, by Confederate soldiers, and it was many weeks before an exchange was effected. Then, rewarded for his bravery with a colonel's commission, but still weak from the effects of a severe wound, he obtained a furlough, and hastened to his western home. His wife had left for New York; his perfidious partner had been discovered and arrested, and a large part of the money he had purloined had been recovered. Leaving the case in charge of an attorney, Colonel Stanford followed his wife. Reaching New York, no trace of her could be discovered. Thinking perhaps she might have ascertained the locality of her father, and gone to him, Stanford resigned his commission and went again in pursuit. He finally succeeded in finding Mr. Carleton in St. Louis, prostrated with fever, which in a few days terminated fatally.—George remained with him until the last, and on his death bed, the old man had repented his unjust treatment of his daughter, and instructed George to bear to her his blessing.

Thinking that perhaps Mary might have returned home in his absence, he again sought the city of L—. But she was not there, and half-maddened with grief and anxiety, he renewed his search.

But his cause seemed hopeless, when, arriving at B—, he determined to visit the Lodge, and request his brethren to assist in ascertaining if she was in that city. The result we have already seen, and it only remains to say, Colonel Stanford, his wife and the boy Willie—now the picture of health and happy childhood—are dwelling again in their beautiful home on the banks of Lake W—.

ROYAL FREEMASONS.—The Prince of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Hesse are protectors of all the Masonic Lodges in their realms. William, Prince of the Netherlands, the Kings of Hanover and of Sweden, are Grand Masters in their several countries. The King of Italy and the Emperor of the French (who had only one vote recorded in his behalf the other day, when he was a candidate for the Grand Mastership, because he belonged to the Society of the Carbonari) are Masons, both of them being Roman Catholics.

THE THREE KINDS OF SACRED ARCHITECTURE.

Creuzer, a German Philosopher, thus writes of the three kinds of sacred architecture.

Hieratic architecture, or the art of temple building considered in its completeness, is found representing three chief but essentially different characters, proceeding from three different principles, the outlines of which I will here indicate.

The *Orientalism*, if I may so call the first kind, or the *Hylozoism* and *Pantheism* of Hieratic architecture had matter for principle. As the worship of the ancient east incorporated nature as a whole, and transformed it, so to speak, into a god-body, thus the architecture is limitless and yet limited, and consequently inspired entirely by the genius of the wonderful; striving toward nothing less than to corporify the material world in space and time. In this sense were the Indian *Stroto* temples hollowed and chiselled out. But the architecture of the Egyptians, in necropolis and temple, shows the tendency the most strikingly; under the ground, the dwellings of the dead and of the divinities ruling over them; above, the firmament, with all the animals consecrated in star worship; round the pedestal play in zig-zag lines the waves of the divine land stream; the head of the pillar, a lotus-crown or palm-crown adorns; and the singularly extended body of Isis along the upper walls of the temple represents, in an altogether material fashion, Nature embracing all things in heaven and earth.

To this *Hylozoism*, with its blind insatiate impulse and its overlaid manner, the discreet self-limitation of *Hellenism* stands in directest contrast. As there, matter, so is here form predominant. As the religion of the Greeks, in its popular aspect, was wholly anthropomorphism; as the weightiest truths which occupy and satisfy the mind were thrown back into a mysterious obscurity: and as custom, excluding the multitude from the inside of the temple at the sacrificial festivals, allotted them their place in the forecourts and groves—thus were the Grecian temples small, narrow, confined, and dark in the interior. So much the greater was the labor expended on outward splendour; and architecture, striving after forms at once noble and pure, was aided by Scripture, in order through statuary of every kind, in clay, marble, and brass, to construct a dwelling, which, to those entering might appear worthy to serve as an abode to the gods under those human characteristics with which they were associated in the minds of the Greeks. Greek architecture, at its highest perfection, was the most beautiful *Formalism*.

When, finally, the form of the basilicas, erected for heathen purposes, was abandoned, the Christian principle of sacred building was perfected in the dome or minster; and this *Christianism* of architecture announced itself as an entirely new and grander striving of the human mind—as an utterly different longing of the soul when stirred by new emotions. It ascended with the soaring pillars and lofty-pointed arches heavenwards; and the whole christian community, in the clearness and brightness of newly won knowledge and conviction, assembled in the wide spaces of the temple, which, in its whole architecture, within and without, in sculpture, in pillars, in windows, and in altars, vividly represented to the eye the great work of Providence in the entire history of man, from the Creation and the Fall to the Last Judgment.