

From the time when on bended knee you said your trust was in Him, until with hands and hearts closely interlocked you breathed the name of "Immanuel"; there is no single step that does not remind you of some tie that binds the life below to the life above. I need not repeat them here. That which is lost from out the graces and powers of life, by the usurping force of sin, is but the influence of that sacred name. That which is found, as a nobler manhood, builds anew the temple of a redeemed character, is but the thought of God. Man is strongest when he feels the touch of the divine life; when earth seems to be reaching up and blending into heaven. Ah! my brothers, I cannot tell you how, but in some way the thought of God is a power in human life. There is something in it which speaks of victory, and peace and rest. I may be told that I cannot know that God exists, that these emblems which are said to portray his attributes are but imaginations and fancies; that the mission of "the immaculate Jesus" was but a dream of human theology; that the story of the cross is but a scheme on which to build a church; but my inmost soul repudiates the carping unbelief, and I know that love and truth and life, thrilling as they do my very nature, are from a higher source than anything I see in matter. In the midst of the conflict I meet the "all-devouring scythe of time." I see the emblems of death. I feel the blow of contention and hate. But beyond them all, on the wings of faith I rise, and there by the borders of "the silent sea," I read the promise of eternal life—"In hoc signo vinces"—and I am at rest. For more than a quarter of a century, I have seen the working of this Order. It has brought me nothing but good. And although I have not always reached its high ideal, yet I cannot but acknowledge that it has been the source of many a weary hour, and a revelation of some of the noblest traits of

human character. Jesus said of some men of his time, "By their fruits ye shall know them." I am willing to let this institution, whose very name we love, stand on that foundation. Its first and last lesson is this:—"Be True! True to thyself; to thy neighbors; to thy God." What canst thou ask of mortal man more than this?—*Rev. Bro. F. E. St. John, in the Liberal Freemason.*

CRYPTIC MASONRY.

The Temple of King Solomon was undoubtedly constructed over crypts or vaults, some of which may have served as secret repositories of important treasures, and others as burial places of the illustrious dead. Various legends of a more or less striking character are associated with these subterranean recesses. Thus we have an account of the precautions taken by Josiah, who, foreseeing the destruction of the Temple, commanded the Levites to deposit the Ark of the Covenant in one of the hidden vaults, where it remained until found by some of the workmen of Zerubbabel at the building of the second Temple. This legend and others of a like nature may not deserve full credit, though in no wise opposed to the probabilities in the case. Of one thing we may be certain, that there were secret vaults beneath the great Temple at Jerusalem, and the Masonic traditions which refer to treasures thus carefully concealed and afterwards brought to light are by no means as absurd as some writers would make them appear. Historic evidence and modern discoveries show the existence of such crypts, and the inference is natural that they were used according to what is the teaching of the Masonic system on this point.

It is the symbolic meaning with which the vault, or crypt, is invested that gives it chief importance in certain portions of the Masonic ritual. Thus in the Royal Arch degree teach-