

WEST VIRGINIA—1877.

The Thirteenth Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge was held in the city of Martinsburg, Nov. 13, 1877.

M. W. Bro. G. W. Atkinson, Grand Master, presided.

Representatives from seventy-one of the seventy-six Subordinate Lodges were present.

Grand Master Atkinson's admirable address we would willingly transfer to our pages entire, did space permit.

We can not resist the temptation, however, to quote freely from this eloquent production, teeming as it does, with beautiful thoughts clothed in choice and appropriate language—the out-come of classical refinement and mental culture :

"The years are rolling by. The shuttle of time flies so rapidly that we are learning to look upon life as but a day—the morning as childhood, the noon as manhood, and the evening as old age. To-day it is noontime, and I greet you as brothers in the meridian of life. By and by we shall have to give way to others who will meet as we meet, work as we work, and legislate as we legislate for those whom they shall serve, honor and respect. As time flies so the world advances, and society moves onward with stately steps and unflinching purposes. As the world advances so we believe that with like rapidity it grows better. We look into the future, and we hail the coming of the morn, radiant and effulgent, when the waves of the sea will become the crystal chords of a grand organ on which the fingers of everlasting joy shall peal the grand march of a world transformed, regenerated, and redeemed."

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"We glory in the antiquity of our Institution not so much because it has continued to live amid the storms of forty centuries or more, but because it has survived all opposition, and presents itself to-night as a monument of victory over error and superstition, which none but a worthy and an honorable institution could have accomplished. During that time Empires have perished, thrones have crumbled, and grand Cities have mouldered into dust; but through all the persecutions that wicked men could bring to bear against it, the grand old edifice of Free Masonry stands unshaken, as bright as a pillar of fire, and as glorious as an army with banners."

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"Again: *We delight in its antiquity because there is an irresistible enchantment about everything that is hoary-headed and aged.* The old man whose head is silvered over with the frosts of many winters, and whose body is curved by the weight of the years, is more to be respected than at any other period of life. The old arm chair, and the clothing which grandfather wore,