

teachings, and to make all men know it for the Apostle of Peace, Harmony, and Good Will on earth among men.

Masonry is useful to all men: to the learned because it affords them the opportunity of exercising their talents upon subjects eminently worthy of their attention: to the illiterate, because it offers them important instruction: to the young because it presents them with salutary precepts and good examples, and accustoms them to reflect upon the proper mode of living: to the man of the world, whom it furnishes with noble and useful recreation: to the traveller, whom it enables to find friends and Brothers in countries where else he would be isolated and solitary: to the worthy man in misfortune, to whom it gives assistance: to the afflicted, to whom it lavishes consolation: to the charitable man, whom it enables to do more good, by uniting with those who are charitable like himself: and to all who have a soul capable of appreciating its importance, and of enjoying the charms of friendship founded on the same principles of religion, morality, and philanthropy.

A Freemason, therefore, should be a man of honor and conscience preferring his duty to everything besides, even to his life; independent in his opinions and of good morals; submissive to the laws, devoted to humanity, to his country and to his family; kind and indulgent to his Brethren; friend of all virtuous men, and ready to assist his fellows by all the means in his power.—*Western Freemason*.

THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY.

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BY ROB MORRIS, L. L. D.,
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“A good land and a large . . . a land flowing with milk and honey.” (Deut. vi. 3, xi. 9, etc.)

O land of wondrous story, old Canaan bright and fair,
Thou type of home celestial, where the saints and angels are!
In heartfelt admiration we address thy hills divine,
And gather consolation on the fields of Palestine.

In all our lamentations, in the hour of deepest ill,
When sorrow wraps the spirit as the storm-clouds wrap the hill,
Some name comes up before us from the bright immortal band,
As the shadow of a great rock falls upon a weary land.

The dew of *Hermon* falling yet, revives the golden days;
Sweet *Sharon* lends her roses still, to win the poet's lays;
In every vale the lily bends, while o'er them wing the birds
Whose cheerful notes so marvellously recall the Saviour's words.

From *Bethlehem* awake the songs of Rachel and of Ruth,
From *Mizpah's* mountains fastness mournful notes of filial truth;
Magdala gives narration of the Penitent thrice-blest,
And *Bethany* of sister-host who loved the gentle Guest.

Would we retrace the pilgrimage of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Behold his footsteps everywhere, on rocky knoll and sward;
From *Bethlehem* to *Golgotha*, his cradle and his tomb,
He sanctified old Canaan and accepted it his home.

He prayed upon thy mountain-side, he rested in thy grove,
He walked upon thy Galilee, when winds with billows strove:
Thy land was full of happy homes, that loving hearts did own,
E'en foxes and the birds of air—but Jesus Christ had none.