

found mystery that it was once. Masonry is as changeless as circumstances will permit, but circumstances are always changing, and Freemasons being men change with them. Some even change faster than they. The world does not ask to see Masonic work performed, does not care much, if anything, about it, but some indiscreet Freemasons rush out into the world from the Lodge and say, Come in and look at us, admire us, and see how we perform certain of our work. Behold our officers in all their glory—one of them a Solomon. See their stations and their implements. Listen to their words of wisdom. Learn how admirable are our principles, and if you approve them come and join us. This is the invocation of the public installationists. They are willing to "give away" a part of the mystery of Masonry, in order to win public applause for themselves, and recruits for their ranks. They do not appreciate the esoteric value of their Fraternity. They regard it rather as a big show, with themselves playing the role of Barnum. Verily, they have their reward—in the praise of the profane.

There is one thing beyond the reach of the expositors of our mystery, and that is the puzzle of the origin and descent of the Craft. They cannot give that away, any more than the illiterate man can give away learning. We are thankful that there is something on which the public installationists cannot lay violent hands. How they would like to open all of our family history to the public—if they could. What a clean breast they would make of it. How they would print it all in the papers, and recite it all in some public hall, and enact it all as a spectacular performance. If they could determine the day, and the hour and the minute when Freemasonry was born, who delivered it, who nursed it to manhood, who educated it, who gifted it with immortality, so that it has come down the ages without being buried by time, without going like everything else mundane into

decay, they would proclaim it not only to Masons, but also to whomsoever would listen to them in the wide, wide world. But this one thing is beyond their power. They can play their little play in public, strut for a brief time before the profane in their Masonic clothing in the Lodge-room, but they cannot tell what they do not know. Let us thank Heaven for their ignorance, and pray that it might be increased. A little learning has made them mad, and much ignorance might bring them to themselves.

Will the mystery of Masonry's origin and descent ever be fully explained? We trust not. As a French writer has said, "It is the dim haze of mystery that adds enchantment to pursuit." The man who has nothing to learn has nothing to live for. The best zest to existence grows out of expectancy. Every one desires to be wiser, or richer, or more honourable. Who would stagnate on the level plain where he was born, while all around him are delightful eminences up to which he may easily climb, if he will, and not only behold charming prospects, but opportunities for rare adventure, congenial endeavour and abounding success? All praise to the horizon, which everywhere limits one's view. Let us congratulate ourselves upon the fact that Freemasonry is *par excellence* a mystery, and let us do all that in us lies to maintain its *secret* character. Let us frown upon the manner of some, who would communicate a part of its very self to the profane. No one who has not been regularly proposed, approved and initiated is entitled to be present at the performance of the *least* of the Masonic mysteries, even of installation; and he who is instrumental in admitting the profane, it may be, it must be, ignorantly, but no less certainly, betrays his trust as a Freemason.—*Keystone*.

Bro. Lionel Brough received a farewell benefit at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, on the 1st instant, previous to his departure for America.