

THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT.

Any order, to become prominent, must practice what they preach. Of these there can be no better choice than the Masonic Order. We are taught to be just to all men, to do good to one another, and have a generous and due regard for the happiness and welfare of others, while seeking to promote our own. We are enjoined to practice self-denial without utter self-abnegation; to relieve the distressed without privation and injury to those who are dependent upon our exertions. In fact the Order of Masonry, as the handmaid of religion, is well designed to assist the pilgrim of life in contending against the trials of mortality, and accompanies him to the very threshold of whatsoever temple he may deem best suited to the worship and praise of our Father and our God. The very basis of Masonry is brotherly love, relief and truth, and to "do unto others as we would they should do to us." The true Mason's trust is in God, and to the man who find it possible to entertain this hope how different an aspect the world wears—casting his glance forward how wondrous a light rests upon the future, the farther he extends his vision the brighter the light—animated by a hope more sublime than wishes bounded to earth ever before inspired—he feels armed with the courage to oppose surrounding prejudices and the warfare of hostile customs. No sectarian advantage, no petty benefit is before him; he sees but the regeneration of mankind. From the disease, famine and toil around him his spirit bursts into prophecy, and dwells among the eternal and everlasting ages. Then let us practice what we preach, ever bearing in mind this our first duty to each other, whether assembled in lodge or scattered abroad in the various walks of life.—*Thos. H. Douglas, Portsmouth, Va.*

THE PROFANE AND THE MASON.

Here we are clannish. The Frenchman hates the German; the Irish plots against the English; the Yankee suspects the Briton; mountain chains limit our sympathies; rivers determine our antagonism, and imaginary lines sunder us. There, nations, kindreds, peoples and tongues dwell together in happiest fellowship. Here, caste rules us. Patrician cannot mix with Plebeian; the one cries with sneering contempt, "common people!" the other mutters "privileged classes!" There, the prince and the peasant, the capitalist and the hodsman, the merchant and the menial, meet in fellowship. Here, sectarian feelings alienate; the Jew and the Gentile still stand apart; the Catholic and the Protestant are but resting on their arms; the Episcopalian gives over the Dissenter to uncovenanted mercies; the Calvinist hedges himself in with the five points, and the Baptist dwells in castellated isolation surrounded by a moat whose waters no drawbridge ever spans; there, heaven's charity has fused those diverse masses into a divine kinship, and behold how beautiful the unity in which they dwell! Such is the spirit of Masonry. It was born in the heart of God. Like the Pentacostal fire, it fuses Parthians and Medes, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Cretes and Arabians, Jews and Gentiles, into unity. O that it might burn more fiercely until the antagonism of race, the hatreds of creed, and the rivalries of business shall disappear, and the pure gold of brotherly love remain.—*Grand Chaplain Bro. R. H. Smith, of British Columbia.*

Masonic allegiance in New Zealand is becoming shaky. A wide-spread aspiration exists for a Grand Lodge for the whole colony.

Masonic lodges "run" on temperance principles are becoming numerous in the "old country." Charity thus becomes a reality.