

law, so far as it is expressed on the statutes, and the Constitution of the Commonwealth. Thus far they go, and no farther.

If they have crossed the threshold of Masonry, they will pay their dues, obey every summons, if they cannot present an excuse. Legally, as the letter expresses it, they obey the moral law. They put no stumbling block in the way, whereby any may fall. At the same time, they are exceedingly careful not to see any that are in the way, for fear they may be obliged by the nature and power of their fellowship to remove them. For it is the work of a Mason to make rough things smooth.

It is thus that our ranks are filled with mere automatons. These negative men in the Lodge do great injury. From the fact, the true positive members are compelled to carry them through life. We have some who are positive only in some things, but in many measures cast their influence in a negative way upon our honored fraternity. They never are heard to speak an encouraging word, or lend a helping hand, to implant the pure principles of Masonry in the soul of any one.

Masonry, to a true positive Mason, is like a good husband to a wife. Some men who are called good husbands never speak an unkind word to their wives. But the important question is, do they ever speak kind words to them. So with Masonry, men may not directly with the tongue and lips denounce it. At the same time, in their every-day's life, they make a negative record to what Masonry imperatively demands of them.

A life of indifference to a friend develops no friendship. It will blast, chill and harden the warmest heart. A negative Mason will not fit and prepare a rough ashlar for the firm, upright walls of the Masonic edifice. In order that Masonry shine in its meridian splendor, in its unclouded and unclipped principles, it must have a positive membership. A membership of true, living, upright, noble men, who will not shrink from, ignore duty, nor forget obligations.—*Mystic Star*.

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A GREENLANDER'S "HEREAFTER."—The Greenlander believes that when a man dies his soul travels to Torngarsuk—the land where reigns perpetual summer, all sunshine, and no night; where there are good water, and birds, fish, seals, and reindeer without end, that are to be caught without trouble, or are found cooking alive in a huge kettle. But the journey to this land is difficult; the souls have to slide five days or more down a precipice all stained with the blood of those who have gone down before. And it is especially grievous for the poor souls, when the journey must be made in winter or in tempest, for then a soul may come to harm, or suffer the other death, as they call it, when it perishes utterly and nothing is left. The bridge Es Sirat, which stretches over the midst of the Moslem hell, finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword, conveys a similar conception; and the Jews, too, when they came to believe in immortality, imagined a bridge of hell, at least for unbelievers to pass. Mr. Tylor traces this idea of a bridge in Java, in North America, in South America; and he shows how, in Polynesia, the bridge is replaced by canoes, in which the souls had to pass the great gulf.—*Mackey's Freemason*.