

You say you are a Jacobite. I know you are a Tory,  
And that is why you love things old, you see  
you're understood."

"Well, Alice, darling, you are right, and 'twas  
the story olden,  
Of a love unrequited, yet for ever and for  
aye:

Of my proud, peerless Amy, whose sweet  
looks did me embolden;  
Subject for artist's pencil, and methinks for  
poet's lay.

"Ah! no, she is not dead, my dear, but then  
you know she's married.  
And that is all the same to me, who have  
been like a child—  
Just crying for the moon, alas, and too long  
have I tarried,  
Old bachelors none care for; you agree? I  
saw you smiled.

'Twas many a year ago when I was made a  
Mark Master,  
And when I first was called upon to choose  
my Mason's Mark;  
Our initials in a diphthong symbolled a union  
faster  
Than any human link devised by love's elec-  
tric spark.

It was a love unspoken, for I had naught to  
give her,  
Only the loyal worship of a heart as true as  
steel;

She must have known I loved her though,  
indeed I can forgive her,  
For by no sign encouragement did she cause  
me to feel.

And for years I struggled, hoping that some  
day she would listen  
To my wooing, and return the love I long  
had bore her then;  
But never gave she word or sign, (my dear,  
your blue eyes glisten  
With melting tears), to me who am the sad-  
dest of sad men.

Well, Fortune did befriend me,—still I loved  
her and none other,  
But I was not to have the fair jewel that I  
prized;  
And my own Amy, she was wooed and won  
then by another;  
My mark had been no talisman, and I was  
not surprised.

Do I hate him who stole from me the girl I  
had been loving  
For all those weary years? I would have  
given her my life.  
Ah! no, why should I? Well, yes, abroad I  
took to roving,  
When he came and took my Amy to make  
her wedded wife.

Yet still I wear the token of a union consum-  
mated  
But only in the dream world, and in which  
I live away;  
And to any other woman I've thought not to  
be mated,  
For none have ever cared for one now get-  
ting grave and grey.

The jewel of the Stricken Heart I call that  
symbol olden,  
Which you are toying with just now while  
I lay story tell;  
A silver triangle you see within a small heart  
golden,  
Pierced through by a silver arrow; yes, 'tis  
fashioned fairly well.

I know the story of, the rite, to which this  
bauble lendeth  
Its quaintness and its interest? 'Know no-  
thing, no not I;  
Wishing to make amends perchance, a dear  
old brother sendeth,  
Or in return for kindness shown, gave it.  
Do not dry.

My little maiden, what's amiss; what have I  
said to vex you?  
My jewels, what are they, dear? Mark Jew-  
el least of all;  
A crowd of trooping thoughts sweep by: per-  
haps some may perplex you;  
Can it be I've risen now, yet only for a fall.

Is it true, I wonder, whilst I have been vainly  
asking  
For yonder distant satellite, that almost at  
my feet,  
A modest, beautiful flower has for long been  
basking  
In the light of my poor love, now: oh! Alice,  
tell me sweet.

For love begetteth love, and see, that other  
dream is ended,  
Aye, and those tell-tale blushes their own  
soft confession make;  
Say that you will be mine, and my sad life  
shall be amended:  
My Mason's Mark be still the same, and all  
for your sweet sake.

—Emra Holmes, author of "Amabel Vaughan."

### An Explanation of the Letter G.

Some years ago a flashily dress-  
ed individual made his appearance  
one evening in the reception room of  
the Masonic Temple in Boston, and  
intimated his desire to visit the Lodge  
then in session. It so happened that  
a well known Brother was sitting  
near the door, chatting with the Tyler  
and keeping his weather eye open for  
impostors, in accordance with a habit  
he had acquired from many years' ex-  
perience in keeping watch over the  
strong box of the Grand Lodge. He  
greeted the new comer cordially, and  
invited him to be seated until a com-  
mittee should come out and examine  
him.

"Oh! it's no matter about that,  
I'm all right," said the applicant,  
making sundry strange passes with  
his hands and curious contortions of  
his visage.

"Oh! yes," said Brother Mc, "I've  
no doubt of that, but I think they  
always examine strangers who desire  
to visit the Lodge. It's a mere mat-  
ter of form, you know."

"Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the  
visitor confidently.