

The Goodly Heritage.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

Oh, what a goodly heritage
 THE LORD to us has given!
 How blest the Brotherhood that pledge
 Their Mason vows to Heaven!
 We sing the mystic-chain that binds
 These western realms in one:
 Such loving hearts, such liberal minds,
 No other land has known.

Ten thousand lights in Mason-halls
 Are gleaming on our eyes;
 Ten thousand emblems on the Walls
 Tell whence the gleaming is:
 And when the portals ope, to pass
 The humble seeker in,
 THE VOICE OF PRAYER prevades the place,
 And proves the light DIVINE!

On every hill our brothers lie,
 And green sprigs deck the knoll;
 Their fall brought sorrow to the eye,
 But triumph to the soul:
 Our orphans sing in many a home,
 Our widows' hearts are glad,
 And Mason-light dispels the gloom
 And comfort finds the sad.

Thus link in link, from shore to shore,
 The mystic chain is wound;
 Oh, blended thus forever more,
 Be Mason-spirit found!
 And while the heavens, on pillars sure
 Of STRENGTH and WISDOM stand,
 May brotherhood like ours endure,
 Where Strength and Wisdom blend!

KINGSTON.—On Monday, 25th June, Minden Lodge, No. 253, Kingston, gave an excursion on the steamer *Maud* down the river, which proved a very pleasant and enjoyable trip. The steamer was as well filled as a party in pursuit of pleasure could desire. The route down the river was chosen, and Clayton was reached, near the shore of Wolfe Island. No stoppage was made, but the steamer passed closely by the wharves, the band playing "Yankee Doodle" and other complimentary airs. The American channel was followed till the Thousand Island Park and Alexandria Bay were passed in the same way, and there the *Maud* turned her bow to the Canadian side, and passed up the north channel. There were seen few of the usual signs of busy summer life; the camp ground was

inhabited by but a few workmen, who are putting up several fine new summer houses; the scattered Island cottages have but here and there a tenant, and the Thousand Island House and Crossman's were apparently boarderless, but bright in new paint and general freshness, in anticipation of the summer rush, already long delayed by the coolness of the weather. But Camp Headlam was occupied and made its salute; the steamer *Kelly* was met with a large excursion party under its faithful charge, and not a few handkerchiefs were waved from shady nooks in the shady groves. At 5 o'clock the wind fell and removed the last drawback to the most complete enjoyment, and two hours of delightful sailing under the brightest of sinking suns brought the excursionists to Gananoque, where an hour was spent pleasantly in promenading. The last stretch homeward was made under the pleasantest auspices of sky and weather, the moon being at its full and a warm air making the forward deck the general place of resort. The band of Battery "A.," which played at intervals throughout the day, furnished music also for dancing, which was moderately indulged in. A more satisfied crowd than that which landed at the promised hour of ten on the ferry wharf has not been seen in or out of Kingston in the excursion line.

The forms, ceremonies, signs and symbols are the vehicles for the implantation and impression thereof upon its votaries, and he who passes through the ceremonies and discovers nothing but form, and perceives not the underlying truth and comprehends not the grand principle illustrated, has given his strength for naught, and his substance for that which perisheth. So many are in that category that many Lodges are so only in name, many Masons mere stumbling blocks, the works of benevolence and charity, of love to all the Fraternity, are to them heavy taxes and a drag. Brethren, these things ought not to be. Let us bestir ourselves and wake up to our duties and learn anew the ceremonies of the Lodge and try to perceive the lesson.—Grand Master Blunt, of North Carolina.