

A NEW TEMPLAR ODE.

BY SIR S. T. CLARK, M. D.

Sir Knights attention ! Sheathe your shining steel !  
Doff helmets, and at the pall-clad Trigon kneel,  
And there remember Judas !

Eleven burning lights—one smothered flame  
Left to proclaim the name, the sin, the shame  
And fame, of fallen Judas !

The traitor Judas—who, for love of gold,  
In days of old, his brother Jesus sold—  
The bold, but blinded Judas !

The burning world the eye of Tyco spied,  
Could hide itself in darkness when it died—  
This was denied to Judas !

For while our Christ is God to fallen man,  
On him the ban, he still must lead the van,  
None can out-Judas Judas !

Then pledge me, Knights, beneath an arch of steel ;  
Seal me in five libations ne'er to feel  
In woe or weal like Judas !

O Jesus, Master ! from the mercy seat  
Come down and meet us ! we will kiss thy feet  
And not Thy cheek, like Judas !

—*Masnie Trowel.*

THE PEEPING COWAN AND THE TRUSTFUL DOG.

Way down in Ralepenn, where the Diction flows,  
There was a Mason-Lodge, the story goes ;  
A real rope-tying, branding, swearing set,  
As ever in the middle chamber met ;  
Their tyler, Bigbadd was his sobriquet.  
Hern Mott, their master—a queer, bustling fellow,  
Who always looked as though he *might* be mellow,  
So red his nose, so thick his speech, so odd,  
He wobbled as he walked along the road.  
He'd been a sailor in his younger days,  
Braved many a tempest on the billowy maze.  
And sailors never lose their sailor ways.  
The Senior, H. of T., was Wahley Brown ;  
The Junior GAVEL-MASTER, Thomas Towne.  
The Ralepenn Lodge worked in an upper room,  
Once the thronged banking-house of James Vannoon.  
When James broke up, and fudged, and ran away,  
And nobody was left to square and pay,  
The house was sold for what 'twould fetch, one day,  
And the Lodge bought it. 'Twas a brick concern,  
Two stories high, too tight to break or burn.  
The iron vault was in the second story,  
All empty now, stripped of its silver glory,  
Cobwebbed and dusty, mildewed, dark and hoary.

The lower room was let to Funkle Anck,  
A Dutch shoemaker ; chatty, tall, and lank ;  
Right down good workman ; honest, sober, rich,  
But with such symptoms of the *peeping itch*,  
That every time he heard the gavel sound,  
It set his very soul to peeping round,  
While awls and lapstone tumbled to the ground.