

use of a gentleman's library is extended to his friends." After his death the building was closed for repairs, and has not since been formally re-opened.

The House of the temple is a massive red brick of three stories, lettered over the entrance with a Hebrew inscription in gold. Ponderous doors open into a tiled lobby that opens, in turn, to a vast apartment containing the librarian's desk, where books must be returned before selecting others. Over this desk is a bronze bust of General Pike, and arranged in alcoves along the entire side of one wall are the works of fiction that in his day were banished from the shelves. The library proper is a still more spacious room beyond, with alcoves running around the walls from floor to ceiling, except where a narrow stairway winds to the galleries above.

The large and magnificent collection of books that fill the shelves of this library is being constantly increased both by purchase and donation. There is no printed catalogue, but as each subject is classified alphabetically, according to works and authors, a slight explanation from the librarian, Mr. W. L. Boyden, furnishes one with a key. An especially helpful feature is this arrangement of what might be called the reference bureau, where, besides the usual data, one can find brief indexed information of every subject under the sun, and many curious surmises as to affairs above it.

FOLK LORE OF ALL LANDS.

Added to a seemingly endless gathering of books, journals and manuscripts of Masonic lore in English, French, and American editions, there are histories of all races, together with their folk lore and local chroniclings. General Pike's records of the counties, shires and dialects of England being the finest in this country, it is said. In the poet's corner, from first to last, are the eminent bards of all countries, while the selection of old dramatists is practically complete. This rare and costly collection includes a copy of Moliere's plays that belonged to gay, wicked de Pom-

padour, her name being written on the title pages, and her shame-bought coat of arms blazoned on each back. As you open the cover you almost see the brocade-mistress of Louis step minuet-fashion from its leaves.

On the fly leaf of another book is the signature of dear, dear Horace Walpole, his own letters being near neighbor; and there is a curious copy of the Lord's Prayer in 155 languages (Prince Eugene Bonapart's private edition) that cost \$400 in gold. There are old volumes in the library worth twice that amount, for Gen. Pike was a princely bookworm, having spent \$13,000 on his collection in a single year alone.

Besides hundreds of American and English magazines, bound from the first number to the last, one finds in the lower gallery, books and books of travels, the chronicles of garrulous old Froissart and DeComynes, a delicious jumble of opera scores, sagas, leids and ballads and creepy old legends of ghosts and wier-wolves and broomstick witches, most of them out of print.

RARE OLD ROMANCES.

In a beautiful, silent corner of the upper gallery you come across original editions of old romances of chivalry, some of them with illuminations that are a feast of color, others with queer-pictured knights riding through volume after volume; white steeds for the Sir Gallahads who fought for God and their ladies, and coal-black chargers for the mediæval mashers who loved and rode their way. You do not wonder that "the lights burned blue in the castle hall," when you meet Alonzo the Brave racing through a black churchyard with a fair but very properly shrieking Imogene clasped tight, tight, in his skeleton armour; and when at last you come to dear, ridiculous Amadis de Gaul, singing beneath a latticed window you think hard things of Cervantes as you close the old book with a sigh.

A glass door in the upper gallery leads into a suite of committee rooms, each laid with bright carpets, and furnished with substantial desks and chairs.