

to strength, from suffering to peace, from violet to red. And then, there is the sum of it all—the great white light—God's love. It is shining ever upon us, and, at last, all our weary chastenings, our tearful climbings over the vari-colored way, shall be absorbed into the white light from which they came. But I am giving you the 'everlasting sermon,'" he said, with a smile. "I forget you do not like these things."

"I am glad that you can forget that I am a heathen," answered Bell, smiling too, "perhaps I might care, if I knew about them, but I am very ignorant, and I could never think them out myself."

"Neither do I think them out myself," he answered quietly. "I find them everywhere. Spring paints with green, to bid us hope; autumn dyes with richer, riper tints, for then we have the fulfilment of our hope. Winter with her frost, like the old man's hoary head, stands before us as a fitting emblem of the crown of glory laid upon the faithful at the end. Within her icy realm dwells death, and the year we welcomed with her first tiny pencilings of hope is, after all, but a symbol of life."

"Then in the Bible, Moses was commanded to make the veil of the inner court of the temple of blue, purple and scarlet, and fine twined linen. This veil hung between the people and the most holy place, a type of Christ standing now between the people and God. Fine twined linen always signifies righteousness; the blue, purple and scarlet, were fitly chosen, meaning the one from heaven, the other, a king, the last, our sacrifice. Then in the descriptions of the precious stones making the foundation of the New Jerusalem, the colors are all found again with their mystic meanings. Then the white robes of the redeemed, tell us over and over, that white is the crown, the sum of it all from the violet to the red. You will find it worth the time and trouble to search out these things yourself, Miss Bell. I may be too enthusiastic."

"Oh, no, you are not," she interrupted, "I like to hear you talk—like this," she added with a blush.

"It is only when I preach at Bell Murray that you dislike the preacher and object to the preaching," he said playfully.

"I never said so," she replied, with a pout.

"But, if I can read the silent language of the colors, do you suppose I am too dull to read the changes in your face," he said earnestly. "The changes that are coming and going all the time in your blue eyes. Am I blind, that I cannot see the impatient gray, that breaks all the delicate films love weaves, come too quick and too often? If you—but forgive me, I am going far beyond my rights."

"Go on, please," said Bell, timidly, veiling her tell-tale eyes with her long lashes.

"If you would try to keep the color of truth, the sapphire blue, which is yours by right of birth, and let it grow stronger with patience and earnest desire after better things, the vexing gray will not come at your happy moments cruelly to destroy. If you would look to the true light, and let it reflect the royal colors in your life, you would not find it difficult to be happy all the time. Put away this morbid reading," he said, touching her book, "and come out into Nature's grand alcove. You will get the pure sunlight there, and find better books to read."

"But I cannot read them. I have not learned the alphabet of their language," said Bell, sadly.

"Love is the key to the alphabet. If you love Nature's God, you will love his books; and, to love them is to be able to read them. Come with me, and we will read them together," he added quietly.

"I think we have blown enough soap bubbles for to-day," answered Bell, smiling.
—*Voice of Masonry.*

AN EARLY MASONIC BOOK.

BY BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

It has been supposed that the earliest printed book in which Freemasonry is alluded to as an organized institution, is the Constitutions of 1722, of which but a single copy is said to be extant, and which was recently republished by Bro. RICHARD SPENCER. Kloss mentions nothing earlier than the Constitutions of 1723, for when he published his BIBLIOGRAPHY, the copy of 1722 was unknown.

But there is in the valuable library of Bro. CARSON, of Cincinnati, another work of the year 1722, to which I have hitherto seen no reference. A brief account of it will, therefore, I think, be interesting. For an examination of the work I am indebted to Bro. ALBERT PIKE, to whom it had been loaned by Bro. CARSON.

The work is a small 8vo., of lxiv + 199 pages, and bears the following title:

Long Livers: A Curious History of Such Persons of both Sexes who have liv'd