

hour by the unfolding of its petals. So should we measure our time, not only by the falling sands of the Hour-Glass, but by the flower clock of ever blooming virtues, gentle charities, and noble deeds.

THE SCYTHE.—There is no emblem in our whole system more eloquent and suggestive than this. It speaks of decay—of the decay of manly vigor and beauty; the prostration of all schemes of pleasure, and business and ambition; the sudden termination, at the same time, of all the plottings of pride and crime, and of the long-projected plans of benevolence and charity. All are interrupted by the scythe's relentless sweep! Its motions are as perpetual as the revolving hours, its presence is as universal as life itself, and its ghastly purpose as certain as destiny. Yet, while it is intended to admonish us of the brevity and uncertainty of our earthly existence, and thus move us to employ our time wisely and well, its lessons are not all sad, nor do they, in any way, announce a final decay, or the ultimate supremacy of death. Over the undulating hills, and through the broad valleys, the Scythe takes its untiring way, and the grass and the flowers fall before its fatal strokes; but its victories are momentary. In another spring, green grows the grass again on the smiling hills, and the lilies again embellish the valley, more radiant than "Solomon in all his glory," and thus is eternally repeated the great story of LIFE IN DEATH, the perpetual renewal of Nature. While the "scythe of time," all-devouring, cuts us down, it gathers us into that everlasting Spring and Summer-Land, "where our fathers have gone before us," into the splendor and glory of the Greater Mysteries, where the bond of our Fellowship is rendered perfect, and Friendship and Love are unchanging and immortal.—*Voice of Masonry.*

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The Source of Light.

The following is a synopsis of a sermon preached in Trinity Church, Aurora, by R. W. Bro. Rev. C. W. Paterson, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Canada, on the Festival of St. John the Evangelist:—

GEN. i, 3, "And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

The preacher, after congratulating the brethren upon this very appropriate way of observing one of the Great Festivals by attending Divine worship, said, that the words of the text were familiar to the neophyte in Freemasonry, who, after having been kept in a state of darkness, is permitted to see the light while those words of Holy Writ are sounding in his ears. They are the first words of the Great Architect of the Universe when He began to lay the foundations of the earth, and rear up that structure the beauties of which cause even the infidel and sceptic, in his dark infidelity and scepticism, to acknowledge in them the hands of a Supreme Being.

It was not his intention, he said, to discuss scientifically from the fact of the creation and His wonderful works, the great truth of the existence of a Supreme Being—for *no Mason can deny this*; nor was it necessary for him, on the present occasion, at all events, to shew that the Biblical account of the creation is true, since he is no Mason who doubts that God has, in the Bible, revealed His Word to man,—but rather to shew wherein the first work of God in the material world resembles the new creation in the heart of man by the same power whereby the world, even by His Son, Jesus Christ.

We are told in God's revealed word that ere that first morning broke in obedience to the fiat of the Almighty, the earth was without form, and void, one chaotic mass—and silent darkness reigned undisturbed. The Son of God had long anticipated the formation of the world, before the mountains were