

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

THE funniest story I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, a Mason true,
As good a Mason as any of you;
He is Tyler of Lodge Cerulean Blue,
And tyles and delivers the summonses due,
And she wanted to be a Mason too,
This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed him round, this inquisitive
wife,
And nagged him and teased him half out
of his life,
So, to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.
And first, to disguise her from bonnet to
shoon,
The ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breeches—forgive me—I meant pantaloons;
And miraculously did they fit her.

The Lodge was at work on the Master's
Degree;
The light was ablaze on the letter G,
High soared the pillars J and B,
The officers sat like Solomon wise,
The brimstone burned amidst horrid cries;
The goat roamed wildly through the room,
The candidate begged 'em to let him go
home,
The devil himself stood up in the East
As proud as an alderman at a feast;
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

Oh! horrible sounds! oh! horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of the night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters know
The unutterable things they do,
Their feminine hearts would burst with
woe;

But this is not all my story.
For those Masons joined in a hideous ring,
The candidate howled like everything,
And thus in tones of death they sing—
The candidate's name was Morey—
"Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,

Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him all grim and gory."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word:
She staggered, and fell in the nearest chair,
On the left of the Junior Warden there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans,
That the chair was made of human bones.

Of human bones! On grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror rolls;
Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore!
Those bones, the bones that Morgan wore!
His scalp across the top was flung—
His teeth around the arms were strung—
Never in all romance was known
Such uses made of human bone.

The brimstone gleamed in lurid flame,
Just like a place we will not name;
Good angels, that inquiring came
From blissful courts, looked on with shame
And tearful melancholy.
Again they dance, but twice as bad,
They jump and dance like demons mad,
The tune is Hunkey-Dorey—
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.

Then came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the door, up sliding
draws,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I without tears relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw him sink in fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! [my
soul!"

While roars of fiendish laughter roll,
At his outcry supplicatory.
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.

The ridiculous woman could stand no
more,
She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
'Midst all the diabolical roar.

What, then, do you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—
She dreamed that she'd been in the Ma-
sons' hall.

THE Rock River (Illinois) Methodist Conference has forbidden any more laying of church corner-stones with Masonic ceremonies.

"If a man love righteousness, his labors are virtues. For he teacheth temperance and prudence, justice and fortitude; which are such things as men can have nothing more profitable in their life. She knoweth things of old. She expoundeth dark sentences."

THE mental qualifications of a candidate embrace sanity of mind, and a capability of understanding the obligations and instructions of the order, that he may be prepared to perform its duties.