

brother's crimping house in Wapping? The Feast of the Passover is solemnly kept through the length and breadth of Houndsditch, nor of unleaven bread is there any lack in Petticoat Lane. But not therefore exists the piety that destroyed Amalek or the constancy that won the Promised Land."

I was beginning to grow very sleepy and had mentally "schwore off" all future altercation with Junior Deacons, but there was one more arrow in my quiver, and I shot it bravely. "The Jews," I said, "are true to at least the theory of their revelation, though they may fail in its practice; they acknowledge an ideal, even where they never dare to imitate it. But your interesting clients know knothing, it seems, beyond what happened to serve Stuart's turn. The good-for-nothing Europeans you quoted, have the memory of departed greatness still left to sigh over, and, by the standard of the past, secretly confess their own unworthiness. How comes it, if their cases are in point, that your newly found brethren are unmindful of all that is worth memory, and ignorant of any by-gone age, in which light may have illuminated their dusky ancestors?"

"Can you positively affirm that they are thus ignorant, or are you sufficiently familiar with their tradition to define its annals? But, granting all your inference, what does it come to? Explain how these sons of Adam have degenerated from God's own image to the semblance of the baboon, and how the lithe grace of Eve, mother of all beauty, has come to develop itself in the hideous outlines of their lubras. The Earl of Zetland and King Bungaree are brth men, and may be both Masons. And if so, which discrepancy is the greater, the masonic or the masculine!"

"Freel," said I, "I have no time to night to convince you, and the fire is going out. So if you like to finish your grog to John McDougall's health, I am with you, and if he never meets decenter masons, may he never want as faithful a disciple! So mote it be!"

*To be continued.*

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THE OLDEST MASON IN THE WORLD.—*Haverhill, Mass., October 26.*—Yesterday afternoon, the one-hundredth birthday of the Hon. Moses Wingate, of this town, the oldest Mason in the world, was celebrated by his immediate friends, and members of the masonic fraternity. He was born October 25, 1769; and was made a Mason in 1803. He retains his mental faculties.—*Sun.*

To EVERY man there are many, many dark hours, when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise—when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive—hours when he feels unequal to the burden, when all his aspirations seem worthless. They are the common lot of humanity.