

butions. The plan we present to you in this fraternal epistle is simply that we unite to patronize his volume of Masonic poems. As, in the case of the Poet Laureate Robert Burns, a hundred years ago, the Freemasons combined to aid him by purchasing his volume of poems, and thus relieved him in his extremity, so we propose to deal with his successor, and while benefitting him, benefit and honor ourselves.

Immediately following the coronation in December last, there was published a Laureate Edition of Morris' Masonic poems, three hundred in number, in the splendid volume so fully set forth upon the next pages. This book was just winning its way to the favor of the Masonic craft (seven hundred and sixty-five copies had been subscribed for) when the active life of the poet was so suddenly brought to a close. In this Laureate Edition will be found all those gems of poetic genius wrought during two score years in the alembic of his fervid mind,—those masterpieces of Masonic verse which gave to Rob Morris the undisputed title to the laurel wreath, and our definite proposition to you—as to all the chiefs and rulers in Freemasonry—is that you take at once a copy of this book, and thus do your part to place his affairs upon a substantial footing.

A quarterly list containing the names, titles, and addresses of subscribers will be published and sent to each brother who responds to this circular letter, thus demonstrating the charitable spirit of the oldest, the largest, and the most widely spread Institution on the face of the earth.

The committee, in conclusion, feel it due to themselves to affirm their entire disinterestedness in this appeal. All their labor in the matter is performed gratuitously, and whatever profit is realized from the working out of the plan shall be devoted, to the last cent, to the benefit of Brother Morris.

Orders may be sent to Robert

Macoy, No. 4 Barclay street, *New York city, N. Y.; to Messrs. Knight & Leonard, 107 Madison street, Chicago, Illinois, or, if preferred, to Brother Rob Morris, La Grange, Kentucky. If sent to Brother Morris, he will when desired, append his autograph and a poetical sentiment to the fly leaf.

Respectfully and fraternally (for the Committee),

ROBT. MACOY.

NATURE AND GOD.

Mysteries hidden from the foundation of the world have been revealed to our age. The North gives up its secret, and the South keeps not back its long hidden enigmas. We besiege the North Pole and come ever nearer to the axis of the earth. The dark continent of Africa, the sphinx of the desert, is beginning to unfold her story. We know the sources of the Nile, so long a secret, and German map-makers give us the course of the river Congo, on a scale of an inch to the mile. We read the hieroglyphics on the walls of ancient Luxor, and decipher the cuneiform inscriptions of Nineveh. Sooner or later everything comes to light.

Once the human race was in its infancy, in the stone age, without any metallic tools or weapons. Under the ruins of Troy and within the mounds of Ohio we find similar traces of that primitive epoch. Dr. Schliemann has found beneath the fortress of Hissarlik the remains of a city which makes the Iliad a thing of yesterday. There are axes wrought of the hard stone called jade, which must have been brought by travelling caravans from the eastern shores of Asia, just as we now send our steel axes and shovels from Massachusetts to Japan. And under the mounds in the Miami valley Professor Putnam has discovered similar tools of obsidian, which must have been brought by those ancient races from distant Colorado. In that period, so long