

Victoria shall be gladly done for you.
—*The Australian Keystone.*

“HARK, TEMPLARS, HARK!
ARMENIA CALLS.”

It is one of the curious chapters in the history of Mohammedanism against Christianity, that after the lapse of a thousand years the blood of Christian innocents is being shed, and the wails of Christian martyrs from the plains and mountains of Armenia appeal to the sympathy of all true Christian Knights. With undiminished ferocity the descendants of Mohammed, in obedience to his precepts, “the sword and Koran in either hand,” pursue the same relentless persecution of the followers of Christ, as when the green banner of Islam was first unfurled on the plains of Arabia. And to the eternal disgrace of so-called Christian governments, massacre, rapine and desolation go on, and no helping hands are raised to stay the barbarities. The solemn vows of the Christian Knight, first made at Palestine, pledge him to the defense of the Christian religion, whenever, wherever, or by whom assailed, and it may yet come to pass, even in this nineteenth century, that some fearless Templar shall raise aloft the emblem of Christianity, and, like the inspired monk of the Crusades, call upop the chivalry of Christ to the rescue of suffering Armenia from the scourge of the merciless Turk.

“O for the swords of former time,
O for the men who bore them,
When armed for right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them.”

Hark, Templars, from Armenia's shore,
The piteous cry, the tyrant's roar,
Red-murder stalks unbridled there,
Rapine his mate, a fitting pair.
Her burning cities shroud the sky,
Her ruined fields uncultured lie,
Her slaughtered sons, her altars riven,
Her woes unnumbered rise to heaven.
A thousand years of Moslem hate,
Wreck vengeance on the hapless state,
And Christian nations idly stand;
Nor voice, nor arm, to help the land
Whose mountain peaks the first to show,
When deluge covered all below,
And Noah, with trembling hope, released
The white-winged messenger of peace,

While high above the ark was seen
God's promise in the rainbow's sheen.
Hark! Templars, hark! a call to arms,
Again resounds war's dread alarms,
To hold the faith that Jesus taught,
The cause for which your Fraters fought,
When from the infidel was torn
The holy fane where Christ was born,
And Christian Knighthood bore aloft
The sacred emblem of the cross.
Look, Templars, from the dark unknown,
Where ghostly warriors sadly roam,
Who once their banners proudly bore,
And bathed their swords in Moslem gore,
To you they signal mute appeals,
To raise your beauseants, bare your steel.
And like the gallant Knights of old,
Drive Moorish wolves from Christian fold,
While high above the crescent's gleam,
The cross shall show its glorious beam.
Hark! Templars, from the sea and main,
From mountain top and ravished plain
Armenia prostrate calls on you,
And if your Knighthood vows are true
She shall not call in vain.

—Alexander H. Morgan, in *Keystone*.
—*American Tyler.*

THE FOG IS LIFTING.

The Grand High Priest of one of our Northern States proclaimed the following:—

Question.—Is a brother who has lost the first two fingers of the right hand at the third joint, eligible to receive the degree conferred in a Chapter?

Answer.—No. A brother so maimed is disqualified; he is not possessed of the requisite physical qualifications.

As grips, signs and physical perfection build and maintain homes, and is the source of all moral and mental worth, of course a Master Mason who has been so unfortunate as to lose an inch or more of his right digits, has lost all desires to maintain Homes, and contribute to worthy, distressed companions, their widows and orphans. Therefore he must be disqualified. We have been wobbling around in a fog of misconception so long as to what constitutes a man, that our mind can just see a few faint streaks of Masonic dawn. When we received the Masonic degrees out there in that wilderness called Ohio, they tell us that it was the “inner” and not the “outer” that qualified a man to become a Ma-