

in ceremonial, sometimes on critical and solemn occasions. Or in a moment when a brilliant flash of genius lights up his mind, and he is disposed to rush glibly along the well-beaten road, some wag puts in an "aside," and the confident hero tumbles at once from high heaven to the nether hades. He is commonly a solemn sort of person, and when he speaks you imagine that he is extracting his words from some deep internal reservoir. You scarcely see any movement of the lips, but his low grumbling tone assure you that the machinery of his mind works through the agency of an intricate arrangement of cog-wheels. With all his faults, however, we like him much better than we do those brethren who readily catch the letter of Masonry, but never acquire its spirit; whose learning is no deeper than the lips, and who pour out, parrot-like, their superficial acquirements. Such men are apt to leave a disagreeable impression on the minds of thoughtful young Masons, who leave their glib mentors with the idea that Masonry after all is a thing of books and formulas, and not a set of principles which admit of infinite development. Further knowledge of lodge proceedings soon, no doubt, removes this erroneous impression, but it would be better if it had never been produced. High qualifications for office are, no doubt, rare, but respectable mediocrity is, or should be, common enough, and great care should be exercised in the choice of brethren to fill prominent positions. If the officers are below par the lodge suffers in prestige, and consequently in prosperity.

The enthusiastic Mason, whose enthusiasm is like the froth of ginger beer, is not a favorite with us. We value and appreciate enthusiasm of the true sort whenever we meet with it. It is a moral force of the most powerful and subtle kind, and those who possess it have done wonders for the cause. But our obnoxious enthusiast is all froth. He takes to this or that subject as the fit seizes him, and never works long enough at any to make a lasting impression. His oratory is of the effervescent kind, and he deals naturally in well-worn platitudes, which have served again and again to give a dull point to still duller wit. He, however, rapidly reaches his climax. Some rough, but kindly brother, endowed with a strong tincture of common sense, gives him his first rebuff, and our frothy enthusiast at once sinks into a state of collapse, and disappears for a time from the scenes of his labors. He now attends but seldom, and remains a dumb listener for life. Having never learned the English habit of giving and taking, he cannot feel any charity for the brother who so rudely set him down, but continues to cherish a small animosity, which is decidedly unmasonic. Of course, he would not do his supposed enemy any harm for the world. But he never applauds his sensible remarks, and votes against him on every occasion. He has had his *coup de grace*, but can neither die like a Briton, nor get thoroughly healed of the wound. His silence is, however, a decided gain to his lodge, if he could only be brought to think so; since it is very certain that no institution has ever yet gained any permanent good from noise and froth.

Our ideal type of a Mason is the man who, although not a constant attendant at lodge, yet contrives, by his wisdom and personal worth, to carry enormous weight in its councils. His proposals are always carried, and his speeches are characterized by a quiet dignity and grace which give them a peculiar charm. When he rises to address the brethren you may hear a pin drop, and he concludes his pithy orations amid general regrets that he has said so little. Yet he possesses the rare art of saying much in a few words, and has thoroughly learned how to influence the minds of thoughtful men. He never deals in flights of oratory, or in that species of buncomb which passes for eloquence, but carries his point by the aid of well-arranged facts and cogent reasoning. A man of this stamp is always a pillar of the lodge which is so fortunate as to claim him as a member. He would, probably, shine in any station of life, and is as highly respected in the city for his probity and good judgment as he is in the Order for his studious regard for the true interests of Masonry.

Lastly, we must touch briefly upon the characteristics of the Mason who is conspicuous for benevolence. Happily, this type is common enough, but we have in our mind's eye, as the most perfect embodiment of the character, the brother who seldom makes speeches, but who works silently and steadily at the task he has set himself. We shall not chronicle the long roll of his good deeds, since a man of his stamp generally does good by stealth, yet when duty calls him to a prominent place, and he becomes one of the Stewards of the annual banquet in aid of the funds of the Asylum or Schools, he is always conspicuous for the large sum which he manages to collect for the institutions. But his goodness is never one-sided, and he always remembers that true charity begins at home. His first care is for his wife and family, his second is for the Order, and his last for the world. When such a man dies, he requires neither panegyric nor epitaph. The good he has done lives after him, and is the most fitting monument of his fame.—*Fremason's Chronicle*.