

the Working Tools of the Great Artificer ' himself, went the rafts of cedar beams prepared in the heights above, and freighted for Joppa, for the mighty erection at Jerusalem. This was the chief timber depot of all this region, and justly merits the title of Masonic locality. V. *Joppa*.—Through this ancient port, as the palace of transit, went all the supplies of materials and of workmen needed in the immortal structure going up some thirty miles to the eastward. In all Masonic traditions Joppa is emphatically a Masonic locality. VI. *The Clay-grounds*.—From the Clay-grounds between Succoth and Zeredathah went all the holy vessels and the brazen pillars J. and B. For here the foundries were established in which they were cast. This, therefore, is a Masonic locality, VII. *Jerusalem*.—It needs no proof that Jerusalem is a Masonic locality.—*Light in Masonry*.

## THE TRIALS OF A TEMPLAR.

A SUMMER'S day in Syria was rapidly drawing towards its close, as a handful of European cavalry, with flat-topped helmets, cumbrous hauberks, and chargers sheathed in plate and mail, toiling their weary way through the desert scorched almost to the heat of embers, but high of heart, elated with enthusiastic valor and the inspiring sense of a holy cause, they followed their leader, one of the best and most tried lances of the Temple, careless whither and secure of triumph, their gold lance-heads sparkling in the rays of the setting orb, and the parti-colored banner of the Beauseant hanging motionless in the still atmosphere.

Before them lay a waste of bare and dusty plain, though varied by thorny shrubs and dwarf palm trees. As they wheeled round one of those thickets, they halted suddenly at the sight of some fifty horsemen, whose fluttering garb and turbaned brows proclaimed them natives of the soil, winding along the valley beneath them with the steady silence of prowling tigers.

Although the enemy nearly trembled his own force in numerical power, without a moment's hesitation Albert of Vermandois arrayed his little band, and before the infidels discovered his presence, much less his drawn blade, or concentrated their scattered line, the dreadful war-cry rang upon their ears, "Ha Beauseant! for the Temple! for the Temple!" and down thundered the irresistible charge of the western Crusaders on their unguarded flank. Not an instant did the Saracens withstand the brunt of the Norman lance; they broke away on all sides, leaving a score of their companions overthrown, to rise no more, on the bloody plains. Scarcely had the victors checked their horses, or re-organized their phalanx, broken by the hot struggle, when the distant clang of cymbal, horn and kettle-drum mingled with shrill cries of the heathen sounding in every direction, announced that their march had been anticipated, their route beset, themselves surrounded. Hastily taking possession of the vantage ground afforded by a hillock, and dismissing the lightest of his party to ride for life to the Christian camp and demand immediate aid, Albert awaited the onset with the stern composure arising from self-possession.

A few minutes sufficed to show the extent of their embarrassment, and their great peril. Three heavy masses of cavalry were approaching from different quarters, their gaudy turbans, gilded arms, and waving pennons of an hundred hues, blazing in marked contrast to the stern and martial simplicity of the iron soldiers of the west. To Albert's quick eye it was instantly evident that their hope was in protracting the conflict till succor came, and even this hope was diminished by the unwonted velocity with which the Mohammedans hurried to the attack. Fiercely, however, as they charged, their lighter coursers recoiled before the bone and weight of the European war steeds. The lances of the Crusaders were shivered in the onset, but to the thrust of these succeeded the deadly sweep of the two-handed swords flashing above the cimeters of the infidel with the sway of some terrific engine. Time after time the eastern warriors rushed on, and as often retreated, like the surf from some lonely rock on which it has wasted its thunders in vain.

At length they changed their plan, and, wheeling in rapid circles, poured in their arrows as fast, and for a time as fruitlessly, as the snow storm of a winter day. On they came again, right upon the point where Vermandois was posted, headed by a tall chieftain distinguished by his gorgeous arms and gallant bearing.

Rising in his stirrups, when at a few paces off, he hurled his long javelin full in the face of the Crusader. Bending his chest to the saddle-bow as the dart passed harmlessly over him, Albert cast his massive battle-axe in return; the tremendous missile hurled past the chief at whom it was aimed, and smote his shield-bearer to the earth, at the very moment when an arrow pierced the Templar's charger through the eye-ball to the brain; the animal bounded forward and fell lifeless, bearing his rider with him to the ground; yet, even in that last struggle the stern knight clove the turbaned leader down to the teeth before he fell.