

appositely to this symbolism of the sovereignty of the Master. Thus Gwillim says: "The Sun is the symbol of sovereignty, the hieroglyphic of royalty; it doth signify absolute authority." This representation of the Sun as a symbol of authority, while it explains the preference to the Master, enables us to amplify its meaning, and apply it to the three sources of authority. The Master, therefore in the east, is a symbol of the Rising Sun; the Junior Warden in the south, of the Meridian Sun; and the Senior Warden in the west, of the Setting Sun. So in the mysteries of India, the chief officers were placed in the east, the west, and the south, respectively, to represent Brahma, or the Rising—Vishnu, or the Setting—and Siva, or the Meridian Sun. And in the Druidical Rites, the Arch Druid, seated in the east, was assisted by two other officers, the one in the west representing the Moon, and the other in the south representing the Meridian Sun.

This triple division of the government of a Lodge by three officers, representatives of the Sun in his three manifestations, in the east, south, and west, will remind us of similar ideas in the symbolism of antiquity. In the Orphic Mysteries it was taught that the Sun, generated from an egg, burst forth with power to triplicate himself by his own unassisted energy. Supreme power seems always to have been associated in the ancient mind with a three-fold division. Thus the sign of authority was indicated by the three-forked lightning of Jove, the trident of Neptune, and the three-headed Cerberus of Pluto. The government of the universe was divided between the three sons of Saturn. The chaste goddess ruled the earth as Diana, the heavens as Luna, and the infernal regions as Hecate, whence her rites were only performed in a place where three roads met.

The Sun is then presented to us in Masonry, first as a symbol of light, but then more emphatically as a symbol of sovereign authority.

But, says Wemyss (Synb. Lung.) speaking of symbolism, "the Sun may be considered to be an emblem of divine truth," because the Sun, or light of which it is the source, "is not only manifest in itself, but makes other; so one truth detects, reveals and manifests another, as all truths are dependent on and connected with each other more or less." And this again is applicable to the Masonic doctrine, which makes the Master the symbol of the Sun; for as the Sun discloses and makes manifest by the opening of the day what had been hidden in the darkness of night, so the Master of a Lodge, as the analogue of the ancient Hierophant or explainer of mysteries, makes divine truth manifest to the neophyte who had been hitherto in intellectual darkness, and reveals the hidden or esoteric lessons of initiation.—A. G. Mackey.

*The Working of Masonry.*—The day had been bleak and inclement, and the setting sun had left behind him a heavy and sleety night. A day of severe labor had caused me to feel weary and indolent, I retired to my office, and divesting myself of boots, and putting on my slippers, prepared myself in easy chair for a night's ease. I fell into a light slumber, from which I was rudely aroused by the loud ringing of the office bell. The outer door was opened by my servant, and I heard him remark, "You will find Dr. C. in his office," at the same time opening the inner door. I started from my seat to welcome a gentleman muffled in a comforter and a heavy overcoat, his slouched hat drawn down over his eyes, and an unkempt beard of a week's growth. For a moment he seemed to eye me with stern intensity; at length, making a profound bow, he asked in a husky voice: "Do I address Dr. C., Master of——— Lodge of Masons?" "You do," I replied, and extending my hand to greet him, the recognition of brothers was cautiously exchanged. The stranger, at my request, seated himself at the cheerful fire, but remained silent; at length springing to his feet, he violently grasped both my hands, and while tears streamed down his face, he cried in accents, keen, piercing, the sad, hopeless tone of which I shall never forget, "Doctor, brother, my wife is dying, and I have not a dollar to procure her the needed attendance or medicine." "Where is she?" I demanded. He paused a moment as if unwilling to state where; at length, assured by my remarks made to him, he replied: "At——— Hotel. We arrived this evening from the North, on our way home in Alabama. I had been on a pleasure tour, hoping to improve the health of my wife, as far as Boston; my means were ample, my tickets were purchased for this place: but before arriving here I found my pocket book had been abstracted from my pocket, and but for that my tickets had been given to the conductor, God only knows what humiliation I and my dear wife might have been subjected to. My pocket book has been stolen, and only my baggage remains." There was a manly and honorable countenance in the man. I called with him to see his young and sweet looking wife, and without hesitation gave him the amount of money he needed, at the same time requesting a medical friend to call and prescribe for the wife. I was often laughed at for my folly, and what was called my gullibility. Some several months passed, when one evening on my way to my lodge, I called at the post office, and was presented with a package which had