

bers of society." Thus the principal Sovereign Princes, many of the nobility, and men of eminence and learning, have always stood forth as the patrons, protectors and friends of this society. A lodge was instituted at the Hague, in the year 1738, of which William IV, Prince of Orange, became a member, and since that time, the Grand Lodge of Holland has established subordinate lodges in its foreign possessions, in India, St. Martin's, and in South America.

The first lodge in Denmark was established at Copenhagen, in the year 1743 and the first lodge in Sweden was established at Stockholm in the year 1751, both under warrant from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, since which time the order in those countries has prospered in its work—relieving the necessities of the poor, and advancing the best interests of the people. The first lodge established in the vast empire of Russia, was consecrated at St. Petersburg in June, 1771, and was called the Lodge of Perfect Union; and though the mystic art does not flourish there as in those countries where religious and political freedom have established their throne, yet many of the good, the wise, and the true among the Russian nobility, glory in the privilege of wearing a Mason's habiliments and emblems.

The first modern lodge of Freemasons in Asia, was established by warrant from the Grand Lodge of England, at Bengal, in the year 1740; and now lodges exist in many parts of Hindostan, the East Indies, Ceylon, and China.

A lodge was established at James Fort in Africa, in 1736, and at the Cape of Good Hope in 1773. There are Lodges now in many parts of the Division of the world, at the Island of Mauritius, Madagascar, and St. Helena, appearing like beautiful oases in the moral and intellectual deserts surrounding them.

In the year 1733 a charter was granted by the Grand Lodge of England to a number of the Fraternity who resided in Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, giving them authority to form Masonic lodges in whatever part of North America they might think proper; and from that time, with alternate sunshine and cloud, calm and tempest, the principles of the order have continued to advance, and now the mystic tree, deeply and firmly rooted, is flourishing in beauty, in strength and in grandeur, through the whole continent.

Thus you have seen, that this Society arose in the ages of the remote past, that it has continued to flourish to the present period, and that it has received the countenance and support of the good, the wise, and the powerful of the most renowned nations of the world. You have seen: that it has been the depository of the arts and sciences most valuable to man during the dark days of our history. When ignorance and superstition hung over the earth like a pall, dark and dreary as midnight, typical of mental and moral death—when the pride of barbarism, in the meridian of its power and ruthlessness, trampled upon every vestige of literature and science, and crushed beneath its iron tread, refinement and taste, and all those gems of truth and love which point out man as an emanation of the Divine Mind—the Masonic Temple was as an ark of safety for the seeds of knowledge, which were afterwards sown, extending and spreading over the earth, making the dark places brilliant with light, and the rough places smooth—which dissipated the mists of ignorance, and are now ameliorating the condition of the world.

In the famous questions proposed by Henry VI of England, to the Masonic body, the commission appointed by that monarch to glean information respecting their principles and practice; reported to him that the Masons had taught mankind Agriculture, Architecture, Astronomy, Geometry, Numbers, Poetry, Chemistry, Government; and Religion; and to the question, "Do Masons know more than other men?" The answer given was, "Not so—they only have the right and the opportunity to know more than other men, but many fail in capacity and many more lack industry that is most necessary for its acquirement. But to the true Mason; every object in nature is invested

with a new interest. The blade of grass, the delicate leaf and the beautifully tinted flower; the moss that carpets the woody shade, and the rainbow-hues of the butterfly's wing, are fraught with a meaning to him which the world knows not of. Ho it is, who,

"I find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks. Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

—While the principles of universal grammar, may be understood and used as matters of practice and convenience by the non-initiate, the true Mason makes use of those same principles in a higher and more noble sense. While the beautiful columns which strengthen and adorn the building, distinguishing the different orders of the science of architecture, may excite emotions of wonder and admiration in the beholder, to the true Mason, very line, and angle, and curve, from base to entablature, speaks to his heart and his conscience. While arithmetic may be used by man in his daily vocations, as an instrument for amassing wealth and numbering riches, to the true Mason it becomes a means of heightening his gratitude to his Almighty Creator, by calling his attention to the manifold blessings which surround the tessellated pavement of his life.

The deep triangle, the mysterious circle, the beautiful ellipse, and all those geometrical forms and figures, the properties of which were so well understood and demonstrated by those learned and noble craftsmen, Euclid and Pythagoras; may indeed enable the mathematician, to weigh the sun as in a balance, to determine the times and seasons of a system of planets, to measure the sublime years of Mizar, to point out a spot in the heavens where no mortal eye has ever penetrated and say with confidence that a mighty world, in the majesty of silence is performing his solemn pilgrimage; yet with all this, the true Mason, may use the same figures to determine the progress of his soul in the beautiful orbits of morality, virtue, benevolence and truth, until he depart hence to the rest that will be hereafter. The sweet sounds of music may be listened to with rapture, until the soul is intoxicated with harmony, but the true Mason again accepts it, whether from the deep, rich, and solemn tones of the organ, the sweet zephyr whispering to the evening landscape, the rippling brook in its course over the pebbles, the deafening thunder in the cloud, or in the voice of pure affection by the expressive symbolism of his science, as a lesson to his heart.

The rough ashlar and the polished stone, the half erected house and the completed mansion, the stately tree and the apparently useless weed, the perfect animal and the minute infusoria, to the true Mason, furnish lessons for the guidance of his life, and the elevation of his soul, to that temple above where all is harmony and perfection.

Masonry is the impersonation of benevolence, charity and mercy.

The Sacred text declares that the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatted together, and the little child shall lead them.

Masonry emphatically fulfils these words of prophecy.

See you, yonder surried hosts on the battle field, with the weapons of death poised, ready to do their fell and murderous work; the gleaming sword flashes in the light, the fatal rifle sends swiftly the pitiless ball, the thundering artillery sweeps down the ranks by hundreds—the crimson fluid of the young; the stalwart, the aged and the noble, gushes from the unnerved arm. Ories of agony fill the air:—Watch that fierce soldier about to plunge his death-dealing weapon into the body of his enemy. One moment, and his sword falls harmless to his side. He takes the refreshing draught and places it to the parched lips of him whom a moment before he designed to destroy;—he lifts him gently and tenderly from the ground, carries him to a place of safety, and yields him henceforth his protection and support. He has recognized a brother, and whispers to him peace and consolation.

This is the genius and spirit of Masonry!

Look once more. Watch that beautiful ship with her sails spread to the gentle breeze—slowly and proudly gliding over the placid bosom of yonder sea. Mark those groups of merwomen and children upon her deck, unconscious of danger lurking near them. All appears to be peaceful and calm. Look again in the distant horizon. Do you observe that strange suspicious craft rapidly bearing down upon the noble ship!

See, as she approaches, the black flag flying at the mast head, made hideous with the symbols of death imprinted on it. See the fierce and lawless band with their gleaming scimitars, preparing for the work of spoliation and slaughter. Hear the summons to surrender, and in a moment the ship with her precious burden is in the hands of the pirate band. But mark the Chief of the lawless crew. He recognizes by a universal language, one who is as he once was, in the days of peace and purity! those bloodhounds' muzzles are silent to the stern command. He bids them to spare the freight is released at once, and the vessel is on her way to her destined haven of peace.

This is a result of Masonry. Do you see in the dense woods by yonder stream that band of savage warriors with their sharpened tomawks and scapular knives waving with a deadly but joyous little company of white men slowly and unconsciously of the proximity, winding their way towards them. Mark! the war whoop echoes through the forest, and the little and powerless, fall beneath the death-dealing steel. See you that noble looking figure bending over the prostrate form of one of the fallen, shielding his body from the infuriated savage! That is Brutus, the Mason! exhibiting a Mason's love, and affording a Mason's protection to a fallen and wounded brother. See again, that aged man coming from the far west—behold him beside the same stream, where instead of words and a pathless wilderness, a populous town and fields, teeming with the bonities of a benevolent father, greet the eye. Look how his thin and silvery locks are waving in the breeze; mark the tears trickle from his fine expressive eyes, as a coffin is removed from its humble resting place, to be deposited in one more appropriate for a Christian's sepulchre! That is the same white man who, fifty years before, received a Mason's protection from his Indian brother, and who has travelled from his home in the far west to assist at the last rites of that brother's sepulchre.

Thus does Masonry break down the barriers that separate races, nations and kindreds of men and unites them together by the cords of universal charity. It harmonizes varied and opposite interests, snaps the fetters from the innocent and oppressed captive, and restores him to liberty and his home. It visits the prison cell, and administers consolation to the afflicted and unfortunate. It removes the hated spirit of party, and influences man to follow the injunction of the Saviour—"Love your enemies."

See ye not the man, bowed down with infirmity, age and sorrow, who has been deeply drenched in the waters of bitterness! Misfortune has deprived him of his substance, and disease has rendered him unable longer to earn his bread. Mark him telling to those whom Providence has blessed with abundance, his tale of woe; pleading for himself and little ones who have been turned, with him, upon the uncertain charity of a cold and unthinking world! Do you note the auditor melted to tears by the eloquence with which poverty appears to all the fine impulses of the human heart? See him give a portion of his bounty, and calling forth a smile of gladness upon that poor man's woe-stricken cheek, and causing his bedimmed eye to sparkle with joy? Do you not feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive? Do you not go in humility of spirit to the fountain of kindness and mercy, and invoke a blessing upon the giver?

Thus to give, thus to relieve sorrow, and want, and suffering, and misery, is one of the most pleasing duties of a true Mason.

Many thousands are yearly relieved from want and sorrow by the lodges scattered over the wide area of the world. In Great Britain, in Germany,