

side of the sick, to smooth their pillows, bathe their aching brows, moisten their parched and fevered lips, cheer them with words of comfort, and render their dying hours happy in the firm belief that those near and dear to them will be protected from the storm of oppression, the hurricane of dispair, and the whirlwinds of misery and poverty, by arms strong and stalwart, by hearts faithful and true. This is the labor of love that the twenty-four inch guage pleasingly calls to mind. It is a lesson that no Freemason should ever forget. He must remember that our Society is not a mere literary and philosophical association, but an institution founded upon the purest principles of piety and virtue, and possessed of great and invaluable privileges, and that there is no higher privilege than exercising that charity of St. Paul towards our impoverished brethren, towards our dying brothers, towards our weeping widows, towards our homeless orphans.

The twenty-four inch guage, then, truly teaches very important lessons, and no Freemason can be true to his obligation who carelessly or wilfully neglects them. If every brother would only strive to spend every twenty-four hours of his sojourn in his terrestrial lodge in the manner here suggested by Masonic teaching, he will not be afraid when the gavel of the Supreme Grand Master shall summon him to give an account of his labors here below before the Supreme Grand Lodge above.

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Knights Templar in the United States.

It is the custom with American Knights Templar to celebrate certain holy days by attending divine service, when an appropriate discourse is delivered. In accordance with this custom the Chicago Commanderies united in celebrating Ascension Day, May 22, at Grace Church in that city. The services were very impressive, and all present devoutly joined in them. The following address was delivered by the Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D.:

CHRIST, THE GRAND MASTER OF THE TEMPLE.

When the long buried city of Pompeii was raised from the grave where it had been so long sleeping, and its streets and squares looked up again toward the same cloudless skies that had smiled on them in the days of Augustus, many and strange were the revelations. The inmost secrets of that ancient Roman life were disclosed to the eyes of curious moderns, and we learned more than a thousand volumes could have taught us of the habits and customs of that voluptuous town. At the gate of the city, in one of the sentry-boxes which flanked either side, was found a Roman soldier. There he stood on guard, helmet on head, cuirass on breast, spear in hand, standing as erect and motionless as though the breath of life had not long ago exhaled from his fleshless lips, and the march of centuries passed over him. He had been stationed there probably before the terrible catastrophe occurred which buried the city in showers of hot ashes, and, though we know from contemporary authorities that there had been ample time to escape, yet the word was not given, he was not relieved; and though higher and higher rose the burning mass around him, he stirred not from his post. There he died, died at his duty, as every brave