

Oh! those voices of Song! how they ebb! how they flow!
How they swell, like the tides of the main!
Every age, every clime, hath its life-giving thro',
And its utterance of generous pain—
Till its Master-thought leapeth full armored,
From out of some love-like hum!
Oh! the Heroes and Kings have no story to tell,
In the dust of their funeral urns;
But the songs of the Poets immortally dwell
Where'er a true heart yearns—
In the halls of the royal DAVID,
Or the cottage of ROBERT BURNS!

PART SECOND.

But the House of the Past hath its Tongues
of Stone—
Yea! its Voices of marble and brass—
From the sands of the desolate desert up-thrown,
And the mound of the wilderness grass!
Though the myth of their awful Meanings
Too often we idly pass!
Where the Nile flows down, by its pyramid tombs;
Where the ruins of Tadmor lie;
Where the Petrean cities, from cavernous glooms,
Like sepulchers, startle the eye—
Oh! the voices of granite and marble
To our souls make audible cry!
Every crumbling plinth, every prostrate shaft,
Hath a murmur of mouldering years;
From each column and cornice the low winds waft
A dirge to our listening ears:
And each frieze, from its sculptured tablet,
Seems weeping, with stony tears,
Where the gardens of Belus o'er Babylon hung,
And where Nineveh's walls were raised;
Where the Hundred Portals of Thebes swung,
And old Tyre over ocean gazed;
And where, high upon Mount Moriah,
KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE blazed!

O! that mountain of God, in the realms of my love,
Hath a marvelous glory and worth;
And the Temple that rose, its High Places above,
Covers more than Jerusalem's girth;
For its aisles are the Highways of Ages,
And its courts are the zones of earth;
O'er its mythical meanings, and parabled sense,
I have ponder'd, in childlike mind,
Until, back through the ages, with yearnings intense,
My unsatisfied heart hath inclined—
Longing still for the WORD of the MASTER—
The WORD that no mortal may find!

In the dreams and the visions of fervent desire,
I have mingled with Levitic and Priest;
With the widow's son, HIRAM, and HIRAM of Tyre,
Sitting down at meridian feast;
And beholding King SOLOMON'S glory,
Arising, like morn, in the East!
With mine ancient brethren, in Masonry's craft—
When my soul the LAMBSKIN wore—
I have stood by the mystical corner-staff,
And knelt on the TESSELATE floor;
With the glorious roof of the Temple,
Like Heaven's roof, arching me o'er!

Under all the rude noises of battling thrones,
And of realms that jar and strive,
Flows the voice of our MASTER, whose tender tones
Overmuted the Hebrew lute.
When he spake three thousand proverbs,
And his songs were a thousand and five;
When he sang of Mount Lebanon's cedar-tree,
And of hyssop, that springs from the wall;
Of the fowls of the air, of the fish in the sea,
And of things in the dust that crawl;
Till the words of his love and his wisdom
Enlighten'd and purified all.

To the ruler of Sidon—the Lord of the Seas—
Flies the word of Jerusalem's king,
Saying, "Bid thou thy servants that Lebanon's trees
To Judean borders they bring,
And between us shall PEACE be always
And Blessings around us cling,
From his wars and his sorrows King David hath rest,
And he sleeps under Salem's sod,
But, with trembling and awe, at his high behest,
I abide in the path he trod;
And I build on the Mount of Moriah,
A House to the Lord my God!"

Then, from far-away forests of Lebanon's come
Great floats unto Joppa's strand;
And from Tyre and Sidon arises a hum,
As of oaks, over-swarming the land;
And it swells through the Valley of Jordan
In choral of Industry grand!
Under manifold halos of column and arch,
Through the soundless courts and aisles,
At the WORD of their MASTER the CRAFTSMEN march
To their labors, in lengthening files;
While the Temple arises before them,
From portal to golden tiles!

From the echoless earth, through the motionless air,
Flow that beautiful fabric uprows!
From the heart of the King, the voiceless prayer,
How it mounts, in its fragrant rose!
Bearing upward King SOLOMON'S worship,
As incense ascends from the rose!

In their brass and their silver, their marble and gold,
All noiseless the crafts have wrought,
Till, in grandeur of silence, their works unfold,
As with life everlasting fraught;
And the Temple ascends from Moriah—
A Holy Musonic Thought!

By the glow of the GREATER and LESSER LIGHT,
And the power of the MASTER'S WORD—
By the PLEASER of Truth and the Level of Right,
And the Square that hath never erred—
Through the Work of a Master Mason,
King Solomon's prayer was heard
At the fragrant morn and the golden moon,
And the evening's hour of balm,
All the hearts of his craftsmen were lifted in tune,
Like the moaning of harmonies calm;
And the Temple arose on Moriah,
A Mighty Musonic Psalm.
And the Temple arose on Moriah—
A mighty Musonic Psalm!

Oh! that Temple of God, from the House of the Past,
Shineth down o'er the centuries years;
And my heart through the vault of its mysteries vast,
The voice of King Solomon hears.
Asking me, with the Sign of a Master,
Why my soul no temple rears?
With the Three Great Lights ever shining above,
And the tools of my craft at hand,
Why I build up no fabric of prayerful love,
With the arch of a life-time spanned;
And the wings of embracing cherubs,
Overbrooding its yearnings grand?

Oh! the House of the Lord that our LIVES might raise,
How it gleams from our fair Youth-tune—
How its manifold arches and architraves blaze
Through the wilderness dust of our Prime:
Yea our years, when they moulder to ashes,
Behold! but its wreck's sublime!
For the House that we build in a lifetime's length,
From the midst of our worldly din,
Hath no Jachin and Boaz, Establish'd in Strength,
And no Holy of Holies within;
And we bear up no Ark of the Covenant,
From out of our Desert of Zin!

There's a Mountain of God in each Human Heart
For that glorious Temple's base;
And the lines of each loyal Mason's art
May its grand foundations trace;
And within it the wings of cherubs
May the Holy of Holies embrace!
Through the beautiful aisles of the charmed Past,
How its wonderful harmonies swell!
When their Meanings arise, at the Templar's blast,
From the mould of each darksome cell;
And the Soul of the True no longer
With dust of the False shall dwell!

When the Thought of our Morning shall royally plan,
And the Deeds of our Day shall build;
And the Arch of Perfection eternally span,
With the measure Our Master hath will'd;
And the depths of our Holy of Holies
With incense of prayer be fill'd!
When the Pillars of Strength in our Porch shall abide,
With the Pillars of Beauty above,
And the Veil of the Presence encompassing wide,
Overshadow the Ark of our Love;
And the Peace of the Blessed Shekinah
Enfold, like the wings of a dove!

Oh! the Cedars of Lebanon grow at our door,
And the quartz is sunk at our gate;
And the ships out of Ophir, with golden ore,
For our summoning maidens wait;
And the Word of a Master Mason,
May the House of our Soul create!
While the Day hath light let the light be used
For no man shall the Night control!
"Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or broken the golden bow"
May we build King Solomon's Temple
In the true Masonic Soul!

MASONIC ERAS.

It is customary with masonic writers to use various letters and figures to represent dates, and it will be well enough to give a brief explanation of these for the information of the young and uninformed. A. L. stands for *Anno Lucis*, the year of light; thus A. L. 5860. is the present year 1860. The Scottish rite use the Jewish Chronology, sometimes writing A. H. for *Anno Hebraica*, or Hebrew year, with 5620 is A. H. 1860. The rite of Misram adopt Archib. hon Usher's tables, and they consequently add 4761 to the A. D., so that with them the present year would be 5864. R. A. Masons date A. I., *Anno Inventionis*, or the year of discovery, 530 year B. C. 1860, is therefore with them, 2390. Knights Templar place their foundation in A. D. 1118. They write A. O. *Anno Ordinis*, or year of the Order, which this year is 742.—*Brooklyn Standard*.

THE REVELATIONS OF A SQUARE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCHISM.—DR. MANNINGHAM.

1747—1760.

(Continued.)

"She teacheth Temperance and Prudence, Justice, and Fortitude, which are such things as men can have nothing more profitable in their life."—SOLOMON.

"Thys booke is not for every ritle and unconnyge man to see, but to clerkyis and very gentylmen that understands gentylness and seycnce."—CAXTON.

"Confida meus recti famas membra ridet."—OVID.

"I HAVE been thinking, sir," the Square continued "how very extraordinary it is that the French Masons, (as intelligence was brought over to this country from time to time,) should have been so blind to the truth, or so ignorant of the legitimate principles of our divine Order, as to have instituted infidel societies in many of their chief cities, and invested them with the name of Masonry; for were the various Elus or Elected Masons, as they styled themselves, which about this time were springing up, like noxious weeds, all over the continent of Europe. But it is still more strange that any of the English Fraternity should have been so indiscreet as to have admitted their claims to brotherhood. In the year 1747, one of our members produced in the Lodge a pamphlet which had just made its appearance in London, as a translation from the French, professing to reveal the veritable secrets of the Order, by describing the revised Lectures and ceremonies; and was, in fact, a catchpenny publication, written to pander to the morbid appetites of the curious, who are ever in search of the means of procuring illegitimate and doubtful intelligence respecting the mysteries of Freemasonry when the end might be obtained in a more satisfactory manner by the honourable process of initiation. No notice however, was taken of it, and I passed quietly through two or three hands, of whom I have nothing particular to say, till I was placed on the breast of Dr. Manningham, Deputy Grand Master, a London physician of great eminence, who proved a very active Master of the Lodge, and under his rule we rapidly increased in numbers and respectability.

This worthy Brother had already distinguished himself as a Mason, and established a powerful influence amongst the Fraternity; and about this time he contributed, by his able and judicious conduct, to restore harmony to the Craft, which had suffered considerably from the apathy of Lord Byron, the Grand Master, who, for four years together, had neither held a G and Lodge nor nominated a successor. The Fraternity being thus neglected several old Masons, with Past Grand Master Payne at their head, held a private meeting to consult on the safest and most legitimate method of proceeding in the present emergency. Bro. Payne proposed that a public meeting of the Brethren should be called by advertisement, to deliberate on the propriety of proceeding to the election of a new Grand Master. He admitted that it was a strong measure, but thought that the exigency of the case would justify it. Dr. Manningham, being present, observed that he was afraid it would be a breach of masonic law; and if not, it might tend to introduce a party spirit amongst the Brethren, which is always more easily evoked than subdued. He promised, however, to communicate with the Grand Master on the subject, and assured them that a Grand Lodge should be convened at the usual time of the year, and a successor elected conformably to ancient practice. With this promise G. M. Payne professed himself to be content; and thus the breach was healed by a judicious application of the laws and principles of Masonry.

Dr. Manningham was a *bon vivant*, as, indeed, all men were who had any pretensions to move in good society. He would have lost caste if he had been otherwise; for the only alternative a gentleman had in these days, at a dinner or tavern party,