

THE BROKEN COLUMN.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

"His Work was not done, yet his Column
is broken.

Mourn ye and weep, for ye cherished his
worth;

Let every tear-drop be sympathy's token,—
Lost to the Brotherhood, lost to the earth.

His Work had been planned by a WISDOM
SUPERNAL;

Strength had been given him meet for the
same.

Down in the midst he is fallen, and vernal
Leaves hang above him and whisper his
fame.

His Work was to build; on the walls we be-
held him,—

Swiftly and truly they rose 'neath his
hand;

Envious death with his Gavel has felled
him,

Plumb line and Trowel are strewn o'er the
land.

His work thus unfinished to us is entrusted;
MASTER OF MASONS, give strength, we
entreat,

Bravely to work with these Implements
rusted,

Wisely to build till the Temple's com-
plete!

The Grand Lodge of Virginia lost, last year, its Gr. Secretary, Gr. Treasurer, and Gr. Lecturer. The Gr. Chaplain, R. E. Comp. George W. Dame, paid a tribute to their memory, and in it appears the following: "Dowell, Dudley Dove, the three who wrought so faithfully in this Temple. They were loved and honored in this life, honored and mourned in death, for their true worth."

By appropriate lectures from time to time, by the discussion of questions connected with the history and the philosophy of speculative Masonry—by the possession of a Masonic library, which each member would be expected to use, and by the inculcation of the duty of reading—our Masons need not become pedants, but they may avoid the condition of ignoramus.—*Voice of Masonry.*

FREEMASON BROTHERHOOD.

As iron rails join land to land,
Binding all nations in one band,
Electric wires join part to part,
Flashing kind words from heart to heart—
Thus mystic signs of Masons good
Bind man to man in Brotherhood.

Thus all round the world, fair and free,
We find true Masons all agree
In teaching one Great Architect
The poor and friendless to protect;
Where ere the mystic words are found
We find a Brother on that ground.

This, then, the Mason's duty stern
Taught all who join the Lodge, and learn
With despot's sword no more we slay
Weak brothers of an hour and day;
Like air and light we work for good,
And form among men one Brotherhood.

Thus wave on wave of love Divine
Roll forth from the Eternal Shrine;
The Brothers trained to fight and kill,
No more one drop of blood will spill;
They rush into each other's arms,
Enjoy God's peace and all its charms.

JOHN THOMSON.

Rosalee, Hawick, April, 1877.

Freemasonry is a peculiar system of morality, having eternity for its duration, and the universe for its space. Its attraction is the mystery in which it is veiled, its key is allegory, its bond morality, its object philanthropy, its result benevolence.—*Masonic Herald.*

The growth of Masonry in the West is marvellous. Illinois has more Masons than Pennsylvania, and Michigan, that in 1870 ranked as the thirteenth State in population, is today with over 26,000 Masons, the seventh, if not the sixth, of American Grand Lodges in Masonic strength.

A certain Edmond Ronayne, hailing from Chicago, is travelling through Indiana, lecturing against Freemasonry. In his own words, this is a "rare opportunity for the public to see with their own eyes, and judge of the dangerous character of Freemasonry." How long? how long?