

board in the early days of our existence did not neglect the important duty of placing such barriers to the admission of members as would tend to keep our ranks clear of the unworthy. Their course of action has been conservative from the beginning, and for this reason we can, I think, exclaim with the military chieftain of olden times when reviewing his army, "Every man in our ranks is fit for a general." Sir Knights, the course pursued by our predecessors has been demonstrated to be the only safe one; and I trust that every effort to break down any of the safeguards which have been erected will be met with scorn and contempt. No! Rather than lay any of them aside, let us fortify still stronger our walls and double our defences. It is not numbers we want, but men, Christian men; men with souls alive to the cause we represent; men who need no spurring to perform their duties; men capable of loving and appreciating the principles we profess, and who are ever ready to perform a known duty. These are the elements we need in our Commanderies, and no others. Should it chance that drones and sycophants *should* cross our portals, and we should find among us enemies to good order and decorum, the only proper, safe, and sure way is to remove them. It is true we should be merciful, but justice to ourselves and to the institution we love should outweigh every other consideration when rust needs to be scoured off or filth removed. At no cost let a stain remain upon our banners, but away with it at once, lest in time it destroy the fabric and leave an unseemly scar forever. Let us be true Knights. Let not even friendship, feeling, or any personal or selfish motive swerve us from the performance of every duty. This is the example which has been set by our founders, and in this way, and in this way alone, can we expect to preserve the high standing and usefulness of our Commanderies."

FERVENCY.—

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sights of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.—*Rowe*.

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction rise—
To take dissimulation's winding way.—*Horne*.

ZEAL.—A zealous soul without meekness, is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal, is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast as it ought.—*Mason*.

Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion firelock watchful wait.—*Milton*.

Zeal is the fire of love,
Active for duty: burning as it flies.—*Williams*.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Brethren how this lovely morning,
Goes the battle with you here?
Are you armed to meet with scorning
All the hosts of sin and fear?

Sin and sickness, want and sorrow
With our frailties are allied,
Each from each contrives to borrow
Aid to conquer human pride.

But, my brethren, there's an armour
Which is proof to all attack;
Voice of foes or silent charmer,
Power to harm it still must lack.

This strong armour is Masonic,
You will find it light to bear;
Three short words in phrase laconic
Shadow forth its beauty rare.

Faith the helmet bright and shining—
Hope, the breast-plate strong and true,
Charity, whose beams refining,
Clothe the soul with graces new.

And the gifts upon her table,
Which refresh our daily toil,
They to soothe all woes are able—
Here they are: Corn Wine and Oil!

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