

cannot be effected, use the utmost power of the law. It is better that a diseased or mutilated limb be removed than that the whole body should suffer. The Grand Lodge should sustain all right action for such a purpose.—*Address of Grand Master of Connecticut.*

THE PROGRESSING MASON.

J. C. D. Holt.

WORKING onward, climbing upward,
Such the Mason's mystic art,
Proudly feeling, as advancing,
These great promptings of the heart.

How he learns with satisfaction,
As he mounts each higher round,
That "fraternal" love and just ce
Through our Order must be found.

That humanity, in all her forms,
Has nothing more to give,
If in an "ever-faithful breast"
Masonic teachings live.

That deeds of human kindness
Are the ends toward which we strive,

Hence that pride and grand devotion
Which will *all* time survive.

"New light," too, greets his vision
At each succeeding grade,
That from a true, Masonic heart,
Is destined ne'er to fade.

With hope and faith inspired,
He gains the "inner door,"
Where, "armed with good instruction,"
He'll "pass on" as before.

Until within the "sanctum,"
The crowning labor done,
He knows his work of mercy
Is now in fact begun.

MASONIC REQUIEM.

AWAKE the Harp of Mournful song,
Ye Brothers of the Mystic Band,
Ye who support the Temple strong,
Or by the sacred Altar stand!
Strike high the chords in wailing strain
Of deepest woe,
And mourn from out our holy Fane
A Brother low!
Bow down the knee—hang low the head—
A Master fallen—a Brother dead.

The Spring op'd with its fairest flowers,
And Summer wove her garland gay,
And sunshine o'er this world of ours,
Chased all of wintry gloom away.
But soon the winds of Autumn came,
And winter with its dark'ning gloom;

And now when buds, Spring wreaths proclaim,
We mourn our Brother in the tomb.
Bow down the knee—hang low the head—
A Master fallen, a Brother dead.

The light that lightens Masonry,
Hath lost 'mong us a living ray,
And her handmaiden Charity,
Mourns one from out the ranks away.
The candlestick out of its place
Has been removed, and now
The Brethren sit with sorrowing face,
And sadness on each brow;
The fine gold it is changed and dim—
The Master's honors sleep with him!

GOVERNMENT OF THE LODGE.

THE government of a Masonic Lodge partakes very largely of the patriarchal or paternal. The first officer is called with intelligent design, Master, indicative of his authority and right to obedience; "Worshipful," as indicative of the reverence and respect which are due to him. It is true that he is annually elected by the free choice of his Brethren, but when elected and installed into his exalted station, he has the authority of a father, and members of his Lodge are his Brethren, nay, more than that, they are his children, and entitled to his sympathy, his council, and his loving admonition. How beautifully the idea is expressed in the charge, that he shall be one to whom the burdened heart may pour out its anguish, distress may prefer its suit, whose hand is guided by justice, and whose heart is expanded by benevolence, a hearty, earnest longing for the best good and continued well-being of the whole human family, but more especially of the Brethren, a lover of harmony and concord, a soother of strife, and encourager of the virtuous, a corrector of the evil, a living, every-day example in all the varied walks of life, of the practical embodiment of the precious tenets of our Ancient Brotherhood. Of course, he must also be well versed in all the ancient laws, usages, regulations, jurisprudence and work of Masonry. This is, in brief, a faint outline of what a Worshipful Master ought to be.—*Grand Master Lockwood, of Connecticut.*