

In reply to this grandiloquent harrangue so common in Homeric verse, Glaucus modestly answers: He considers the enquiry as to his family mistimed, and gives utterance to the now well-known and beautiful figure, "as is the race of *leaves* such is that of *men*. The wind scattereth the foliage upon the ground, but the blooming wood in the season of spring produces others. So is the generation of man—the one springs forth, the other ceases to exist."

Then he describes his ancestry. His father was Hippolochus, whose parting injunctions to him were "always to be the bravest, and superior to others: and not to disgrace the parental race." He came from Ephyra, in the farthest corner of horse-pasturing Argos. Here Sisyphus lived, "the most wily of men," the son of Aeolus. Glaucus, the son of Sisyphus, begat Bellerophon, to whom the gods gave beauty and amiable manliness. But Proetus drove him from the country into Lycia, where he was subjected by King Iobates, the father-in-law of Ptoetus, to a series of four trials, resembling those of Hercules. Then Iobatus gave him to wife his daughter, and half the kingdom. Three children were the offspring, of whom Hippolochus was one. Then Bellerophon went mad, and so passes from the history. Glaucus concludes, as above intimated, that Hippolochus was his father.

When Diomedes heard this, he fixes his spear in the earth and addresses his opponent in courteous words, "certainly thou art my father's ancient guest." In his halls, noble Geneus, grandfather of Diomedes, had once entertained Bellerophon, grandfather of Glaucus, for twenty days, and they had bestowed valuable gifts of hospitality upon each other. Oeneus gave a belt shining with purple. Bellerophon gave a golden cup with two handles. Now this friendship between the two grandfathers strangely fructifies upon the battle field. Diomedes says: "Wherefore, I am the dear guest-friend to thee in the midst of Argos, and thou art the same to me in Lycia, whenever I shall visit thee there. But let us avoid each others spears in the crowd. There are many Trojans and illustrious allies for me to kill, and many Greeks for you to kill. But let us exchange armor with each other in order that both Trojans and Greeks may know that we are ancestral guest-friends."

And the great epic poet stopped the progress of his poem, for the space of 117 lines, to introduce this beautiful episode. The two men whose grandfathers had so long before plighted friendship, leaped down from their respective chariots, took each others hands, and exchanged armor. Glaucus gave golden armor to Diomedes, receiving brazen, the value of a hundred for nine.

The subsequent career of these heroes, so far as the siege of Troy is concerned, may be seen in any classical dictionary. Both were spared to the end, though Hector and Achilles were slain. Doubtless they often met upon the battle-field, and remembered the romantic exchange which we have described, and it is to be hoped that after Helen was restored to her husband, and the fires of Ilium had burned out, that the two brave fellows met peacefully, and exchanged the strong grip over the rich wines of Argos.

A NOBLE EXPRESSION OF MASONIC SYMPATHY.

The following account of a recent very interesting occurrence in Lodge Neptune, Kilwinning, No. 442, Ardrossan, Scotland, whereby a number of shipwrecked American Freemason sailors were fraternally received in the Lodge, will be read with deep interest by our readers. We are under fraternal obligations to Brother D. Murray Lyon, of Ayr, Scotland, for the communication of these facts,

"Never were the pillars of wisdom, strength and beauty set up within the Lodge Neptune Kilwinning, Ardrossan, No. 442, under circumstances more interesting or impressive than those under which the Brethren met in their Hall on the night of Friday, 6th November. The steamship *Chusan*, from Glasgow for Shanghai, having had her machinery disabled while passing out of the Channel, was obliged to put back to the Clyde for repairs. In doing so she was overtaken by a terrible storm on the morning of the 20th October, and being unable to contend with the gale, was run for Ardrossan, but while endeavoring to make the harbor she was dashed on the rocks within a short distance of the light-house pier and almost immediately parted in two. Of the crew, numbering 51 in all, nine were drowned, the captain and second mate being among those who perished. Captain G. C. Johnson, who belonged to Massachusetts, was accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, (also natives of America), and, after struggling bravely through the seething waters, bearing up his wife, who was lashed to a line thrown from a steam-tug, and succeeding in placing her within reach of hands outstretched to save her, he was overwhelmed by the surf and disappeared. His son and sister-in-law were saved. Bro. Captain Johnson was well known in Masonic circles at Shanghai, China, being a member of the Lodge Ancient Landmark,