

society, the just and proper appreciation of the value of united endeavor when applied to the pursuit of justifiable ends. By it we mean a general endeavor on the part of the teachers to shake off the incubus which rests upon us in the shape of waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, forgetting that duty rests upon us as individuals to assist the turning process. It is quite favorable that no project, let its aim be ever so high, its object ever so laudable, its pursuit and methods ever so free from selfishness and ever so full of devotion to the best and most advanced interests of the fraternity, can ever meet with unanimous assent. Men will form and cling to opinions, will refuse to be convinced they are wrong and every one else right; but this will lead to discussion, to thought, to study, to investigation, and out of this process will grow a new life for the Craft, a new sphere of usefulness for its labors and a fuller, broader and better development of the moral and intellectual natures of the brethren.

None of this will come to us, however, by merely sitting down and waiting for it. Jupiter will scarcely move the waggon unless we put our own shoulders to the wheel—and push. This is precisely the idea we wish to inculcate, and the more so that its successful adoption, involving good to the Craft as a whole, and the members as individuals, demands action.—*Masonic Dispatch.*

## WHAT IS THE SECRET?

BY BRO. G. W. SCOTT.

Mystic tie of wondrous order  
Whence your origin and power,  
Is it true some strange recorder  
Marks thy steps from Eden's Bower?

Was it brought by bright-winged angels  
From their home to man in life?  
Among the sons of want, this stranger  
Takes the place of Husband, Wife.

Cooling now some burning fever,  
Lifting now some fallen head,  
On her bosom like a river  
Bringing to the hungry,—bread.

Seeks the lost who've gone astray;  
Bringing home the wandering sheep,  
Turns the stray'd to the right way,  
Lulls the wakeful eye to sleep.

Pities when the empty coffer,  
Calls for help without reward;  
Loving Charity she offers—  
Character and life she guards.

Bearing persecution ever—  
Resting in the truth alone—  
Calmly bears—resisteth never  
From the slave or throne.

This the secret of our Order—  
This the golden chain that binds,  
This the Charity that broader  
Than sectarian bounds or lines.

Alpine snows and deserts wide  
Speak her praise in distant lands,  
In every clime where man resides  
The galley-slave or monarch grand,

On the field of battle drear  
Where she seeks a brother's wants,  
Wipes from weeping eyes the tear,  
In every land that sorrow haunts.

On the briny ocean, danger  
Oft besets the sailor's way;  
Whether friend, or foe, or stranger,  
She's his helper night or day.

Famine, with h's dark wing often  
Flaps his pinions o'er the land;  
Crushing hearts he cannot soften,  
Strewing bones upon the sand.

There she, likesome bright-winged an-  
Hastens to the land of Death, [gel,  
Treading like the loved Evangel,  
Scattering Life with every breath.

Millions, millions call her blessed,  
Ever on their dying bed,  
So upon her bosom rested,  
That poor faint and sinking head.

Holy shrine of consolation,  
Beaming from the sun of light,  
Through our world and land and nation,  
Robe the earth in garments bright.

Friends and Brothers, oft we've met  
In the Lodge with song and glee;  
You, I never can forget—  
And wonder, do you think of me?

THE following are among the recent edicts of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee: "No Masonic procession shall occur except for Masonic burial, festival of St. John's, or laying of corner-stones, and the Grand Master shall not authorize any procession except for these Masonic purposes. All petitions for new Lodges shall be signed by at least fifteen Master Masons, who shall be *bona fide* residents of the jurisdiction where the Lodge is desired to be located."