

security from the all-devouring deluge, to such as were received within its walls, so Freemasonry offers a sure refuge from the storms of misfortune, which are often more pitiless than the down-pouring tempest that destroyed the ancient world. The *Ark*, as an emblem of security and rest, is eminently, suggestive, and awakens a long train of thoughts, reaching through and embracing all the dark experiences of life. When night and storm darken our sea of life, and troubles and perplexities, and griefs, are sinking us into the abyss of despair, and the "o'er fraught heart" wails out its anguished cry for rest—for some place of refuge from the blinding tempest, the *Ark* riding on the billows tells us of a sure retreat, where storms and troubles can never more annoy us, nor the world's corroding cares ever again disturb the tranquility of the soul. It is a type of that inward tabernacle of virtue and sublime thoughts which the good man erects within his breast, in which he dwells in peace, though thunders and lightnings, and storms, are crashing and flaming and howling around him.

The bosom is a temple—when its altar,
The living heart, is unprofaned and pure,
Its verge is hallowed; none need fear or falter,
Who thither fly;—it is an *Ark* secure,
Opening its gates of peace, and joy and love
Like Heaven above.

The *Anchor* is no less significant symbol, and, like the *ark*, contemplates the shadowy and stormy side of life. It has always been recognized as an emblem of Hope, that immortal attribute by which man, when oppressed by the Present, and afflicted by memories of the Past, is enabled to march victoriously and joyfully into the Future.

No matter how dark and troubled the present hour may be, Hope whispers the promise of brighter and more peaceful days, and of rich and ample compensations for every affliction and grief. The storm may rage and the sea roar, yet, reposing in the *Ark* of high thoughts and noble deeds, and rendered firm and strong by Hope, man dwells

in sublime content. And when the shadows of the Supreme Hour gather around him, and he hears, coming nearer and nearer, the dashing of the waves on the Eternal shore, he falters not nor fears. Hope, the Anchor of the soul, is sure and steadfast, and far through the grim shadows, and over the dark ocean, opens a track of golden splendors, and unfolds glimpses of the glory to come.

Unfailing Hope! when life's last embers burn,
And dust to dust, and soul to soul return,
Heaven to thy charge consigns the awful Hour,
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!
Then, then the triumphs and the trances begin,
And all the Phoenix-fire burns within.

THE FORTY-SEVENTH PROBLEM OF EUCLID.—In the early ages of the world, information of all kinds was usually communicated by means of hieroglyphics, symbols and parables. One of the distinguishing features of Masonry, and one which is peculiar to itself, is that its symbols being the same everywhere, its language is of course understood by all the initiated; and whether at home or abroad, whenever we see a Masonic symbol, the lesson it once taught us comes involuntarily to the memory with all the freshness of an original thought. We find in all the old writings on the subject of Masonry, a universal acknowledgment of the fact that Geometry teaches morality, and that, too, in its highest and broadest application. The peculiar symbols and the profound secrecy attending the celebration of our mystic rites possess a wonderful influence, for men are always inclined to disregard what is plain and easily acquired, and to admire that which is secret and mysterious. The symbol here used partakes of this mysterious character, and its real origin is known to very few, though it is well known to have been used by the learned Pythagoras, who made every geometrical theorem a secret, and admitted only such to a knowledge of them as had first undergone a five years' silence, and under his own tuition. On this problem many important deductions of Geometry are founded. The proposition is this, "and