

THE Grand Master of Colorado, recently called attention to the fact that non-affiliates abounded in that jurisdiction, and recommended the abolition of the affiliation fee, which was accordingly done.

THE strength of Masonry is not in the number of its lodges or the increase of its membership, but in the spirit which lives and breathes in both.—*Grand Master of England.*

A HORSE "MARKED."—While Bro. Frank H. Stauffer, of Mount Joy, Pa., the story writer, was harnessing up his pet horse, on Saturday, the animal bit off a Masonic mark from his vest chain and swallowed it.

NINETY-ONE of the Masonic wards of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, pupils of the the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home and Infirmary, appeared before the Grand Lodge at its annual session last year, and recited their gratitude in speeches, colloquies and songs.

THE King of Sparta, when asked how he protected his unwall'd city from outside assault, pointed to his army saying: "These are my walls, every soldier is a stone." So, in our Spiritual Temple, every Mason should be a "living stone," a "perfect ashlar," protecting the Fraternity from objection, much more from attack, by the uprightness of his life.

THE Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, thinking to form a Grand Lodge Library, sent out a circular letter to all subordinate Lodges in that jurisdiction, asking for donations of books and money; and received *two* responses. The committee report: "The thoughtful and generous acts of these (two) Brethren stand out in bold relief against the apparent lethargy of the remaining members of the Craft."

NEW MASONIC CEREMONY.—The Washington Territory papers are chuckling over a curious incident that happened in a Lodge during the initiation of a new member. The candidate was in position, taking the impressive obligation of the first degree, when the earthquake of the 14th shook the Territory and the Masonic Hall to its foundations. It was a new sensation to the Olympians—Mount Rainer might topple over and crush the town, or Budd's Inlet send a great earthquake wave to engulf it—so the Master and officers and the brethren beat a wild and undignified retreat, carrying the Tyler bodily with them. After the shock had subsided, and their nerves quieted by mutual congratulations and libations, they returned to the body of the Lodge to commence anew their work, and found the candidate *in statu quo*. Upon demanding why he hadn't run, he immediately replied that "he thought the whole thing a part of the ceremony."

A FEW years since I had the pleasure of meeting with a superannuated naval captain, who had been a Mason for forty years. He informs me that he once was passing over one of the great deserts of the East, and met a small party of wandering Arabs. Not knowing whether they were for peace or plunder, he made a Masonic signal, which was recognized and returned by the chief, who rode in advance of the party. The two strangers dismounted, stepped forward, and embraced each other as *brothers*! The old chief, turning aside from his journey, conducted the captain to a valley, where there was a well of water and some green shrubs, and there pitching his tent, entertained him with the rude hospitalities of the desert life during the remainder of the day and the succeeding night. On the next morning he escorted him for some distance on his route, and then shaking him warmly by the hand, said to him, "*Fare-thee-well, my brother. May God and his prophet prosper thee on thy journey.*"

THE ONWARD PROGRESS OF ENGLISH FREEMASONRY.

From the London Freemasonry.

AT this dull season of the Masonic year, when almost all our London and many of our country lodges are in recess, when brother Paterfamilias has taken our sister, the partner of his bosom, and his little "Lewis," and many other little Masonic blossoms, to some sea-side haven, to prawns, and sand, and donkeys, and dippings in the sea, we want something to write about. The heat of the dog days is over. August and grouse have come in, both "shadily" this year, and September and partridges are close at hand. What shall we "discourse" about? It is difficult to be eloquent when one has nothing to say, and useless to compose leaders, when you have little to tell. And yet we must say something. "What better theme than Masonry?" says a good old poetic brother, now, alas! no longer to the fore, and our worthy brother, P. M. Tim McGuire, alluded to recently in the "Masonic Magazine," chimes in, "I'll tell ye what; write something nate about the Order, and put in a little poetry to make the prose rowl down asier!" So, following alike the advise of our poetic and our prosy brother, we have composed the following article, (without, however, any poetry