

ham, members? And was not a noble lord, son of the Marquis of Earsdon, to be initiated that very night?

The lodge-room was handsome and well-appointed, with two beautifully wrought pillars in plaster of Paris at the entrance, the mould of which had been destroyed by the architect who designed them after three casts had been taken, so that they could not be copied. It was spacious and lofty, handsomely carpeted, with a dais at the eastern end, and an alcove in which was placed the great carved chair of the Worshipful Master.

The lodge was opened, the ballot was taken, and Bro. Wroath was proved to be wrong for once, as Dr. Penhaligon was unanimously accepted. Dr. Carlyon was unaccountably absent. Some one hinted that he had been heard to say that there were already far too many doctors in Gippingswick; and why that young Pen—something or other, he couldn't for the life of him remember his name—had come to the town he did not know. So it was supposed he was not favorable to the reception of the new initiate.

In the ante-room Penhaligon, having been summoned by Bro. Wroath from the White Hart Hotel, where he had been waiting to know his fate, was introduced to Lord Esme Earsdon, who was being prepared, as Masons know how, to be made a Mason. Penhaligon casually remarked that he ought to know something of Masonry, as his father, when staff officer of pensions at Falmouth, had been Master of the lodge there.

Lord Esme, who was a very courteous, gentlemanly young fellow, the very type of what a nobleman should be, said he had no relations Masons, but he thought his great-grandfather had been Grand Master of Scotland when the young Pretender held a reception of Knights Templar at Holyrood.

The Director of Ceremonies, a white-haired, handsome, pleasant old gentleman, a great speaker on the

Masonic charities, conferred with the Tyler who was in attendance, and then approaching his lordship, said that it was a rule amongst Masons that where a candidate was present who was a Lewis, that is to say the son of a Mason, he had precedence of any other candidate, though he were a prince of the blood royal. It would therefore be the legitimate right of Dr. Penhaligon to be initiated before his lordship.

The young doctor here interfered, and said that he should certainly not have mentioned the fact of his father being a Mason had he known of the privilege attached to it, as Lord Esme Earsdon had, he understood, been accepted at a previous meeting, and therefor had a prior claim for admission; but the young lord, who had a very gracious, pleasant manner about him, which endeared him to all with whom he was brought in contact, firmly but courteously refused to be initiated first, and Dr. Penhaligon was prepared, obligated, and duly initiated an entered apprentice before the son of the Marquis of Earsdon, one of the oldest titles in England—a family old even at the Conquest, when one of its great heiresses married a son of William the Norman and secured the Saxon earldom with the Conqueror's barony.

The young lord was afterward duly initiated, and a beautiful anthem, the words by Milton, wedded to one of Mendelssohn's loveliest "lieder ohne worte," was sung during the ceremony.

Both the young men were very much impressed; when the lodge was closed, and they all adjourned to the banqueting room, where the long table was covered from end to end with numbers of the most beautiful roses, the Gloire Dijon, Marechal Niel, Damask, and all the old English sorts, the gift of some clerical brothers who were rich and had a taste for floriculture:

The two candidates sat near the Master of the lodge, who paid them