

plied to, if it be in the same Masonic jurisdiction as that in which the applicant lives, inquiries of the lodge nearest his place of residence, whether any *Masonic* objection exists to the action of the inquiring lodge on said petition. If the lodge petitioned be out of the Masonic jurisdiction of the applicant, it inquires, through the Grand Secretary of its own jurisdiction, of the local lodge, through the Grand Secretary, in a similar manner. In either case, consent is usually and readily given. The only proper question for the Brethren of the local lodge to consider in any such case is, Is the applicant a good man and true, is he fit, morally, mentally and physically, to be made a Mason, and are his motives worthy in seeking to be made in a distant Lodge? The reason why the Craft requires this inquiry to be made by the lodge nearest the place of residence of the applicant, is simply because it is only there that he can be properly known. Where a man has lived, and dwells, and has associated, there his fellows have come to know him, and are able to disclose whether he is, or is not, upright and of good report.

It will thus be seen that no lodge absolutely owns its local material; it only has the custody, so to speak, of those living within its boundaries, and the right to make Masons of them, if worthy, itself, upon application, or to report upon their worthiness to a neighboring or a distant lodge, when duly inquired of.

Freemasonry is rightly named: While applicants for participation in its mystery must be *free*, they are at the same time *free* to choose the Masonic body in which they would be initiated. They must be free born before they seek us, they must come of their own free will, they are free to petition any lodge, anywhere, and when made Masons they are free of the Craft.—*Keystone*.

Don't destroy the harmony of your lodge if you cannot run things to please I.

A MASON'S TRUE JEWELS.

You know all the jewels that mark each degree,
As we rise in the Lodge, the accepted and Free,
The Blue and the silver, the Purple and gold,
Familiar to Masons—the young and the old.
Yet still the true Mason has jewels more rare,
Which Time cannot tarnish, though always in wear.
I'll name them, and in the naming I'm true,
Let these priceless treasures be chorused by you.
Sweet hope that gives comfort wherever we go;
The shield of true Faith, that protects from the foe;
And Charity, seeking to comfort and bless
Child, widow and Brother, bowed down by distress.

A sound heart's the shrine where these relics repose,
Giving grace to our mirth, shedding balm o'er our woes,
Shining out through our life with a lustre more bright
Than the diamonds that Ind sends to dazzle our sight.
The power that spaus Heaven and measures the wave
Gave these to be worn by the good and the brave,
And in closing my song let me name them again,
And then in full chorus re-echo the strain,
Sweet hope, that gives comfort wherever we go,
The Shield of true Faith, that protects from the foe,
And Charity, seeking to comfort and bless
Child, widow and Brother, bowed down by distress.

The Covington (Ky.) *Star* says: "A certain lady of our town sat up until twelve o'clock one night last week waiting for her husband to come home from the lodge. At last, weary and worn out with her long waiting, she went to her sleeping room to retire, and there found the missing husband fast asleep. Instead of going to the lodge he had gone to his room and had never left the house. Such are the troubles some poor married women have to contend with in this life."