

Royal Highness, amidst a fanfare of silver trumpets and the glorious strains of Sir Michael Costa's march, composed for the occasion and played on the great organ, to his throne in the East. Then the whole vast assemblage arose, and, as if pent up loyalty could no longer be restrained, a murmur of welcome, at first low, and then bursting out into a thunder of applause, rolled round the building and died away, only to be repeated, again and again.

The effect was thrilling. Every one was moved except the Prince himself, who stood bowing gravely and courteously, right and left, in acknowledgment of the greeting. Poor old Dr. Oldham was quite overcome, and sank down in his chair, weeping with emotion, whilst Penhaligon himself felt the tears start into his eyes as he thought what a grand thing, after all, Masonry was, and how noble it was of the Prince to come to the rescue when he did, and when the Grand Master had so basely deserted the Brotherhood. He felt very sorry his friend, Lord Esme, who was now Senior Warden of the lodge, was not there, as he could not fail to be impressed with the sight. He had written to him, about a month since, to say that his mother's sudden death had been a great blow to him, and altered all his plans, and he had since been abroad for change of air, having been somewhat out of health.

When the Prince had been proclaimed and saluted, and the wonderful Grand and Royal Sign had been given by ten thousand Masons—a sight never to be forgotten by those who saw it—and when the Earl of Carnarvon had duly installed the Prince, and the officers were appointed, what was the astonishment of Dr. Penhaligon to see Lord Esme answer to the call of "Bro. the Earl of Tranmere," and to see him inducted Grand Senior Warden of England.

The Deputy Provincial Grand Master, Dr. Penhaligon, and one or two

of the leading Masons in the province, dined with the Provincial Grand Master, in Belgravia, afterwards. He had been laid up with the gout, and was, consequently, unable to attend Grand Lodge.

There Dr. Penhaligon learned, for the first time, that the Earl of Tranmere had come into his mother's title and a rent roll of £10,000 a year. He wondered to himself how this would affect Asellya, who, he fancied, had a liking for the young lord.

The *Morning Post* announced, shortly afterwards, that the Earl of Tranmere, Junior Lord of the Treasury, second son of the Most Honorable the Marquis of Earsdon, was about to lead to the altar Miss Edith Asellya Penhaligon, a member of a good old Cornish family.

It is said that Dr. Penhaligon is going to be married shortly to Miss De Hamel. They have been a long time engaged, but neither seemed in a hurry, and his practice, until Dr. Carlyon's death last year, was not very lucrative. Lady Tranmere is very kind to her cousin, and when maternal cares allow, she comes down into Cornwall, occasionally to see dear old St. Mervin, as she calls it. Her father, who is old, has resigned the Rectory, but they still live there. Mr. Diggory Wroath has written one or two books—"very clever, but awfully sarcastic," so the ladies say. He is a confirmed bachelor—some say, a misogynist. Lord Tranmere has told Dr. Penhaligon that, as he has been asked so many times, he shall be very happy to act, if elected next year by the brethren of the Lodge of Harmony, as Worshipful Master.

THE END.

### FREEMASONRY IN GERMANY.

BY BRO. N. K. GRIGGS.

In regard to the antiquity of our Fraternity, no one disputes that Speculative Masonry was given its first