

called "Gylfe," that is, "wolf," or initiate. He wishes to understand the sciences taught by the priests, and for that purpose sets out for "Asgard," or the City of the Gods. On his arrival he sees a palace whose lofty roof, as far as the eye can reach, is covered with golden stars or bucklers, and finds its gates guarded by a man who is amusing himself tossing seven small swords in the air, and catching them one after another as they fall. This man demands his name; Gylfe informs him that he is a pilgrim, and learns that the palace belongs to the king to whom he seeks admission. The guard leads him into the hall, and the iron doors close behind him with a crash. He traverses many stately rooms filled with people, and at length stands in a suppliant posture before three thrones, raised one above the other. He is told that he who sits on the lowest throne is called the High or Lofty One; the second is named Equal to the High; and he who sits on the highest throne is called the Highest or Third.

The three proceed to instruct pilgrim in the science of the universe, and in their mythology. Among their gods, Balder the Good is particularly mentioned, who was slain by "Locke," or the evil principle, but this we shall notice when we come to speak of the legend.

Having now noticed, with such detail as our space would allow, the initiatory ceremonies of the most prominent of the Pagan nations of antiquity, we turn to the legends or mythological histories of the personages celebrated in these mysteries; and if we examine these histories closely, we may discover, perhaps in almost every instance, that they rest on a sub-stratum of fact. A ruler, a lawgiver, or a philosopher, as the case may be, raised himself above the level of his countrymen, and in advance of his age, by the power of his intellect; he was revered during his life, and deified after his death, and gradually, traditions of events that occurred long before his time, and of which, perhaps, the true origin had been lost to them, got mixed up with his memory, and he became the founder of a sect and the recipient of divine honors.

[To be continued.]

**GOD'S EXISTENCE.**—Galileo, the most profound philosopher of his age, when interrogated by the Inquisition as to his belief of a Supreme Being, replied, pointing to a straw on the floor of his dungeon, that from the structure of that object alone he would infer with certainty the existence of a Creator.

The Egyptians, in the earliest ages, constituted a great number of Lodges, but with assiduous care, kept their secrets of masonry from all strangers. They wrapt up their mysteries in disguised allusions, enigmas, fables, and allegories; from whence arose our various obscure questions and answers, and many other mystic obscurities which lead to the Royal Craft—the true sense of which are practiced by thousands, though understood but by few. These secrets have been but imperfectly handed down to us by oral tradition only, and ought to be kept undiscovered to the laborers, craftsmen and apprentices, till by good behaviour and study they become better acquainted in geometry and the liberal arts, and thereby qualified for Masters and Wardens.—*Mystic Temple Review.*

## BRO. ROB MORRIS' LETTERS.

### HEADING TOWARDS THE ORIENT.

FROM THE MASONIC REVIEW.

NEAR CORNIDA, February 19, 1868.

MY DEAR MOORE: I mailed you my last from Liverpool: fearing that if I wait until my arrival at Beyrout I may not be able to hit your April issue, I will make up a letter the next two weeks. I reach there, according to the "itineraire" of this steamship line, March 2. About the 5th I propose to go to Tyre, 45 miles down the coast, and take up my abode there for several weeks.

I made no other stay in Liverpool than was necessary to get my baggage—"luggage" these benighted people term it—through the Custom House. Some of your readers may like to know how that is done. I will tell you. The six carpet bags representing the worldly effects of my traveling companion and myself, for we carry *no* trunks, lying in a corner by themselves, the officer comes up and enquires:

"Have you any tobacco?"

As my friend smokes and chews, he replies:

"Only enough to last me for my journey."

Then one of the bags were opened; the officer gleaned two pounds of the detestable weed before him and said:

"I suppose then I can drink your health?"

My friend sweetly assured him that he *could*, and furnished him with a shilling for the purpose. That was *all the examination*. The other five bags were not even opened. We might have imported into Liverpool tobacco and cigars enough for the Queen and all her offspring; that shilling would have covered the multitude of sins with our custom house janitor. Pleased as we were with the matter, I could not help thinking the examination a mere humbug. May the time come when no custom officials will be needed in any country. So mote it be. Amen.

At Paris the custom house officer did not open a single bag. Glancing at one that was filled with books, he asked the nature of its contents. I told him "books;" whereupon he chalked a device on it compounded of a figure eight and an hour glass, and did not even liquor at my expense. I acknowledge myself agreeably disappointed in this, for I supplied myself with quite a collection in oriental literature, and really feared some detention at the custom house.

In Marseilles, where I called with my passport on the American Consul to have it *vised*, that official told me it was entirely unnecessary. He offered to do it for a dollar but assured me that the money would be simply thrown away. These facts I write down to show your readers how greatly the restrictions upon travelling have of late years been relaxed.

My visit to Westminster Abbey, (February 15th,) hasty as it was, has left impressions upon my mind that are ineffaceable. When a boy I was more struck with Addison's beautiful reflections upon his own visit to this place than with any other passage that ever met me in his writings. And now Addison has been a tenant of that place more than a century, and I too have visited Westminster Abbey. It seems