

bright brass." These last words, translated in our authorized version, "did Hiram his father make to King Solomon," are in the original GNaSHaH KHURaM ABIV LaMeLeCH SHeLoMoH—literally, "made Khuram Abiv to King Solomon," and it is from this expression, *Khurum Abiv*, that the Masons have derived their appellation of *Hiram Abif*.

Enough has been said to show that the labors of Hiram Abif in the Temple were those of a worker in brass and in precious stones, in carving and in gilding, and not those of a Mason. He was the decorator, and not the builder, of the Temple. He owes the position which he holds in the ritual of Masonry not to any connection with the art of architecture, of his knowledge of which there is not the slightest mention in the books of Kings or of Chronicles, but, like Tubal Cain, to his skill in bringing the power of fire under his control, and applying it to the forging of metals.

The high honor paid to him is the result of the influence of that universally spread "Legend of the Smith," which recounted the wondrous deeds of Volund, or Weland, or Wayland, in the Middle Ages. The smith was, in the mediæval traditions, in the sagas of the North, and in the romances of the South, the maker of swords and cuirasses; in the symbolism of Masonry he was transmuted into the fabricator of holy vessels and sacred implements. But the idea, that of all crafts Smith Craft was the greatest, was unwittingly retained and adopted by the Masons, when, unmindful of their own more noble science of architecture, they elevated the skillful smith of Tyre to the highest place in their Temple ritual.

The spirit of iconoclasm has been doing much to divest the history of Masonry of all fabulous assumptions. This attempt to give to Hiram Abif his true position is in that spirit of iconoclasm. But the doctrine here advanced will not affect in the slightest degree the part assigned to Hiram Abif in the symbolism of the third degree. Whatever he may have been, he must have stood in the confidence of Kings Solomon and Hiram, and he might be well supposed entitled to the exalted part bestowed upon him in the Legend of the Craft and in the modern ritual. He is still, whether smith or mason, the representative in the third degree of man laboring in the temple of life, and the lesson of his tried integrity and his fate is still the same.

As Masons, viewing the whole tradition as a symbolic myth, we may be content to call him an architect, the first of Masons, and the chief builder of the Temple; but as historians, we can know nothing of him that is not supported by authentic and undisputed authority, and therefore we must look upon him as the ingenious artisan who worked in metals; in short, as the Tyrian, and hence the Masonic, development of the ancient as well as the mediæval "Legend of the Smith." He is really the Volund or Wayland of the Masonic myth, changed by mistaken tradition from a worker in brass to a worker in stone.—*Albert G. Mackey, M. D.*

THE LOST LODGE.

JACOB BRONSON is a Masonic enthusiast. Whatever he undertakes to do he "goes through it" with a *vim*. This was particularly marked in his ascent through the mystic grades. The whole month subsequent to his reception of the first degree was so given up to its study that when presented for the second, he had mastered the fundamentals—*esotery* and *exotery*, in the most thorough and exhaustive manner to the astonishment of the Craft.

Nor did this enthusiasm slacken in his after career. Each subsequent degree was attacked with equal ardor and conquered with equal thoroughness and brilliancy. Placed at first in an inferior position as an officer, he acquired the details of his position performed its duties with vigor, and made an office honorable and important which had hitherto been deemed trivial. Advanced to places of greater trust, he brought the same energy to bear upon them, and when, in due course of time, his fellow members honored themselves by placing him under the "G," as the representative of the wise king, he transformed the plain chair into a throne, the gavel into an implement of power, and the office itself into a semblance of dignity and authority never before dreamed of in that lodge. Such was Brother Jacob Bronson, of one of whose remarkable and mysterious "experiences" the present tale will treat.

It was a fine autumn morning that our hero, gun in hand, walked through a distant portion of the settlement for the purpose of killing game. His dogs soon winded a fine buck, which in passing, received a ball from the steady aim of their master, but shooting forward like an arrow, was soon lost to sight. Jacob pursued it with the ardor which was the part of his nature, but the afternoon was well advanced before the animal, crippled as it had been, could be overtaken. At last, however, the stricken quarry lay dead before him, the tired hunter threw himself for a breathing spell by its side, and then for the first time since morning Jacob began to look around and wonder where he was.