

a true Mason toward the Order, his brother, the State, and one's country, and at the end of this grave allocution, arising from his seat he added the following words, which threw stupefaction among his auditory: "One of the brethren here present, violating together the laws of the Order, his duty toward the State, and his oath, forgetting every sentiment of fidelity and gratefulness toward his Worshipful Master and his king, has rendered himself guilty of an enormous crime. As king, I wish to know nothing, as Worshipful Master, I pardon him, as brother, I hold out my hand to him to raise him up from his fall, and as man, I wish to forget the past. I only exact that he here avow his crime, that he re-enters within himself and amends, and then all will remain among ourselves, and never shall any more mention be made of it; but if he remains silent and does not accept the pardon offered to him, I must inform him that as Worshipful Master I shall be forced to retire *forever* from the Lodge, and that in virtue of my duty as king and first functionary of the State, I shall deliver him into the hands of justice."

Silent and in consternation all present looked at each other. None of them could explain to themselves the terrible words of the king. Wallrave himself had not the least doubt that his treason was discovered, and that it was a question relating to him. After a short pause the king repeated the same words. All were silent. Frederick made a *third* appeal. No one answered. With eyes full of tears, the king resumed: "As a Mason I have fulfilled my duty; unhappily, I have convinced myself that no Masonic sentiment reigns among this small number of initiates; that the oath, duty, fidelity, gratitude are powerless to bind men and bridle the heat of effervescence of passions. I therefore close to-day, and for the LAST TIME, the meeting—I shall never retake the mallet!" Frederick proceeded then once more with solemnity, and agreeably to the Ancient Masonic Rite to the closing of the meeting, and, moved to the very centre of his soul, he went, head uncovered, to deposit the mallet on the altar. In the ante-chamber the king ordered General Wallrave to give up his sword, had him arrested and put in judgment.

The culprit was condemned to a perpetual detention, and conducted to Magdebourg, to a prison, the construction of which he had formerly been charged with. That prison had been destined for a State prisoner, and disposed so as to render it impossible to escape, or even to commit suicide, the captive could not even injure himself by striking his head against the walls or floor, for they were mattress and cushioned.

Wallrave passed seven years in this close captivity, deprived of all light other than the faint light admitted from the height of his prison, without books, pens, ink, and paper—abandoned to himself and his remorse. No one was allowed to speak to him, not even the officer appointed to bring him his food, which the captive was obliged to take without knife, fork or spoon. At the expiration of these seven years, his captivity was mitigated, and he was transferred, by order of the king, to a prison not so narrow. Wallrave had at his disposition a little garden, where he might breathe the air and move with more liberty. He remained there, separated from the world, until his death, from 1748 to 1778, that is to say, during thirty years.

Wallrave tried to ask of his Grace his pardon, by sending to the king the eighty-eighth Psalm of David. The monarch answered by sending him the tenth Psalm.

From the moment that Frederick had been forced to sever with a brother, he no more could be a member of the Lodge. This was the only cause which prevented this great King, this crowned philanthropist, visiting the Lodges afterward. But until his death he never ceased to honor the Order, for he had the conviction that the members of the fraternity in general were sincerely devoted to *their king* and *La Patrie*.—*Hebrew Leader*.

THE WAY IT WORKS.

A physician in Washington, D. C., was called to visit professionally a young lady taken suddenly and seriously ill. Employed in one of the departments, she was comparatively without friends or resources, and when rendered helpless by disease, her condition was truly deplorable. The physician ascertaining the name of his patient to be the same as a Brother Mason in Boston, whom he had met some years previously, he inquired if she was related to this person. Being told that she was the daughter of this fellow-craftsman, whom, it should be remembered, the physician only knew as a member of the Fraternity, he not only gave to her skillful professional treatment, but saw that she wanted for nothing of care and proper nursing, and when she was sufficiently recovered to travel, he accompanied her on her journey, and was not content until he had placed her in her own Eastern home. Then, exchanging fraternal salutation with his old-time Masonic acquaintance, he returned to his work and calling, hardly conscious, perhaps, of the moving power that had influenced him