

Vatican that the Pope is a prisoner in his palace of ten thousand rooms, because of the activities of the Masons and other secret bodies which not only had a political policy inimical to the Temporal Power, but also, by their ceremonial, gave at least some satisfaction to the religious instinct. Nevertheless, the attempted crusade against Masonry will be disturbing if it revive the ancient bitterness which once existed, and leads to the closer political reorganisation of the Continental Masons. They have shown before now that if they are attacked they know how to retaliate.—*Western Morning News.*

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WHITE LEATHER APRON.

Here's a toast to the Lambskin, more ancient  
by far  
Than the Fleece of pure gold or the eagles of  
war;  
'Tis an emblem of innocence, nobler to wear,  
Than the Garter of England or order as rare.

Let the king wear the purple and point to his  
crown,  
Which may fall from his brow when his throne  
tumbles down;  
But the badge of a Mason has much more to  
give  
Than a kingdom so frail that it cannot long  
live.

Let the field marshal boast of the men he can  
guide,  
Of the infantry columns and heroes who ride;  
But the White Leather Apron his standard  
outranks,  
Since it waves from the East to the Death  
river's banks.

'Tis the shield of the orphan, the hostage of  
love;  
'Tis the charter of Faith in the Grand Lodge  
above;  
While the high and the low in its whiteness  
arrayed,  
Of one blood and one kin by its magic are  
made.

Kingdoms fall to the earth; cities crumble to  
dust,  
Men were but born to die; swords are made  
but to rust;  
But the White Leather Apron through ages  
passed on,  
Has survived with the Lodge of the Holy St.  
John.

So a toast to the Lambskin, which levels, up-  
lifts—  
To the White Leather Apron, most priceless  
of gifts.  
'Tis the badge of the Mason more ancient by  
far  
Than the Fleece of pure gold or the eagles of  
war.

—*Franklin W. Lee, St. Paul, Minn.*

### POWER OF THE SIGN.

BY BUN F. PRICE.

It was in the month of May, several years ago, that we were invited by a friend, who was captain of one of the many coasting packets plying between Memphis and certain points on the Mississippi, to "join him on a fishing trip." Accepted, and that evening at five o'clock, as the captain tapped the big bell and sung out to his mate to "let her go," found us on the hurricane roof of the palatial steamer C—, bound for Cole Creek, about 100 miles above this city, the place selected for the outing.

That night after supper, while smoking our fragrant cigars, we asked our friend to "give us some Masonic reminiscence of his life as a river man."

"I'll do it," said he. "But there are so many of them I hardly know where to begin. I have been on the river for many years, and my license as a captain dates away back in the 50's, and with the exception of about four years, in which I kept company with you around the camp-fires and on the battle-fields of the South, I have never done anything else, so you must know that in all that time I have had many Masonic experiences. I am glad to say, however, that I have never forgot my Masonry or shortened my 'cable tow.' There is scarcely a year passes but what I am called upon frequently.

"Why, it was only a few months ago when I discovered a wild raft coming down the river. It was being propelled by a high wind and swift current and the pilot became alarmed for fear he could not keep out of the way of it. He gave it a wide berth and we were getting along very nicely when I dis-