

Such an organization, in which the material light brought out of chaos by the divine command is made the symbol of the spiritual light brought out of spiritual darkness, we now recognize as Speculative Masonry; and hence those who are its disciples are called the "sons of light;" and simply in allusion to the great symbol which they have adopted, they reverentially and symbolically, but by no means historically date their epoch as from "the Year of Light."—*Mackey's National Freemason.*

LIGHT, BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

By M. F. Bigney.

Light, beautiful light!

Light, the reflection of Deity's smile,
That wakeneth worlds from the chaos of night,
And brighteneth ocean and isle!
Fleet as a thought o'er the waters careering,
Iris-hued pearls in thy pathway appearing,
Gemming the foam, while the depth thou art cheering.
Light, beautiful light!

Light, cherishing light!

Light as it lingers o'er forest and field,
That tinteth the flowers to gladden the sight,
And brightens the emerald shield!
Thou to the gardens in glory descending,
Mystical beauties forever are blending,
While to the fruit-trees rich treasures thou'rt lending.
Light, cherishing light!

Light, gladdening light!

Light that converteth to diamonds the dew,
That wakens the morn with a hymn of delight,
As if it were created anew!
When o'er nature the mantle thou'rt flinging,
Groves become vocal, and birds with their singing,
Gush forth in thy praise like a fountain upspringing.
Light, gladdening light!

Light, truth-telling light!

Light as it comes from the radiant spheres.
That shadows dispel with its silvery might,
And dangers and phantoms and fears,
Bright through the lattice thy matin rays streaming:
Startles the maid from her passionate dreaming,
Showing the true from that only in seeming.
Light, truth-telling light!

Light, heavenly light!

Light, as in brightness it beams on the mind,
That seems with a pencil of glory to write
High lyrics of hope for mankind!
Mortals the mystical tablet divining,
Still for the fair and the holy are pining,
While thy best thoughts thou art upward inclining.
Light, heavenly light!

—*N. Y. Dispatch*

PILGRIMAGE TO SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

THERE set forth from Paddington Station the other morning a pilgrimage of un wonted character, the purpose being to offer on the part of the Masonic Brotherhood of England a tribute to the memory of England's great poet. A special meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Warwickshire had been convoked by Lord Leigh, Provincial Grand Master of the county, to meet the "pilgrims," all of whom were Masons. Primarily the pilgrimage had been organized by the Bard of Avon Lodge (whose present Master is Sir George Elliot, M. P.) to unveil a window which the Lodge, which is chiefly composed of literary and artistic brethren, had placed in this shrine of one whos