

styled "the beneficent spirit," "mild of heart," and "fair and beloved of all who see him," was said to have done in the under-world, at the close of earth's labors, to the children of men.

Who is there that does not respect and admire the nobility of thought embodied in these beliefs of the ancient Egyptians, and more especially in the doctrines connected with them taught in the Ancient Mysteries, with which, in not a few respects, the Freemasonry of to-day is affiliated?

The Egyptians carried their worship of the sun into the noblest nomenclature of their language. The title "Pharaoh" is a true Egyptian word, signifying "the sun." More than this, the living king, or Pharaoh, was regarded as the manifestation on earth of Horus, or Ra, the rising or meridian sun. Hence, no one hesitated to worship the king, in his official capacity, as actually God. Indeed, on the monuments, the king himself stands as a worshiper before his own image, and offers incense to his divine nature. Thus the adoring king was entirely distinct from the being worshiped. He was the chosen of God, a ruler of divine right, and none might rightfully oppose his sway.

Much as we admire the setting sun in nature, sinking in a sea of glory, dyeing the clouds with vermillion and saffron and ruby, it is largely a sentimental admiration, one that is regarded as more appropriate to romantic creatures of tender years, than to the matured and thoughtful being in the meridian of his power. Opposites attract each other—the rising sun of youth most admires the setting sun in nature. But not so those who are matured. They know that the setting sun, all-glorious as it is in its panoply of regal clouds, is dying, and soon will be buried in night. No, give them the rising sun. It, too, rides in a gorgeous chariot, through the heavens, with prancing coursers. It, too, passes between the veils of purple and

blue and crimson. But its course is onward and upward, to glory and power, aiming at the supreme sovereignty that comes at "High Twelve," not downward to the perpetual shades, and the burial that takes place at "Low Twelve." Freemasonry has among its brethren and officers, those who personify in this respect the rising meridian and setting sun. The brother who is elected to the first,—that is the Junior station in the craft,—represents the rising sun—he is the Horus of to-day. All pay him respect and honor. He is the coming man. His future is bright. He will rise in the arc of authority. By-and-by he will attain the chief place, and illustrate the virtues which his predecessors in the Oriental chair made synonymous with the office. Then he will be the Ra of his time—the Supreme Ruler. But all things have an end, official glory with the rest. The Horus of yesterday, the Ra of to-day, becomes the Osiris of to-morrow. The setting sun, all beautiful as it is, passes away. Thus do our honors leave us, and we then stand alone, in our individuality, respected for what we are in ourselves, rather than for what we were when enveloped in the transient sheen of the rising or meridian sun. May the admonition not be appropriately given to every Masonic officer:—

"To live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams,"
—[Keystone.

"I think," said an exasperated bar-room orator, as he slowly elevated himself from the pavement to a perpendicular, "that a full-grown man who throws an orange peel on the pavement is no Christian." "Well," said a bystander, "what do you think of an orange-peel that throws a full-grown man on the pavement?"