them. Such "The Book of the Law" furnishes, and we are saved much of the anxiety and thought which were once necessary to deduce guides to conduct.

Having good tests, the Mason proceeds to construct his cube. The cube is a solid contained by six equal squares. To form a cube, then, it is necessary to make six plane surfaces and six right angles. The workman judges the position in which he can best work his material. He then begins to make one plane or flat surface. After roughly flattening it, he cuts a channel in any convenient direction, the bottom of which is flat, as tested by his straight edge. A second is then cut across this, so that at the place of crossing the two may coincide. These are again crossed by others, until the spaces are so small that they may be readily and accurately reduced by the general plane.

Having thus made one plane, which I will call A B C D, the workman makes two of its edges, A D, D C, in the figure true and perpendicular to each other, by cutting small portions of the adjacent faces, and he then makes D E perpendicular to both, cutting a channel on the top of the stone, perpendicular to both A D and D C, and another on the side. A channel or drift is then cut from C to E, and one from D at the same depth at the crossing. Then, as before, the plane D C F E is completed by multiplying the channels and cutting away the intervals. So, again, the face A D E G is cut. The three edges, A D, D C, and D E are now marked equal to the sides of the cube, and the other three faces are cut. If, now, all the angles have been truly set out, all the angles at H (opposite to G) will on trial be found right angles, and the sides meeting in H equal to those meeting in D. Probably trial will show that there is some error accumulated. The stone is good enough for ordinary buildings, but is not a true cube. Greater care will reduce this error, but no time or care will entirely remove it, for the tests can always be made more delicate than the work. The old craftsmen have taken great pains, for in the Temple it is said that the joints were invisible, and this could only have been attained by a truth of workmanship such as we never see now. In the Great Pyramid, supposed to have been built even before the time of Abraham, the joints of the casing are nowhere thicker than a sheet of paper, and this is to be seen in our own days. To attain such accuracy must have needed great pains and frequent revisions. But such forms are not perfect. That no pains, no time could make them. The imperfections of the materials alone would prevent this.

As it is quite practicable by watchful care to make an ashlar fit for ordinary use, some Masons can fit themselves for their places in society. The skill and care of the workman enables him to detect error in his own work, and the more excellent the work, the more carefully done, the more surely the skill that executed it will detect defects where others who are casual observers, fail to see them. So the true Mason will see faults and errors in himself; however perfect he may seem to his neighbors, he knows well that he is not perfect. If the end of Masonry were merely to fit us for our own places here, we should not have held out as our pattern the perfect cube; no! after filling his place in lodge here, after his work as a part of the earthly society is over, the Mason is to take his place above; he is to be an ashlar in the Great Temple not built with hands.

For this he must be perfect, able to stand the tests of the Great Architect of the Universe. His life here passed in constant labour, carefully correcting his faults and shortcomings, he must when the call comes find himself only too defective, even in his own eyes. How, then, shall he dare to present himself to the square of the Grand Geometrician?

We are taught not to despair that by living in faith and the exercise of charity we have grounds for sure hope. Masonry teaches us that there is some way by which we shall be freed from our faults and defects; but it does not tell us how; on the contrary, we are taught that our light is but darkness visible. We seek the light which shines more and more to the perfect day. This the true Mason will seek, the mode in which we can become perfect is the true secret of Masonry and all its ceremonies and teaching should be incitements to further research. We shall not indeed here meet with complete success. Portions of truth we shall get,—glimpses, more or less perfect, of the great mystery,—a mystery so great that we could not comprehend it entirely. Firmly believing that our honest efforts cannot but lead us to some truth, we shall not want faith, and we shall need all our charity, to keep constantly before us the fact that we have not the whole truth, and that the results of the honest research of others will (even though we see not how) be another phase of the same verity. Hereafter the clouds and dimness will pass away. We now see as through a glass, darkly, then we shall see face to face; we shall know as we are known.

ST. JOHN'S DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

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Immediately after the election of office-bearers for the year ensuing, the brethren walk in procession three times around the Cross, and afterwards dine together under the presidency of the newly elected Grand Master. About six in the evening the members again turn out, and form into line, two abreast, each bearing a lighted flambeau, and decorated with their peculiar emblems and insignia. Headed by the heraldic banners of the Lodge, the procession follows the same route three times around the Cross, and then proceeds to the Abbey. On these occasions the crowded streets present a scene of the most animated description. The joyous strains of a well conducted band, the waving torches and incessant shower of fireworks, make the scene a carnival. But at this time the venerable Abbey is the chief point of attraction and resort; and, as the mystic torch-bearers thread their way through the mouldering aisles and round its massive pillars, the outlines of its gorgeous ruins become singularly illuminated, and are brought into bold and striking relief. The whole extent of the Abbey is, with a measured step and slow, gone three times round. But when, near the finale, the whole Masonic body gather to the chancel, and, forming one grand semicircle around it, where the heart of King Robert Bruce lies deposited near the high altar, and the band strikes up the patriotic air, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," the effect produced is overwhelming. Midst showers of rockets and the glare of blue-lights the scene closes. the whole reminding one of some popular saturnalia held in the monkish town during the middle ages.