

powerful than Royalty. In Spain, at this moment, they have a government without a king; nay, more, in that land disgraced by many an *auto da fe* there is hope of the growth of a people not in the hands of priests. The Revolution which trampled on the Crown, has raised the brain, and heresy has been spoken boldly in the legislative chamber. Freemasonry has in Iberia a grand mission, an arduous task. The Revolution has exiled the weak and wicked Queen. Freemasonry, to prevent the return of such royalty, has to strive for the development of a strong and useful people. In Italy, where the Honorary G. M. is our brother, Joseph Garibaldi, to-day they dream of a Government without a monarch. Turin, Florence, Naples, Rome, forgetting petty dissensions and local differences, no longer misled by royally-tinselled vice, are striving and hoping for the time when an Italian Republic, with a Roman Senate, may once more claim the right to be in the vanguard of civilising peoples. Read, brother, how at the recent Masonic banquet at Florence, Frederic Campanella was greeted with *vivas* for the union "di tutti i Galantuomini" for the salvation of Italy. In England, even at this hour, we are—if the organs of blood and culture speak truly—very near forgetting the use of a Queen. The least learned in politics amongst our peoples now know that kings and queens here are only the costly gilded figureheads of the ship of State, its helm being in the hands of the nominees of our territorial aristocracy. Some begin to wonder whether the State might not be better served by sign less gaudy, and more in accordance with the material of which the bulk of the vessel is built. Others grumble downright that a sort of base Dutch metal should be imported in large quantities, as if we had no good British oak out of which to carve a king without disfiguring German silver or Dutch leaf. In France, men are working, with prospect of near

success, to overthrow the fear-stricken, *soi-disant* nephew of the great Emperor; and in Europe, the Republic of United Germany is not so far away but that the grandchildren of living Prussian and Austrian subjects may read with wonderment of the value that foolish Englishmen set upon petty German princes. *Liberte, Egalite, Fraterniti*, form the Masonic trinity in unity. Do you believe in this trinity? Which will you be, prince or man? You give me the right to ask, for, cradled a prince, you have to-day (in the time which ought to be your manhood) sought admission to the ranks of men. In Freemasonry there are no princes; the only nobles in its true peerage muster-rolls must be noble men—men noble in thought, noble in effort, noble in endurance—men whose peerage is not of a parchment patent, but foot-trodden on the world's weary to climb life's ladder. In our Masonry there are no kings save in the kingship of manhood, "*Tous les hommes sont rois*," Kings with pens for sceptres, king poets who make burning verse, and grand music to give life to the half-dead nation. Kings of prose, who pen history as impeachment of the few cruelly strong in the past, and who pen it that the many may learn neither to be cowardly nor weak in the grand struggle of the future. You are a prince, but dare you be a man: for the sake of the Danish flower, whose bloom should gladden your life; for the sake of the toiling millions who are loyal from habit, and who will revolt reluctantly, but for peace will pay taxes readily, for the sake of the halo that history will show round your head in its pages? If you dare, let us see it. Go to Ireland—not to Punchestown races, at a cost to the people of more than two thousand pounds—but secretly amongst its poor, and learn their deep griefs. Walk in London, not in parade at its horse shows, where snobs bow and stumble, but in plain dress and unattended; in its Spitalfields, Bethnal