

it may forge chains, and kindle its fires, and prepare its dungeons; but the true Mason will remember what is *duty*—and perform it. The State may forbid private assemblies; the Czar and the Pope—Austria and Spain, may unite their prohibitions; but Masonry will flee to the mountains and the plains; and where only the Eye of Omniscience is upon them, perform their mystic rites and renew their covenants of fidelity. Rome, where it had the power, has always interdicted Masonry, and a few minor Protestant sects have echoed the spirit and practise of the “mother church” in this behalf; but all this time *duty* has been the polar star of every true Mason; why should it not be popular in England?

Masonry has won a name and reputation in the world, not by its mystic rites and secret ceremonies, for of these the world is ignorant—but by its deeds of practical beneficence. It has contributed of its funds to aid in giving the Holy Scriptures, free to those who had them not. It has sent bread to the hungry, and clothing to the naked. It has found a shelter for the orphan, when there were none others to care for them: It has taken the destitute aged, and provided for them homes and comfort. Now, for which of all these works of God-like charity does the Roman Church denounce the Order.—*Freemason in Masonic Review.*

THE ROYAL ARCH.

When orient *Wisdom* beam'd serene,
And pillar'd *Strength* arose;
When *Beauty* ting'd the growing scene,
And Faith her mansion chose—
Exulting bands the fabric view'd,
Mysterious powers ador'd;
And high the *Triple Union* stood
That gave the *Mystic Word*.

Pale envy withered at the sight,
And, frowning o'er the pile,
Call'd murder up from realms of night
To blast the glorious toil.
With ruffian outrage join'd in woe,
They formed the league abhorr'd,
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That crushed the *Mystic Word*.
Concealment, from sequester'd cave,
On sable pinions flew,
And on the sacrilegious grave
Her veil imperious threw.
Th' associate band, in solemn state,
The awful loss deplor'd;
And Wisdom mourned the ruthless fate
That whelmed the *Mystic word*.

At length, thro' Time's expanded spheres,
Fair Science speeds her way,
And warm'd by Truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindest ray.
A second fabric's towering height
Proclaimed the sign restor'd,
From whose foundation, brought to light,
Is drawn the *Mystic Word*.

To depths unseen the favor'd *trine*
A dreary course engage,
Till thro' the Arch the way divine
Illumes the sacred page.
From the wide wonders of the blaze
Our ancient Sign's restor'd;
The Royal Arch alone displays
The long lost *Mystic Word*.

—Voice of Masonry.

EARL PERCY was proclaimed as M. W. G. M. M. M., and Grand Lodge formally saluted the Grand Master.