

Masters, and nobles and bishops acted as Wardens and Deacons! How much we long for a fuller view of such Masonic scenes as were enacted, when Sir Christopher Wren, as Deputy Grand Master, rebuilt London, destroyed by fire, the king himself laying the corner stones of the large public buildings, and the Cathedral of St. Paul's, covering four acres, according to the forms of Masonry. Here was the operative. The king became a second Hiram of Tyre, and Wren a second Hiram Abif, the Anglican Master Builder of that period.

The present century has witnessed a different spirit. The continental works of Masonry are nearly 7,000, and the different catalogued manuscripts in Europe about 1,500. Manuals, charts, monitors, proceedings of Grand Lodges, addresses lectures, magazines, reviews, and newspapers have dissipated the objections against Masonry and educated the Craft. The patrons of Masonry, with Franklin as their American head, have been the pioneers in the press. Let the Masons of this day eschew the idea that ignorance of the history, philosophy, and science of Masonry is the mother of devotion at her altar. Let the Craft everywhere realize that the diffusion of Masonic light and intelligence enlarges the minds and capacities of the fraternity, and strengthens and cements the bonds of sympathy and union of our one great brotherhood, and will remove the opposition and dispel the prejudice existing in every community, to a greater or less extent, against us.—*Rockland, N. Y., Advocate.*

HE IS DEAD.

—
 LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER MASON.

He is dead! How the words burn into the brain,
 And the scalding tears to the eyelids rise;
 But comfort your hearts, oh! sorrowing friends,
 The angels rejoice when a good man dies.

Like a field of ripened grain he stood,
 Fair and ripe in the sunset glow;
 Death saw the harvest was ready, and came,
 And the shadowy reaper laid him low.

Never more can we grasp his good right hand,
 Never more will his friendly voice be heard,
 In his home they will look and list in vain
 For the kindly voice and the loving word.

And ye of the strange and mystic tie,
 Who worked with him in fraternal love;
 He never will labor with you again,
 He has gone to work in the Lodge above.

But Faith points over the chilling tide,
 'Mong the dear ones there on the other shore;
 We see him bloom in immortal youth,
 And we think, not lost, but gone before.

His life-work done, let him rest in peace,
 His star went down at life's eventide,
 And, though lost in the murky sea of death,
 It will rise again on the Aiden side.

—*Masonic Advocate.*

BLUE MASONRY.

At the union of the two Grand Lodges, which long previously existed in England in 1813, the apron adopted and which is still worn by the English Craft, was trimmed with "blue" ribbon of a prescribed width; and the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, in its Constitution of 1845, Art. XIX., thus prescribed the apron to be worn by its subordinate lodges: "A plain white apron, from twelve to fourteen inches deep, and from fourteen to sixteen inches wide, without ornament; or white with edging of sky-blue ribbon, not exceeding one and a half inches deep; strings white or sky-blue." This was thirty years ago.

Mackey, in his Lexicon, has it thus:

"BLUE—The appropriate color of the first three degrees, or Ancient Craft Masonry,