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THE BROKEN TESSERA.

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor."

WHEN Philadelphia was about to be evacuated by the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, June 18, 1778, there was a merchant, one Hubbard Simpson, largely engaged in the sale of English goods, who had become highly obnoxious to the American residents, for supplying the British commander with mercantile facilities, and with information that had been used to the detriment of the American army.

This man was in high repute with Sir Henry and his immediate predecessor, Lord Howe. From the former he now received a notification in time to enable him to sell his goods and depart under the protection of the British army.

It was not possible, however, to dispose of so large a stock at short notice. To sell upon a credit was impracticable, so far as any of the American merchants were concerned, and as for those in the Tory interest they were not to be trusted. To make a cash sale in the present state of the funds was impossible. Thus Mr. Simpson revolved the matter in his mind till the very day preceding the evacuation. A final notice from Sir Henry found him undecided, sitting in his crowded warehouse, soon to be devoted to spoliation and fire by the incensed Americans.

Now, this man was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. Before the breaking out of strife he had held a distinguished place in the provincial lodges. Although his understanding of right and wrong, in the present war, differed from that of the majority of his countrymen, yet the most zealous patriot could not accuse him of inconsistency or turpitude. What he had professed to be from his youth—a warm loyalist—he still maintained; and this had led him to adopt the unpopular side in the revolutionary struggle, and to follow the British army, even at the expense of a large portion of his property.

As things now stood he was likely to lose more. Already he had begun to contemplate the idea of throwing open the doors and departing, when a rap was heard without, and, in answer to his invitation, an old friend, Mr. Jonas Lee, entered and asked a conference.

This person, come at so critical a moment, was a person of note in the city—one who had suffered more than most others for his attachment to liberty—and a zealous Mason.

For three years and upward no intercourse had been held between the pair, once fraternally intimate; they had only acknowledged each other's acquaintance by a nod of recognition when they met on the streets.

The object of the present call was stated in a few words.

"My old friend and brother, I have heard of you, approaching danger, and am come to offer you a service. We have taken opposite sides in politics; but you have sustained your choice, like myself, at great sacrifices; and while I can but regret you are arrayed against our common country, I yet respect your honesty of purpose. Masonry knows no principle but duty, and this is your hour of oppression; therefore am I come. My influence is now in the ascendant, and I hereby offer to you in brotherly truth. For old time's sake I will take charge of your property, otherwise the spoil of our soldiers,

and before to-morrow morning, will sell it for you at the best time and advantage, and hold the proceeds subject to your order."

The grateful merchant was profuse with his thanks.

"None of that, Brother Simpson. My own heart is a sufficient reward. You can say all that when we meet again. Time presses. You are in immediate and great danger."

A clearsale was forthwith made of the whole property, amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars. No documentary evidences relative to the debt were retained by Mr. Simpson. Prudence pointed out this as the only course that promised a successful result.

At parting, while yet the boat was waiting at the pier, and the drums of the American advanced guard were sounding in the suburbs of the city, Mr. Simpson took a gold piece from his pocket, broke it in two parts, and handing one to his noble-hearted friend, observed; "you and I used to debate the purpose of the ancient *tessera*; now we will make it a practical question. Whoever presents you with this fragment of gold, to him I authorize you to render up whatever in your hand belongs to me. Farewell."

Years rolled by, and Jonas Lee heard no more from his old friend. With great difficulty, and by the aid of powerful friends at headquarters, he had succeeded in disposing of the property without much loss; and by a judicious use of the money he had become rich. Old age then crept upon him. His daily walks about the city began to be shortened. The almond-tree flourished. The grasshopper began to be a burden. From year to year he drew nearer his own mansion, and finally confined himself within his retired apartment to await the summoner of all flesh.

One day, as he was reclining in the listlessness of old age, with but the Word of God and the person of his good wife for companionship, and the voices of his grandchildren ringing from the next room in happy harmony, he was accosted by a beggarly-looking young man, who prayed a gift of money "for a poor shipwrecked foreigner, who had lost his all and barely escaped with life itself."

Jonas Lee was not a person to refuse such a demand. He made him a bountiful gift of money, clothes and kind words. But when the foreigner was about to depart, he walked up to Mr. Lee's couch, and pressing his hand with thankfulness, he dropped into it a worn and ragged piece of metal, and asked him if he would accept that piece of gold as a token of a poor beggar's gratitude? There was something peculiar in the foreigner's tone, which led Mr. Lee to draw out his spectacles and examine the offering intently. What was the surprise of his wife to see him rise from his chair, draw a similar fragment from his bosom, where it had been suspended by a ribbon for a long time, and applying the pieces together, to hear him triumphantly declare: "They fit! they fit! The broken *tessera* is complete! the union is perfect! Thank God, thank God, my brother is yet alive!"

The foreigner turned out to be the youngest son of Mr. Simpson, who had been shipwrecked, as he stated, to the great hazard of his life. Preserving the golden fragment, he had landed at Philadelphia ragged and poor, charged by his father with a message to Mr. Lee. Why the former had so long delayed his claim does not appear. The history informs us, however, that he followed the British army through the rest of the war, and amassed a large fortune by some successful government contracts; gone to England; embarked in some extensive speculations there, and finally, retiring from business immensely wealthy, was made a baronet for his loyal services.

His son was received with open arms, and introduced into the best circles of Philadelphia. The report concerning the Masonic part of the transaction became public, and gave a new impetus to the Order.

But when a full account of his stewardship was prepared by Mr. Lee, and the property, both principal and interest, tendered to the young man, the proffer was met by a letter from Sir Hubbard Simpson just received, in which he declined receiving a shilling of it, and presented it with his warmest regards, to his old friend and brother, Jonas Lee.—*Keystone*.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

READER, if, ten years ago, you had been passing through a certain beautiful city of Northern Illinois, situated on Rock River, and if it had been my privilege to have pointed out the objects of beauty and interest, I should have called your attention to the right bank of the river to view the palatial residence and artistic grounds belonging to Joseph W. He was at that time the wealthy proprietor of the ——— factory, and a standing monument, verifying the assertion, "That money makes the man." He was a shrewd, active, business man. The organ of acquisitiveness predominating over all others, except an inordinate propensity for speculating on and denouncing secret soci-

eties. His money reared him a costly residence and fine business buildings. His purse was open to public charities, and the enlightenment of the heathen. Wherever the name of Joseph W. could appear publicly as a giver, there the dignified deacon of the —— church placed his purse upon the altar. He called himself a christian, but instead of saving souls from pandemonium to come, he worked as none but an evangelist could work, to save them from Masonry, here below. He preached on the street corners, button-holed every acquaintance and denounced the horrors of Masonry until anti-secret society men would cross the street when they saw him coming, to avoid the endless cry of "sausages, sausages." Occasionally, a man, not caring for one side or the other, would venture a remark, as did Andrew D. one day, when he said, "W., how was it about the R. family? Didn't the Masons care for them last winter when R. was laid up with the rheumatism?"

"All policy, all pohey; they did it to be seen and heard of men; no good ever came of Masonry yet; it never was and never will be good; it is all the work of the devil." Thus, Joe would set off in such a harrangue that the bold gentleman that started the hurricane would, like a sensible man, resolve to hold his peace and let fools blow their own trumpets.

"Having been introduced to Joe W., you can understand his storm of indignation when he made the discovery that he was a means of contributing, in a small way, to the support of Masonry. It happened in this way: one night before closing the factory, he accosted James B., one of his steady and efficient hands, and said, "James, the night watchman's wife is very sick, and it would be a favor to me if you would remain at the works to-night."

"It is lodge night, Mr. W., and special business requires my attention; any other night I should be glad to accommodate you."

"Are you a Mason?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the money that I pay you instead of going entirely to your family, in part goes to the lodge?"

"Yes, sir."

"James B., you are a poor man, why do you waste any of your earnings in this manner?"

"Sir, I have no money to leave my family; if I die they will have friends in the brotherhood."

W. drew himself up proudly and replied with an air of superiority: "I have worked and earned for my children a more substantial heritage than the friendship of the whole Fraternity."

Just then the factory bell rang the hour of dismissal, the closing for the time all further remarks! That night W. resolved that he would be a reformer—he would practice what he preached. Accordingly, the next day he interviewed all his hands and ascertained the solemn fact that five of them were Masons. These he summoned into his presence and informed them that he would give them a chance to repent. "If they would renounce their Order, they could still hold their situations, otherwise they were summarily dismissed." It is almost needless to remark, that on that tenth day of January, 1870, five men left W.'s employ, with the words indelibly impressed on their memory:

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

On none did the loss of employment fall heavier than on James B. Just before he left the presence of the proprietor he said: "Joseph W., as God can judge between the heart of a Christian Mason and a professed Christian egotist, if fortune's wheel ever places you in the suppliant's position, I hope He will show more mercy to you than you have this day shown to five of the best men that ever were in your employ."

Care and sickness entered the family of James B., but he struggled manfully, and took up the trials of life with a heavy heart, but willing hands. I will not enter into the minutiae belonging to the lives of the employer and employes; but will compass them in a few words. B. worked hard and earnest; bought a little home, and laid up a few dollars for the time of need; W. speculated, lost and failed so entirely that he received not even the bankrupt's panacea of being put into bankruptcy. Let sink into oblivion the months and years that followed; but go with me in imagination (as the writer did in reality, three weeks ago) to a cemetery not two hundred miles from Chicago, and you will see two marble headstones—on the one is inscribed the name of James B., on the other Joseph W. As I gazed on the white monuments before me, and memory brought before my mental vision the two men as I knew them in life, I thought: Equal at last—both heirs to a narrow casket, a marble slab and a lot in the burying ground. And God holds the will above. What did they leave their families? One, the cold charity of a disinterested world, and the merciless sneers of former

friends. The other, a small home, but home still. If want ever enters this humble home, its inmates can claim and receive the substantial friendship of a band of brothers, who know that the poet meant them as well as himself, when he wrote the words :

“ Teach me to feel another’s woe,
To hide the faults I see ;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Voice of Masonry.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

In the early part of the late civil war a small stream divided the hostile forces. A beautiful town lay on the right bank of the river, which, with its quaint gables and moss-covered roofs, reminded one of the ancient towns of old England during the reign of “ Virgin Bess.” A bridge had once connected the town with the left bank, along which ran a road through luxuriant fields and by spacious mountains to a prominent roadstead on the coast; but the exigences of war had caused Confederates to destroy the end of the bridge nearest the town, and to post a sentry commanding a full view of the remainder. On the end where it had been broken the Federals had built a breastwork with barrels filled with sand, behind which a sentinel paced his weary rounds. The town had been alternately occupied by the Confederates and Federals. But few of the inhabitants remained. Among these was an old man bedridden and decrepid from old age, and partly paralyzed in limb and mind, but who, having positively refused to be taken from the home of his fathers and youth, had been left to the care of his body servant and one or two females. During the occupation of the town by the Federals the old man had been visited and become an object of tender care to a number of Masons, and it was a source of pleasure to them to see him recognize the brotherhood. The windows that looked out upon the streets were dim, the grasshopper had become a burden, desire had nearly failed, the silver cord was losing its strength, and the golden bowl well-nigh broken; but the aged man still remembered, and his eyes brightened as he responded to the hidden language of the Craft.

After the evacuation of the town by the Federals the brethren often talked of their aged brother, and on more than one occasion several of them crossed the river at night, carrying with them such articles of food as they thought would be acceptable, and tried to persuade the old man to go within the Union lines, but he would not consent.

It was midnight. With the exception of the guard, the Federal army lay wrapped in slumber; when suddenly, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard; then a volley of musketry, followed by the beating of a long roll, and in a short time the whole army was aroused and under arms. The heavens now began to have a lurid glare, which was explained when the word was passed along the lines, “ The Johnnies have fired the town.” In the midst of the excitement the Masons thought of their aged brother, but the laws of war forbade them leaving their regiments, except one young officer who, being detached from his regiment, had for the night no special duty to restrain him. He communicated this fact to a few of his brothers, with his determination to cross the river and ascertain the fate of the old man. He started, reached the bridge, and there found the adjutant of the regiment which was doing picket duty, told him his errand, and asked his assistance. The adjutant, though not a Mason, had often heard the fidelity of Masons to one another. He admired the conduct of the young man; but warned him of the risks he would incur of being either captured or shot; but at last gave his assistance by procuring a boat, giving orders to the sentinel not to fire on the occupant, and said he would remain on the bridge until daylight to watch for his return.

The Federalist crossed the river, but was met on the shore by six rifles pointed at his breast, with the demands, “ Who are you? What is your business?” “ Take me to your commanding officer as quick as possible,” was the reply. It was done; and as the two met they instantly recognized each other as former friends, and the grey and blue joined hands in friendship’s clasp. In a few words the Federalist told his errand, when the Confederate replied, “ Good God! Uncle Joe here? We thought he was in Richmond. Have him, to be sure; and may God bless you for your kind deed.

He called a guard, saying to them, “ Go with this officer; assist him, and see him safe across the river; and if but one hair of head is harmed I shall hold you responsible for it.” The old man was found just in time, as the adjacent buildings were in flames, but his servants had already got him out on a wheelbarrow, preparatory to taking him to a place of safety. They carried him to the river, placed him in a boat, and were soon on the Union side; where, by the aid of the adjutant, an ambulance was procured, and “ Uncle Joe” was once more among his Masonic brothers, who cared for him until he was summoned to the Grand Lodge on high.—*Pomeroy’s Democrat.*

ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES.

We are induced to give a brief sketch of the greater and lesser mysteries of the Eleusinians at the request of a number of our friends, who may correctly say that the masses will not wade through tome after tome, even if convenient, to get at the gist of an organization once so popular in the world, and to which allusion is so constantly made by instructors in Masonry. Even the superficial student in Masonry should make himself acquainted with the general nature and history of every secret institution, because they all bear in some way on those of his own.

Let not the casual reader confound the Eleusinian with the Masenean Mysteries, the latter of which were instituted and propagated by the Jews in the closing period of the second century (B. C.) as a society of piously disposed men, who, in the solitudes of the western sides of the Dead Sea, sought a retreat from the corruptions and conflicts of the world—these never exceeded four thousand in number, and disappeared after the destruction of Jerusalem.

Eleusis was a hamlet twelve miles from Athens, in Greece, where the very celebrated mysteries were dedicated to Ceres and her daughter, Proserpine. Ceres was the goddess of the earth in its capacity of bringing forth countless fruits; Proserpine was her young loved daughter, carried away and suffered rape by Pluto. The mother, lighting her winged, snake-drawn car and made pursuit, and resting at Eleusis, instituted the festival of spring, when the earliest flowers appeared, and this nine-day celebration was the occasion of the initiation into the lesser mysteries, which commenced on the 20th of September with a grand torchlight procession, and lasted nine days, pending which the greater mysteries were revealed, and then only to free born Greeks, never to foreigners or slaves. Long preparation and probation of the Neophyte was exacted for the due celebration and intelligent conception of the ceremonies of the festival by introducing him or her to the deeper meaning of the loss of Proserpine to her mother. The unity of God and the immortality of the soul are supposed to have been the secret doctrines of the mysteries.

The most enlightened and most virtuous of men who had been initiated into those mysteries never allowed themselves to speak of them but with the greatest caution and respect. The little mysteries were but the preparatory course for the greater, which were celebrated in the Temple of Ceres, capable of holding from twenty to thirty thousand men. The preparation of the lesser mysteries was by many religious ceremonies, sacred customs and symbolic actions, which was to draw the initiate from the world, its business and its joys, and to awaken in him a power of altering his opinion, a more pure devotion and sincere longing for the knowledge he hoped was about to be revealed unto him. The purification or preparation lasted one year. Athenians only were at first admitted, afterward it was extended to the other inhabitants of Greece.

The first officer was the Hierophant, representing the Creator of the Universe, bearing the symbol of Almighty power. The second, the torch bearer, representing the Sun, who purified the candidate. The third, the Sacred Herald, who commanded silence to the candidate, and told the unholy to fly or be forever cursed. The fourth, the servant who bore the emblem of the Moon. There was an officer to command order and obedience, and a tribe of servants and priestesses. The preparation took place at night, the candidate's brow being encircled with myrtles. Upon his entrance he washed his hands in holy water, and it was exacted that the hands should be clean, the heart pure, and the Grecian language unexceptional.

This question and answer commenced the ceremony. The Hierophant demanded, "Have you eat?" the answer being, "I have eat out of the tympanum and drank out of the kymbalon, and borne the kornos." Then followed quickly varying scenes, conducting to stretch the phantasy to the utmost possible extent, and by quick transition from horrors so terrific as to be almost beyond endurance, to celestial joys that make a lasting and lively impression upon the mind. The preparatory ceremonies commenced with scenes of horror; in the midst of darkness, thunder, awful lightning, and flashes of fire, the most horrid spectres appeared, of gigantic stature and terrific forms; the candidate was thrown upon the ground and flogged without knowing why or by whom; his nerves were frozen with horror, and the sweat of anguish rolled from his brows. After a given amount of endurance, the curtain fell; the Courts of the Temple were disclosed to view. The initiate was conducted into the Temple by the Hierophant. The magnificence with which it was lighted up, the splendor of the scene and glory with which he was now surrounded confounded and amazed his senses as much as the horrors he had just gone through; the sight was dazzled by a most brilliant light—pure and holy places, and flowery meadows on which festive dancers amused themselves. His ears were ravished with notes from the sweetest voices and sounds of the most enchanting harmony; and finally he was dismissed with the Oriental mystical words,

"Konx Om Pax;" and now the postulant was prepared for the lesser mysteries of nine days' duration.

The first day was devoted to a general assembly, the second to purification of the sea; the third to offerings; on the fourth was the splendid procession, the consecrated chariot bearing the holy basket of Ceres; the fifth day was the torch day, because on the night which succeeded it the candidates wandered two and two in silence with lighted torches, frequently returning to the sacred place; then, at an increased pace, starting forth again, crossing and interchanging their flaming torches in representation of Ceres with torch lighted at Mount Etna searching for her daughter. The procession frequently amounted to 30,000 persons, who moved with measured steps to the sound of musical instruments and of sacred hymns, and who halted at times for offerings of sacred dances; all then having washed at the springs, the statue of Bacchus was taken into the Temple. Prayers were offered, and the candidates again purified, and the ritual of initiation was read, and the sacred song raised to the honor of Ceres. Then followed scenic representations of departed spirits, the places of eternal darkness and eternal light, the joys of the blessed and the tortures of the damned, mysterious shades of infernal deities—Anguish, Madness, Famine, Disease, and Death. When these things had been seen and explained, the initiation was complete, the neophyte was released from his sins, and his consecration was finished. On the seventh day games were played in honor of the gods; on the eighth day the initiation of the sixth was repeated on new comers; the ninth day was concluded with drink offering.

This was the mystical representation of the history of Ceres and Proserpine, the object being to spread among the people the conviction of the immortality of the soul, and of a place of reward and punishment. The initiated were assured of immortal joy in the world to come. For the nine days all business, as well public as private was suspended.

So much for the lesser mysteries; of the greater we are not so well informed. It is probable that the true object was to give a rational explanation of the mythology and religion of the people, to impress the initiate with a proper idea of the immense importance of the soul. They even instructed in natural history, the use of metals, and to form some idea of the true God by the greatness, splendor, order, beauty and magnificence of nature.

They were taught that the souls of men were originally demons and exalted spirits, who were punished for their disobedience by being chained to mortal bodies. They were taught to alleviate suffering, to strengthen the bonds of social intercourse, to improve their talents, and to labor diligently.

The date of the origin of the mysteries is unknown; they are considered to have existed 2,000 years. The pomp with which they were celebrated, the enormous magnitude of the temple, and the number and splendor of the priests, are sufficient proofs of antiquity. They were first prohibited under the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, Dec. 20, 381, in which all nocturnal festivals, within or without the temple, were prohibited under the pain of banishment. When the ban was decreed it is presumed the mysteries took refuge in the Alexandrian School of Philosophy. The greater mysteries probably ceased in the year 528, when the philosophers as the strongest pillars of heathenism, were compelled by the Emperor Justinian to flee for refuge into Persia. Thus ended a noble institution, the most imposing in origin and in results.

The ancient fortified town of Eleusis, in Attica, is on the Bay of Salamis, and is now called Levsina. The rules and regulations for the celebration of the mysteries were lately discovered by one Viastos, at the village of Higi-Constantios, but as yet they are not deciphered, they being allegorical.

The Eleusinian mysteries were of vast good in their day; they served, and were peculiarly calculated to "reform the manners and perfect the education of mankind." If it were possible to lift the veil which covers the Mysteries of Eleusis, we should possess a key to the Mysteries of Egypt and of the east.—*Phil. Chronicle.*

ORIGIN OF MASONRY.

BY OWEN A. BASSETT, M. W. GRAND MASTER OF KANSAS.

A SCORE of annual pages has enriched the history of Freemasonry since the gavel was first wielded in this Grand East, and the memory of these twenty years recall eventful scenes; the scenes of strife and famine, war and pestilence. First came the days of bitter feuds and personal encounters, followed by a time of quiet and a year of famine; then the discordant elements gathering strength, renewed the contest, and the nation was convulsed with civil war; and when the sword was sheathed, the victors in the Senate battled for the spoils. When the tumult ceased, a period of prosperity ensued; then another cloud appeared, which like an Egyptian plague, destroyed the

substance of the husbandman. Amidst all these, the Genius who presides within this Temple, taking for her watchwords brotherly love, relief and truth, went forth a minister of peace, and in the exercise of kind offices, maintained intact her purity and moral grandeur.

This retrospection naturally leads back through each preceding age, to the earliest period fixed by tradition for the origin of Masonry. Many eminent persons have entered this unknown field and endeavored to unravel the tangled web of its history, but has any one yet traced back the thread so far as to tell the story of its birth? As the explorer of the unknown source of some great river, meeting confluent streams, must choose the one which he will follow, so the researcher for the origin of Masonry, wandering in the maze of the ancient mysteries, will select the one that he believes contained the germ; but read the narrative or history, and you will learn the peculiar theories which guided one or in inspired the other; like footprints in the rocks of other years, they will reveal themselves. Read any history of the origin of Masonry, and if the writer believed not in the Christian's faith, you will there discover that he found a confluent in some pagan rite.

No effort will be made in the brief words here spoken to surmount the obstacles which lie in the way to a solution of this interesting question, for he who would seek the source of Masonry will find himself in a labyrinth of theories which may lead him back into the night of time, even into the obscurity of chaos. In the absence of authentic records the historian must not expect to furnish authentic history; hence until such documentary evidence is produced, none but the very credulous must be expected to absorb the mere speculations of those writers who select their materials with a view of fashioning them into a structure which shall reflect their own theories. The Masonic Society has always been exclusive, and surrounded by mystery, and its members solemnly bound not to communicate their art, except verbally, have so scrupulously observed this restriction that prior to the time of King Athelstan, not only its secrets, but its history was preserved almost wholly by tradition, and was as a sealed book to the outer world.

In the absence of authentic records, the student must seek other evidences of the origin of this Society, and where would its true history be more likely to have been preserved than in its ritual and lectures, which abound in historic allusions to known events of the period referred to. When a fact is shown to exist, it may be presumed, until the contrary is oven, that prwith reference to the subject to which it is applied, it always existed, so the allusions to history and to the founding of this Institution, preserved in its ritual and lectures, may be presumed to be true until some evidence is produced that would convince a reasonable person of their absurdity. If the ritual and lectures are true, the problem is solved; but if not known to be true, the incredulous may doubt, and why? Do they contain anything illogical, or anything which is not plausible, or anything which an intelligent man may not believe because of its absurdity, or if the picture is too highly colored, may not a truthful narrative be found beneath the embellishments?

Every intelligent Craftsman perceives, by the light of his own experience, a constant change in the use of words and phrases in the ritual and lectures for the illustration of the lessons inculcated by the philosophy of Masonry, but does he discover any change in the moral and religious truths developed in that philosophy? Admit that the forms and ceremonies of initiation are ever varying, and that the master workman has appropriated modern implements adapted to his speculative mind, are the important and significant symbols lost sight of in the personal representation by the candidate, and in his esoteric instruction in the sublime art there first revealed to his understanding; then, until the historian shall hurl against this beautiful system arguments more potent than the mere assertion that the Masonry of the ritual and lectures is an illusion, and their story of its birth apocryphal, or the iconoclast shall in like manner destroy your household gods, or remove them so far that you will never more behold them; you may safely rely upon the unimpeached traditions, and they may laugh, "but an atheist's laugh is a poor exchange for Deity offended."

While man possesses the faculty of imitation, and is an habitual borrower, not only of forms but of ideas, it is not to be expected that any human institution will present evidences of entire originality. Indeed it would be a remarkable circumstance if among the many societies of antiquity no trace could be found of any of the forms of the Masonic initiation; then if by investigation, the ceremonies of the first degree appear to resemble the forms of the Egyptian mysteries, does it prove that Masonry did not have its origin in Judea, a country within the radius of the influence of those celebrated schools, or rather, does it not show from whence the first Masters borrowed some of the beautiful designs which adorn this mystic Temple; and if by further research the lessons of the third degree are found to be illustrated by that sublime allegory, the universal type of all religions, found in the Hebrew mysteries, does it prove that Ma-

sony is the issue of that society, or rather, does it show that the founders of this Fraternity incorporated into it as a part of its distinguishing features the religious opinions and ceremonies which they held and observed, and desired to extend throughout the earth.

The lapse of time and the scarcity of authentic materials present the greatest difficulties to the preparation of an unbroken narrative of Masonic history; but the popularity and reputed antiquity of the Institution has induced investigation, for philosophic minds could not easily refrain from undertaking such a work, though admonished that curiosity and ambition might be consumed in toil and disappointment. The efforts of this century show diligent research, and a fair share of ingenuity, but whether the volumes written will prove beneficial, time alone can determine. Some at least possess the merit of the zealous patriot, who ascribes whatever is celebrated in art, science or history to his own country; and their reading, disclosing their peculiarities, may remind you of the remark of Tacitus when, considering the characteristics of their author's ancestors, he pronounced them the natural productions of the soil. As fact cannot be proved by fable, nor the missing link in the broken narrative be supplied by romantic history, a brief reference to the character of some of the evidence adduced may not be uninteresting or unprofitable, for if you are to be bound no longer by the charms of myths and legends, let those who seek to liberate you take care lest they become enchanted by their magic spells.

The history of ancient Rome is so obscure that the written story can only be considered as an ingenious attempt to account for institutions; its situation on the rocky hills in the midst of an extensive plain probably suggested its name, which signifies strength; and the warlike character of its inhabitants doubtless prompted the fiction that its founder and first ruler was a son of Mars; therefore the primitive legends point to Romulus as the framer of its military system (for who by nature was so well fitted to teach the Roman soldier this art as the son of the fabled god of war). In like manner they ascribe to his reputed successor, Numa (a name which signifies law), the authorship of its religious rites and civil institutions, the very foundation of law and order; it is also said that this law giver divided the people into various colleges, one of which was called the college of builders, and that these institutions were extended into every country where the Roman standard was planted. Thus has been erected an immense but rude structure of fable on a narrow basis of truth, but while the world abounds with men of easy faith, the designing few can lead them, as they did the superstitious Romans, the worshippers of a hundred gods, even by the dim light of legends.

The operative character of the Masonic Society during the greater period of its authentic history, has induced many to believe that it must have had its origin among the guilds or corporations employed in the erection of the majestic temples and grand monuments which adorn the capitals of Europe. The advocates of this theory claim to have traced its origin through these corporations to the college of builders, reputed to have been instituted more than seven hundred years before the Christian era, and to have discovered such a resemblance between the initiator's ceremonies, religious observances and forms of government of the two organizations, that, aided by the light of Roman history, the relationship is established, the vexed question is solved; but where is the evidence to form the basis for their conclusions. Is it in the mythical story of the founding of the city, in the popular legends under the guise of history, in the marvelous and romantic traditions which impart a seductive charm to the very name of Roman, or in the poetical rhapsodies of hero worshippers, embellished by the fictions that fancy loves to wreath around its idols? Less difficult would be the task of restoring the law of the twelve tables from the fragments which have been preserved, than to sift truth from apocryphal history. There is no evidence, hence the argument must fail, and the conclusions be deemed mere vagaries.

If the Gothic Constitution, which is claimed to have been accepted by the lodges of England early in the tenth century, and preserved, though the constitution ascribed to Edward III. about the middle of the fourteenth century, is verified, it stands as a monument to mark the period which divides traditional from authentic Masonic history; but admitting its authenticity, are the reference to past events therein found, based on recorded facts or tradition merely? It refers to the conversion of the Angles and Saxons to the Christian faith; it declares that King Charles, Martel, sent Masons from beyond the sea, on the demand of the Saxon kings, and regrets the devastations upon the occasion of the incursions of the Danes. These are references to facts confirmed by contemporaneous history. It also says, "he (referring to the law giver) has ordained that the institution founded in the time of the Romans by St. Alban should be re-established and confirmed anew." Is there not in this an introduction to the founder of Masonry, as he was known to the framer of this constitution, and to the intelligent Masons convoked at York from Britain, Gaul, Greece and Rome to discuss

and approve it; did they know the fact, or were they relying on tradition, even as their brethren of to-day are doing; did they write authentic history, or did they incorporate into their narrative the myths and legends existing at that period in the imaginative Masonic mind?

Athelstan, to whom is attributed the authorship of the original of the Gothic Constitutions, succeeded to the throne of England in the year 925; he reigned sixteen years, and died without issue at the age of forty six; his power extended beyond that of any former Saxon king, and to him belongs the honor of founding the English monarchy; he was distinguished for his learning and piety, and renowned for his wisdom, justice and benevolence; such are the facts recorded in history. In this Constitution the King is reputed to say "that he has transmitted to his son Edwin (member of the Association) an edict," and "behold in the pious Prince Edwin your protector": now if this document had been prepared by Athelstan, or discussed by intelligent men at that time, such errors could not have been overlooked, for the King was but thirty-one years of age, and the only Prince Edwin known to that period was born about fourteen years afterward. Thus within this pretended Charter of York are to be found the conclusive evidences of its spurious character, nor will the substitution of the word brother for son give credit to the paper; besides, how remarkable that the very name of its reputed author in the Anglo Saxon vernacular signifies a noble stone. Its visionary composer, looking back through the long line of English sovereigns, when he found a king not only whose character, but whose very name was so well suited to his purposes, doubtless exclaimed, as did once a philosopher of old, "Eureka."

There is something in the popular history of Masonry that renders it peculiarly interesting, and there is a consistency of progress and a clearness of intelligence in the account which would make its fabrication more wonderful than its transmission by tradition. In the absence of authentic record or genuine tradition, the speculative historian, in his effort to present to the world a true narrative of Masonry, is as prone to throw himself upon pure invention for one as for the other, and an examination of his work will disclose the fact that the missing link has been supplied from that ample store-house, an imaginative mind. This faculty is well illustrated in the attempt made to harmonize the reference to "his son Edwin," in the pretended charter of York, with the facts of history. When it became evident that Athelstan had no such son, it was assumed that a brother was referred to, but as it appears that he had only two half-brothers, Edmund, then four years old, and Edred, still younger, they could not have been intended, and as a last resort, a Masonic writer of no little reputation has stated that Edwin, King of Northumbria, was referred to, but, unfortunately, he lived and died two hundred and ninety-three years before this interesting occasion. From such examples it may safely be concluded that tradition, though fleeting and transitory, when it is connected with customs, laws and institutions, is far more satisfactory than the random speculations of even those whose reputation would ordinarily entitle them to credit.

Who can contemplate the mysteries of the world of thought without being reminded of the humble beginnings which have led up, step by step, to the present vast range of man's intelligence, and whence came this power which has developed knowledge; and laid the foundation of the glorious structures of human ingenuity, those monuments which serve to mark the progress of ideas? It is accepted by every rational being as a gift from that Supreme Intelligence which pervades all Nature, and has caused the reflection that there is a Creator of all things, to whom due reverence should be given, and man, as a religious being, has conceived it to be his duty to exemplify his devout feelings by appropriate acts. His ideas of Deity and His appropriate worship are inculcated by education and example, and when fixed in the mind, are not easily eradicated. The religious rites and observances which distinguish different associations of people, serve to mark the era in which they lived, and in a great measure, the country to which they belonged. Among all of the ideals a Sovereign of the Universe, the Hebrew Deity alone stands the test of intelligence; the only living and true God, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; that God who has been worshipped since He first revealed himself to man, six thousand years ago, is the God in fact of Masonry, and has been ever since its history can be traced; and this one fact may be the key to a solution of the subject under consideration, it may furnish the evidence of the real origin of Masonry.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

THE world, mankind, will never cease its interest in secret societies; the bare mention of them is a fascination; and any details of their origin, history and objects, portrayed with the self-assured presumption of a ready book compiler, are seized upon by the

uninitiated as positive new light. Indeed, it is to be feared that occasionally new members of the great Masonic family are not unfrequently led by a natural curiosity to peruse publications bearing the attractive title: partly, no doubt, to see unfolded,—as they think,—in a popular form, further or varied narratives of the symbols, mysteries and ritual which has opened upon them in the successive steps of the wondrous work. Upon all such let us once for all endeavor to impress an important fact, namely: that all real knowledge of the Masonic art which ever has been, or can be furnished publicly, or in this popular form of narratives, treatises, allegories, or what not, has already been done fully, ably, together with the seal and token of absolute authenticity, and by authority from high accredited, legitimate, Masonic sources. Moreover, manuals, text-books of the Order, its very trestle-boards themselves, are hand-books of positive knowledge concerning Masonry. To all this must be added the frequent expositions running over the centuries since the invention of printing, in orations, occasional addresses, centennial celebrations, wherein learned and distinguished Freemasons have gathered into eloquent presentation the marvellous story of its antiquity, its progress, its very landmarks, its scope and accomplishments. Verily, can profane hands, instigated by that spirit of persecution which would bring to nought a love of independence, a lofty, heaven-guided aspiration; a spirit, which would smother the dearest longings of humanity, flying in the face of the most precious instincts of our common natures—can such a spirit, we say, be trusted for light upon an Institution whose purposes, open as the noon-day sun, have been hallowed by the intimate devotion and association of the purest men for ages?

We have been led to this topic from reading one of the most recent works of the "ready book compiler," entitled "The Secret Societies of all Ages and Countries," by Chas. Wm. Heckethorn, London, 1875. From the Magi to the Ku-Klux, the work of course is complete. Where single societies have engaged the patient, unrequited toil of noted antiquaries, our author has full returns, item upon item; political, civil and religious, all classes of secret societies which have made notable marks illustrative of curious phases in the conduct of men from remote ages, are at length and again laid bare. As no book of this sort can get on without seeking to gratify the traditional intensity of desire to peer more and more into Freemasonry, so the illustrious Order is complimented with a space occupying quite half the volume before us; and, what is noteworthy, whether it be the intention of the compiler or not, he seems to reckon much of its renowned symbolism an emanation from the best of all the other secret societies which he marshals to view.

The great body of this work is drawn from De Castro's History of the Secret World. All this, however, is immaterial, inasmuch as successive books purporting to give a history of secret societies are in nearly every case either a rehash or a paraphrasing upon what has been before printed. The reflections in each part are apt to be the author's own; in the one before us we are pleased at any rate to think so, and while he shoots wide, drawing with a long bow, in what he terms facts, but in what are really statements out of the whole cloth, we recognize justness in discrimination; as, for instance, where he declares that, "Every secret society is an act of reflection, therefore of conscience. For reflection accumulated and fixed is conscience. In so far, secret societies are, in a certain manner, the expression of conscience in history."

We have not space nor inclination to refute the tendency of such publications; they dwell upon points that have over and over again been set in their true light and value; and by an audacious assumption of premises wholly unwarrantable, infer conclusions prejudicial to the rights of all confidential associating for any purpose whatever. The closing chapter upon Freemasonry we read twice, taken by the minor headings, as well as by the proper desire to see what our author, who had dwelt in so many pages upon the career of the Order, could find in his breast to sum up with.

These headings are as follows: "Vain Pretensions of Freemasonry," "Vanity of Masonic Ceremonial," "Masonry Diffuses no Knowledge," "Masonry is Unfitted for the Task," "Decay of Freemasonry," and lastly, "Masonic Literature."

On these themes, without noticing obviously gratuitous charges, there are, here and there, considerations in which a loyal lover of the mystic tie may find suggestions worthy of thought. They are not necessarily attacks upon the principles of the Order or its peculiar organization, but on its mode of meeting the quickened beneficent impulses of the age.

Again, the author finds fault with the growth of the Order, in the view that unworthy admissions must occur, bringing with them all manner of wordliness.

Unwittingly, perhaps, but nevertheless the author in vain conceals under all his thoughts of criticism, the conviction in his own mind that the Order has had a great mission, and been powerfully instrumental for the promotion of human welfare. On the whole, this history of secret societies is entertaining and readable. It evidences painstaking, yea, erudition somewhere, and if the reader has the wit to separate the chaff from the wheat, may be read with profit.—*New England Freemason.*

SOCIAL RELATIONS IN MASONRY.

I DESIRE to call the attention of the Fraternity in this Grand Jurisdiction, to a subject which I consider of great importance and sufficient magnitude to make it an entirely proper one to be treated of in a paper of the dignity of a Grand Master's address.

What is the object of Masonry, socially considered? I am decidedly of the opinion, that our lodges have not taken pains enough to properly cultivate and maintain those pleasant social relations which are so essentially necessary to the welfare of our institution, and which are requisite in order that the attention and interest of the membership may be preserved. Man is eminently social, and Masonry should be an eminently social institution. Inasmuch as our membership is composed of men in whom God has implanted the strongest desires for social benefits, it is impossible to sustain in a fresh, healthy condition this or any other similar organization, without infusing into it that pleasant social quality which lightens the heart and drives away that look of anxious care which a busy life imposes. It seems to me that an institution of the dignity of Masonry, and one which occupies so high a place as it does in the present history of the world, owes a duty not only to itself but to others in this most important particular. Why should not our lodges have frequent social gatherings, not once or twice in a year, but as often as once or twice in a month, when the doors shall be thrown open and the wives and sons and daughters of the members admitted to while away a short time in the enjoyment of social life? As no man can live properly and accomplish those ends which our Great Creator meant he should attain to, if deprived of social pleasure, so I maintain that no such organization of men can live and prosper, and continue healthy and strong, if the rules and requirements of social life are either arbitrarily or persistently set at defiance, or entirely neglected.

The mere fact that a man is made a Mason, does not change his social relations in life—he is still the man, the husband, the father, the brother, the friend, according as his condition may be, and should lodges make it a fixed custom to have frequent social gatherings, would not that fact alone cause the members to be unusually careful about the quality of the material from which they would make Masons? In examining into the character and qualifications of the applicant for Masonic honors, in order that they may become convinced that he is worthy and of good report, will they not be more careful to give full force to these terms, and before voting to admit him, satisfy themselves most thoroughly that he is in possession of those positively good qualities which make it desirable to bring him into the closest social relations, not only with the members of the lodge Masonically, but also with their wives, sisters, daughters and friends, socially? Now if a man has about him that large preponderance of positively good qualities which entitle him to be made a Mason, and to be received into our brotherhood, he is a proper person to be admitted into the most friendly social relations, not only with us but also with those whom we hold most dear in life, and that too without regard to what his worldly wealth or honor may be, for Masonry does not regard a man for the gilding which wealth or fame alone can give him. It does, however, regard the nobility of his manhood, and therefore, if the applicant be a mere negation, a man of such negative qualities that no one can know either good or bad about him; if he be one of those peculiar nobodies who has never developed sufficient force of character to make himself a recognized integral of the great world of positive men, he is not made of that material which can profit by Masonry, and he should never be admitted into our ranks.

I have sometimes thought that a nerveless negative man, who is simply good because he has not sufficient physical or mental energy to be otherwise, and who drifts listlessly along through life in any sea in which circumstance or fortune may have placed him, does as much harm to any institution he belongs to, as the man who develops some positive badness of life. In any event such a man can reflect no credit upon Masonry. He is a dead weight and an incubus while he lives, and when he dies he is "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

To me nothing sounds more uncomplimentary than to hear a brother say of an applicant for Masonic honors, that he has known him for years, that he always seems like a quiet sort of man, that he never has seen anything wrong in him, and has never heard anybody say anything either for or against him; and yet I fear that men have been made Masons with no better recommendations than this. Such a recommendation as this could be given to almost any human nonentity, and very much the same thing could be truthfully said of many kinds of almost brainless, bloodless things.

This is not the quality which should recommend a man to be made a Mason. The questions to be conscientiously answered, should properly be: what good thing do you know of him? what are his habits? who are his associates? has he sufficient force and pride of character to make the most of the good gifts with which God has endowed

him, and taking him all in all, is he such a man as we will be willing to take by the hand and walk with in all brotherly love and respect, till we reach the end of life. If he be such a man, then indeed we may feel proud to admit him amongst us, and proud to call him our brother. If he be not such a man he will prove a source of weakness to us. He will never comprehend the sublimity and greatness of the principles which form the basis upon which the superstructure of Free Masonry rests, and in all probability will never get farther than the ritualistic alphabet of our ordinary work.—*Grand Master Durand, Michigan.*

MASONIC WORK.

BRO. T. M. REED, Committee on Correspondence for the Grand Lodge of Washington Territory, well says:

There is much satisfaction in glancing over the broad field of Masonic work, and observing its growing interest. The enemies of our Institution, though still more vicious and virulent in their attacks, (like the little *canine* that exhausted his vocal powers at the moon), quail before the sunlight of its glory; their puerile anathemas and affected *saintly* deliverances, if noticed at all, only excite the mirthful ridicule of the truly intellectual and unprejudiced of mankind.

Freemasonry, in its onward march, like a wave of love rolling over the great ocean of mind, brings with it 'Peace and good will to man.' It is but just that it should excite the admiration of its votaries—those who have faithfully labored in promoting its highest interests, and by deeds of charity and brotherly love, exemplifying its true mission.

The light of Masonic truth circumsolves the globe. There is scarcely a habitable spot where its influences are not felt. But however potent for good these may be, and however much we may rejoice thereat, yet Masonry is not designed *per se* as a school of instruction for the outside world, nor does it so profess. Neither can it assume to break the flinty encasements around the heart of the lifeless, uncharitable soul, whose nature cannot rise above the vicious, and who, perchance, through deception and stealth, may have crept within the sacred precincts of the Order. Evil forces are continually at work in the great drama of life, gnawing at the vitals of moral, civil and political society, and degrading the avenues of all true progress. To counteract such influences, there is abundant work for all good men; and herein Masonry should not underestimate its prowess, nor its responsibility. We, as Masons, are pledged to the cultivation of a higher manhood, to the loving service of God, as the great Father of all, and to the brotherhood of man; to devote our energies to the cause of virtue and truth, and to practice deeds of benevolence and works of love. All these imply a fierce conflict with evil influences: for, without such conflict and the steady purpose to eliminate error, all efforts to maintain those pledges are fruitless and of no avail. In this, not only is our *duty* involved, but in it is shone forth the true merit and great design of Masonry. By it, also, is our successful progress attained, and the enlightened masses of the world at large, as the clouds of bigotry, superstition and priestly arrogance vanish before the chariot wheels of Masonic truth and benevolence, receive and accept its truths with that respectful and honorable consideration justly its due.

OUR MORAL TEACHINGS.

On this subject, M. W. Bro. Charles W. Bennett, Grand Master of Utah, says:

If any of our teachings stand out in bold relief above all others, they are those which inculcate, the practice of morality and virtue. Temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice, are the four principal virtues which we inculcate, and upon the practice and observance of which we lay greatest stress; but, brethren, do we adequately practice and enjoin on others to practise those virtues? Do we exercise that "due restraint upon the passions and affections which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice." Sadly, I must say, we do not. Intemperance, and its kindred vices, are far too common amongst us; in many cases our precepts are belied by our practices, to the disgrace of Masonry; and it becomes the duty, as it should be the pleasure of every good Mason to enforce our teachings by mild advice and entreaty, if he can, by the harsher means provided him by our laws, if he must.

While I have particularized intemperance as a vice to be fought valiantly by all good Masons, I cannot admit that our Fraternity is free from other delinquencies. Do all possess that *fortitude* which will make them strictly adhere to the right, and as steadily wage war against the wrong; or that *prudence* which keeps them constantly subject and obedient to the dictates of reason; or that *justice* which enables them to

render to every man his just due without distinction? Do all exercise that *brotherly love* which regards the whole human species as one family, whether they be high or low, rich or poor; or that *relief* which soothes the unhappy, sympathizes with their misfortunes, compassionates their miseries, and tends to restore peace to their troubled minds; or that *truth* which is of divine origin, and the foundation of every virtue, and which causes the heart and tongue to join in promoting each other's welfare, and rejoicing in each other's prosperity?

All of these things we do not do as we might, and yet it is my pride and my trust to say, that Masons more conscientiously, more religiously, than most people or organizations, practice all the virtues. It is because of this pride, this trust, that I would urge a more full and complete compliance with the adherence to these, and all our moral teachings.

PRINCE LEOPOLD AS A MASON.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE LEOPOLD, was installed as Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire, on the 23rd of February. At the banquet presided over by the Prince, Lord Skelmersdale proposed "The Worshipful Master." The Provincial Grand Master, who on rising to respond was received with renewed cheering, said: Brethren, I find it difficult to express my feelings on the present occasion, or to thank you sufficiently for the manner in which you have received the toast so very kindly proposed by the Deputy Grand Master. I can assure you I deem it no small honor to be appointed Grand Master of this province, and I will ever do my utmost to prove myself adequate to the charge which has been committed to my care. (Cheers.) I feel it also no small compliment that after having been for so short a time a Freemason you should have testified your approbation of my appointment in so flattering a manner. (Cheers.) The very name of Oxford will be always associated with everything that is near and dear to me, (cheers); and it is with feelings of the truest pride and pleasure that I find myself so closely bound in a bond of brotherhood, both with the university and the province, as Master of the Apollo Lodge and as Provincial Grand Master. (Applause.) One of the greatest benefits of Freemasonry exists in the opportunities it affords to members of the Craft in meeting together from time to time, and expressing those great qualities of goodwill and friendship which are the very key notes of Freemasonry. (Cheers.) In conclusion, I trust, brethren, that I may be able to perform my duties in a manner not altogether unworthy of my illustrious predecessor, Bro. McIntyre, who has for some time past conducted the business of the province so ably, so energetically, and so well.

RIGHT OF A LODGE AT A MASONIC FUNERAL.—The Grand Master of Michigan replies to the question—Has a lodge a right to attend the funeral of a deceased member in a case where the funeral ceremony is not performed by it, but is conducted by the Order of Knights Templars? Answer.—The principle involved in the question propounded is one that has caused much discussion among learned and distinguished Masons in many of the Grand Jurisdictions of the country. It has been very uniformly held that a lodge has no right to take part with any other organization in conducting a funeral ceremony, thereby creating a ceremony which is partly Masonic and partly the ceremony of some other order, and in this conclusion, so wisely arrived at, I most heartily concur. At this point, however, I must stop. After a most earnest and careful examination of the subject I am unable to concede the correctness of the rule established by some decisions which prohibit a lodge from simply attending the funeral of a deceased member as a mourner, when the ceremony is conducted entirely by some other organization. The unity of the organization of the lodge is not thereby destroyed, nor the beautiful ceremony of our institution marred, or the dignity of masonry lowered. The lodge in such a case as a unit simply marches in procession to the grave, and, although taking no part in the ceremony, pays that decent respect to the memory of a departed brother which not only brotherly love but ordinary humanity dictates. Having done this—having dropped the sympathetic tear upon his grave, and shown a kindly regard and affection for a brother whom death has taken—the lodge, still preserving the unity of its organization, returns to the place from whence it started to take such other or more formal action as may be deemed appropriate in view of the bereavement it has sustained.

GRAND MASTER BARKLEY, of Mississippi says: More than a half century has passed away since the date of the organization of that Grand Lodge. For fifty-seven years it has met in annual Grand Convocation; and it numbers to-day over three hundred chartered Lodges, and has upon its roll upwards of ten thousand Master Masons.

BRO. ROBERT BURNS AND TARBOLTON LODGE.

A week or two since the Brethren of Tarbolton Lodge turned out in great force to lay the foundation-stone of the new public school buildings, which are intended to provide increased educational accommodation for the youth of that thriving little town. The occasion, the display of Masonic insignia, and of some relics which were once worn by the greatest of Scottish poets, could not but call to the minds of the assembled multitude the name and genius of Robert Burns. It is to him that Tarbolton and its Lodge owe their widely extended fame. Wherever Scots-men are found, the memory of those valedictory verses which the poet addressed to his Brethren when his mind was torn with anguish, and he was about to seek a home a ross the Atlantic, must constantly recur. Burns, indeed, was no idle Freemason, and it would appear that he devoted much spare time to the study of Masonry, and rose to some distinction in his Lodge. From the Memoir written by his brother, Gilbert Burns, which was published in Dr. Currie's edition of the poet's works, we infer that Robert Burns was admitted a Mason in the year 1773. He was then in his twenty-fourth year. His father at that time rented the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, and the young and ardent poet was engaged in a daily struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Gilbert Burns tells us that his father took Lochlea 1777, and held it over seven years. The bargain proved an unprofitable one; "no writings had ever been made out of the conditions of the lease; a misunderstanding took place respecting them; the subjects in dispute were submitted to arbitration, and the decision involved Mr. Burns in ruin. He lived to know of this decision, but not to see any execution in consequence of it." The brothers, in anticipation of the crash, which came in the year 1784, took the farm of Mosgiel from Mr. Gavin Hamilton, a gentleman who remained a firm friend of the poet. This speculation did not, however, prosper, and Robert endeavored to establish himself in business as a flax-dresser, and actually wrought at the trade for six months, with a person who lived at Irvine. Here he is said to have acquired some of the tastes of a man of pleasure, and had suffered the opinions and example of his associates to undermine his rigid ideas of virtue. Prior to his attempt to change his occupation, his habits had been most frugal; Gilbert Burns, who for some years kept the family accounts, affirms that, during the whole time of Robert's residence on the farm of Lochlea, his yearly personal expenses, including clothes, did not exceed the sum of £5. It was while Burns was at the farm of Mosgiel that he made the acquaintance of Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns. This connection when it was discovered, caused great unhappiness in the girl's family and Robert who was most anxious to act like a man of honor, privately married her, and as he found it quite impossible to obtain a subsistence for a wife and family in his native land, he determined to go to Jamaica, as an assistant overseer or book-keeper of a plantation. It was at this period of anguish and remorse that he penned those valedictory verses which are familiar as household words to every Mason. As he had not sufficient money to pay for his passage to Jamaica, Mr. Hamilton advised him to publish his poems, by subscription. Burns himself says, in speaking of this painful portion of his checkered career; "Before leaving my native country forever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro driver—or perhaps a victim of that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I was pretty confident that my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified with the reception I had met with from the public; and besides I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. . . . I took a stowage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde. I had taken the last farewell of my friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambition." The Doctor's opinion was that Burns would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, and the poet, at once giving up all idea of going to Jamaica, posted off to that city without a friend or even a letter of introduction. Of his brilliant success in the capital it is not necessary for us to speak. He was received into the highest literary circles of society; the second edition of his poems went off well, and Burns, finding himself for the first time in his life in affluent circumstances, made a series of tours through the most romantic por-

tions of his native land. It was not until the year 1788 that he again settled down to the business of agriculture. In that year, having settled with his publishers, and finding himself in possession of £500, he took the farm of Ellisland, in Nithsdale. His public marriage with Mrs Burns followed, and our poet entered seriously upon the business of a farmer. Unfortunately for Burns, he had conceived the idea that he might manage to combine the office of a Gauger, or Exciseman, with that of a farmer. He obtained an appointment, and while attending to his new duties, his farm was left to the care of servants. The result was, of course, ruin. Burns abandoned his farm, and relying solely upon his small income, derived from the appointment he held, he took a house in Dumfries, and tried to forget, in dissipation, the misfortunes which had darkened his life. But his greatest trials were to come, his irregular life estranged his friends; and the bard, who had fired all Scotland with poetic enthusiasm, sank into the position of an obscure officer of Excise. He died on the 21st of July, 1796, in the greatest poverty, and his last moments were rendered wretched by the dread of a debtor's prison. Of Burns' genius it does not become us to speak. His fame as a poet has been firmly established, and the world has rightly decided that this erratic child of genius possessed the highest powers that can adorn the human intellect. Pedants have affected to regret that this great man had not the advantage of a University education. Such an education would in all probability have spoilt Burns. He might have written more ambitious pieces, but the wild charm of his lyrics could not have survived the culture of a great city. Masons are justly proud of the man whose mind has spoken in praise of the mystic tie, and when the memory of Robert Burns is drunk, either at Tarbolton or in any Lodge in the world, the brethren will not deny "one round"

'To him, the bard that's far awa!'

—London Freemason's Chronicle—

WHAT IS FREEMASONRY?

BRO. R. WYLLIE of Kilwinning Lodge, Glasgow, Scotland, thus addressed the brethren on the 18th ult:—

Assembled as they were that night around the social board, drawn together by the most sacred ties of brotherhood, he had chosen as a text for his few remarks. "What is Freemasonry?" They were again invited to answer that question by those who had not entered within the portals of the Masonic temple; and, as they were aware, their Order had been assailed and anathematised by the Church of Rome. Well, Freemasonry, as they understood it in these days, had been defined as "a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols—faith, hope and charity being amongst its brightest jewels." Its principles were incontrovertible; they were based on the broadest ethical truths; it was founded on the Bible. Freemasonry sought to infuse its members with the spirit of love, charity, and benevolence; to break down the partition wall between class and class. In a Masonic lodge, peer and peasant, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, met fraternally on the same level. Freemasonry had been denounced for being a "secret" society; but he held that wherever and whenever secrecy was necessary it was also commendable. But what were those secrets? Remove from Masonry the pass-words, signs, and tokens; and the manner of conferring the degrees, and the whole secrecy of the matter disappeared. The benefits of the Order, however, remained, being reserved for the initiated, who contributed to its support; and its cosmopolitan language was used only as a sign and test of brotherhood. Having referred to the olden times, when Masonry was exclusively a guild society, when none but operative Masons were admitted to enjoy its privileges, the chairman said it was worthy of remark that the Lodge Glasgow St. John, within whose walls they were highly privileged to meet that evening, was the last to give up this ancient character. Within that time honoured lodge non-operatives were not admitted until so recently as the year 1842, and not till the year 1850 did they see fit to join themselves with the Grand Lodge of Scotland. In concluding his remarks the chairman said that the Freemasons did what in them lay to aid in healing dissensions, and in bringing good and honest men into one indissoluble brotherhood. The door of a Masonic lodge was open to every man of "good report," irrespective of his religious or political creed. Notwithstanding all that had been said by the uninitiated against Freemasonry, and he admitted that, like all merely human institution, it was not perfect—the fraternity seemed in a fair way of becoming co-extensive with terra firma. It was a somewhat trite saying that "the sun never sets on the British dominions"—an apt and forcible illustration of the wide distri-

bution of the Order. Lodges have been formed in all the great geographical divisions of the world—in Europe, Asia, China, along the coast of Africa, the two Americas, and Australia. Hence they might truly say that in almost every clime there was a lodge, and in every lodge a baud of brethren—thereby doing somewhat to hasten the time of which our national poet prophesied—

“When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be and a' that.”

The chairman resumed his seat amid much applause.

IN TEXAS the Grand Lodge requires fifteen Master Masons to join in a petition for a dispensation to open a new Lodge.

SEVERAL of the subordinate Lodges of the young Grand Lodge of Utah, are surprisingly well off for funds. Lodge No. 1, has accumulated \$2300, and Lodge No. 2, \$3500.

THE late Bro. Savage, of Egyptian Lodge, No. 27, London, for thirty-three years (with only a single exception,) installed the successive Masters of that venerable Lodge. This case is probably without a parallel.

THE Grand Lodge of Vermont has moved in the matter of preserving and digesting for publication its historical records. Bro. John B. Hollenbeck, Past Grand Secretary, has been entrusted with the preparation of the material.

W. BRO. THOMAS DUGAN has been delivering a lecture upon “Patriot Masons” before several of the Lodges of Brooklyn, the proceeds being appropriated towards a statue of Washington, to be placed in the Masonic Temple of New York city.

THE Board of General Purposes of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, recently refused the offers of three lottery concerts, or a short season of opera, at the Academy of Music, St. John, in aid of the new Masonic Hall—the party making the offer guaranteeing the Lodge five thousand dollars, to be devoted to Lodge purposes.

AT THE DOOR OF MY TENT.

“A Day's March Nearer Home.”

MRS. F. A. F. WOOD WHITE.

At the door of my tent I am sitting,
As another's days journey is o'er,
And I think I can just see the glimmer
Of the light on the evergreen shore.

I can hear in the distance the echoes
That come from the land of the blest,
And I long for the message of welcome,
Now to enter that valley of rest.

I have wandered in wilderness places,
Often clouds have my sky overcast,
But I know when my journey is ended,
I shall rest in the sunlight at last.

Perhaps but a league or two onward,
And the mist will be lifted between,
And I'll find that I stand in the shadow
Of the trees with their banners of green.

Yet, perchance, ere I rest in that shadow,
There stretches a long, dreary way,
And my heart will be weary of waiting,
As I wander from day unto day.

But if, at the close of Life's evening
I may feel the soft touch of the breeze,
I will wait till my journey is over.
For the sight of the evergreen trees.

—Voice of Masonry.

THE TRUE MASON'S DUTY.—What can be more divine than the moral precepts of Masonry? What more sublime than Charity—the soul and essence of Masonry? To love your neighbor as yourself; to love your Creator without reserve; to love even your enemies; to forget injuries; pardon offences; conquer evil with good; to be joyful with those that are happy; to weep with those in affliction; to enlighten those who are in darkness; to reclaim those who have strayed; to judge not rashly. lest ye be judged; and to assist the unfortunate, are among the duties we are called upon to fulfill by the action of our Masonic vows. We are not to measure the riches or talents of our neighbor, but to dispense our gifts to those who lack them. Not to advance our own interests, but rather to sacrifice them to the general good of humanity. We are to be good, true, compassionate, affable, generous, merciful and clement. To be a faithful subject in the country where you live, respect the laws, a constant friend, a worthy husband, a good father, a tender, respectful and submissive son, a careful and vigilant master, full of charity toward all, and favor and countenance all honest intentions. Show me a world of true Masons, and I will point you to the peaceful abode of innocence and happiness.—*Courant.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MASONIC READING.

It is to be regretted that there are so many members of the Fraternity both in Canada and the United States, who think they can obtain knowledge enough of our occult art, without encouraging Masonic journals or magazines. If they could only be induced to see the value of the information from time to time imparted by Masonic reading, we are satisfied they would not continue of the opinion that nothing is to be gained from Masonic literature. We cannot but admit that in order to be perfect in Masonry; it is essential that due attention should be paid to the teachings of those whose duty it is to instruct the brethren; yet it is equally necessary that the brotherhood should seek for information outside the Lodges, and in what way can they better find it than in persuing the writings of the highest authorities in both this and the old world, as given in the pages of the various Masonic periodicals of the day.

There was a time when the dissemination of Masonic knowledge was solely confined to the Lodges, and when, too, it was held to be acting wrong even to discuss Masonry beyond the precincts of the lodge room; but reason and good sense gradually led to the adoption of more liberal views upon the subject, and no one now fears that the bounds will be over stepped, either in writing or speaking of the grand principles of the order. When, therefore, we hear any one say that all the information he needs, he can get without looking into the pages of a Masonic journal, we put him down as one who does not desire to encourage the spread of the noble principles of Freemasonry. There is no other way for a member of the fraternity becoming well informed with regard to Masonry than by reading the periodicals and other publications devoted to the interests of the craft. How necessary it is, then, that every member of a lodge should become a subscriber to some Masonic journal or other. Of course those who wish the advancement of the order in their own jurisdictions should lock to the journal or journals there first; and we do not know but that it would be a wise course for every lodge to take as many copies of the local Masonic periodicals as it has members, for in this manner all would be enabled to gather the requisite information. There is no lodge without spare funds, and a portion of it might be very judiciously expended in encouraging the dissemination of Masonic knowledge among the brethren. Unfortunately such a view does not obtain. If it did, we should not hear so frequently of the discontinuance of Masonic periodicals. The *New England Freemason*, an admirable journal of its kind, is the last that has gone to the tomb of all the Capulets, and for the very reason that it did not meet with the support necessary to a prolonged existence. Until the time arrives when every intelligent Mason will see the necessity of encouraging the literature of the Order, it must continue to languish. We fear there is little prospect of a speedy change in the views of those brethren who hold to the belief that there is little use in encouraging Masonic reading to the fullest extent.

Speaking of the efforts being made by the anti-Masons, the *Voice of Masonry* thus pointedly shows the necessity for supporting Masonic journals:—

THERE is need now that all Masonic publications be well sustained. The enemies

of the Order are everywhere assailing it and freely spending time, effort and money to undermine and overthrow it. The Masonic press is the power to meet and expose the humbuggery they are palming off on the public, and to bring all their base schemes to naught. But there is a greater reason for upholding the Masonic press, and that is the influence which it is sure to exert in elevating and refining the Craft by diffusing among them Masonic intelligence. Already the spirit of inquiry into the true origin and the true philosophy of Masonry is great among the Fraternity and the Masonic press is its best helper. It is true, there are still a few who say "publish nothing Masonic," but they are only "drones" any way and simply desire to keep others as much in ignorance as they are. They must stand aside, and the mass of the Fraternity, who believe in ever pressing forward for further light must be permitted to rule and govern in Masonic affairs, and to have Masonic magazines and papers which ever glow with Masonic light.

ROYAL FREEMASONS.

WE observed a short time since in one of our exchanges from beyond the boundary line, an article finding fault with the English brethren for making so much to do over the Prince of Wales, simply because he happened to be made Grand Master of England. The writer intimated that nothing was to be gained by "toadying" to a Prince, and even went so far as to hint that it was no credit to our Cis-Atlantic brethren to have a Royal Mason at their head. Of course there is some allowance to be made for the peculiar notions of our republican neighbors, who can seldom see anything good in royalty, for the reason that they do not approve of a monarchical form of government. They cannot, however, conceal from themselves the fact that the selection of Bro. the Prince of Wales, has had the effect of giving a fresh impetus to Masonry in England. It was certainly something to be proud of when His Royal Highness assumed the Grand Mastership, as the successor of the Marquis of Ripon, who had been led to renounce the faith of his fathers, and place the Masonic fraternity in the position of having been deserted by one who made such great professions of fealty. That secession might have had an injurious effect upon the interests of the Order, if the eldest son of our noble Queen had not come forward at the call of duty. The wisdom of the selection has been made manifest in the deep and growing interest he takes in all that pertains to Masonry. At home he gave evidence of the greatest zeal in the cause, and the manner in which he has acted in India when welcomed by the brethren, shows that he fully appreciates the honor conferred upon him by the Freemasons of England.

His brothers, Prince Leopold and the Duke of Connaught, are not a whit less zealous. The former, it will be seen, was a short time since installed as a Provincial Grand Master, and the fact that he is also Master of two Lodges proves he is thoroughly in earnest. His utterances are of the right sort, and it is evident that Prince Leopold will ultimately be the most thorough Mason of all. The Prince of Wales did well in selecting him for the Provincial Grand Mastership of Oxford, for it shows how well he knew that the Order would feel proud of having another Royal Mason in office. The Duke of Connaught has not shown himself so conspicuously yet, because he has less time to devote to Masonry, on account of his military occupations. We have no doubt that he will by and by prove himself as good a worker as could be desired. With three Princes in their ranks our English brethren may look with satisfaction to what has been accomplished, and defy the detractions of all who may choose to assail them, from the Pope downward.

THE PROGRESS OF MASONRY.

THE London *Freemason* of a recent date speaks encouragingly of the growth of the Masonic Order, and goes so far as to say that at no epoch of our existence since the Revival of 1717, has the spirit of Masonic propagandism been so active or so successful as now. In so far as this country is concerned, our English contemporary is right in claiming that much progress has been made. The same may be said of the United States; and we believe that every civilized nation of the world has witnessed the most remarkable increase in the growth of Masonry within the past year or so that has been known in the history of the Order. Even in countries where the spirit of persecution has been rampant, and where everything that was possible has been done to crush it out, there has been a wonderful exemplification of the onward progress of Freemasonry.

The increase in the number of members and lodges in England and America has been unprecedentedly great; but that has been as nothing compared to the growth of the Order abroad, under the most adverse circumstances. The spirit of intolerance was invoked to such an extent as to give reason to fear that much harm would be done; but it seems to have had a far different effect, for we learn with satisfaction, that even beneath the shadow of the Vatican Freemasonry flourishes and has become a power in the Eternal City. When the march of progress is so marked, there is ample room for congratulation, and we scarcely wonder at the enthusiasm of the *Freemason*. The extraordinary growth of Freemasonry under such apparent adverse circumstances affords the best grounds for believing that the world is beginning to appreciate its value. It is no longer regarded with the suspicions that formerly surrounded it; on the contrary its benefits are being felt and its teachings better understood; hence there is hope of the speedy squelching of the intolerance and bigotry with which the Order has so long been assailed. May the time soon come when the principles of Masonry will be rightly appreciated, and its opponents cease to worry themselves with an agitation that can be of no avail. Anti-Masonry has done its worst, and we presume we shall soon hear the last of the attempts that are being made to mislead the public mind on a subject which they neither do nor can understand.

MASONIC BRIEFLETS.

UNDER the title of "Wayside Flowers," Miss Wilkins, of this city, but better known as "Harriet Annie," by her contributions to the press, some of which have appeared in the *CRAFTSMAN*, has issued a handsome volume of poetry, being chiefly pieces selected from what she had previously published. Among them are some pieces of interest to the Craft. We have much pleasure in recommending the book to general patronage.

THE *New England Freemason* hits off the *Keystone* admirably. As our readers are aware, the *Keystone* has been for some time past claiming that the City of Brotherly Love has had the honor of being the first place in America to establish Masonic Lodges, Masonic Magazines, and we know not what else, and last of all claims that chairs were first made in Philadelphia. To which the *Freemason* naively replies, "And we are inclined to think it might be made the foundation of an argument that it was in Philadelphia that people first sat down."

It is proposed to give a Masonic greeting to Bro. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, on his return from India. The idea is to have a grand reception in the Crystal Palace at London, in which both Masons and their wives and daughters can take part. It is probable that the latter plan will be adopted of carrying out the proposition.

THE *New England Freemason* has ceased to exist. The last number, though dated December, was issued last month. It seems that the magazine did nothing more than pay the cost, hence it is not found desirable to continue it under the circumstances. We regret to lose the *Freemason*, for it was doing good work for the cause of Masonry, and was among the most highly prized of our exchanges.

MUSICAL and literary entertainments in Masonic lodges are quite in vogue among our American brethren. We perceive that two very successful ones were given in Brooklyn recently. At one of them a dance followed, the members adjourning to a room specially prepared for the purpose.

WE have an invitation to attend the centennial celebration of American Union Lodge, No. 1, at Marietta, Ohio, to be held on St. John's Day, for which we return thanks to the committee. This lodge claims to be the oldest in the West, and is said to have been visited by General Washington, when held at Roxbury, Massachusetts, where it was originated. Great preparations are being made for the celebration.

THE Grand Master of New York has granted a dispensation for an afternoon lodge, in that city, to be composed of the editorial brethren. The regular communication is to be held every Saturday afternoon.

DURING the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the Masonic Temple in that city is to be open on three days in the week, instead of one only as now.

A FIRE in a printing office, where the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas were being printed, destroyed not only the printed proceedings, but the originals of both proceedings and reports. The loss is irreparable.

THE *Masonic Jewel* says that Bro. R. F. Bower, of Keokuk, Iowa, who owns the best Masonic library in the country, is a subscriber to every Masonic journal in the English language, and is constantly adding new, rare and choice books to his library.

THE Chestnut street Masonic Temple, at Philadelphia, has been rented at \$2,000 per month, as restaurant, billiard and assembly rooms.

"To what base uses we may come!" says the immortal dramatist, and really this transmogrification of the old Temple into an eating and drinking establishment, seems strange. The Centennial is working some extraordinary changes. .

BRO. DRUMMOND'S table of statistics shows that in forty-eight American Grand Lodges there are 585,253 members. There have been raised within the year 37,984, and admitted 17,091. There have been demitted 18,472, expelled 1,117, suspended 563, suspended for non-payment of dues 12,629. The number of deaths reported was 6,357, and rejections 8,871. In England and her colonies there are 91,750 Masons; in Scotland, 21,000; in Ireland, 18,400; in Prussia, 35,193; in Italy, 12,053; in Spain, 4,200; in Portugal, 2,800; in France, 10,800; in Belgium, 2,185; in Switzerland, 1,800, and in Norway and Sweden, 10,800. Total, 210,981. From this it appears that American Freemasonry exceeds all these countries in strength and influence.

THE Grand Master of North Carolina evidently disapproves of holding emergent meetings for the purpose of conferring the degrees. He says: "That the petition for the degrees must be presented at a regular meeting and lie over one month, under reference to the usual committee of inquiry to character. Being about to travel to be

absent several months is not such an emergency as would justify the suspension of law by dispensation, except, perhaps, in the case of a young man who had just attained majority. The sudden discovery of a 'favorable opinion of the Ancient Institution' on the eve of a journey, smacks rather much of a desire for the secrets of Masonry for other purposes than a desire for knowledge. Masonry is designed for the education and enlightenment of its votaries, and not for convenience solely."

THE GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND IN INDIA.

Translated from the private correspondence of l'Independence Belge.

BY BRO. P. G. M. J. T. HEARD.

A festival which in itself would merit many pages of description is that of the schools, which brought together 10,250 children belonging to all races and all religions of the city; the Mahometans, alone, generally declining to send their daughters. At three o'clock in the afternoon the different schools, with banners and music, began to move towards an enclosure erected on the banks of the river, where, under an immense shed, long tables were loaded with cakes and delicacies. Nothing could be more picturesque than this procession of young Parsee girls, with their skirts of satin and their silk mantillas embroidered with gold, followed by a boarding school of charming Anglo-Indian misses uniformly dressed in white, or a school of little Hindoos, exhibiting in their varied costumes that studied elegance with which the natives are accustomed to dress their children—little rajahs—without doubt with much tinsel, but not without a good deal of brilliancy and effect. When these gay and attractive children had regaled themselves to their satisfaction, they were arranged in order in the uncovered part of the enclosure, where the Prince of Wales passed them in review. The Prince was then conducted to a sort of platform from whence he could contemplate at his leisure one of the most remarkable assemblages in the world, and at the same time gratify the infantile curiosity which his presence elicited. A troop of young girls then approached the platform in order to sing a cantata suitable to the occasion in the local dialect, and to terminate the ceremonies. One of them, coming out of the ranks, threw a garland of flowers, in conformity with a Hindoo custom, upon the shoulders of His Royal Highness, who allowed the act in the most amiable and pleasant manner.

This, certainly, is a day which will be remembered by these young Brittanic subjects as long as they live; and who will gratefully honor those instrumental in planning the festival and carrying it out with so great success. England, however, hesitates, not to make any sacrifice to disseminate among the peoples of the Peninsula of Hindostan that instruction which some day must emancipate them from her tutelage. I shall probably again refer to this subject; but now I am to state that the number of schools maintained and assisted in English India exceeds to-day, the number of 40,000, giving instruction to nearly one million and a half of children, and costing the State about twenty millions of francs [four millions of dollars] per annum. It is little; when we think of the number of population; it is enormous when we reflect upon the late condition of the native society.

Another solemnity worthy to be mentioned, was the laying of the corner-stone of the Prince's docks. Bombay has the happiness of possessing one of the safest bays in the world; in spite of, or, perhaps, even because of, its natural advantages, it has not even a wharf from which merchandise and passengers could pass directly on shore. To remedy this defect, the authorities have decided to build a dock large enough and deep enough to accommodate about thirty large vessels. The principal attraction of the ceremony was the part in it taken by Freemasonry, which among the English, often presides at the laying of corner-stones, especially of works of public utility. There was erected upon the spot of the intended quay a structure with a nave and two aisles. Throughout the length of the nave, the principal Masons of Bombay, with their badges, aprons, gauntlets, and banners formed two rows where appeared in juxtaposition, fantastical, and significant, the round hat of the English, the mitre of the Parsee, the turban of the Mahometan and Hindoo; Catholics only were wanting; His Royal Highness, wearing the costume of Grand Master, and followed by the principal dignitaries with the usual emblems, immediately proceeded between the two files towards the extremity of the hall, where was seen a large cubical ashlar suspended by a pulley at some feet from the earth. The Deputy Grand Chaplin then addressed some words of invocation to the "Grand Architect of the universe" whom Christians, Parsees, Mahometans, and Hindoos equally revere. The secretary of the

Grand Lodge placed the account of the ceremony in a cavity prepared for the purpose and His Royal Highness spread mortar with the trowel of the Order; after which the stone was lowered and placed at the sound of music.

I might pass over the details, purely Masonic, of the festival; but, when the Deputy Grand Master read an address thanking the Prince for the support he brought to Freemasonry, His Royal Highness pronounced in response some words which merit to be reproduced literally, for they reveal at the same time the true spirit of universal Masonry and the secret hate which the Roman Church has devoted to that Order throughout the world: "I thank you for your address," said the Prince. "I have learned with great pleasure of the flourishing condition of the Order in this part of India, as well as the success with which the Lodges, each year more numerous, fulfill the object of their Institution, in uniting men of different castes and religions in the bonds of a common Fraternity, and in giving to them, as a motive of action, the extension of a knowledge of our Order, as well as what is necessary to promote the well-being of humanity." It is proper to add that the two aisles of the enclosure were crowded by the official world of Bombay, the governor of the presidency, the commandant-in-chief, judges of the high court, rajahs in all their luxury, Europeans in full dress seated by the side of the principal Parsee ladies—in one word, the best of the local society. We are happy to see in these distant lands marks of esteem and sympathy publicly lavished on an Institution whose tolerant principles do not exempt it elsewhere from the attacks and calumnies of fanaticism.

THE BEVEL ON THE FOUNDATION WALLS.

A MASONIC MYTH OF THE DAYS OF SOLOMON.

It was a question of interest, among the first debated by our Three Ancient Grand Masters, what mark or device should be adopted to designate the great stones out of which it was resolved the substructures in Mount Moriah should be formed. Three different devices were suggested, viz.:

The choice made by King Solomon was that of the five-pointed Star. Its symbolism, he argued, was one that had been incorporated into the religious literature of his people ever since the foundation of the Jewish nation. Its use could be traced back to Chaldean days, to the period of Nimrod, of Noah, perhaps of Adam. The great King Solomon himself had selected it as a personal device. It stood conspicuous upon the blood-stone signet that glittered upon his left hand; that signet which,

"Upon the seal of Solomon,
Has magic in its pressure."

The device still seen upon the Joppa Gate of Jerusalem:

"The archway sealed
With the great name of Solomon."

It was therefore natural enough for the wise monarch to propose this device as a proper one for the purpose designed, and this he did in his own inimitable style, accompanying the proposition with such thoughts as these: "All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear filled with hearing. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm."

The second proposition came from the Grand Architect, Hiram. Deeply imbued with the love of geometrical discovery, as he was, he had recently brought to bear upon his studies, in full force, the important truth which in modern times on credit to the mathematical acuteness of Euclid (sometimes to Pythagoras, sometimes Archimedes) and called by the name of The Forty-seventh Problem of Euclid. This is, "that in any right-angled triangle the square which is described upon the side subtending the the right angle is equal to the squares described upon the sides which contain the right angle." Although the full force of this great truth was not then perceived, yet "it was given to the prescience of the matchless architect, Hiram to know that its demonstration had opened out to the mathematician a new field of practical and speculative labor.

Therefore, in the grand council now considering the question aforesaid, Hiram suggested for the best device that of a right-angled triangle surrounded by the three squares prepared for the demonstration. His arguments were forcible. They were clinched in the Oriental style of his great employer, in these words; "Wise men lay

up knowledge; but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction. A prudent man concealeth knowledge. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise. A faithful witness will not lie. Wisdom resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding."

The third proposition came from the King of Tyre, the Royal Hiram. He had deeply pondered the views of the two wise men who had preceded him. Each proposition had its merits. Neither of them was entirely satisfactory. To adopt a strictly Jewish emblem, the five-pointed Star was distasteful to the Phœnician Monarch, for the era of the existence of Phœnicia antedated that of Israel by many centuries. To adopt an abstruse mathematical device, the Forty-seventh Problem, recognized by scarcely any, understood by less, one too that required so many and such precise lines to sketch it, that time would soon efface them from the hardest material, was not appropriate to a set of practical workmen like those who were setting up their lodges by thousands and by tens of thousands around the base of Mount Moriah. And thus the wise King of Tyre made known his preference:

"That our chosen device should be easily made, easily comprehended, and one that cannot be effaced from the stone without remodelling the whole ashlar, appears to me most desirable. The five-pointed Star, however beautiful in form, and exceeding beautiful in symbolism, fails in meeting these requirements. So does the mathematical device propounded by Father Hiram. Therefore I propose the Bevel. From the outward face of every Perfect Ashlar, when prepared for the builder's use, let us remodel the stone next the sides and ends to a depth and a width that will catch the eye as the Grand Sign of the Architect, that when a great wall is erected the whole will present the appearance of a vast panneling."

The suggestion of the Prudent Monarch was adopted by acclamation. Every stone used by the Hebreo-Phœnician architects was thus marked. And in the tiled recesses of the Lodges, where esoteric wisdom was communicated, King Solomon, as the Pillar of Wisdom, thus explained the Bevel mark as the peculiar device of the craft; "So much as weather, frost, rain, and the gnawing tooth of time work upon the broad surface of these stones, so nearly will the two surfaces approach each other. So long as the outward surface stands above this, which is composed by our Bevel, so long will Freemasonry exist on the earth."

Three thousand years have come and gone. Frost, rain, chemical decomposition, and the gnawing tooth of time, have conspired to eat away that outward surface, and, by uniting the two surfaces, to obliterate the chisel-marks of the Bevel. But still they appear as distinct as the day they were made. All over the land—at Kuloniah, at Tyre, at the Pools of Solomon, at Gebal—wherever these lauded architects labored, their Bevel device is seen and the outward surface of the blocks rises apparently as high above it as the day it was made. So may Freemasonry abide on earth forever and forever.—*Bro. Rob. Morris.*

MASONIC ANCESTORS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Bro. Past Grand Master John T. Heard, of Massachusetts, in a recent Grand Lodge address referred in the following language to three of the distinguished Masonic ancestors of the present Grand Master of England, the Prince of Wales.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died in 1751, was the father of George III. He was initiated in 1737, "at an occasional Lodge, convened for the purpose, at the palace of Kew, over which Dr. Desaguliers presided as Master." "His Royal Highness was advanced to the Second Degree at the same Lodge; and at another Lodge, convened at the same place soon after, was raised to the Degree of a Master Mason." The record does not show that he ever held any office in Masonry.

George, Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV. He was born August 12, 1762, and died June 26, 1830. He was the granduncle of the present Grand Master of England. His Royal Highness was made a Mason in 1787, at an occasional Lodge, convened for the purpose, at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, over which the Duke of Cumberland presided. In 1790 he was elected Grand Master, and on the 2nd of May, 1792, he was installed into the office. He was chosen Grand Master of Scotland in 1806, in order that the "strictest union and most intimate communication should subsist" between the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland. When, in 1811 he became Regent of the United Kingdom, he resigned as Grand Master; but "soon after graciously condescended to accept the title of Grand Patron of the Order." His accession to the crown occurred in 1820.

Edward, Duke of Kent, the grandfather of the present Grand Master of England,

was initiated into Masonry in the Union Lodge, at Geneva, in 1790. He was the third brother of George IV., and died in 1820. His daughter, Queen Victoria, was born 1819. On the resignation of the Duke of Athol as Grand Master, in 1813, of the Ancient Grand Lodge, so called, he was elected to that station with the view to bring about a reconciliation, or union, between that Body and the Modern Grand Lodge, so called, whose Grand Master was the Duke of Sussex. The union of the two Bodies was, happily, accomplished, and has existed to the present time. To the Dukes of Kent and Sussex are the Fraternity of England indebted for harmonizing differences among Masons which should never have existed.

The consanguinity of the present Grand Master of England to the distinguished Brethren I have named, makes him, also, their proper Masonic representative.

MASONIC LITERATURE.

The institution of Masonry has never been given to any ostentatious literary display. In its earlier years its records were confined chiefly to the lodge rooms, and but little was written or published for the eyes of the public.

Like a prudent and well ordered family, the Fraternity had its prudential *discreet* locked up with the keys of sacred obligations, and the silence of its tread, as it moved on down the ages, gave increase to its mystic character, because the world knew it not and it knew not the world.

What it was did not concern others, and what it did was its own private history. It claimed no affinity with the world, save that of duty and humanity, and it aimed at no distinctions in society, save that of its own peaceful identity. It asked only to live on its own resources, and to do its work in its own unostentatious way. All its movements were quiet, and as harmless as they were quiet, and yet kings, and priests, and churches became jealous of its existence, because they imagined it carried with it a power they could not measure and could not control. Edicts were issued against it, and the sword of power aimed to strike it down. The bulls of popes were hurled against it even with revengeful force, and the storms of public scorn were imperiously called down upon it, and yet it lived and prospered and spread its name and power over all the earth as the only organized *unity of brotherhood* on the face of the globe.

The pages of its literature were few, and limited chiefly to its history. For ages it told no story of its own achievements, and made no publication of its prestige or power. Its work and knowledge and spirit were only Lodge divinities, which were understood by the Craft and talked of only among themselves. They had no organ of the press, and made no effort to disseminate their principles or even to ward off the vicious attacks of the profane. The courts of silence were her sanctuary, and the works of charity constituted the bond of her mystic brotherhood.

It was not until the Morgan raid of 1826 began that Masonry had any public literature, and that came from its misguided enemies, who thought to make something of themselves, if they could, and many of them were vain and foolish enough to think that they could destroy the last vestige of Masonry.

In passing, we might here say that that was a wonderful crusade, because it gathered, in its attacks upon the Craft, many men of talent and education and lofty civil positions, who were influenced to help on the imaginary work of destruction, until the sky of the Masonic heavens seemed to be almost totally eclipsed with the darkness of the storm. The wonderful expenses of Morgan, Bernard and Allyn were pushed out among the people, and hundreds of editions of newspapers in the States of New York, Pennsylvania and elsewhere gave their columns and pens to help on the crusade until they had one successful political campaign, when the lamp of persecution flickered and began to die out. A gloomy anti-Masonic darkness passed over the whole land for a brief space, when the grand army of proscriptions found out at last that they had nobody to fight. Masonry would not defend itself—it never did—and the humble men of the Craft went on quietly with their work, just as if there never had been a storm at all.

To many, in this day, it may seem strange that such distinguished men as John Quincy Adams, Wm. Wirt, Joseph A. Ritner and Thaddeus M. Stevens should have given their influence to such a crusade of persecution as that was. But to those who saw it, and who remember the state of political enmity at the time, the design of the whole thing was even then apparent.

Like a wild dream of the night, the infatuation passed away, and the boldest efforts of fanatical persecutors have never been able to revive it again.

Up to that period Masonic publications were few and far between. *The Craftsman*

and the *Masonic Monitor* were known among the Fraternity, with a few other works relating to the ancient constitutions, which constituted the general outline of all public Masonic literature.

Since then, irrespective of all controversy, many able writers have arisen among the Craft, such as Oliver and Mackey, and many others, whose valuable works have done, and are doing, much toward building up the Craft in the work and law, and soundness of Masonic philosophy.

Brother Rob Morris has told many a brilliant story of Masonic renown, while many others have given periodic ebullitions which have had their share in giving *light* to the Craft, and in building up our present Masonic Temple to its proud magnificent proportions.

Of late years we have caught occasional glimpses of certain hieroglyphical Masonic literature, which to some may be very facilitating, but to us of the older regime it savors of a novel freshness which the ancient Craft, in our view, would never have recognized. Many of the old men have spoken of it with deep concern, and we have been at a loss whether to class it with Ancient Craft Masonry or to charitably hand it over to the tender mercies of that grand old society known as the "Thousand and One."—*Masonic Advocate*.

LODGE OF SORROW.

Among the notable Masonic events of the past month, the holding of a Lodge of Sorrow in remembrance of deceased members by Shelby Lodge, No. 28, and W. Hacker Lodge, No. 339, Shelbyville, was one of more than ordinary interest to the Craft, it being, so far as we are informed, the first ever held in this State.

The ceremonies were conducted as arranged in the Ahiman Rezon, each officer performing his part without the aid of books or prompting, and in such a manner as to merit a special compliment. Not a jar nor a discord marred the beauty of the ceremony, which was conceded to be the most solemn and impressive witnessed in that city, the effect of which will not soon be forgotten.

The ceremonies were followed with an eloquent oration from Bro. J. T. Hockman, of which we give only the concluding portion, pertaining particularly to the Lodge of Sorrow:

"Our worthy brother, the Senior Warden, has informed us that we have assembled here to honor the memory of those brethren whom death hath taken from us; to contemplate our own approaching dissolution, and by the remembrance of immortality, to raise our souls above the considerations of this transitory existence.

"A Lodge of Sorrow, as our ritual informs us, is intended to celebrate the memory of our departed brethren; and while we thus recall to our recollection their virtues, may we temper and w our recollections so to live that when we shall have passed the silent portals our memories may be cherished with grateful remembrance.

"How precious is the thought that when we have passed away, there are those left in whose memories our images will ever remain green. The poor fallen woman dies and no one mourns her departure. No slab marks her resting place, no friends drop the sympathetic tear upon the unremembered grave. The poor wanderer dyes upon the high way and is buried by the road side. No mother is there to catch his dying words, or sister to whisper in his ears words of sweet consolation. No one remembers his coming, and his going is forgotten.

"But when a branch is severed from our Masonic tree, it is shocked to its centre. Each leaf bows its head, and that proud, majestic form droops as a weeping willow in commemoration of its departed member, and each year the little branches cluster around it, the green foliage of remembrance. When the messenger of death descends from unknown realms, enters the happy and quiet precincts of our family circle, and enshrouds in its crowded mantle the stricken form of a member, we bow our heads in grief at the loss of one who, in our affections, occupied such an exalted station; and as we are called to assemble among the habitations of the dead, and there deposit in its last resting place the remains of that dear friend, memory says to the departed one, 'I will be true to thee.' The gentle breeze will fan the verdant covering, but he heeds it not; the sunshine and the storm pass over him, and he is not disturbed; the merry lark will warble its songs of praise over his silent tomb, and he hears it not; stones and lettered monuments symbolize the affection of surviving friends, yet he knows it not; but memory, in its vast receptacle, has preserved that face and form together with his deeds. Memory has promised and memory will perform. That little waggon lies undisturbed; that little doll is caressed no more; that little orphan is uncared for; no father to provide for its wants and no mother to affectionately soothe its aching brow.

Here is a vacant chair in the lodge room; there another and another. Those familiar faces that were so oft seen in the ranks of the Craft will be seen no more. The gavel will sound, but they hear not its call; the Craft will answer the summons of labor to refreshment, but they will come not. They meet with us no more 'upon the level' nor 'part upon the square;' yet in the heart of every true Mason there is a green spot in which is planted the remembrance of the absent ones.

"My brethren, the outer door of our sacred tabernacle has been alarmed, and the spirits of those whose memory we celebrate this evening, have been summoned to the land where our fathers have gone before us. They have been called from our labors here to partake of that refreshment prepared by our Grand Master, the Divine Architect.

"As we glance about our lodge room and see no more the faces of those who so zealously worked with the Craft in days gone by, in disseminating the virtues of our noble Order, instilling the charities that characterize every precept and principle of Masonry; who soothed the unhappy by sympathizing with their misfortunes; restoring peace and tranquility to agitated spirits, we feel proud to know that they were honored members of our mystic family, and as we commend their virtues we cover their faults with the mantle of charity.

"My friends, this is indeed a solemn occasion. Before us, symbollically represented, is the tomb of forty-one deceased brethren. Around us sit the friends, relatives and brethren of those whose memory we cherish. 'Tis true we are not in the actual presence of the dead, yet in our minds we see the lifeless forms of those who, amid the tears of friends, have been consigned to their last resting place.

"We seek the presence of the spirits, that in our memories we may have communion with them. It is to the living mourner—to the parent weeping over his dear dead child—to the husband dwelling in his own solitary desolation—to the widow whose heart is broken by untimely sorrow—to the friend and brother who misses at every turn, in society and in our lodge room, the presence of some kindred spirit—it is to these that the memory of the dead bring home thoughts full of admonition, of instruction and of consolation.

"They admonish us by their very silence of our frail, transitory being. They instruct us in the true value of life, and its noble purposes, its duties and its destitution. They spread around us in the reminiscences of the past sources of pleasing, though melancholy reflection, and warn us that when the great gavel shall sound, we should be ready to answer its call. Let us then, to-night, my brethren, plant over the graves of our deceased brethren, as was done with another of the distinguished dead, a sprig of acacia, the symbol of tender sympathy and undying affection, and plant it so deeply in our memories that the freezing blasts of winter, the scorching rays of mid summer, or the rough hand of time shall wither it not, but continue in its verdant freshness while time lasts.

"The mountain and the hill shall have its treasured name; every river shall keep its buried reminiscences; every valley shall cherish the names upon its honored register; and until the mountains have worn away, and the valleys shall cease to nourish the green foliage over their silent tombs, and the rivers forget to travel in their familiar paths, and the rivulets forget to hum their quiet songs, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of Masonic Remembrance.

"In conclusion, brethren, let us continue to keep the Holy Bible as the rule and guide of our faith and practice, square our actions by the square of virtue, and so live that we may be able to gain admission into the blessed lodge room above, and there sit in the glorious presence of our Great Grand Master who presides eternally in the heavens.—*Masonic Advocate.*

CLANDESTINE COLORED MASONRY IN OHIO.

The Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Boston, under which the colored Grand Lodge of Ohio claim legitimacy and recognition through Brothers Bierce, Carson, et al., from the Grand Lodge of Ohio, is repudiated by the Grand Lodge of England (their own mother, as the colored Lodges claim)—also repudiated by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts (the home of their adoption, the place of their beginning, the alpha of their inception), and pronounced irregular, clandestine and fraudulent—and this, too, after a careful investigation of their claims and pretensions. This being true and well known, this astute committee set history, law, landmarks and records aside, and manufactured swift witnesses, clandestine and colored Grand Masters, and gives a heterogeneous mass of that kind of testimony as proof against history and facts.

After this sage committee came to the conclusion it did, there was but one Masonic and honorable course left for them to pursue—not recognition as a separate Grand Lodge in their State, but as a part and parcel of their own. They should have introduced a resolution into their own Grand Lodge recognizing their colored brethren, and requesting them to deliver up their charters and receive new ones in their place—had new numbers given their Lodges, and their names enrolled permanently on the records of the Grand Lodge of Ohio. Under the finding of their report there could not be any “healing” or whitewashing the colored Lodges; the colored Lodges had the true work, were in all respects regular, and were more aged and venerable than themselves. The only question that could arise legitimately with them was whether the Grand Lodge of Ohio should abandon their own organization, and pray to be recognized and received into the African Grand Lodge, or *vice versa*. * * * *

More serious than all this is the position that the Grand Lodge of Ohio assumes toward other Grand Lodges. It debars the members of other jurisdictions from visiting any of the subordinate Lodges of Ohio—for surely no Mason would visit any of them under his obligation, with the probability or possibility of sitting with those deemed by his own jurisdiction as “clandestine”—and the result must eventually be non-intercourse with the Masons of that State.

There is a social question connected with this issue that the Grand Lodge of Ohio may well consider. We also wish to remind them of the intelligence, industry and honesty, necessary for those that should come under the “tongue of good report,” and be well recommended to seek Masonic privileges. Also, the relation to and the obligation resting upon them as Masons, as connected with the wives and daughters. All these considered, then the “sober second thought” of our Ohio brethren will stay this fanatical element, and take the club given them by their enemies and use it to beat into dismay the followers of Blanchard, Rouayne, Cook and others—but more especially their fanatical friends, Bierce, Carson, Caldwell & Co.—*Masonic Jewel*.

THE MASON'S GRAVE.

In all the past ages the bodies of the Masonic dead have been laid in graves dug east and west, with their faces toward the east. The practice has been borrowed and adopted by the others until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the final day shall come and He who is death's conqueror shall give the signal, His ineffable light shall be first seen in the east; that from the east he will make His glorious approach; will stand at the eastern margin of these graves, and with His mighty power, that grasp irresistibly strong which shall prevail, will raise the bodies which are therein. We shall long be buried, long decayed. Friends, you nearest and dearest, will have to remember where you have laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes, mountains be levelled, valleys filled. The seasons will have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Ocean lashed into fury by the gales to-day, will to-morrow have sunk like a spoiled child to a slumber. Broad trees with broader roots, will have interlocked them above our ashes, as if to conceal the fact of our having lived; and then after centuries of life, they too, will have followed our examples of mortality, and long struggling with decay, at last will have toppled down their remains with ours, thus obliterating the last poor testimony that man has ever laid here. But the eye of God will nevertheless, mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpet's blast shall shake the hills to their very basis, our astonished bodies shall rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our Redeemer.—Dalton (Ga.) *Enterprise*.

MASONRY IN GEORGIA.

The first mention of Freemasonry in Georgia in history was in Preston's *Illustrations* in 1773. It said: “The history of the society at this time affords few remarkable instances on record. Some considerable donations were collected and distributed among distressed Masons, to encourage the settlement of a new colony, which had just been established at Georgia, in America.” In 1735, Lord Weymouth, being Grand Master of England, issued a warrant to a new lodge at Savannah, in Georgia. The *Freemason's Monitor* of 1805 said; “The Grand Lodge of Georgia is holden by virtue of the right of succession, legally derived from the Most Noble and Most Worshipful Thomas Thyne, Lord Viscount Weymouth. Grand Master of England, by his warrant, directed to the Right Worshipful Roger Lacy, and by renewal of the said power by Sholto Charles Douglass, Lord Aberdour; Grand Master of Scotland,

for the years 1755 and 1756; and the Grand Master of England for the years 1757 and 1758, as will be seen by his warrant directed to the Right Worshipful Gray Elliot.

December 16, 1786, a convention of the smaller lodges holden in the State assembled at Savannah, when the permanent appointments, which had been therefore made by the Grand Master of England, were solemnly relinquished by the Right Worshipful Samuel Elbert, Grand Master, and the other officers of the Grand Lodge. William Stephens was the first Grand Master; and Solomon's Lodge, No. 1, at Savannah, is the oldest lodge in the State. The number of lodges now in the State of Georgia is now nearly three hundred.—*Dillon Enterprise.*

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE WITH A GOAT.

The lodge of Freemasons, at Woodstown finding their lodge room growing more and more dingy and dusty, determined that it should be cleaned and renovated as far as soap and water could do it. The job must, of course, be put into feminine hands, and it was voted to employ Mrs. K., the village charwoman.

The door-keeper, well aware that Mrs. K. was one of the independent investigators, who like to see and judge for themselves, went early the next morning, borrowed without leave a neighbor's billy-goat, and notwithstanding some vigorous protests on the part of the animal, conveyed him upstairs, placed him in a closet opening out of the lodge room, and secured him by turning the button about, without locking the door, put the key in his pocket. Then, with a face as serious as if he had just heard of the robbery of the bank where his aunt, of whom he had great expectations, kept her trunk, he wended his way to the dwelling of Mrs. K., and requested her to come to the lodge room immediately after breakfast, that he might give her the necessary directions.

An hour later the woman put in an appearance, "armed and equipped" with broom, brushes, pail, tub, etc. She found the custodian of the premises waiting her arrival.

"Now ma'am," said he, "I'll tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brethren said it was difficult to get anybody to do the job and not meddle with the secrets in that little closet; we have lost the key, and so cannot lock the door. But I assured them that *you* could be depended on."

"Depended on? I guess I can. My poor, dear, dead-and-gone husband belonged to the Fre-masons, or anti-Masons, I don't know which. He let me in to all the secrets of the concern, and showed me all the marks the gridiron made when he joined, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan; and, sure as I live, I never mentioned a word about it to a single soul to this day. If nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they'll lay there and rot—they will."

"Yes, I thought we couldn't do better than give you the job. Now I want you to commence in that corner, and give the whole room a thorough cleaning, and remember, I have pledged my word and honor for your fidelity. *Don't go into that closet.*" With this parting injunction emphatically uttered, he left Mrs. K. to her task. The village of Woodstown was small, and centered about the post office, store and meeting house. Mrs. K. did not see that the sober-faced door-keeper "just stepped into the post office" on the first floor of the same building, and awaited the result. She only listened till she was sure he had descended the last stair, then turned to gaze at the prohibited door.

"Don't go into that closet!" she repeated, in a stage whisper; "I'll warrant there is a gridiron there, or some nonsense just like the anti-Masons, I *will* just take one peep; who'll be the wiser? I can keep a secret. Besides, that closet'll be on my mind till I see what's in it, and I never could work worth a cent when there's anything on my mind."

Stealthily, on tip-toe, she approached the closet, turned the button, the door swung open, and—bah! Billy, aroused from his nap by the sudden flood of light, making a spring to regain his liberty, almost upset her ladyship. Both started for the door, which, alas, was barricaded with house cleaning paraphernalia. The momentum of the charging party was not to be retarded by such slight obstacles and all went down the stairs in one avalanche.

The crash brought to the spot half the people of the village, headed by the sad eyed door-keeper. He released the goat first, a cripple for life; then he assisted the charwoman to arise from under a pile of tubs, pails, brooms, brushes, etc. No bones were broken, and strangely enough, she was but slightly bruised externally; her injuries were nearly all internal; her feelings were terribly lacerated.

"Have you been taking degrees, ma'am?" inquired the sympathetic custodian of Freemason's secrets.

"Taking degrees! If you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with the devil after ye, taking things by degrees, I have; and if ye frighten folks as ye have me, and hurt them to boot, I'll warrant they'll make as much noise as I have."

There had'n't been a more wrathly woman in Woodstown for many a day.

"I hope you did not open the closet," said the imperturbable door-keeper.

"Open the closet? Eve ate the apple when she was told not to. If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to, and she'll do it certain! *Open the closet?* You said the secrets were there, and of course I wanted to know 'em. I just unfastened the door, and out popped the critter, right in my face. I thought the devil had me, and I made for the stairs, the devil butting me at every jump. I guess I'll go home," she added; "you may get somebody else to clean up your old room."

"But, ma'am, you are in possession of the great secret of the Order, and *must* go up and be initiated and sworn in, in the regular way," remonstrated the door-keeper.

"Regular way? Regular way, indeed! You don't suppose I am going near that place again, to ride that critter without saddle or bridle? No! Never! *No! never!* I'll never go nigh that place again, nor your hall neither; and if I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join the Freemasons. Why, I'd sooner be a Maltesian, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as a fire could be kept under it, and be pulled from garret to cellar, with a halter round my neck, just as my poor, dear husband was. He lived through it, but I never could live through such another ride as I took to-day."

We would remind our lady readers that the "brother" to whom Mrs. K. owed her sad experience is not to be taken as a representative Mason. A good Mason is always the champion of the fair sex, "gentle or simple."—*N. E. Freemason.*

UP-STAIRS MASONRY.

THE disposition of many among our Craft to run after the superficials of Masonry, to the neglect of the real, is working a great harm to the Order. It leads to a neglect of the foundations without which the whole fabric must crumble and fall. No matter how grand and imposing the superstructure from without, or the soft enticements that are wafted from within, against all of which, in their proper place, we have nothing to say, we cannot afford to lose sight of the fact that the sure foundation is on the ground floor of our Temple, which if left to neglect or decay will bring with its fall all that has been reared above it.

Too many among us are mere thermometers, who, in the first principles upon which true Masonry is founded, are far below zero in the scale of good works, but terrible on the fass and tinsel of the loftier degrees.

All wrong, brethren, all wrong. Be content to labor diligently in the quarry with the thousands of your fellows, and you may have the proud satisfaction of seeing the stone which your own hands have squared take its proper place in the beautiful Temple whose foundation you are to guard. If the ground-work of your Masonry is allowed to freeze, all the fire as marked by the higher degrees cannot thaw it out.—*The Mason's Journal.*

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Once there was a powerful and wealthy king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and after diligent search found him in a cave on the border of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the King, "I am come to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the King over a rough pathway, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?" he asked the King.

"Doubtless," answered the monarch, "that it might be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man. "Build thy soul in heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."

BECAUSE on the chequered floor we find the sole middle ground on which we can meet and blend brethren of every country, religion, and opinion, the high and low, the rich and poor. SORRY TO PART—Because outside the Mason's lodge we take up again the fardels which fell off our shoulders as we entered its tyled precincts. HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN—Because after having so often tasted of these joys, we long to participate once more in the most perfect freedom and most genial friendships known to man. HAPPY TO MEET, SORRY TO PART, HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN.—*Keystone.*

MASONIC RECORD.

AT HOME.

A SPECIAL communication of Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Canada, was held at Port Colborne, on Tuesday evening, 7th March, 1876. Present: R. W. Bro. D. E. Broderick, Acting Grand Master; V. W. Bro. C. B. Nimmo, as Deputy Grand Master; W. Bro. J. B. Neth, as Grand Senior Warden; W. Bro. J. R. Haun, as Grand Junior Warden; V. W. Bro. Dr. King, as Grand Chaplain; W. Bro. R. A. Campbell, as Grand Secretary; W. Bro. John Mathews, as Grand Treasurer; W. Bro. H. Park, as Grand Senior Deacon; Bro. Dr. McCargow, as Grand Junior Deacon; Bro. J. Barnhart, Grand Tyler; Bro. J. C. Jordan, as Grand Inner Guard; Bros. J. A. Griffith and C. A. Cartes, Grand Stewards; assisted by a large number of distinguished brethren. Grand Lodge was opened in due form. The ceremony of dedicating the new Masonic Hall, McNab Lodge, No. 169, was then properly and ably performed by the acting Grand Master, in accordance with the ancient usages of the Order. An eloquent and instructive oration was delivered by R. W. Bro. Broderick, as Grand Master. After which the Rev. acting Grand Chaplain addressed the brethren present in a few very appropriate remarks. The business of Grand Lodge being ended it was closed in due form.—*Caledonia Suchem.*

FROM ABROAD.

ONE Orvis Cary claiming to be a member of Longview Lodge, 404, Texas, has been discovered at Indianapolis, Ind., to be an impostor, by the Masonic Relief Board.

THE new and beautiful Asylum of Palestine Commandery at Paris, Ill., was dedicated on January 22nd ult. Six commanderies were represented. The new Temple cost \$28,000.

THE Grand Lodge of Vermont, has moved in the matter of preserving and digesting for publication its historical records. Brother John B. Hollenbeck, Past Grand Secretary, has been entrusted with the preparation of the material.

THE new Masonic Temple, at Indianapolis, Indiana, was opened on March 29th, ult, to the public, for the first time, the occasion being a grand concert, prefaced by an opening address from the Hon. J. W. Gordon.

THE London Masonic Club House is to be opened to its members during the present month. The annual dues from town members are \$15; country members, \$7.70. Five hundred Brethren have already become members. It is anticipated that a regulation requiring an entrance fee will shortly be adopted.

THERE are a number of Masonic lodges now at work in Valparaiso, Chili—two of them working under the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, one under the Grand Lodge of England, and one under that of Scotland. All meet in the same building, and the most fraternal relations are maintained between them.

BRO. GEN. KIR CARSON was interred with military honors at Boggsville, Col., in August, 1868, and afterwards his remains were removed to Taos, New Mexico, where they were buried with Masonic honors. It is not true, as stated in some of the papers, that "his grave is in a coyote patch, with nothing to mark it."

THE grand Cathedral at Upsala Sweden, occupies the site of an old heathen temple, and is 370 feet in length. Among its treasures is an ancient image of the heathen god, Thor, the Hammer-bearer. There are mural monuments there five hundred years old. The great naturalist, Linnaeus, is interred in this Cathedral.

THE *Bulletin* of the Supreme Council of Portugal gave, in April, 1874, a notice of a Mason then of the age of 115 years, living at Ipsilan, in Muscat, who had been initiated when eighteen years old, in a lodge in the frontiers of Persia. Of course he must have been a Mason for 97 years, and if alive now, he would be on the very verge of his Masonic Centennial.

OUR distinguished Brother, His Grace, the Duke of Abercorn, Grand Master of Masons of Ireland, on February 23rd ult., received the degree of Mark Master Mason. He had long since in England, been exalted as a Royal Arch Mason. He was also, on the same date, installed as King of the Grand Master's Royal Arch Chapter, of Dublin.

THE following are the officers of the Grand Lodge of Ireland for the year 1876: M. W. His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, K. G., Grand Master; R. W. Robt. Wm. Shekleton, Deputy Grand Master; R. W. Marquis of Headfort, S. G. W.; R. W. Lord Dunboyne, J. G. W.; R. W. Arthur Bushe, Grand Treasurer; R. W. Viscount Bernard, Grand Secretary; Bro. Samuel G. Downes, Grand Tyler.

WHILE General Sherman's army was occupying Atlanta, some soldier evidently not

a Mason, stole the Secretary's jewel of Fulton Lodge, No. 216, from the Masonic Hall. Nothing was heard of this jewel until a day or two ago, Capt. W. Hubbard, the Master of this lodge, received a package by express from the Secretary of a lodge in Massachusetts, containing the lost jewel. He said, in a letter accompanying it, that the jewel had only recently come into the possession of a member of his lodge. The express charges were prepaid.—*Allen's Constitution.*

The District Grand Lodge of China recently held its annual meeting and festival, at Hong Kong. In accordance with a time-honored custom, the brethren in a body attended divine service at St. John's Cathedral, the Grand Chaplain conducting the services and preaching the sermon. The brethren were all attired in evening dress and with white gloves. After the despatch of business, they sat down to a banquet in the Masonic Hall, where loyal and Masonic toasts were drunk and responded to with much enthusiasm.

The Lodge Ayr and Renfrew Militia St. Paul, Ayr, Scotland, lately celebrated its 77th Anniversary, with a grand reception and ball. The representatives of seven other lodges were by invitation present, including Kilwinning Lodge, Cincinnati, Ohio. Our good Bro. D. Murray Lyon, P. Prov. G. M., of the West Indies, and author of that splendid Masonic volume, "Freemasonry in Scotland," was present, and replied to the toast to the "Grand Lodge of Scotland."

At the battle of Antietam, Gen. Mansfield advanced with his column and drove the Confederates over the knoll. They rallied, however. The Vermont brigade was then ordered to drive them back: The Confederate forces occupied one side of a knoll, the Union forces the other. On the summit of that knoll was a poor wounded rebel, who had fallen as his regiment was retreating, and he lay so that it was almost impossible for a man to reach him without being shot to pieces. His leg was broken. He called for help. It seemed certain death for any one to attempt his rescue. After calling several times in vain, he uttered Mystic words, when a soldier of the Vermont regiment rushed to the top of the knoll, seized the fallen soldier in his arms, bore him to a place of safety, when both fell fainting in each other's arms. There was exhibited in some sense the power of Masonry.

Bro. JACOB ROBERTS, M.D, we are glad to note, has received the appointment of Assistant Medical Director from the Centennial Commission. Dr. Wm. Pepper is Medical Director, and six skilled physicians are on his staff, one of whom is Bro. Roberts. A building 100 feet square is now in process of erection on Agricultural Avenue, in the Centennial Grounds, containing Dispensary and Medical and Surgical rooms, where every facility will be provided for the immediate gratuitous relief of visitors who may suffer from sudden sickness or accident. The Craft will be glad to know that they have a representative on the Centennial Grounds ready and willing to care for them in case of unlooked for illness, with all the pills and potions competent to grapple with an ugly case of colic, or any other ailment or accident that human flesh may there fall heir to. Success to the Medical Bureau, and may we never be carried there.—*Keystone.*

MASONIC CHIT-CHAT.

"We see it stated that Bro. John Moore, of Ottawa, Canada, has a library of 5,000 volumes, embracing many valuable Masonic works."

The first Masonic Temple in China was erected in 1853. It was projected by Bro. S. Rowson, P. G. M. for China.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to India has had a good effect, and it is said that more members have joined the past six months there than in ten years before.

The trowel and measuring rod used by the Prince of Wales, as Grand Master, in laying the foundation stone of the Madras harbor works, were of gold, and valued at \$800.

In the Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Lodge Washington Territory, several Masonic publications are recommended to the brethren, and they are told that every brother should give a cordial support to one or more of them.

The rumor that the Marquis of Ripon, the apostate Mason, had given a large subscription to the Pope, is contradicted. There is no truth, either, in the statement that his wife has gone over to Rome.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, the famous architect of St. Paul's London, according to an old manuscript in the Royal Library, was made a Mason on May 18, 1691. He died in February, 1723, at the great age of 92.

So says the *Keystone*. Bro. Col. McLeod Moore, the venerable Grand Prior of

Canada, is evidently alluded to. There is probably no better read Mason in America than he is.

BRO. ROB. MORRIS, the wonderful Masonic veteran, is on his travels again, and we regret to learn was in poor health when heard from in Co'orado. It is his intention to make the tour of the world in his Masonic character of lecturer.

THE Proceedings of the Grand Council of Mississippi have reached us. The last assembly was held at Jackson, on the 1st of February last. The officers elect are: Most Ill. Grand Master P. M. Savery; Grand Recorder, J. L. Power, Jackson. We see no reference to the Grand Council of Ontario in the Foreign Correspondence.

TEUTONIA LODGE, No. 72, F. and A. M., of Jersey City, has purchased a large plot on the corner of Stuyvesant and Corbin avenues, on which it intends to erect a spacious and costly Masonic Temple. A large fund has been collected for the purpose, and the work will be commenced without delay.

THE brethren who were prominent in the Revival of Freemasonry at London in 1717, were Dr. J. Theophilus Desaguliers, a celebrated natural philosopher and French Protestant refugee; George Payne, a learned antiquary; and Dr. James Anderson, a Scotch Presbyterian minister in London.

THE station of Deputy Grand Master was unknown until 1721, when Grand Master Montague after having been duly installed into King Solomon's chair, "as if quite unpremeditatedly, nominated Dr. John Beal, Deputy Grand Master, who was invested and installed in the chair of Hiram, to the left hand of the Grand Master.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that a combined Orange and Masonic lodge room is about to be erected in Blyth. We thought the question of combined lodges had long since been settled. If the Masonic Fraternity insist, as they have a right to do, that none but Masons should bury Masons when duly requested to do so, they ought surely to have lodge rooms to themselves.

AT REST.

BRO. JOHN B. FRAVEL, Past Grand Master of Masons of Indiana, died at La Porte, on March 22nd ult. He was stricken with paralysis while eating his breakfast, and in the midst of an animated conversation with his family.

THE London *Freemason* announces the death of Bro. John Newton Tompkins, P. G. D. For some years past his failing health had prevented his attendance at Grand Lodge, and even at his own lodge (Peace and Harmony), but his loss will be deeply regretted by many Masons who are old enough to remember what a brilliant ornament he was to the Craft. Enthusiastically devoted to the objects and work of the Order, he was a consummate master of the ritual, including all the lectures as well as the ceremonies, not only in Craft and Royal Arch Masonry, but also in the allied Orders of Knights Templar and the Ancient and Accepted Rite as far as the 31st Degree. He was initiated in the Lodge of Peace and Harmony, then No. 72, on October 22nd, 1846, joined the Royal Athelstan Lodge of Instruction in March, 1847, and the Lodge of Amity, No. 200, in May the same year; in 1848 he was elected a Grand Steward from No. 72, and joined the Grand Stewards' Lodge; he was then exalted in the R. A. Chapter of Fidelity, No. 3, and joined a Chapter of Instruction; a few months later he was made a Knight Templar in the Encampment of Faith and Fidelity, and in 1849 he joined the Lodge of Unions, No. 318, and was at once made Junior Warden, after being made the 1st Grand Expert in Grand Conclave a short time previously. In 1850 he joined the Lodge of Emulation, and took the chair of W. M. in Lodge No. 318, serving the office of W. M. in Lodge No. 318 for two years, and in other lodges for three years afterwards, thus occupying the chair in four lodges for five consecutive years, probably an unprecedented case of one brother holding the chair in various lodges for so long a term without a break. He was W. M. of No. 318 during 1850 and 1851; W. M. of No. 200 in 1852; W. M. of No. 60, (formerly No. 72), in 1853; and W. M. of the Grand Stewards' Lodge in 1854. In 1851 he was elected to the Board of General Purposes at the top of the poll with 160 votes, and joined the 18 and 30 of the Ancient and Accepted Rite; in 1852 he was exalted to the 31; in 1853 he was installed 1st Principal of R. A. Chapter, No. 3, and E. C. of the Encampment of Faith and Fidelity; in 1851 he was made Junior Grand Deacon in Grand Lodge, and Sword Bearer in Grand Chapter; and in 1855 Grand Treasurer to Grand Conclave, which last office he held for ten years. In addition to all these offices he was also Hon. Sec. to the Royal Athelstan Lodge of Instruction, and Treasurer to the Lodge of Peace and Harmony, to the Chapter of Fidelity, and to the Encampment of Faith and Fidelity for many years.