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# THE CRAFTSMAN

AND

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### GEORGE CLEMENT'S WIFE.

"Of all things this is the worst! If I ever, in my life, expected to hear such news. Why, our George has gone and got married! d'ye hear!"

Good Mrs. Clement pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes and dropped the letter in her lap, as she turned around to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking the old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?"

This time, when she asked the question, there was a touch of sharpness in her voice.

"Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure 'tis natura' enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clement would take no notice of the little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I do not. He need't think he's coming here with his fine citified lady, all airs and graces, and flounces and fluttered ruffles. There is plenty of girls hereabouts that wanted him. Right in the middle of the work, too! to talk of bringing a lady here in hog-killing time! I do declare, I think George is a fool!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, covered with short, dusky curls, a pair of darkest blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rose-bud of a mouth, a dimple in one pink cheek. That was Mrs. Marion Clement. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor close beside the lace curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return, and then when she heard the click of the latch key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss.

"Have not you the letter this time, George? I've felt so sure of it all day. Indeed I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled as he shook his head.

A cloud suddenly came over the pretty face.

"O, George, isn't it too bad? And, I do believe—O, I do believe they won't write because you married me."

He put his arm around her neck.

"And supposing such should be the case, do you think it would make any difference to me?"

"Oh, no! no! only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too! They never have seen

you. And when they know you, they can't help loving you."

"Oh, George!"

And the exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his loving flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By the by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me on a travelling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You wouldn't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion, it would be five hundred dollars clear gain for us."

"What need we care for money, I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the young man's lips, he was more matter-of-fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.

"I think the accession of our balance at the bankers would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet, let's go down to dinner. I do hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And so it was; for Marion snatched it from his coat pocket that very night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she laughed gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care little for what the letter contains. Remember I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her as she glanced over the short, cramped note; then tears stole down under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then when she had finished it, she laid her head down on his shoulder and cried.

"I was cruel to let you see it, my wounded bride. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our Bible says, that a man shall leave father and mother and cling to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears, and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city bred, she thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dirty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion, she will find out some day. My father—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man. 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I shall love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come home. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home and bring them back. Will she, will she—"

"George, dear, I have been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go, and leave home. It won't be very long."

Marion was eating an egg while she spoke across the cozy little tete-a-tete breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion; and when I come back I will bring a present. What shall it be?"

"Your mother and father from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company while you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clement ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pink cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry joyous little laugh.

"This will never do; and now that dear George is gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return, and I pray Heaven it may be such a coming home as shall delight his very soul."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help bad

enough; but it 'pears to me such a slender little midget as you couldn't airn your salt. What d'ye say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you will try me for only a week, I'm sure you will keep me till the season is over."

Mrs. Clement looked out of the window at the gray clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can't cook, ken you? or shake up feather beds—big ones, forty pounders?"

A gleeful little laugh came from Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clement walked to the huge open fire-place in the kitchen where the Deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, Deacon? Keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and the dear knows it 'ud be a good lift while we're killin', if she couldn't do more'n set the table or make the mush for the bread."

"Take her, of course, Hanner. You're hard driv'n, I know. Let her stop a week or so anyhow."

So Mrs. Clement came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, anyhow. There's a snow-storm been brewin' these three days, and it's onto us now, sure enough. See them 'ere flakes, fine and thick. That's a sure sign it'll last a good while. You may as well take your things upstairs to the west garret and come down and help get supper."

Then followed directions to the "west garret," and when she was gone, Mrs. Clement turned to the Deacon and said:

"I never saw a girl afore I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as her don't steal; I ken tell you that, if nothing else."

Directly she came down in her neat purple print dress and big white apron; her hair brushed off her face into a net; a narrow linen collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow black ribbon.

It seemed as if she had life, so handily she fitted in and out the big pantry into the buttery, and then down the cellar.

Then after the meal, she gathered up the dishes in a neat, silent way, that was perfect bliss to Mrs. Clement's eyes.

"She's determined to airn her bread, anyhow, and I like her turn, too."

And the Deacon knew his wife had "taken a shine" to Mary Smith.

One by one the days wore on; the "hog killing" was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mary's deft fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true housewifely order, and now Mary and Mrs. Clement were sitting in the great, sunny dining-room, darning and mending.

"I don't know whatever I am going to do without you, Mary. I dread to see you pack up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure spread over the girl's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed, I've tried hard to please you."

"It ain't the work altogether, though, goodness knows, your'e the smartest gal I've seen this many a day. As I said, it ain't the work—it's you, Mary. I've got to thinking a sight of you—me and the Deacon."

Mary's lips trembled at the kindness in the old lady's voice, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It's been uncommon lonesome-like since the boy left the farm; but its

worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You never mentioned him."

"No; George has gone his way and we must go ours. Yes, he married one o' those cracked-headed boarding school misses who can't tell the difference between a rolling-pin and a milk-pan."

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clement dashed off some tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly?"

"I don't know nothing about her and don't want to know. He's left us for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seem's they're burning."

When Mary returned, Mrs. Clement was leaning on the back of her chair.

"Mary, suppose you stop with us another month yet, anyhow. The Deacon'll make it all right.

"It isn't the money I care for, Mrs. Clement. I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us, do you? Bless your heart! If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all! But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glancing out of the window, looking a moment, then threw down her work,

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our George coming up the lane! Deacon, Deacon, George is coming!"

And all her mother love rushing to her heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite dear, innocent, little Marion!

Then, when the table in the next room had been set by Mary's deft fingers, and she had retired to her "west garret," Mrs. Clement opened her heart.

"There's no use in talking, George, this fine, fancy lady o' yours never'll suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in to supper now. Mary, Mary!"

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near her surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor o' my boy. Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off and them short bobbin' curls. George, this is Mary Smith, my—"

George came through the door glanced carelessly at the corner where the woman stood, and then, with a cry, sprang with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that flew into them.

"My Marion! my darling little wife! What does this mean?"

The Deacon and Mrs. Clement stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushes and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took their hands.

"I am George's wife; I was so afraid you never would love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper table.

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We claim that any good Mason in distress, after producing proper certificates, or Lodge receipts for dues, and standing a good examination, has as much claim on one Lodge as another. He has a claim on any Lodge fund or Mason, enough to relieve actual want, and his own home Lodge is not responsible for what may be given him.—*Masonic Jewel.*

**TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

Some two years since, during a tarry of several weeks in London, it was our privilege to visit this remarkable old church and the adjacent buildings, so full of historical interest. After Westminster Abbey, there was no other sacred place in the great metropolis that we so much wished to see and worship in; we recall again and again the "white days" when our long-cherished desire in both these respects was gratified, and there came to us a delightful inspiration out of the past, as communion was had with the ancient deeds and glory of which this structure is the holy sign.

The site is not a commanding one, though in the very heart of London, close to Temple Bar, and but just withdrawn from busy Fleet Street. Here we find a motly collection of ancient buildings occupied by barristers' halls and offices. The lawyers now hold and use these buildings, including the church itself, and have been in possession since 1608, when the property was conferred upon the "Benches of the Inner and Middle Temple" by royal grant. But these historic structures have an age far antedating this period. Seven hundred years ago, the Knights of the Temple—that famous body of warrior monks which for centuries wielded so large an influence—chose this situation for their ecclesiastical headquarters. Then, in the fullness of their wealth and power, they erected on this spot an imposing temple of worship, with other buildings, well calculated to make apparent the faith and resources of this great organization. The most interesting part of the church, "The Round," was dedicated in the year 1185, by Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem, who was at that time seeking the aid of Henry II. against Saladin. This portion of the main structure has undergone but few changes, and presents substantially the same appearance now as in those early days, when its stone pavements echoed the footsteps of the Knights who gazed admiringly upon the lofty arches, the architectural embellishments, the suggestive emblems wrought in wood and stone, such as the pascal lamb and the cross, moved thereby no doubt to pious devotion and deeds of noble daring.

Here came the members of that renowned order both to worship and to legislate. Some of them dwelt in the buildings of the order adjacent to the Temple, and were subject to the most rigorous, partly ecclesiastical, partly military, discipline. Even now, the winding stone stairway and cell of penance sufficiently attest that offenders were dealt with in no light manner. But the old temple itself was the one sacred place where they all gathered to pray and worship, to enact solemn ceremonies, to consider the grave questions that related to the work of their order and take sweet counsel together. Here the novitiate knelt and made his confessions. Here he kept his lonely night vigils. Here, after due preparation, he received the blessing of the church and the solemn charge of duty—perhaps the consecrated sword that he was to wield against the Moslem in distant Palestine. Here pilgrims and knights were sometimes marshaled to give pious thanks for victories won, and to wave beneath the arches of their cherished Temple those silken banners of the order wrought with such curious devices. Here, too, were brought and laid away the remains of those who had made some proof of their piety or valor, and to whom the ancient Templars gave solemn burial and a fitting resting place. Their effigies in armour are the most striking objects as you enter the sacred vestibule of the Temple. The figures are life-size, the right hand grasping a sword and the legs crossed. It is generally believed that these effigies do not represent Knights who actually fought for the recovery of the City of the Great King and the Holy Sepulchre, but rather associates and patrons of the order, who in some signal way had distinguished them-

selves and thus obtained memorials so conspicuous. Be this as it may, these monumental relics are not without their charm; they call to mind in a most impressive manner the days of the Crusades, which gave birth to the order that built and adorned the Temple Church. The visitor of to-day, especially the Templar Mason, beholds the effigies, "cross-legged as men moved to the Holy Land against the infidels," and straightway the glow and inspiration of the distant past thrills his soul—his quickened thought leaps at a bound over centuries, and he seems to be living in those stirring times when the Templars first won their reputation, or were established in its largest glory!

Temple Church, as has been stated, retains unimpaired many of its ancient features. "The Round" is there as it was six or seven centuries ago. The old architecture has been in the main kept up in the renewals and repairs, and portions of it are of wondrous grace; so, too, the marvelous beauty of the painted windows has the same charm to day that has elicited the admiration of generations. Well is the structure calculated, therefore, with the recollections that cluster around it—the associations and memories that attach to it—to move the feelings of the worshipper within its courts, the antiquarian and the interested Templar of our time. Looking upon the grim effigies on the floor; on marble pillars and grooved arches above it that have so long withstood time's consuming tooth; on signs and relics that constantly meet the eye—it requires no great effort of the imagination to float the thought backward even to those strange eventful days when the Crusader went forth with the blessing of the Church to perform his vows and the whole earth was shaken as the cross and the crescent came together beneath the walls of the Holy City. It is an old history, but it will never lose its interest; its romance will never grow less. Criticise and condemn as we must many of the manifestations of that remarkable era, it will always rise before our thought as an heroic age; we cannot forget the grand enthusiasm of that awakening; we cannot but note the chivalric impulse that roused the sluggish energies of Christian Europe—that sent the pilgrim warrior to the field, and called into being a powerful society something of whose character and work, no less than its name, is perpetuated by so glorified a token as the old Temple Church in London! Its venerable walls, its marble effigies, its sculptured portraits, its monumental relics, and historical associations move and thrill the pilgrim visitor and worshipper of to-day, as they speak to him with an eloquent voice from out of the dim past, telling of the ancient glory and prestige which so grandly illumine the Illustrious Order of Knights' Templar!—*Freemasons' Repository.*

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### THE MYSTIC WORD.

ALFRED W. MORRIS.

The following adventure was related to me by a Mason who has done yeoman service in the cause of Freemasonry for a quarter of a century. Grand Lecturer of — for many years, he is yet reckoned as one of the brightest jewels of the Craft. He said:

I had an engagement to lecture to the lodge at L—, a small village on the State road, noted for a hospitable and peace loving community. The Lodge itself had a character for a membership who, though not considered the brightest Masons, were ever in search of more light; and whenever I was in the neighborhood I was sure to receive an invitation to spend an evening with them. On the occasion named, I had taken up my lodgings at the village tavern, kept by one of those old-fashioned, genial hosts who always meet their guests at the door and smother them with welcome and good humor. My host was a gem among them, and a good Mason. Besides being relieved of baggage and the dust of travel I was conducted into the reception room.

to find a half dozen good fellows awaiting my arrival. During the time before tea, our conversation was naturally turned upon Masonic subjects, and I was pained to learn of an accident experienced by George B——, one of the wittiest, brightest and best of the Lodge. He had received a severe blow upon his head, from a falling piece of falling timber in a house he was building, and this, after laying him up for some time, had affected his mind. Although considered harmless he was yet closely watched and confined at home as much as possible. Strange to say his hallucination led him to imagine "that the secrets Masonry had been exposed, and that he was appointed to revenge the Craft upon the traitor." So poor George was continually asking the brethren who it was that had been guilty of so vile a crime? I promised I would go over and see him in the morning. The bell ringing for supper just then changed the subject.

We had an unusually good attendance at the Lodge that night, and did not break up till late. Retiring to my room I had just read my daily chapters in that best of all books, nor shall I ever forget the chapter or the text, for both are associated with that hour. It was where Peter, seeing his Lord walking on the water attempted to go to him. The words of Peter, "Lord save me or I perish," were still ringing in my ears. At that instant a low knock at the door startled me. Thinking it was some brother come to tell me good-bye (for I was to leave at day-light), I unlocked the door and bade him enter. Imagine my amazement when I walked Geo. B——! He held out his hand and expressed his happiness in meeting me. "Learn that I was in town," he said, "he desired much to see me, but being detained unavoidably he could not meet me sooner; hoped that I would excuse the lateness of the hour, etc." All this was spoken in so quiet a manner that I had begun to doubt the reports I had heard as to his mental derangement. I asked him to be seated by the fire and took a seat beside him. We talked upon various topics for a while, and I wondered what had brought him to my chamber at this untimely hour. Then the conversation began to flag and came to a dead silence. I could hear the ticking of the old two-strey clock below, and the wind sighing through the three cedars in front. I thought of the sprigs I had seen gathered from trees like those for the purpose of symbolizing the hope poor mortality holds of the resurrection, and had wandered so far back in the past that I had almost forgotten poor George.

How long the silence had continued I can never tell, but I was aroused by hearing my companion move, and looking towards him I saw him suddenly draw out one of those most terrible weapons, the deadly bowie-knife, and advanced towards me with the wild maddening gaze of a maniac. I was paralyzed. I sat immovable in my seat unable to utter a word, then George spoke to me and said,

"At last I have found you, vile traitor that you are! You thought to escape me, but a wrathful heaven has hunted you down and now, now I have the long sought opportunity to execute upon you the direst penalties of your treachery. Prepare yourself, for there is no escape."

I attempted to call him by name but my tongue refused to obey my will. It seemed that a horrible nightmare oppressed me. I tried to move but with the same result. George walked the room with his eyes glaring upon me, all the while muttering of my coming fate. Then I closed my eyes unable to look upon him longer. How long I held them so I cannot tell, but when I opened them he was preparing to spring upon me, knife in hand. By an effort of will that at last opened my muscles, I gave that sign known only to the chosen few and at the same time uttered those words that will arrest the attention even of a mind disenthroned. Instantly I saw the mad glare disappear from George's eyes and a bewildered expression come over his face. Then I sunk to the floor unconscious. When I came to my senses again the sunlight was beaming through the window, and the sympathetic face of the hostess was bent over me. I recovered from the shock and was able to go home. Thus I was saved by the mystic sign that even a madman dare not refuse. I learned upon inquiry afterwards that the landlord had been awakened by my fall, and had come rushing in to find George bending over me trying to raise me up, the knife lying on the floor where he had thrown it. He was secured and sent to the asylum where an operation was performed upon him that relieved his brain of the pressure, and effected an entire cure. I have often seen him since, but always feel, while alone with him, as if it would be pleasanter to have more company!"



**WORDS OF WISDOM.**

The new Scottish Rite Masonic Temple at Louisville, Ky., was dedicated on the 26th of February last. The dedication ceremonies, under the direction of Ill. Bro. H. H. Neal, 33 deg., Grand Consecrator, were grand and imposing, making the occasion one long to be remembered by all who were so fortunate as to be present. We were honored with an invitation, but business compelled us to forego the pleasure of participating. The address of Ill. Bro. Rob Morris was very appropriate, and contained words of wisdom that should be well considered by every Mason. We take pleasure in placing it before our readers:

Nine years ago I was standing, with uncovered head, on the spot once the S. S. of K. S. T. In all my travels and experience of forty years, I have nothing more affecting than this, my visit to the site of the temple of Solomon. I was standing where our three Grand Masters had opened their Lodge, as the morning sun came over the mountains of Moab; had called their Lodge from labor to refreshment, as the noonday sun stood over Bethlehem and Hebron; had closed their Lodge as the evening sun hid his glowing face in the waters of the great sea beyond Joppa.

Twenty-two years of hard service in Freemasonry, during which I had visited a thousand Lodges, and, at last, I stood upon the long-desired spot. Fancy came to my aid, and became more potent than reality.—Though the pavement beneath was not red, yet I saw it red with the blood-drops of our martyred Grand Master. Though the air around me was not moved to sounds, yet I heard the loud demands of ruffian voices, the firm, dignified reply, and then the mortal blow, and then the heavy fall. Oh, can I ever forget the sacred memories of that hour.

Nor is this all. I remembered that that holy spot, the holiest of holies, was the mysterious chamber, always dark, always silent, in the centre of which stood the cherubim brooding over the sacred ark that contained the tables of the Law—the Commandments of God to an erring world. Once a year, for 420 years, the High Priest had entered that awful place alone, and had communion, in its solitude, with Jehovah. Sublime thought! As its full force impressed itself upon my soul, I bowed my head, and in the solitude of my heart, echoed the words that had been uttered there so long before:—

“For He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.”

You will smile at my enthusiasm, but before going to that thrice hallowed spot, I had collected together, as the workmen of K. S. did before building the temple, specimens of the wood and stone of which the marvelous structure was built. From the Island of Paros I had secured a piece of Parian marble, pure white, bright, sparkling, firm, durable, as the material ought to be of which a Masonic edifice is constructed. From the Mount Sinai I had secured a piece of porphyry—stone elegantly colored, hard and exceedingly beautiful under the polish of the workmen. From the foundations of the Temple, still remaining in their mountain fastness, I had secured a specimen of the plain, soft but durable material quarried by Hiram’s men, and to the amount of 9,000,000 tons squared into great blocks, some of them forty feet long, and laid together with cement to resist the gnawing tooth of time. It was of these three kinds of stone the Temple of Solomon was built.

From the top of Mount Lebanon I had gathered a piece of the immortal cedar wood, the most indestructible of timber, of which the beams and ceiling of K. S. T. were constructed—a wood so durable, so defiant of worm and rot, that but for the torches of Nebuchadnezzar the building would, during all these three thousand years, be standing yet! From the Mount of Olives I had secured a piece of that fine grained hard-grained, variegated and beautiful wood called the olive, of which the doors of the temple were constructed—a wood than which all nature has not created its superior in beauty and fitness for such use. From the banks of the Jordan I had secured a piece of that holy wood which first appears in Bible history as the B. B. before which Moses prostrated himself and removed his shoes from off his feet, from the wood of which, afterwards, the Ark of the Covenant was constructed, and which, appears under Masonic tradition under the name of “acacia.” It was of this sacred wood that King Solomon constructed the great altar of the temple and the two tables of shew-bread. From the groves of Joppa I have secured a specimen of the almondwood

of which the bowls of the seven golden candlesticks were moulded; also of the palm, which was engraven upon the walls of the temple—

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

It was of these four trees that the woodwork of the Temple of Solomon was constructed.

Holding these in the palm of my hand, and laying among them a piece of the mosaic pavement which I had picked up near the spot, I placed over them this most ancient copy of the Law of God, a Hebrew roll, which for many and many a generation had been used by the pious Israelites at Jerusalem in their devotions. Forcibly I opened out my Masonic flag, which I had already unfurled to the breeze from the top of Mount Lebanon, from the ruined walls of Tyre and Gebul, from the ramparts of Damascus and Joppa and Jerusalem, the flag having upon one side of it the emblem of our martyred Grand Master, the victim of fidelity, and upon the other side of it the emblem of our Divine and Celestial Grand Master who presides in the Grand Lodge above. I opened this out and wrapped it around my specimens of the ages and the works long perished. I consecrated them all to the genius of Freemasonry, as she hovered above the thrice-sacred spot.

The application of what I have said to the present occasion is this: You are engaged to-night in dedicating apartments intended for the practice of rites borrowed from those to which I have alluded—rites that claim to be the most solemn known to Masonry. It becomes us, therefore, to inquire who is fit for this work. As all men are not fit to be Masons, so all Masons are not fit for these sublime forms of Masonic worship. Let me, then, turn to the inspired Word—a fountain of wisdom under all difficulties—and with the Psalmist ask the question: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?" The inquiry is pertinent to this occasion, who shall be permitted to participate in the sublime ceremonies that are to be practiced in this hall?

There is a peculiar propriety in my propounding this question. After the Louisville Consistory was formed in 1852, I think I was the first person to confer degrees, and give steady, persistent labor to building up the institution of Scottish Rite Masonry in Louisville. We made many members.—Some—the upright, moral men—*adhered to us*, and were found for many a year afterwards ready to sacrifice time and means to benefit the Order; some—poorly selected, unworthy of high association, holding their principles loosely—*abandoned us*, were lost to our Order and disappeared from our history. Let me deduce instruction from this:

In reply to the questions of the Royal David, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy place?" the answer aptly follows:

"He that has clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity or sworn deceitfully.

"He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."

Brethren, were I to occupy an hour I could not say more than the Spirit of God has said, speaking through the mouth of David. Those who are to ascend into this "hill of the Lord;" those who are with you to stand in this "holy place" must be "men of clean hands and pure heart;" *they* shall receive the blessing from the Lord and righteousness from the God of their salvation; they, and no others.

I join you, then, in solemnly dedicating these halls to the great principles of Scottish Rite Masonry.

Let us be moral, it is the very basis of our Order. Without it there can be no adherence, no consistency; because there is no cement save morality that binds men together. What matters it how solemnly you covenant a man who has no respect for truth or virtue? His obligations are but as ropes of sand.

Let us be charitable. Benevolence is the permeating, vital principle of the Order. "He that giveth to the poor," says the divine oracle, "lendeth to the Lord;" that is, Jehovah condescends to be our banker to repay us in blessings a hundred-fold multiplied for all that we do, charitably, to our fellow-men. It is not without a purpose that the box of charity is sent around at the close of all our meetings, and many a Scottish Rite Mason has wondered at the success which has unexpectedly fallen upon him, when, could he record the entries in the book of life, he would find himself credited there with blessings more than he could ask for or think. Let us be charitable. "The poor," said the Divine Master, "ye have always with you." There

is no day that occasions are not offered us to help those who from age, infirmity, or the hard discipline of life, are unable to help themselves.

Let us be diligent students of Scripture. Without a complete knowledge of the revealed will of God no Scottish Rite Mason can understand, much less impart to others, the genuine meaning of our ceremonies. There is a wonderful witness in the Scriptures. "I am a stranger on the earth," says Solomon, "hide not thy commandments from me! Thy statutes have been my songs in the hour of my pilgrimage."

Let us be exceedingly cautious in the selection of our materials for the future growth and extension of this Order. Let every man who is brought into these apartments to be interwoven into our chain, to be incorporated into our structure, be like the materials of which I have just shown you the specimens, that so I might draw out this very parallel. Like the Parian marble, may they be in character white, sparkling and durable; like the porphyry, beautiful, and admitting, under the polishing influences of the Scottish Rite, an exquisite polish. Like the cedar of Lebanon, may their pure spirits throw forth a sweet odor, and, like the olive-wood, may they be beautiful above all other men. Oh, that my prayer were heard this night before God that nothing unclean, nothing unholy might ever enter here!

And recording this, from the inspired hand,  
 May we not humbly hope, as Masons Free,  
 That when before the Overseer we stand,  
 He will recall our deeds of charity?  
 Is it not written from the widow's eye  
 We've wiped the tear, the fatherless have smiled,  
 The homeless through our doors passed joyously,  
 The hungry spirit was refreshed filled?

We hear Death's footstep nearer day by day;  
 In mother earth our hands must soon be stilled;  
 The evening shadows seem so cold and gray!  
 The night dews fall, our aching limbs are chilled.  
 Then let us hope, and hoping labor yet,  
 Till the dread signal fall and we shall rise;  
 Ample our wages and Divinely set—  
 In rest and peace and bliss beyond the skies.

—*Masonic Advocate.*

### WHY LODGES ARE NOT BETTER ATTENDED.

A serious drawback in the work of Masonry lies in the fact that Lodge meetings, in a general way, are but slimly attended by its members. That such is the case, is evident to every one who has ever presided one year as Worshipful Master, and yet there are but a few such who seem to realize that there is a cause for it, and that they themselves are perhaps more to blame than any one else for the empty seats around their Lodge room. To a certain extent, it is the same in Masonry as it is everywhere else. There must be some compensation in the way of benefits derived to them, or the great mass of people cannot be held to work together in any organization. They may remain nominal members, but unless there is some compensating equivalent, they will soon cease to be active ones. There is that much selfishness in human nature, and there has never been found an inventive genius able to overcome it.

Take for example the numerous churches in this city. An inspection of them at the usual hour for services on any Sabbath morning, will disclose the fact that a few are well filled with congregations, twice as many more are not more than one-half filled, and in the balance of them the empty seats outnumber the worshippers by a large majority. This disparity in the attendance can not be accounted for on the score of the number or devoutness of the membership of these churches, and hence there must be some other cause for it. One visit to each of them is sufficient to explain the whole matter. In the pulpits of the crowded churches are men of learning, eloquence and ability to instruct and interest those who come to hear them. Men, women and children flock there in eager expectancy of the rich intellectual feast that has been prepared for them. In many of the half-filled churches are good preachers, with carefully prepared sermons, strong in doctrinal points, but lacking new thoughts and ideas to season them up to the palate of this progressive age. They fail to draw from beyond the circle of church membership and attract only a portion of that. In the churches where empty seats predominate, are heard the same old sermons over and over again. The preacher selects a new text each time and fits the old discourse

to it, making it look very much like an old cottonade coat with a new velvet collar. The few hearers they have are there from a strict sense of duty, while the less conscientious members have strayed away and help swell the crowd that sit entranced beneath the droppings of other sanctuaries.

This illustration shows the natural disposition of men, and is offered solely for that purpose. It applies as aptly to them in all business, social or fraternal relations. Even in Masonry the same general rule prevails, for Masons, after all, are but men, and Masonic Lodges simply an organization among them, from which they expect to derive a great benefit. Lodge meetings are held at regularly stated periods, and it is by them that the brethren expect to be more especially benefitted as members of the Mystic Tie. They are the schools at which they receive their Masonic education, and the banks from which they draw their wages as Masons. Schools without teachers and banks without funds are poor institutions, and that is what is the matter with so many Masonic Lodges. The brethren soon get tired going to the meetings of a Lodge when they know that there is nothing to be learned there and they derive no benefit from their attendance. They feel that they can spend the time more pleasantly and profitably somewhere else, and we are of the same opinion.

In our travels, not long since, we stopped at a small village in the western part of this State. It was a dark, rainy evening, and decidedly uncomfortable out-of-doors. Learning that there was to be a meeting of the Lodge, we hastily ate our supper and repaired to the Lodge-room. Dripping with rain and bespattered with mud, the brethren came in from the surrounding country. It was a called meeting on business of importance, and all of the members had been notified to be present. The W.M., a doctor in the village, came in a little late and proceeded at once to open the Lodge. It was found that the business for which the meeting had been called, must necessarily be postponed, and the W.M. hurriedly closed the Lodge and *lit out*. The brethren quietly put on their overcoats and started home as though they had been attending a funeral. Many of them had come several miles through rain and mud, and as they again faced the storm doubtless felt that they had better staid at home. Again we are of the same opinion.

The case we have here presented is only one of many that are constantly occurring, where nothing is done at a Lodge meeting but to open and close the Lodge, except it be a few unimportant items of business. In another Lodge of one hundred and twenty-six members, visited recently at its stated meeting, there were only eight members present, and the business, including the reading of the minutes, did not occupy more than ten minutes, and the W.M. was then ready to close the Lodge. A few thoughts presented by a visiting brother, however, awakened a spirit of enquiry among the members, and an hour or more was spent both pleasantly and profitably to all present. During the next day we frequently heard the remark made to members who were not present at the meeting, "You ought to have been there; we had a nice time, and I learned lots of new things;" and all expressed regrets that they were not there. The only reason they were not there was that they expected it would be the same as on many previous occasions, nothing to do and nothing to interest them.

The remedy for this prevailing evil of non-attendance is a simple one. Make the meetings interesting and instructive, and the brethren will come. This should be the especial business of the W.M., for the honor of his position. He owes that much to his Lodge, and should discharge the debt faithfully. If he proves a defaulter then, the members must depend upon themselves, and when they have once made the effort they will be surprised at their own success. At the present day the means of information are abundant. There are many excellent works on the history, jurisprudence, symbolism and everything else pertaining to Freemasonry. Above all, secure a good, reliable Masonic journal. It will furnish every month what can be used to make all the Lodge meetings interesting, and costs but a trifle.—*Masonic Advocate*.

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The Committee appointed in connection with the movement for the erection of a statue in Kilmarnock, to the memory of Brother Robert Burns, have made arrangements for a meeting of delegates from the various public works, for the purpose of inaugurating a canvass for subscriptions among the working classes. Several working men have been added to the committee. The subscription now amounts to the large sum of £750, including £50 voted by the Town Council.

**"WHISTLE DOWN THE BRAKES."**

BY B. B. FRENCH.

When we hear the young apprentice,  
 Who has only pipp'd the shell,  
 Grandiloquently striving  
 Of Freemasonry to tell—  
 Giving his elder brethren  
 A touch of knowledge vast!  
 We "Whistle down the brakes, boys,  
 He's moving on too fast!"

When we see the young made Master  
 Oft rising on the floor,  
 When with words—but not with wisdom—  
 His shallow mind runs o'er,  
 We wish *some one* would whisper,  
 Into his ear would cast—  
 "Oh, whistle down the brakes, boys,  
 You're moving on too fast!"

When with erring footsteps onward  
 We behold a brother move,  
 Whom in our hearts we've cherished  
 With an ocean vast of love;  
 When we know he has forgotten,  
 In his cups, the sacred past,  
 We cry, "Whistle down the brakes, boys,  
 He's moving on too fast!"

All along the world's broad-gauge road  
 We're rushing toward the tomb—  
 Look ahead the track's encumbered,  
 O'er the future hangs a gloom—  
 Stop the train, a switch is open;  
 The whistle shrieks its blast:  
 "Down! Down! hard down the brakes, boys,  
 We're moving on too fast."

When with truth's banners flying,  
 We sweep toward's life's goal,  
 Our locomotive virtue,  
 Fired with religion's coal—  
 Relieving the afflicted,  
 Raising the downward cast,  
 Oh whistle up the brakes, boys,  
 We cannot move too fast.

**MASONIC SWAGGER.**

We all of us know that a little swagger goes often a great way in common things and in daily life. Many unsophisticated natures, as well as easy-going people, are sometimes alike imposed on and affected by pretentious swagger. As a general rule, the swaggerer is, to use a common and slang term, a "duffer," who covers the vacuity of his brain, or the tenuity of his acquirements, mental, critical or intellectual, by the pretentious assumption or the overbearing demeanor; and even in Freemasonry, as in all other mundane institutions, we often find plenty of swagger, and not a few swaggerers. Who of us all does not recall even now that amiable but intolerable bore, who will ever expatiate "ore rotundo" on what he has done for Masonry, and what he knows of Freemasonry? To hear him talk, to peruse his mag-

niloquent phrases, you would suppose that he was some Delphic oracle, some Masonic "Deus ex Machina!"

Nobody knows anything of Freemasonry as well as he does, nobody writes like he does, nobody has ever done anything for Freemasonry, either in its literary development or its oratorical studies, until he came to the rescue, until he burst on our astonished order, in the plenitude of his archaeological knowledge, and the beauties of his ornate style. Well they say every one has a delusion in this world, and why should he not have his, poor fellow; if it amuses him, it does not hurt any one else that we know of. For if the truth be told, the perpetrator of this Masonic swagger for the most part, is certain never to "set the Thames on fire." He has, no doubt, great readiness of assertion and considerable amount of "native brass," but when he comes to "chapter and verse" the true Masonic student soon "spots" his deficiencies and is amused both by his blunders and his ignorance, which are pretty much "on a par."

We have listened not unfrequently to the Masonic swaggerer, and found him generally to be a plausible sciolist. We have perused many specimens of Masonic swagger, and for the most part they were only that and nothing else. The froth on the surface, not to say the scum of the pot. Such communications are for the most very melancholy reading. If the fool will wear his motley, let him do so by all means, and jingle his bells and rattle his "bauble" in the great vanity fair of life, but let him leave Freemasonry alone. It is far too serious a matter to be handed over to the empirical, the charlatan, the swaggerer, and the ignorant. The students of Freemasonry know well to day both the difficulties and the dangers of their course.

They are seeking, all real ones are, at any rate, to master historical truth, plain, honest, reliable truth, *pur et simple*, without any admixture of fable, or fiction, or gloss, or myth, truth without pretence, or swagger of any kind. But the swaggerer does not take this more real and enlightened course. Not he. He has not studied the subject carefully or critically, so he objects to and denounces all who have been so rash as to do so. "He does not approve," he says, "of doubters or iconoclasts." He does not like going too deep into any theory. He has got a smattering of Masonic history, or archæology, or symbolism, or ritualism as the case may be, and swagger does the rest for him. Now he always undervalues privately and publicly depreciates the labors of ardent students or humble enquirers. "He said so and so," "his opinion is to this effect," "he does not see the good of such enquiries," "he knows all that need be known," and "beyond that he thinks," we "are going too far, and he disapproves of it," etc., etc., etc.

How often in our life have we heard these dreariest of utterances? how often have seen the "wet blanket" thrown upon the intelligent and the enquiring? When, then, any Lodge is blessed by that brother who "will be heard," and "won't be put down," who swaggers in the Lodge, and at the banquet, whose whole Masonic career is summed up in the one word, "swagger," whose ignorance is only equalled by his impudence, and whose overbearing disposition is only surpassed by his unconquerable "cheek," we pity that lodge deeply, and unless some good fates or some countervailing influence should intervene for it, is doomed to the "husks," and rubbish and debris of Freemasonry as long as that untoward specimen of Freemasonry rules the roast.

We do not wish to pursue the subject further, except to say that we do not ourselves believe that "swagger" happily ever long prevails after all. We have to encounter it daily, we pursue its "outcome" every now and then, but luckily we are living in a discerning age, and though it treats all its friends even to its own childish impertinence, of its own boasting, it does very little harm indeed, after all, and may safely, we think, be left to the discernment of the intelligent the pity of the intellectual, and the contempt of the wise and instructed craftsman.—*Landon Freemason.*

Masonry requires its votaries to practice morality and Brotherly love; It teaches benevolence and charity; it requires temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice; it teaches mercy, forbearance and kindness.—*Mitchell's History of Masonry.*

The Masonic Mutual Benefit Society of Indiana, paid last month, five benefits amounting to \$20,689 50. The total paid by the Society since its organization is \$1,321,853 20, divided into 316 benefits.

**OUR WORSHIPFUL MASTERS.**

Freemasonry, like every thing else just now, has to suffer from the inroads of a morbid sensationalism. Much of our Masonic writing, the didactic twaddle of "dull dogs," the hopeless meanderings of *unbriht* Masons, is marked by the prevailing tendency of the hour. Statements are made, not because they are true, but because they are startling, or spicy, or what not, and because, in fact, like a good deal of modern composition, verity and reality, are secondary considerations for those who please to write, and "write to please." Hence we see so often alike, in un-Masonic and Masonic columns the "magna indigestaque moles" of crude ideas, unvarnished assertions, unsound premises, and utterly illogical conclusions. Such is a recent attack on our Worshipful Masters, which appears to have been originally a Transatlantic fault-finding with American officials, but is now transplanted to our tranquil shores. What can be the use or propriety of such a sentence as this with reference to our Worshipful Masters, whether metropolitan or provincial? "Were there Grand Lecturers in England at this present time, we doubt if one half of the lodges would be able to acquit themselves even moderately well, much less with credit, in the labors of the lodge; while in far too many cases, the attempt at working would amount simply to a most pitiable display of absolute—we feel almost disposed to add—crass ignorance on the part of the Worshipful Masters." Now we deny this statement in toto, by whomsoever made, and declare it to be most unjust to our English Worshipful Masters, whether in the provinces or in town. We state unhesitatingly that any such representation of the ceremonial or intellectual efficiency of our Worshipful Masters is nothing better than a bit of sensational writing, utterly valueless as a correct description of our contemporary Masonic lodge work, and actually untrue as a statement. Is it in any sense an accurate description of our Worshipful Masters? We repeat that it is the very reverse of correct, or even of what is considerate. We have belonged ourselves to two most distinguished provinces, and the lodges there are all marked, some strikingly so, by the uniform thorough performance by the Worshipful Masters of the duties of the chair. This can also be said of the other provinces, and of a large proportion of the lodges in the metropolis. That here and there we find "slovenly work" in our lodges, and inefficient Worshipful Masters, we do not deny, but they are, very happily, the exception, and not the rule, and to say that in about one half of our lodges the work would only be moderately well done, and that in far too many cases the Worshipful Master is utterly ignorant of his duties, is a parody on veracious statements, a burlesque on the facts of the case. We therefore give to any such assertion as this an unqualified contradiction, as we consider it to be most unsound in itself, and most unjust to our Worshipful Masters. Indeed, such a sentence must have been penned by a brother who has had but little experience of Lodge working, and has seen but very few Lodges in London or in the provinces. But, as we said just now, the temptation is to write in that sensational style which is doing so much harm to literature on every side of us. There is, we repeat, at this moment a recklessness of quotation, an unscrupulousness of assertion, which render so much of what we daily read utterly worthless as a trustworthy record of passing time and customs, and facts, and history. For though writers differ, we prefer, and we fancy that our readers prefer too, what is true to what is telling, what is the naked reality without any of the meretricious adornments of paint or enamel. Above all, we detest and despise the mere sensational writers just as we turn away from, because unreal and unsatisfactory in the highest degree, that sensational writing which is only spiced up in truth to suit the tastes of the ignorant and the credulous.—*London Freemason.*

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Freemasonry is a grand fraternity—the greatest brotherhood of men on the face of the earth—at least of a non-ecclesiastical character. Its aim is to bind all its members into fraternal harmony. If it fails here, it fails in everything; if it succeeds here, it can outlive all the assaults of its enemies. Masonic periodicals must never forget that it is the banner, and the oriflamme under which the battalions of Masonry are marching on to human brotherhood. It must, then, never weary in spreading the cement of brotherly love, that cement which unites us into one common society of friends and brothers, among whom no contention should ever arise but the noble contention of who can best work and best agree.—*Masonic Review.*

**BRIEFLETS.**

There are at least 600,000 American Masons.

Never solicit any man to become a Mason.

Man needs the fellowship of his Brother.

The ballot is the safeguard of the Craft.

A true Brother is more than a friend.

A Mason's home is everywhere.

Five members of the American cabinet are Freemasons and ought to have a good grip on their principles and portfolios.

Prince Frederick, of the Netherlands, has been over sixty years G. M. of the Dutch Freemasons.

The Illinois Masons' Benevolent Society, has paid \$553,761.25 in benefits since its organization, in July, 1874.

Freemasonry is universal in its mission. Its aim is to bind man's heart to man's whatever his race, his lineage, his creed, or his complexion!

Kensington Lodge, No. 211, of Philadelphia, celebrated its centennial anniversary Sunday March 18, by attending church. R. V. Bro. William Cathcart, D. D. delivered an appropriate discourse.

A Masonic publication should faithfully reflect a broad and generous spirit, giving no sectarian bias to its pages; but holding up a faithful mirror in which every good man, whatever his creed, may see the image of the virtue he admires.

On the 8th of March, 1777, the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts declared its independence of the Grand Lodge of England. The celebration of its centennial as an independent Grand Lodge has been held under the most favorable auspices.

Tennessee will not confer the degree of R. A. until the Brother shall have selected and recorded his mark in the book kept for that purpose. There are 95 Chapters in that State. with a total membership of 3579.

INDIAN MASONRY.—Some years since a venerable chief of an Indian tribe presented himself for admittance at the door of a lodge in Ohio. He was asked "when and from whom did your people learn Masonry?" The reply was: "From the Great Spirit, before the trees grew."

As a Mason is a person who both knows the right and performs it, it follows in strictness that there cannot be such a thing as a seceding or renouncing Mason. But no man with a soul and conscience in him ever did renounce Masonry.

Gothic architecture possesses the charm of mystery. It veils itself with ornament. It appeals to the imagination by its aspiring arches, towers and turrets, and of all forms of architecture it is the most Masonic, for it was the invention of the Freemasons of the middle ages.

A Lodge in Indiana, having its hall burned out a second time, concluded it was an object of charity, and sent its circulars around generally, asking for aid in assisting to build a new hall. The total receipts derived from this system of begging was twenty-five dollars, and the lodge expended eighteen dollars and fifty-three cents in printing and postage—net balance six dollars and forty-seven cents. The lodge got vexed at this response to its cry of distress, and went to work and built a good hall, and on the 27th of last month gave a supper to raise funds to furnish the same. The members found that they were not near as poor as they supposed, and the lodge is now prosperous and happy.

BRO. CAPTAIN BOYNTON.—A despatch from Messina says that Captain Boynton crossed the Straits on the 10th inst., in a storm, which placed the boats in great danger. During the passage, which occupied five hours, Capt. Boynton was attacked by a shark, but succeeded in driving off his assailant before being bitten, although he received a sharp blow from its tail. The American Consul and several distinguished gentlemen were in the boats which accompanied him. Notwithstanding the heavy sea running at the time, Captain Boynton safely passed through the most dangerous whirlpools. A most enthusiastic reception from thousands of people awaited him on shore, where he was officially received by the authorities.



**"BE YE TEMPERATE, ETC."**

The Masonic virtue so often neglected, and so solemnly impressed upon us in our lectures was the most striking feature in the character of John the Baptist. Seeing, with prophetic vision, the important station he was to occupy in accomplishing the designs of his Master, he possessed a moral courage that raised him to an elevation of soul equal to the task. He appeared in the world among a people adverse in their habits to the abstinent, self-denying life he lived. The long and well established reign of Polytheism brought the united religions of Rome, and all the tributary States, to oppose the peculiar doctrines he was commissioned to usher into the world. Rome, herself, at this period, was rapidly marching to the full maturity of national sin. The laurels that bloomed round the tombs of her early heroes, were forgotten for the inhuman sports of gladiators and frivolous public shows. Her triumphal arches began to droop and the stern integrity which characterised her early days had now expired in the sensual delights of the bath. Yet, in the midst of these allurements to luxury, his food was locusts and wild honey. Surrounded with obstinate bigotry, at the peril of his life, he marched with steady and fearless step, to the fulfillment of his Master's will, and when the arm of power was outstretched for his destruction, he boldly proclaimed the weakness of Herod, and foretold, in the startled ear of the tyrant, the coming vengeance of God. Chains and imprisonment had no terrors for him, for integrity of heart brought unconquerable fortitude to his aid; and when his work was finished, disdainful that sycophantic spirit that might suggest a compromise with his oppressor, with dauntless confidence he met the blows, and like one of the Grand Masters of our Order he sealed his fidelity with his blood.

In the address of the Grand Master of Michigan, at its recent session at Grand Rapids, we observe a generous recognition of the *Michigan Freemason*, as the organ of the jurisdiction. He says: I desire to call the attention of the Worshipful Masters here present to the importance of sustaining this organ of our Fraternity. I am pleased to learn that it is entering upon a new year with greatly improved prospects. This magazine should be cheerfully and handsomely supported by the lodges of this State, as only by a liberal support can we expect it to maintain a creditable and valuable table of contents. As a means of communication between the Grand Master and the subordinate lodges, of keeping up with the current decisions in masonic law, it should be in the hands of every officer of a lodge. During the past year, by the courtesy of its editor, my decisions have, from time to time, appeared therein, and if its circulation had been more general, I would have been saved the necessity of deciding the same questions a great number of times, and the lodges would have been saved the annoyance incident to a controversy which always accompanies the submission of any question to the Grand Master.

**CAUTION.**—The following, from the *London Freemason's Chronicle*, has as much significance in this country as it has in what is known as the "Old World." "Each day serves, only more and more, to convince thoughtful brethren that the strictest caution is necessary in the admission of candidates. If ever Masonry stood in need of recruits, it certainly stands in no such condition to-day. We are at liberty, more than ever, to pick and choose from among those who aspire to a participation in our mysteries, and it is more than ever necessary that we should exercise a spirit of caution."

Charity is the strong gravitation which binds the moral universe together, and which unites all spiritual intelligence to the Almighty Author of their being. It dwells, in its purity, and richness and fullness in the Great Jehovah, before whom all true Masons bow in humble adoration. And as we practice this virtue of all virtues, so shall we clothe ourselves in our limited sphere, with the perfections which dwelleth in God, and become in that sphere "perfect, even as our Father in Heaven is perfect." Yes, by practice of this charity we shall become charitable in spirit, and beloved of God and mankind. By such practice shall we be Masons indeed, and in our lives will shine the spirit of the craft, and seeing this, the profane even will say, "By their fruits ye shall know them." *So mote it be.—Michigan Freemason.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## A NEW DEVICE.

WHEREVER Romanism is dominant Free Masonry is attacked tooth and nail. In France, Belgium and Italy, stories, as apocryphal as the miracles of "Our Lady of Lourdes," are gravely published in the papers devoted to the interests of the Papacy. It may appear incredible to our readers, but it is nevertheless true, that the clerical journals in those countries persist, in spite of the most authoritative denials, in charging Free Masonry with practising *the most abominable blasphemies within its Lodges*. Romanism has, however, hit upon a somewhat novel engine wherewith to demolish the Craft. Time has shown that a large proportion of the best men continue, year by year, to swell our ranks. Anathemas hurled by ignorance—slanders galvanized by falsehood may keep some back, but not many, nor for long, in due time the worthiest find their way to our doors seeking Light and Truth. In due time their eyes are opened and they discover that Freemasonry has its foundations laid broad and deep upon immutable verities of the existence of God and the immortality of the Soul; that within the Lodge a man is simply a man, vanity, egotism and ambition are replaced by Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth.

To return, however, to "our friend the enemy" and the latest device to root out Freemasonry. For our facts we are indebted to the correspondence of our contemporary *The Chain of the Union* (Paris). Nearly two years ago a young and thriving merchant of Batavia, in the Island of Java, resolved to take unto himself a wife. He applied for the hand of a young lady of his acquaintance, and his application was received by her family with every mark of favor. The future husband became a welcome guest at his *fiance's* home. The formal betrothal took place, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Soon the young lover hoped to be made the happiest of men. But he was reckoning without his host. A difficulty arose. The Romish clergy had discovered that our young friend was the son of a man who had been a staunch Freemason in his day, and who had, in Belgium, been a prominent antagonist of the clerical party there. Of course, the son would follow in his father's footsteps unless some wise and friendly hand interfered. The interference took place. The parents of the young lady were charged to withdraw their consent to the union unless they could obtain their intended son-in-law's promise that he would never become a Freemason. To everybody's surprise the young merchant avowed respect and veneration for his late father: refused to make any promise of the kind demanded; and had the cool audacity to declare that he fully intended to propose himself as a candidate for initiation in the mysteries of Freemasonry. He alleged as his reason for this determination that he desired to remain free both in his religious and political opinions. Bigotry prevailed. The parents revoked their consent. The marriage was broken off. Two young lives were severed. But, after all, the object of the Romanists was not attained. The young man hastened to apply for initiation—was elected and made a Mason. Nor is this all; many other gentlemen of high standing, in Batavia, were induced, by the noise which the event made, to enquire for themselves, and in a short time to follow our hero's example. We need not add any comments. The world's history affords instances enough to emphasize the moral that "persecution fails to coerce any but the weak and the unworthy."

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Railroad agents are always ready to answer a fare question.

**LODGE OF INSTRUCTION.**

R. W. Bro. D. Spry, D.D.G.M. of the Toronto District, has issued a circular to the following effect:—

“ A General Lodge of Instruction will be held at Owen Sound, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 2nd and 3rd of May next, at which your attendance is requested. The instruction to be given will comprehend all subjects connected with the efficient management of a Lodge, as well as the Ritual authorized by the Grand Lodge. It is therefore hoped that not only the W. M., but all the other officers and members of each Lodge in the District, who can make it convenient to do so, will be in attendance, and take part in the proceedings on both days.

“ All Officers and Brethren from other Districts who can attend, and join in the proceedings, will be most cordially welcomed.

“ The Lodge will be opened at 9 a.m. on Wednesday, the 2nd May, and delegates are requested to be in attendance at that hour; at the evening session the ceremony of dedicating the new Masonic Hall will take place.

“ The Brethren at Owen Sound have kindly arranged for Hotel accommodation at reduced rates for all attending the Lodge of Instruction.

“ Delegates attending the Lodge of Instruction will be entitled to receive tickets on the Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways to Owen Sound and return for one and one-third fare, if the numbers attending from a distance will justify the same.

“ Brethren who propose attending are requested to signify their intention to me as soon as possible, in order that arrangements may be concluded with some regard to the number likely to be present.

“ R. Ex. Comp. R. J. Hovenden, Grand Superintendent of Royal Arch Masons for the Toronto District, will on Tuesday evening, 1st May, officially visit Georgian Chapter, accompanied by a number of the principal officers of the Grand Chapter, on which occasion it is hoped there will be a large attendance.”

We trust this Lodge of Instruction will be well attended, as good results are sure to ensue from it. R. W. Bro. Spry and the brethren who will accompany him are foremost in the ranks of our best workers, and will demonstrate the work in all the degrees with accuracy.

**RE-UNION OF ZETLAND LODGE, TORONTO.**

A very pleasant time was spent on the evening of the 11th inst., at the Masonic Hall, Toronto Street, the occasion being a re-union and conversation of Zetland Lodge, No. 328, G. R. C., and at which a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. The magnificent halls of the Masonic fraternity on Toronto Street were all thrown open to the gaze of the curious guests and in addition to the already handsome ornamentation of the Blue, Chapter, and Templar rooms the lofty halls were decorated with flags and gorgeous masonic decorations in the possession of which the craft in Toronto have good reason to pride themselves. In the largest of the three halls or what is better known as the Blue room the speeches, singing and dancing took place, while the Chapter room was furnished as a card-room, the 'Templars' hall on the north side being used for promenading. The effect was particularly fine, the rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the decorations tastefully displayed, reflecting great credit on the officers of Zetland, and the committee who had charge of the affair. The opening took place shortly after eight o'clock, the W. M., Bro. J. B. Nixon being in the chair.

The opening address was delivered by R. W. Bro. D. Spry, D.D.G.M., who said:—

Ladies and gentlemen,—It is foreign to the objects of Freemasonry to give a public exposition of its aims and objects. Freemasonry does not seek to induce any person to enter its folds. Those who desire to become associated with us must ask for admission and even then they must submit to the severest scrutiny before they are permitted to be enrolled amongst our members. The aim of masonry is so entirely foreign to that of any other organization that should any be tempted to enter it from mercenary or other unworthy motives, or under the impression that it is a charitable organization, and that all for all they may contribute they are certain to receive an equivalent in the way of business or from patronage that will be extended to them by the Masonic fraternity, will find themselves very much deceived. Those who enter our portals must come prompted with the highest and best of motives, and when such are once within our fold, should misfortune overtake them, or should they become assailed and require our assistance, they then have a claim and will receive our warmest assistance and support. It is not customary, nor would it be desirable on such an occasion to give an exposition of all that Freemasonry does, and while we do not parade our benevolence before the public, I may be permitted to remark that we are not unmindful of the high principles on which Masonry is founded, and as an instance I may mention that from 1867 to 1875, the Grand Lodge of Canada expended in aiding and assisting the widows and orphans of Masons who had passed away, to the extent of \$32,886, while the Masons of Toronto during the year 1875-76 expended in the same object over \$4,500. You will easily understand that these matters are never made public by us, and you will look almost in vain for any such announcements in the public press. Privately and quietly we do our own work and aim to elevate our fellow men. (Loud applause.)

At the conclusion of R. W. Bro. Spry's address, Mr. J. Warrington, in capital voice, sang "The Fisherboy's Home," followed by Miss Reid, who gave "The Cuckoo." Mr. W. W. Walmsley pleased the assembly with a couple of humorous songs, and Miss Reid and Mr. Warrington sang the duett "Love and War," and received an *encore*. A piano solo by Mr. F. Tasker was well executed, while the "Warrior Bold," by Mr. J. Fahey, who was in excellent voice, delighted those present. Miss Corlett was *encored* in a Scotch song, after which dancing commenced, and was kept up to an early hour in the morning. Refreshments were served in a large room adjacent to the ball-room by Coleman, of King Street, and the capital dancing music was furnished under the leadership of Mr. Thos. Warwood. Amongst those present were Miss A Macdonald, Wm Fahey, Mrs Fahey, Miss Lizars, Miss Bella Fahey, Robert Jaffrey, Mrs Jaffray, Thomas Houston, H C Myles, H E Morphy, J T Jones, Mrs Jones, J B Nixon, Mrs Nixon, Mrs McCulloch, J B Reed, Mrs Reed, H M Graham, Mrs Graham, Wm Christie, Mrs Christie, Robert Cheney, Mrs Cheney, J S Macdonald, Mrs Macdonald, Miss Rough, Mr Jardine, Miss Jones, T M Cavan, — Howell, A J Gear, Mrs Gear, James Robertson, Thos Sargent, Mrs Sargent, Miss Sargent, J G Burns, Mrs Burns, Daniel Spry, Mrs Spry, Miss Fortier, J Ross Robertson, Mrs Robertson, Mrs E W Gardner, A H Cosbie, W J Harper, J McKee, J Beatty, Mr Malone, C Martin, W A Phipps, W Makens, Miss Makens, H H K Dunn, Miss Davies, Robert Murphy, H Mallison, Wm Davidson, C McCleary, Hugh Blain, W Mara, Mr Muir, Mr Lee, G A Mitchell, J G Patterson, J Purvis, Mrs Purvis, J W O'Hara, W E Fletcher, W Douglass, J Bedson, Miss McCulloch, C C Alexander, Mr Andrews, J H Cornish, Mrs Cornish, Miss

Likens, Thomas Davies, W B Barnard, F Thayer, Mr Swift, W Brydon, Mrs. Brydon, Miss Brydon, and about sixty others. The rooms were not overcrowded, and there was comfortable space for dancing.

### UNITED ORDERS OF THE TEMPLE AND HOSPITAL.

The following circular and protest have recently been issued by the Great Prior of Canada, Col. W. J. B. Macleod Moore, of Laprairie, Q. We give the documents in full, believing a great many of our readers will be pleased to have them in a form in which they can be easily preserved :—

#### NATIONAL GREAT PRIORY OF CANADA.

OFFICE OF THE GREAT PRIOR,  
LAPRAIRIE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, 2nd April, 1877.

*To The Great Officers, and Officers, The Grand Council, and The Eminent Preceptors of the several Preceptories under The Great Priory of Canada.*

VERY EMINENT AND EMINENT FRATRES:—The printed proceedings of the special "Convent General," held in London on the 8th day of December last, and received in Canada at a late date, containing a series of resolutions, as unwise as they are detrimental to the best interests of the Templar Order in the British Empire, and to the prosperity of the Great Priory of Canada, whose interests and wishes appear to have been altogether lost sight of, requiring, in my opinion, immediate action on the part of the Templars of Canada; and as time did not admit of calling a meeting of the Great Priory, or hardly of consulting with the Council, I did not hesitate in at once forwarding a protest to H. R. H. The Grand Master against the legality of the proceedings, with the hope, that as the Great Priory of Ireland had also entered a protest, H. R. Highness would not give the weight of his authority to their confirmation. The unvarying confidence placed in me by the Templars of the Dominion leaving no doubt in my mind that this prompt action on my part in their behalf, in a case of so great emergency, will have their acquiescence and approval. A copy of the protest is herewith subjoined, and I also consider it advisable to offer the following remarks for general information.

The discussions which took place at "Convent General" clearly show that a certain portion of the Sir Knights in some of the English provinces, not a majority of the Order, but able from their position to act together, are embarked in a retrograde course, with but little regard to the history of the Order to which they belong, and are bent upon undoing all that the Commissioners of the United Orders had labored to effect, and had effected so well. It must be borne in mind that the Statutes of "Convent General" were originally framed under direct sanction of the two independent Grand Priorities of England and Ireland, Canada afterwards joining the league, subject to them. It is clear by the 3rd section of the Anglo-Hibernian Convention, that any constitutional alteration should be passed in the several Great Priorities before being submitted to "Convent General."

"Convent General" being a confederation of Great Priorities, it is not competent for one nationality, like England, that happens to possess, from exceptional causes, a chance majority in any particular meeting of "Convent General," to have the power to alter the most fundamental rules of the Confederation, and bind the other nationalities without their consent.

The action of the promoters of this schism is tantamount to acknowledging that they look upon themselves as an imitative Order merely, based on a system that has neither history nor antiquity to recommend it. The prefix of the word "Masonic," on which they lay so much stress, is incorrect, and

was abandoned because it was not true, and, if true, superfluous. The Society is based on Free Masonry so far that none are admitted but such as are "Masons," and the prefix is not found in the English Charter of the Duke of Kent of the 10th April, 1807, but was an illegal introduction, without any authority, when the High Grades passed to another jurisdiction in 1848.

The present title and nomenclature of the Order was the correction of ignorant errors, fully and clearly borne out by historical evidence that cannot be controverted, and which shews that the proper designation of the officer presiding over the Orders of the Templars for each nation is that of "Grand or Great Prior." The organization of the early Order in England as respects control of the members and management of estates was threefold, viz;—1st. The "Chief or Grand Prior" in London; 2nd. "Sub Priors," who managed the great estates of the Order when Priorial Houses had been erected; and, 3rd. "Preceptors," who were at the head of establishments for the supervision of smaller estates and farms. These smaller administrations were called "Preceptories," and for this reason: the Commissions, or Mandates, directed by the "Master of the Temple" to the officer at the head of these establishments, were called "Precepts," from the commencement of them, "*Præcipimus*," "we enjoin or direct;" and the Knights to whom they were addressed, were styled "*Præceptores Templi*," or "Preceptors of the Temple;" and the districts administered by them "*Præceptoria*," or "Preceptories." Here is historical evidence that the proper designation of the lowest organized bodies of Knights Templar was Preceptories, and their chief officer Preceptor.

The term, "Commandery," and the title, "Commander," were never used by the Templars, although, singularly enough, the order of St. John of Jerusalem (or Malta,) used both "Commander" or "Preceptor" indifferently for the same officer; no doubt their first title for heads of houses was, "Commander," but after coming into possession of large portions of the Templar property, after the outward suppression of the Templar Order, they adopted, in a measure, the Templar name, and called their chief of houses, sometimes, "Preceptor," at other times, "Commander." Although there is thus some reason for the Malta Order using the term, "Preceptor" or "Preceptory," there is none, whatever, for the Templar Order using the term, "Commander" or "Commandery."

As to the term, "Encampment," of course any one knows what an encampment properly is. An army in the field may, and often does, form an encampment; but why a military monastic body, such as the Knights Templar were, dwelling in fixed places of abode, should ever have termed their residences or places of meeting, "Encampments," passes comprehension. In fact, they never did. The use of the term was altogether at variance with history, logic, or common sense; but was, no doubt, adopted, when the Order was first attached to Free Masonry, by some modern unread aspirant for Chivalry who looked upon the name as appropriate for a military body. Besides the Knights were never made in the field but consecrated in Chapter of the Preceptory, or their Chapel. That is, the Chapter met in a Chapel.

The two designations of "Constable" and "Marshal" are very properly given to the two chief military officers of a Preceptory, and are much more appropriate than those of first and second Captains, which have no chivalric signification whatever. These latter titles are, in fact, modern and had no recognized existence as military titles at the Crusades. The "Constable" was anciently, particularly in France, *ex-officio*, the Commander-in-Chief, under the Sovereign, of all the military power of the State. The "Marshal" was a military officer next in rank to the "Constable."

"Sub-Marshal" was very properly substituted for that of "Expert." The

latter word, being in both French and English an adjective, cannot stand alone with any propriety. It is now, however, usual to designate a person who is skilled in some particular branch of Mechanics or Arts, but, that it was a Knightly or Military title is simply absurd.

"Equerry," strictly speaking, is a person who has the care of horses, but, inasmuch as the officer designated by this title, stands as a sentinel without the entrance to the Preceptory, the term, "guard" has been much more properly substituted.

I have thus explained the meaning of the titles sought to be abrogated, and the prompt steps taken, in the interest of our Great Priory, to uphold the Constitution of Convent General, as we received and accepted it.

I am, Very Eminent and Eminent Fraters,  
Faithfully and fraternally yours,

V. D. + S. A.

‡ W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE, G.C.T.,  
Great Prior of Canada.

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### PROTEST.

*To His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, K.G., &c., &c., The Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of the United Religious and Military Orders of The Temple and of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS:—The National Great Priory of Canada, erected under Patent in compliance with the Memorial of the Templars of the Dominion of Canada, desire, with knightly homage and deep loyalty, to present their firm and unqualified Protest against the action of Convent General, at its Special Meeting on the 8th of December last, in certain matters which must be deemed of vital importance in relation to the Constitution of the British Order of the Temple, and they found their Protest on the following grounds:—

1st. That in their Memorial, seeking to be erected into a National Great Priory, it was stated, with all fidelity, that the confederation of the Templar Bodies of the Empire under one Governing Body, the "Convent General," had been watched with the highest interest by the Templars of the Dominion of Canada, who, accepting the then existing Constitution of "Convent General" as determining the title, nomenclature, and all other fundamental requirements of the Orders, sought for, and were accorded a national enrolment in the confederation.

2nd. That the then existing Constitution of the "Convent General," which they so accepted in joining the confederation, was one framed with due and mature deliberation on historical and rational grounds, and was not accepted by the Templars of Canada without like consideration, [and even the surrender, in some respects, of preconceived views and attachments], and they unhesitatingly pronounce any proposition to tamper with the same, without like full consideration and deliberation on the part of each and every of the Great Priors forming the Confederation, to be illegal and contrary to every rule affecting the legislation of Confederate Bodies.

3rd. That their Patent of erection into a National Great Priory not only binds them to uphold such existing Constitution of "Convent General," but gives them national rights co-equal with those of the other nationalities, and, fore most among them, the right of a voice in any change in the fundamental laws of the said existing Constitution.

4th. That acting on such existing Constitution they have framed, adopted, and promulgated their National Statutes, based on the rules and enactments,

and adopting the title and nomenclature therein contained, and they are not prepared, nor are they legally required to accept, but, on the contrary, they are bound entirely to repudiate changes respecting which they have had no opportunity of expressing an opinion, and which are directly opposed to, and entirely subversive of the said existing Constitution of "Convent General" under which they were enrolled in the Confederation.

5th. That whilst thus recording their Protest against such change, asserting their undoubted rights as a National Great Priory, and viewing the proposed changes as illegal, unconstitutional, and in no wise binding on them, they further record their deliberate opinion that such tampering with the Constitution is calculated to shake confidence, create doubt, and be followed by consequences most disastrous to the advancement, the unity, and the best interests of the Order.

The National Great Priory of Canada therefore, with the very highest respect, place this, their Protest, in the hands of their Royal and Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master.

Thus done in the name of the National Great Priory of Canada, at Laprairie, in the Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, this 19th day of March, 1877.

† W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE, G. C. T.,  
*Great Prior of Canada*

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**THE FREEMASON'S HALL, DUBLIN.**

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The following article from an Irish paper will be read with interest by our readers:—

The Grand Lodge Room in the Masonic Hall has just been redecorated. During the last six months operative and speculative masonry have gone hand-in-hand within its walls. In the former the craftsman's skill and cunning attest the antiquity and utility of masonry; in the latter Masonic mysteries and philosophy have enlightened the "accepted." Thus always have the civilizing influences of Masonry been exercised. From one thousand years before the Christian era, when Solomon built a temple unto the Lord, to the days of Charlamagne, when the Popes chartered the Freemasons with bulls of protection and recommendation, sending them forth as they would missionaries, to build churches, Masonic principles were unchanged, and have remained so to the present hour. While friendship and charity are the distinguishing characteristics of Masonry, the history of architecture and the kindred arts and sciences proclaims the benefit it has conferred on mankind. Its mission is to unite mankind in "one arch of peace;" but, despite so many vouchers for the truth of the assertion, there is yet a large section of the community for whom the portals of the Masonic Hall have inscribed upon them Dante's memorable words:—"Hope abandon, ye who enter here!" Were P substituted for the initial letter of the quotation, it would then have special significance. However, other than conscientious scruples will not deter the cultivated and the benevolent from seeking knowledge and doing good. To the curious the Masonic Hall presents many objects of interest, exhibiting as it does examples of architecture in every style—the quaint Egyptian, which is the earliest, in the Royal Arch Chapter Room; the classical, in the Grand Lodge Room; and in the chapel of the Knights Templars the Gothic, which is the style of most of the ecclesiastical structures in the United Kingdom, France and Germany. The Grand Lodge Room, which is devoted to craft Masonry, the order may justly regard with pride. It has



undergone a satisfactory transformation, and is now one of the most tastefully decorated apartments in the United Kingdom. Lightness of tone and simplicity and elegance of design at once strike the beholder, while, at the same time, the vast dimensions of the room (being larger than St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle), and its classical pillars and entablature impart a due degree of solemnity. At a glance the harmony of the decorations is apparent; and the longer in contemplation the greater the satisfaction in arriving at the conclusion that uniformity has been observed in every detail. First of all, examine the frescoes in the spaces 'twixt the groined arches. What a wonderful episode in sacred history they unfold. The ten combined tell the story of the building of Solomon's Temple, each contributing its own fragment in an eloquent manner that cannot be mistaken. Mr. Edward Gibson, 44 Great Russell Street, London, youngest son of Mr. H. James Gibson, of Mary Street, Dublin, is the designer and painter. He is a young man in the springtide of life, and his present work undoubtedly gives promise of great things to come. Each design manifests deep thought and sound judgment, while the drawing is accurate and the dresses and composition of the various subjects prove the scholar as well as the artist. Although the treatment of the figures is in sepia on a monochrome on a gold ground, the effect is thoroughly satisfying, the facial expression and the natural, easy flow of the drapery being especially so. Standing in the east where the Grand Master's throne is placed, on the right are described the incidents in close connection with Hiram, King of Tyre, and his builders and artificers, while on the left are those more immediately relating to Solomon and the Israelites. The central cartoon on the right is the genesis of the story. It represents the reception of Solomon's servants by Hiram, King of Tyre. Hiram, regally attired, and with a crown resembling an inverted flower-pot exactly like that worn by Mr. Calvert as Sardanapalus, is seated on his throne, which is copied from Egyptian monuments of the period, and is ornamented with flowers and emblems. On either side stand female slaves, waving fans or punkahs, to cool the air for his Majesty; while in the foreground sits another, as if awaiting her turn of duty. Behind the throne stands the King's body-guard, armed *cap a pie*. Solomon's messengers in front, kneeling before King Hiram, complete the group. One of the messengers seems to act as spokesman, and the other bears gifts. The references on the frieze beneath to the texts in I Kings, V., VI., VII., furnish a key to the cartoons. "And Solomon sent to Hiram, saying, 'Thou knowest how that David, my father, could not build an house unto the name of the Lord his God for the wars which were about him on every side, until the Lord put them under the soles of His feet. But now the Lord my God hath given me rest on every side, so that there is neither adversary nor evil occurrent.' And behold, I purpose to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God, as the Lord spake unto David my father saying, 'Thy son, whom I will set upon thy throne in thy room, he shall build an house unto my name.' Now, therefore, command that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon; and my servants shall be with thy servants; and unto thee will I give hire for thy servants according to all that thou shalt appoint — for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians.' And it came to pass when Hiram heard the words of Solomon, he rejoiced greatly, and said, 'Blessed be the Lord this day which had given unto David a wise son over this great people.' And Hiram sent to Solomon, saying, 'I have considered the things which thou sentest unto me for, and I will do all thy desire concerning timber of cedar and of fir. Thy servant shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea, and shall convey them by sea in floats unto the place where thou shalt appoint

me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them and thou shalt accomplish my desire in giving food for my household." At once the distinctive appearance of the Israelites and the Tyrians is discernible. The Tyrians wear their beards curled short, while the Israelites let theirs flow in the natural manner. We now resume the thread of the story with the cartoon on the extreme right. It is a representation of a cedar float on which are three men, who are in the act of shoving off from the land, and a sail is set to catch the breeze. They are conveying the cedars of Lebanon from Sidon to Joppa, the nearest port to Jerusalem. The next in order represents the stone-squarers in the quarries. In the foreground is an overseer addressing a stone-squarer, who, chisel in hand, beside the stone he is engaged upon, is in an attitude of attention. On the left is a man marking on a stone with a square what is to be hacked off it, and in close proximity is a laborer choosing a heavy hammer from among several laid against the stone, while another is moving a stone already squared. In the background is a carver ornamenting a capital with pomegranates, a fruit which was frequently employed in the decoration of the Temple, and even of the priests' robes. Skipping the central picture, already described, we come to No. 4, showing Hiram, the artificer, in a chariot, crossing the country, on his way to Jerusalem, having been sent by King Hiram to King Solomon. He was a widow's son, of the tribe of Naphtali, whose territory bordered on that of the King of Tyre. His father was a man of Tyre, a worker in brass. Hiram was "filled with understanding and cunning to work all works and brass, and he came to King Solomon and wrought all his work." The chariot resembles a gig or dog-cart, but the wheels are cumbrous, and their rims are serrated. It affords accommodation for three—Hiram and the charioteer in front, and a female slave behind, holding above him a sunshade. The two horses drawing it have been going at a furious pace, but speeding towards a large stone on the way-side, just now the driver pulls them hard on their haunches to avoid the impediment. Hiram seems to look forward with Oriental serenity—heedless of the danger, or perhaps lost in abstraction—thinking of the work before him; but the slave, with the curiosity of her sex, peers over his shoulder to see what is the matter. No. 5 discloses Hiram in his workshop, with two assistants, making the vessels for the temple. He holds in his hand what we will suppose is a sketch model of the molten sea, which he is going to submit to Solomon. Just as he is about to leave for that purpose, his attention is arrested by one of the assistants. On the left of the picture the other assistant is engaged chasing a vase. Turning now to the other side of the room, the rest may be taken in the order in which they are set, commencing immediately on the left of the throne. No. 6 is a picture of the chiefs of the people, attended by slaves, with offerings of gold and silver ornaments—including vases, armlets, bangles, &c—for the sacred vessels, while a scribe stands by, making an inventory. The next is the departure of the levy of "30,000 men out of all Israel" to Lebanon and to the quarries. Adoniram, head of the levy, seems to be directing their movements, the overseer of each band taking his commands, and close to him is a scribe, writing the strength of each company marching past. In No. 8 we have the reception of Hiram's envoys by King Solomon, offering assistance in building the temple. It occupies a position directly opposite to that representing Solomon's messengers soliciting the assistance from Hiram. Solomon, holding a sceptre, is seated on his throne, which is flanked on either side with sculptured Egyptian lions. He, too, has female slaves in attendance, waving punkahs to make the air fresh and balmy. Hiram's messengers are salaaming at the foot of the throne, which is ascended by a series of steps, the spokesman holding in his

haud his master's letter which he has just read. No. 9 represents the dedication. Before a cromlech, or stone altar, whereon is a bullock as a sacrifice, stands Solomon with his hands outstretched heavenwards. Although there is here only one figure, and therefore the picture lacks the usual aids to effect, the artist has concentrated all his skill, and with success, in making that figure truly noble and king-like. Solomon is in an attitude of intense earnestness, his whole frame thrilling with emotion in the excitement of the supreme moment which witnessed the fulfilment of his dearest hopes. He seems to stand out in relief from the canvas, his finely moulded Hebrew features instinct with the fervor, the enthusiasm, the joy of his heart. His invocation is so sublime, it will not be amiss to repeat some of it here:—"And Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord in presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands, saying, 'O Lord God, there is no God like unto Thee, in heaven above or in the earth beneath, who keepest covenant and showest mercy unto Thy servants who walk before Thee with all their heart. Let Thy word be verified which Thou hast spoken unto David my father. Let all the people of the earth know that the Lord is God, and that there is none else. Let all the people of the earth know thy name and fear Thee. Let all the people of the earth know that I have built this house and consecrated it to Thy name. But will God indeed dwell upon the earth? Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee. How much less this house which I have built? Yet have respect unto my prayer and unto my supplication, and hearken unto my cry. May Thine eyes be open toward this house by day and by night, even toward the place of which Thou hast said, 'My name shall be there.' And when Thy servant and Thy people Israel shall pray toward this house, hearken to their supplication. Hear Thou them in heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest forgive. And the Lord answered and said, I have hallowed the house which thou hast built, and put my name there for ever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually.'" And all the people answered and said, "The Lord is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever." In the concluding picture of the series is a view of the builders at work. A scaffolding is raised round one of the pillars. The central figure is an overseer, who is directing three men on the left, engaged in slipping a stone which is attached to a rope. On the right are two sub-officers watching the movement, or waiting to speak to the overseer. One of them holds a plan and the other a calipers. Of the pillar little beyond the base can be seen. It seems to rise from a cluster of lotus leaves, and is embellished with carved lily work. The foregoing description conveys little beyond a sketch of these high class works of art. On their archaeology alone an interesting treatise might be written, not to speak of an elaborate criticism of their artistic merits. As to the propriety of their arrangement, placing the most important and those with most figures in the centre for prominence, or, on the other hand, chronologically arranging them according to the order of events, however opinions may differ, their excellence both in conception and execution disarms criticism. It is hoped that the present achievement will lead to the revival of mural decorations in high art, examples of which are few in this country. The greatest painters that ever lived—Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and many others of the ancient masters—have decorated the walls of churches and palaces with their best efforts while in modern times Maclise has adorned the halls of Westminster with noble frescoes which none can see without admiring his genius. Mr. Gibson's penfice effort already proves him an expert. By studying the great works of the great men of yore who were adepts in Christian art and its symbolic exposition, he, too, may win a

name and a fame to last beyond his lifetime, if he does not actually attain those rare altitudes of perfection, which can only be reached by inspired genius. Proceeding now to the subordinate decorations, analysis or synthesis alike proves them worthy of the cartoons, to which they form an effective setting, while the most exigent mason cannot but feel satisfied that the hues and emblems peculiar to the order have a fitting prominence. The room is a parallelogram, traversed all round with Corinthian pillars, sixteen in number, supporting an entablature, whence springs a series of groined arches, their apexes rising to the ceiling, and within them being semi-circular spaces containing the cartoons. Handsome stucco mouldings, designed by Brother Thomas Drew, R. H. A., architect, enrich the architraves. The ceiling, which is intersected by beams dividing it into five panels, is painted in celestial blue and studded over with raised stars in gold, suggestive of the empyrean. Of the same hue are the spandrels; while the intersecting beams together with the architraves and cornice are in cream color and white relieved with gold. The frieze is of pale neutral green, whereon the texts relating to the illustrations are written in Roman letters of gold. On the broad fascia beneath the entablature and running parallel with the capitals is an exquisite scroll pattern in relief on a blue ground. Between the pillars the wall space is of a neutral leather color, each space forming a panel confined by a matted gilt moulding within a deep selvage of grey. The pillars themselves are in white enamel their capitals and bases laved in gold; while the dado skirting the walls all round is of chocolate color. In the west is the grand organ of classic design: it, too, has been renovated. The furniture is of oak, upholstered in blue leather. From this outline it is obvious that Masonic taste has been consulted in giving the room a distinctive character. At the same time the judicious use of neutral tints has prevented the monotonous effect that must ensue from the employment of those only that are strictly Masonic. Thus the room is at once a triumph of artistic embellishment and bears those distinguishing features which indicate the *imprimatur* of Masonry. The decorations have been executed by Messrs. James Gibson and Son, 49 and 50 Mary Street, under the immediate supervision of Brother Henry Gibson, P. M., 232, who designed them. Their artistic merit is established by the fact that they were selected from amongst other competing designs by a committee of artists. Brothers Captain George Huband, P. M., 12; George H. Moyers, LL. D., P. M., 25, Grand Steward; G. A. Stephens, Grand Superintendent of Works; R. W. Griffin, LL. D., Past Grand Sword Bearer; and Thomas Fitzgerald, P. M., 227, Secretary of the House Committee, were indefatigable in their assistance and suggestions.

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### MASONRY.

Freemasonry has its history—a history full of generous and noble deeds, well worthy to be preserved and cherished through ages to come. She has survived the vicissitudes, the wars, and has witnessed the rise and growth of all the civilized nations on the face of the globe.

The principles of our order inculcate honor, probity, justice, self-abnegation; they denounce, they condemn, dishonor, falsehood, injustice, and presumption. They teach mankind to live together as one great family, loving, cheering, true to one another as God, who is our Father, is true to us.

A man is never too old to practice brotherly love, relief, and truth, never too old to bring a ripened judgment, a holy and consistent life, to bear upon his younger brethren.

Masonry has ever been loyal to its own principles, characteristics, and aims; it has sought to do no work but its own.

Amid all the strife which has sundered communities and deluged the world in blood, Freemasonry has been in the enjoyment of tranquil repose. It has been for all who were under the tongue of good report. Had it not been so, our affections would have turned from it as dishonoring to that Creator who kindled the splendid fireside of the sun, and who poured the mighty floods from the hollow of His hand.

Masonry wears upon its forehead the gathered scars and wrinkles of a thousand years, and yet it is as vigorous to-day, as resolute of moral purpose as if it bore upon its frontal only the glittering dew of youth. The world is wide, and the demand is great enough to employ the energies of all; but Masonry leads the column of that great army which followed the Church of Christ up and down, to and fro, in the earth, conquering peace and fraternity among men.

Proverbs xi. 13; xviii. 17; xvii. 28.

Masonry is a fountain of charity, whose streams go out to invigorate and gladden the sorrowful, to bear relief to famished poverty, to meander by the widow's cottage, and lave the feet of the orphan. Its crystal waters cool the fever of partizan passion, and baptize men of conflicting views into a great brotherhood of mercy.—*Corner Stone.*

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#### WHITE MASONRY.

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THE last few months have witnessed the commencement of a new departure in Freemasonry. We allude to the holding of Lodges of what is styled White Masonry. We write under correction, but we believe that our French Brethren, especially those of Paris and its environs, were the first to take steps in this direction. In France the Craft labors under peculiar disadvantages; the mass of the people have been educated to see in the term *Freemason* only a synonym for Atheist and conspirator. We admit at once that in too many instances our French Brethren have been found ranged on the side of the enemies of religion. When, however, we consider the degraded type of the religion with which they are confronted and the intolerance of its apostles we cannot be surprised at the attitude of the great body of French Masons, although we must condemn the extremes to which some individuals have been driven. Under the circumstances the principal Lodges of the French Metropolis have deemed it their duty to disabuse the public mind as far as possible of its ignorant prejudices. For this purpose they have enlisted the services of eloquent and artistic brethren. At short intervals meetings free and open to the general public are held in the Lodges. Bright and attractive programmes are got up with music and singing, interchanged with addresses by prominent Masons on the objects and aims of the Fraternity. It is believed that the movement is doing a great deal to dissipate foolish prejudices of long standing, and it is hoped that in the near future the French people may see Freemasonry as it is—a society formed to inculcate Truth, to encourage Charity, to protect Virtue, and to combat Vice.

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In South American Lodges a candidate for initiation must have his photograph affixed to the door of the Lodge for the usual interval. Brethren are thus enabled to know the candidate better and to vote more intelligently. If elected his photograph remains in the possession of the Lodge.

**HOW A MASON LIVES.**

Living friendly, feeling friendly,  
Acting fairly to all men—  
Seeking to do that to others  
They may do to me again.  
Hating no man, scorning no man,  
Wronging none by word or deed,  
But forbaering, soothing, service,  
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce condemning,  
Is of little Christian use.  
One soft word of kindly meaning,  
Is worth torrents of abuse;  
Calling things bad, calling men bad,  
Adds but darkness to their night,  
If thou would'st improve a brother  
Let thy goodness be his light,

I have felt and known how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world—  
Every bosom around me frozen.  
Not an eye with pity pearled;  
Still my heart with kindness teeming,  
Glad when other hearts are glad—  
And my eye a tear-drop findeth  
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret  
For our happiness like this—  
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones.  
Blessings ever bringeth bliss.  
Lend a helping hand to others,  
Smile though all the world should frown,  
Man is man; we all are brothers,  
Black or white, or red or brown.

Man is man through all gradations,  
Little recks it where he stands;  
How divided intonations—  
Scattered over many lands.  
Man is man by form and feature,  
Man by vice and virtue too.  
Man in all one common nature,  
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

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It is with a great deal of pleasure we announce the election of Bro. D. Murray Lyon as the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. Bro. Murray, besides being an enthusiastic Mason, is a thorough man of business and we doubt not, with him in so important an office, the Grand Lodge of Scotland will soon emerge from the cloud under which it has been struggling for some years past. We extend our most cordial congratulations to Bro. Murray on his assuming the duties of his new and onerous position, and to the Grand Lodge in securing the services of so able and distinguished a brother.

**WHAT MIGHT BE.**

If we look over the written history of our fraternity, we shall find that very shortly after the revival of 1717 in London it was brought to this country, and, finding congenial soil, it took root and grew, slowly at first, as was but natural in a sparsely settled country, and more vigorously when the colonies had become a nation, so that Ben Franklin and his lodge, at the Hoop, in Water Street, Philadelphia, have grown into ten thousand lodges and more than half a million Masons. The end is not yet, for annually there is an increase in the number of the brethren and the family circles, called lodges, where they meet and transact business. During the period of little more than a century, in which the transformation from a handful to a vast army has taken place, we shall find that, apart from the mere routine, the reception of profanes, the making of laws and supervising their execution, the giving to the needy—of which we desire, in the spirit of the institution, to make no boast, rather wishing that, in so far as that particular branch of our labor is concerned, the right hand may not know what the left is doing—during this period we may say that we have devoted ourselves to growing. We have so cared for our stewardship that its roots have deeply penetrated the soil, and its leaves and branches have spread themselves abroad until in every estate of humanity we find it represented, and within its grasp a power not equally possessed by any other human association, for the reason that within our assemblies there is nothing to arouse the divisions and animosities among men that naturally grow out of their varying opinions on matters pertinent to this or the other world—to this in the scramble for wealth, position, power; the heart-burnings of rank and cast and station—to the other in that old battle between Armageddon, and the rest, in which, as a general rule, you can only go to heaven if you see your way through my spectacles, or, vice versa, you are sure to bring up in outer darkness if you look through your own. This at least then we have accomplished, that we have gathered together a half million of intelligent men, not one of whom has given up or been expected to give up an iota of his religious faith, or of his political convictions, but yet who see for themselves that it is possible for men to entertain the most thoroughly opposite ideas, and yet recognise the fact that they are still men, and may live in accord, and work happily together for good, notwithstanding that they vote different tickets, or take different roads to reach the final rest. That in reaching this result we have been the disciples and the exemplars of toleration in the largest and most beneficial way cannot be successfully contradicted, and this especially, because while we have no special faith to advocate, neither have we any to oppose, and so leaving everyone unmolested in the pursuit of what may be happiness to him, we are, so to speak, the custodians of a pleasant retreat, where men may forget for a time the world and its strife in the enjoyment of friendship and social communion unmarred by jarring incentives.

But the question presents itself, are we not capable as an organization of more extended usefulness? Are we, considering the material of which our association is composed, exercising our real weight in the community and demonstrating, as we might do, the real value of associated effort? Every thinking man will at once say No—decidedly No. Take an illustration. Masonry has a literature, as witness its thousands of published volumes, from the balderdash of the parrot up to the effusions of the scholar and philosopher, and yet, except the mere manuals and guides to the ceremonial, we doubt whether any Masonic author ever got as much for his labour as he could have earned with a shovel in the same length of time. No Masonic

journal has ever had more than a temporary success; not one has ever been permanently established, and there is not, to the best of our belief, one brother who has devoted himself to the literature of Masonry, to the instruction of the brethren, and to the championship of the Institution, who has not done so for his reward. And yet how different all this might be. If only one brother in ten would feel called by his pride in the Craft to remember the agency by which, more than all others, it has been enabled to resist the attacks of its enemies, and stand before the world as proudly as to-day it does, its power and security would be still further enhanced, and its servants have some brighter visions in the future than that of a pauper's grave.—*New York Dispatch.*

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### BRIEFLETS.

Church bells—The rector's daughters.

The day laborer must strike for hire wages.

An incalculable weight—The weight of indignation.

A bit of nonsense—One that will not check a horse.

THE portrait of the M. W. the G. M., J. K. Kerr, Esq., has been placed in the blue room of the Masonic Hall, Toronto.

A Free Mason of Bahia recently bestowed freedom upon 60 slaves whom he possessed.

In Brazil Free Masonry has established several Public Schools and free Libraries.

WE regret to learn that the brethren of Clifton, Ont., met with a heavy loss on the 11th inst., through the destruction by fire of the building in which their Lodge Room was located.

THE craft in London, Ont., must be looking up in these hard times, as we learn it is in contemplation to commence at an early day, the erection of a Masonic Temple to cost about \$65,000. May the brethren succeed is our earnest wish.

THE Grand Lodge of Sweeden and Norway has under its jurisdiction five Provincial Lodges, ten Lodges of Saint Andrew, and eighteen symbolic Lodges.

HIS MAJESTY Oscar II. is patron of the Order, and Grand Master; and four Princes Royal hold high offices in the Craft.

Two Masonic papers are published in Egypt, one in Greek, the other in Arabic.

FROM the latest statistics we find that there are in the United States 123,779 Royal Arch Masons belonging to 37 Grand Chapters, and to 2,013 subordinate Chapters.

THE State of Illinois counts 40,000 Master Masons, 10,000 Royal Arch Masons, and 41,000 Knights Templar.

"LA CHAINE D'UNION" (Paris) in its number for March speaks in very kind terms of our January issue. We thank Bro. Hubert for his appreciative and fraternal notice of our labors in the common cause.

IN PERU, according to the Reefes of the Supreme Council, it costs 50 Soles to be initiated, 50 more to be passed and raised; 112 Soles to be made Rose Croix. To reach the 32° costs 342 Soles additional, while the 33° costs 500 Soles. The Sole is worth about one dollar in our currency.



"Henrietta," said a lady to her new girl, "when there is bad news, particularly family afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Henrietta, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

Let us then, dear reader, kind and true, join hands on this that we never will dimit. That we never will loosen our cable tow thus fastened to the horn of the altar. That we never will shrink from any Masonic duty which lies in our power to perform. That we never will violate any principle of the Order knowingly. That our purse shall be open to the call of honest charity—our heart to the tale of honest distress. And when we pass from time to eternity it may be honestly said of us, "There was a Mason who acted up to the standard of the Craft."—*Masonic Journal*.

GRAND LODGE OF IRELAND.—The following are the officers of Grand Lodge for the year 1877: M. W. Bro. His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, K. G., G. Master; R. W. Bros. Robert William Shekleton, Deputy G. Master; Marquis of Headfort, Senior G. Warden; Lord Dunboyne, Junior G. Warden; Robert Warren, D. L., G. Treasurer; Viscount Bernard, G. Secretary; The Rev. John James Macsorley, and the Most Rev. Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, G. Chaplains; W. Bros. the Hon. David R. Plunket, Q. C., M. P., Senior G. Deacon; George A. Stevens, G. Sup. of Works; Theophilus E. St. George, G. Director of Ceremonies; George Moyers, LL. D., G. Steward; Harry Hodges, G. Sword Bearer; Charles Ogilvie Grandison, G. Organist; Humphrey Minchin, M. B., G. Inner Guard; Samuel B. Oldham, Dep. G. Secretary and Treasurer; Bros. Archibald St. George, Assistant G. Sec.; Samuel G. Downes, G. Tyler; Edward Batchelor, Assist. G. Tyler.—*Freemason*.

A society has been formed in France, under the name of the "Societe de l'Œuvre Apostolique," one of whose special aims it is to abolish "le shake-hands," which mode of salutation is looked upon, as it is by the Mohammedans, as "an odious form of moral corruption, hypocrisy, and insanity," and "a most disrespectful usage," which comes to us from the Freemasons. The society is formed of Catholics. If the custom is derived from Freemasons, that ancient and honorable Order must be a good deal older than it is commonly thought to be by those who do not believe in the theory that it originated at the building of Solomon's Temple. Ovid speaks of right hand joined to right hand in pledge of faith, but as we have it, it probably is a remnant from feudal times and a quasi acknowledgement of superiority. Whether or not it is odious depends, like everything else, on circumstances. The Frenchmen will never get even with the Germans if they don't turn their attention to something better than such societies and pilgrimages to Lourdes.

THE Mason's Widows and Orphans Home, of Kentucky, has had to undergo some severe trials, and many a doubt of its success has been entertained and expressed; but its friends have determined to be equal to all its meregencies, and to crown it with victory. At the last annual communication of the Grand Lodge it was ordered that a proposition to levy annually, for the next two years, a tax of one dollar on each member should be submitted to the subordinate lodges, at their annual meetings on last St. John's Day. From the *Masonic Journal* we learn that the proposition was carried by about four votes for to one against it and that many of the lodges voted for it un-animously. Commenting on this, the journal says: The action of the fraternity in levying a tax upon themselves of near one hundred thousand dollars will be gratifying to the friends of that great enterprise, the Home, established for the benefit of the widows and orphans of our deceased brethren, as it will insure the success and permanent prosperity of the institution, and place it beyond the contingency of even a temporal suspension or financial embarrassment. The promptness and unanimity with which the brethren have responded to the liberal proposition is highly creditable to them, and will reflect honor on the name Mason, and silence those who sometimes say that there is no practical good resulting from its labors or flowing from its organization. The "Home" is secure, brethren, and when the success of the proposition is announced by the Grand Master, Fairleigh, many widowed hearts will cease to ache.—*Voice of Masonry*