

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 10.—VOL. I.

APRIL, 1874.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE Quarterly Communication has passed away, and the Marquess of Ripon has been re-elected unanimously, G.M. of our English Craft, for the happiness and well-being of our entire Order. All English Freemasons hail with gladness this re-election of their most excellent chief. M.W. Bro. Tomkins has also been unanimously re-elected Grand Treasurer. Beyond this, there is not much to note, except the judiciary case of a lodge, which will be decided at the next Quarterly Communication, so as it is still "sub judice" we hold our tongue.

THE anniversary meeting of the Boys' School took place March 11th, under the distinguished presidency of our most excellent Grand Master, who made, as always, a most efficient chairman, when the large sum of £7,004 7s. was received, of which £2,881 14s. came from London, and £4,122 13s. from the Provinces. All honour to our Craft, and great credit we think is also due to the untiring labours of Bro. F. Binckes, the zealous secretary of the Boys' School. The numerous "band of brothers," who acted as "Stewards," deserve all praise and approbation.

WE have to record the consecration of the Henley Lodge, No. 1472, at North Woolwich, on the 20th February, by V.W. Bro. John Hervey, G.S.; of No. 1473, at Bootle, West Lancashire, amid a large concourse of brethren.

LORD Skelmersdale, the popular P.G.M. of W. Lancashire, has been installed

M.E.Z. of the Bridson Chapter, No. 613 Southport.

THE Supreme Grand Chapter of Scotland has held its quarterly meeting March 4th, and elected its office bearers for the year. Sir M. R. S. Stewart, Bart, is first Grand Principal; Samuel Somerville, Deputy Grand Principal; Lord Kellie, second Grand Principal; and the Hon. and Rev. A. C. B. Hamilton, third Grand Principal. The Earl of Rosslyn is Past Grand Principal.

A good deal of controversy has been carried on in the "Freemason" about the Masonic Charities; we feel certain that the weak point at present is our lodge support of the Charities. All the funds are now raised by a few zealous brethren, and a few earnest lodges; a large majority both of lodges and members do not subscribe at all. The way to interest the brethren is, we feel sure, to make all the lodges subscribers, and to form Charity Committees in each Province on the model of the successful W. Yorkshire Charity Committee.

THE Foreign news abroad is not important, except that the Bishop of Pernambuco, who amused himself by excommunicating the Freemasons of his Province, infringed in so doing the laws of the country, and has been tried in the court, and sentenced to four years imprisonment.

IT is, however, very gratifying to see how the principles of Freemasonry are spreading, and how the Order is extending its boundaries. So long as it faithfully adheres to our great teaching all will be well.

THE EDITOR.

ANCIENT MASONIC LODGES, No. 3.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

It has been considered by some friends of late, who have expressed their views as to the origin of Freemasonry that the *speculative* element was never wholly a feature of the Craft until the "Revival" period of the second decade of the last century (A.D. 1716-7), that in fact wherever and whenever Brethren were found to congregate in lodges their meetings were mainly or generally held for operative Masonic purposes. To establish or test the validity of such a position all the early records of lodges should be examined, and we are of the opinion that when such is done *carefully and thoroughly* it will be found that there is no warrant for such a belief undoubtedly, as our learned brother Findel, the able Masonic historian has observed the "Revival" of 1716-7 was the means of introducing Grand Lodges and Grand Masters, and the various "degrees" known as Craft Masonry, but even then, the Masonic student well versed in the subject will perceive that however much the esoteric customs had been supplemented by additional "mysteries," the original system must have in some way been preserved in the midst of that which was new and original, to account for the recognition and acceptance of old Masons who joined the modern organizations, and for the reception of old lodges by the newly-formed Grand Lodges, as also for the fact of the *transition period* being rarely if ever referred to in the minutes of lodges assembling before, at the time, and subsequent to the creation of Grand Lodges, some lodges of which never joined these outgrowths of the speculative element, though they never refused the admission of visitors who came properly prepared and passed their examination. In the "Masonic Magazine" for October, 1873, and January, 1874, we have afforded an insight into the *operative* assemblies of

Masons, we now desire to allude to the wholly *speculative* character of some of the lodges prior to the "Revival," so as to prove such speculative proclivities *preceded*, not *succeeded* the institution of the first Grand Lodge in the world, at London, A.D. 1717. Respecting this important question Brother the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford and ourselves have paid especial attention, in order to discover every old record or MS. of value, and we could not possibly have a more competent or earnest colleague than our earnest brother. Bro. R. Sanderson, Prov. G. Sec. Peebles and Selkirk, some little time since drew attention to some "Old Lodge Records" which we think of great importance. It appears that the Minute-Book of the "Haughfoot Lodge" Scotland, so graphically described by Bro. Sanderson, commences at page 11, and is dated Dec. 22, 1702, when the portion preserved reads as follows ". . . of entrie as the apprentices did, leaving out (the common judge) they then whisper the word as before, and the Master Mason grips his hand in the ordinary way." For particulars as to the early use of the "Mason-word" we suggest a perusal of the grand work by Bro. D. Murray Lyon, (History of the Lodge of Edinburgh), and as to "secrets" other than the word, the "grip" mentioned in the foregoing, as also the Harleian MS., No. 2054, British Museum ("Hughan's Old Charges" p. 9., also "Unpublished Records of the Craft," p. 46., will afford suggestions as to what additional mysteries were promulgated by our ancient brethren; there are also printed allusions to such secrets in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries. The valuable History of Freemasonry by Bro. Findel may be advantageously consulted as to various early references to Freemasonry prior to the last century, besides which this excellent work contains more information respecting the character and progress of the Craft, while mainly operative, than any other book ex-

cepting Lyon's grand work. The Minutes of 22nd Dec., 1702, read as follows: "Haughfoot, the same day Sir James Scott of Gala, Thomas Scott his brother, David Murray, Philip Hough, James Pringle in Haughfoot, Robert Laurie, Stow Townhead and John Pringle (Wright) gave in petitions each for themselves earnestly desiring to be admitted into the society of Masons and Fellow Crafts, which their desire being maturely considered was accordingly agreed to and granted, and they each of them by themselves were duly and orderly admitted apprentice and Fellow Craft, and there was imposed the sums following to be paid into the box which they accordingly each himself promised to pay viz. (one seven pounds, another three pounds, and the remainder one pound each "Scots.")

"Thereafter the meeting resolved with one voice that there should be one yearly meeting of those concerned in this Lodge at Haughfoot, in all time coming upon St. John's Day."

On 27th Dec. 1705, the Laird of Torsonce was styled "Prèsses" (or Master) and not a minute can be found which refers to operative Masonry, so that the "bread and butter" theory which professes to account for the meeting of Masons prior to 1717, and which denies the existence of purely speculative Masons, before the "Revival" is to say the least untenable and opposed to facts.

The annual meetings being held on St. John's Day simply showed the preference of the members to be considered under the patronage of that Saint, other lodges preferred Saint Michael, others Saint Thomas, and some apparently fared as well without the aid of any Saints. Any five of their number were allowed to "admit qualified persons to the society of apprentice or Fellow Craft" (Dec. 27th, 1707).

There is not an allusion to the three degrees from first to last, so that for a period of sixty-one years (from 1702 to 1763), the members kept faithful to their

old traditions and customs, and never joined the Grand Lodge. The fact of these Minutes and other old Lodge Minutes being all silent as to "Three Degrees" has led Brothers Findel, Lyon, Dr. Mackay, and myself to consider such distinctions, *divisions*, and *separate* degrees were the work of the "Revivalists," although our most distinguished scholar, Brother the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford thinks otherwise. To our readers we simply say that Bro. Woodford's opinions are entitled to great consideration, *for few if any* have done more to advance the study of Masonic Archaeology, and no one takes more pains to verify his conclusions, still the labour of the remaining brethren we have mentioned have been thorough and equally as conscientious, and we are bound to state that so far, the weight of evidence, is in favour of the majority in number. We know not what may yet be brought to light for it is only within the last ten years that Masonic History has been fairly successful as far as the discovery and examination of old MSS. and Records of Lodges are concerned—so we must be patient and not assume the matter in dispute to be finally settled—meantime let us, as we have in the past, aid one another to our utmost in tracing various memorials of early Craft Masonry of which we have as yet but stray allusions, and so long as we are content to be guided by the evidence forthcoming we cannot be far wrong. In conclusion, and to save the time that a lengthy notice of the minutes of the Haughfoot Lodge would occupy, we present to our readers the valuable summary prepared by Bro. Sanderson from an actual examination he made of them in 1870, (*Freemason's Magazine*, August 20th, 1870.)

"As far as my humble opinion goes, I am still inclined to think that the old lodge at Haughfoot and Galashiels has stronger claims to the speculative than the operative theories. In support of which I adduce the following reasons.

"1st.—It was not composed of operative Masons chiefly, but candidates from all ranks, trades, &c., were admitted, and the brethren of note in the district, gentlemen of title and property, were generally elected to the offices, such as they were, in the lodge; the first mentioned Master Mason is John Hoppringle, of yt ilk, the then Laird of Torseconce.

"2nd.—Although it had *not* a formula and ritual of three degrees, yet it had a formula and certain workings, embracing Apprentice and Fellow Craft; also a word and grip which the Masonic Mason gave to candidates at their admission, and the manner of admission was by petition as in the present day.

"3rd.—The fees, fines, &c., exigible from the brethren were used for the purpose of Masonic benevolence, which duty we find exercised as far as funds would allow, and when the *box* required strengthening, voluntary contributions, levies, &c., were the means adopted to increase the funds. It was not an operative sick or benefit society, such as we find mentioned in old guild or Craft Minutes.

"4th.—The annual meetings were evidently conducted with all order, propriety and soberness. From the general time of the old records we can infer that there was little if any of the boisterous hilarity, convivialism, or apron washings of the eighteenth century. We find the brethren not unfrequently holding their annual meeting and festival at Haughfoot and afterwards holding meetings at Galashiels for initiations and other business.

"5th.—The meetings of the Lodge were usually once a year, upon St. John's Day, as in speculative lodges now, also business meetings were held during the year as occasion demanded.

"6th.—The ancient brethren maintained the dignity of the Craft, and punished with Masonic censure and fines, any violation of the same; and

"7th.—We find that neither the 1717, nor the 1736 periods made any difference in the order and working of the lodge. Such continued the same till 1759 and 1763, when we find wardens, stewards, and an officer added to other office-bearers; no reason is assigned in the minutes for this change, but it would simply be to promote uniformity with other lodges then existing. I regret that the records stop at this date, 1763."

UN SOUVENIR DU PASSE.

Old Time is fading from us all
 'Mid careworn hours to-day,
 The shadows on us sadly fall
 As life speeds fast away,
 And from each gay or busy scene
 'Midst happiness or tears,
 'There comes a thought of what has been,
 A "Souvenir" of past years.

It seems but yesterday, good sooth,
 That full of festive glee,
 In all of honesty and truth
 A genial company,
 Was gathered in yon fair array,
 In the Sunshine's brightest gleam,
 And watch'd the hours pass away,
 Like a very pleasant dream!

Alas! some voices now are still
 So welcome then to hear;
 Alas! of human good and ill
 The leaves all dark and sere
 Have fallen on our onward way,
 Since that old faded time,
 Those hours would not with us stay
 In this misty cloudy clime.

No, one by one, those hours have sped
 From us all alike in turn,
 Tho' often now by memory led
 We for them fondly yearn;
 The voice seems speaking to our heart
 Whose truth we all could tell,
 Alas! how often time does part,
 The friends who love so well.

Yet still fond fancy conjures up
 A vision of the past,
 The gracious smile, the classic brow,
 The faith so fond and fast;
 We jest now as we once could jest,
 With hearts devoid of care,
 We laugh as once 'mid peace and rest
 When all was bright and fair.

The echoes seem to come again
 If from a distant spot,
 Where we are gathering again
 The true "Forget-me-not,"
 And there floats before our aching sight
 A picture rare and true,
 Which in its colours clear and bright
 Gladdens our dazzled view.

But as we muse and as we write,
 We hear those chiming bells,
 Which seem to talk of coming night.
 Of partings and farewells;
 And so our thoughts all pensive stray
 In memory's magic power,
 To the gathering of an ancient day,
 To an unforgetten hour.

Oh pleasant vision of "lang syne,"
 Oh warm hearts now no more,
 How brightly then our sun did shine
 In that careless time of yore;
 But now the colours seem to fade
 Fast from the scene away,
 Too fair it was, too bright too last
 That "Souvenir du Passé."

A.F.A.W.

ROOKSTONE PRIORY.

(From Keystone.)

CHAPTER II.

"This is my nephew, Mr. Forrester, Miss West," said aunt Jem, as Lowndes joined her and her companion in the Rookstone Priory drawing-room—a low spacious apartment with a huge fire and many windows.

Mr. Forrester, judging by their voices that the ladies were near the fire, crossed over to them at once. He held out his hand.

"How do you do, Miss West?" he said kindly, his speech and manner free from all stiff conventional formality. "You are very welcome."

He felt a soft little hand timidly place itself in the palm of his own, and heard a sweet voice murmur, in scarcely audible tones—

"You are all so kind to me, I do not know how to thank you."

"For what?" cried aunt Jem lightly, who had caught the words. "Don't be foolish, my dear. Let us go in to dinner; you must be both tired and hungry after your cold tedious journey from town."

Miss West hesitated. She was not dressed; and Lowndes and Mrs. Lorrimore were. Moreover, she was feeling uncomfortably shy, and would have liked to be alone on this her first evening at the Priory. She could hardly understand why Mrs. Lorrimore and Mr. Forrester should treat her, the companion, as though she were at Rookstone as a guest of the family. She did not know—she had yet to find out—the depth and goodness of aunt Jem's heart, and the nobleness and soul-bravery of blind Lowndes Forrester.

"I am not dressed," stammered Alice, "If you will excuse me, please."

"Nonsense, child," answered Mrs. Lorrimore, whose aim was to make the girl feel thoroughly at home; "come along. Lowndes, will you give your arm to Miss West?"

"And you take the other, aunt Jem," said he, gaily. "Now, Miss West."

So the three went into the dining-room; and under the subtle influence of Mrs. Lorrimore's motherly kindness and Mr.

Forrester's clever, earnest conversation Alice's timidity soon began to fade like mists before the sunshine, and the conviction that she was among friends who were wonderfully good, gradually to dawn upon her. By degrees she became less shy and more at her ease, this orphan girl who was cast upon the world's highway to win as best she could, the necessary daily bread. How very, very kind they were, she thought, gratefully, and how happy she might be at Rookstone Priory, if only she could succeed in pleasing Mrs. Lorrimore, and fulfilling conscientiously her duties as that lady's companion! Dinner and dessert over, aunt Jem and Miss West went back to the drawing-room. Lowndes was not long before he followed them. He found Mrs. Lorrimore dozing by the fire, and Miss West reading aloud at a little round table by her side. He sat down opposite aunt Jem—who, for a wonder, had not heard his careful, uncertain entrance—and spoke softly, for fear of waking her.

"Why do you read to night, Miss West?" he asked. "You must be tired."

Miss West's timidity was all gone now; her shyness had all vanished.

"No, thank you," answered she, raising her beautiful pitying eyes that Lowndes Forrester could not see; "I am rested completely."

The master of Rookstone lay back in his chair; the cloud was coming over his face again. Somehow this night he was feeling his utter helplessness more than ever. Aunt Jem snored gently; Miss West turned to her book, to shut it up, now that she had read Mrs. Lorrimore into the land of dreams.

"She is fast asleep, Miss West," said Mr. Forrester, still in the same undertone. "Let us talk; don't read any more."

"Very well," said she, with a smile, bright and amused.

And then he drew her on to speak of herself—of her life before she had met with Mrs. Lorrimore's advertisement in the *Times* newspaper, and the subsequent interview which resulted from the answering of the same. She told him how hard her young life had been in the large London boarding-school where she had lived nearly as long as she could remember, first as a pupil placed there by an uncle who could ill afford the terms demanded, and then at last as a pupil-teacher, paying

nothing, but receiving instruction in return for otherwise unremunerated service.

"My uncle," she said, simply and truthfully, "is very poor, and the only relation that I know in the world. He is very clever, although so poor. He was my dear papa's only brother; and when he died—papa, I mean—he left me to the care of Uncle Richard, who ever since has been just as good as a father to me. I don't remember my mother—she died years ago. I only know that she, when quite a girl, married my father—her father's curate—and in consequence was never forgiven by her friends and relatives for doing what they, in their anger, considered disgraceful. I believe she might have married a rich man—I think he was a baronet—had she so cared; hence her friends' displeasure. But Uncle Richard has made it all up to me. My holidays were always spent with him and his wife, who is a sad invalid! It was he who gave me the money and my things to come to Rookstone with. Without my uncle, my life would indeed have been a blank. It makes my heart ache to think of him—so clever, and yet so poor."

All this, and much more, did Alice West artlessly tell Lowndes Forrester, as she sat with him by the fire, in the light of waxen tapers, Aunt Jem, in her arm chair opposite, snoring gently at intervals. Never could he have imagined, Lowndes thought to himself, a girl so unaffected and winsome.

"I am sure she must be beautiful," mused he. "Would she, I wonder, think me impertinent were I to—Miss West," he said, suddenly, "will you grant me a favour?"

She looked surprised. "A favour, Mr. Forrester? Certainly, if I can."

"You can, if you will."

"May I ask you what it is?" inquired she.

"I want you to kneel before me on the hearth-rug. I should like—"

"To kneel before you on the hearth-rug!" she repeated, in undisguised amazement.

"Hush!" said Lowndes, lowering his voice and smiling at the girl's puzzled tones. "You will wake Mrs. Lorrimore. I do not wish you to do that."

"I am very sorry," Miss West answered, with a little contrite laugh; "but you astonished me, Mr. Forrester."

"I am blind," said Lowndes, gently.

She understood him then; she came and knelt down at his feet. Lifting her face, she waited to see what he would do. As she had guessed, he passed his hands slowly over her features—passed them over with a strange soft eagerness. He took them off with a sigh.

"You are beautiful," he said.

She rose from her knees, and went back to her seat; the earnest, truthful compliment brought the blood to her cheeks. She bent her head low, forgetting for the moment that he could not see her blushes.

"And now I am going to question you. Will you answer me?"

"Yes."

"Your features are straight," said Lowndes; "your forehead low and wide?" Alice nodded. "Why don't you say whether I am right or wrong?" asked Lowndes. She had forgotten that those dark eyes opposite were sightless.

"Yes, yes," she answered, hurriedly, while a vast pity was filling her breast, and a choking sensation in her throat sent a quick rush of tears to her own beautiful eyes; "you are right."

Mr. Forrester looked pleased.

"Your face is oval," he went on—"oval and very fair."

"Yes."

"And now," said he, "you must tell me the rest, and then I shall know exactly what you are like. You are not tall?"

"No; I am five feet and two inches."

"Your eyes are large, I know. Are they gray, blue or black?"

"No," laughed she, softly. "I think you would call them violet."

"And your hair waves, and you wear it low on your forehead?"

"Yes," she said; "and the colour of it is the colour of the outside of a nut—at least, so the girls used to tell me at school. Can you imagine what I am like, Mr. Forrester?"

"I know exactly what you are like," he replied, with his simple earnestness; "as I told you just now, you are very beautiful."

The entrance of a servant bearing the tea-urn put an end to this rather novel *tete a tete*, the homely musical clatter of

the teacups and saucers awakoning Mrs. Lorrimore from her after dinner nap.

"Well, my dears," said she, eyeing Lowndes and Miss West with one lid open the other partially closed, "how have you been getting along? I've heard you talking—I've not been to sleep you know."

Which assertion was "as old as the hills." Lowndes had heard it hundreds of times before; Aunt Jem was very like the landlord of Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," who

Protested that he had not slept,
But only shut his eyes and kept
His ears attentive to each word.

"We have been getting along capitally," Lowndes answered. "Have we not, Miss West? Ready for your tea, Aunt Jem?"

"Whenever you are, dear boy," said Aunt Jem.

"Shall I make it, Mrs. Lorrimore!" Alice asked eagerly, moving towards the table which the servant had wheeled close to the fire.

"If you please, my dear," answered the old lady, who seemed delighted at the idea of having the task of tea-making taken out of her hands altogether.

So Alice West made tea, and waited on Mrs. Lorrimore and the blind master of Rookstone Priory, with a sweet watchful guardian-like air that made her more charming than ever in the eyes of that lady, to whom so gentle an attendance was as welcome as it was new.

"I have certainly got a treasure," was Aunt Jem's mental comment, as she sipped her strong tea, and nibbled her carefully buttered muffin, and, with her toes on the polished and steel-glittering fender, watched Alice's white hands flitting busily to and fro among the delicate old-fashioned tea-things; "Yes, I have certainly got a treasure. How bright she will make this silent old house, and how pleasant it will be for dear Lowndes and me, to have her always with us!"

When the clock in the hall had chimed the half hour after ten, John Barnes came in to lead his master up to bed. It was his custom always so to do.

As Lowndes Forrester left the room, leaning on old John's arm, looking so manly yet so touchingly helpless. Alice West's beautiful pitying eyes followed him till the door closed upon him.

"Oh, Mrs. Lorrimore," she cried, almost

excitedly, when she and Aunt Jem were alone, "how patient he is under so heavy an affliction! How bravely he bears it!"

"You mean Lowndes, my dear? Yes, he does. He has borne it now for nine weary years," sighed Mrs. Lorrimore.

"And is he always led about like that?" asked Alice.

"Only up and down stairs, my dear," said Aunt Jem, shaking her head sadly; "out of doors, out in the park and gardens, he manages to go alone. He seldom ventures beyond them though. Since his misfortune he has had an aversion to what he calls the 'outer world,' that is to say, beyond the boundaries of Rookstone Park."

"Did he become blind naturally?" asked Alice, hesitatingly.

"My dear, no," Mrs. Lorrimore replied, in a manner that forbade further questioning. "And now, my child, I think it is quite time that you were in bed and asleep, for you have had a long journey and must be tired. Good night, my dear, and Heaven bless you."

When Alice found herself in the pretty, elegant, and, to her, luxurious bedchamber which kind Mrs. Lorrimore had had prepared for her, she fell on her knees and prayed fervently that she might show herself worthy of the great goodness which Heaven had lavished upon her, in guiding her footsteps to Rookstone Priory.

"I wonder—oh, I wonder," she cried to herself, as she laid her head upon the soft down pillow, "If Uncle Richard could give him his sight again! He is so clever, poor Uncle Richard. When I know Mr. Forrester better, I will tell him of Uncle Richard's wonderful skill, and will be bold enough to ask him to—Who knows," she broke off, "but that I may have been sent to Rookstone Priory for some good purpose? Oh, if it might only be so!"

All that night the dreams of Alice West were haunted by a dark, sad bearded face with sightless eyes and a patient voice, and towards the morning she thought that the owner thereof was kneeling at her feet beseeching her to restore the beautiful gift of which an unkind Fate had cruelly deprived him. She dreamed that, stooping over him, she lightly touched with her lips those eyes that could not see, and that immediately they were opened, and he saw

like other men ; that, in the fulness of his joy at the miracle which she had wrought, he caught her to his breast and covered her blushing face with his grateful passionate kisses, asking her at the same time to accept, as a reward, the true love and devotion of the rest of his life.

(*To be Continued.*)

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

On Bro. the Rt. Worshipful George M. Randall, Bishop of Colorado, delivered before the Grand Lodge of Masons in Denver, October 1st. 1873.

Behold, Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Wisdom, Strength and Beauty which support, establish and adorn the Masonic institution,—which lights its burning tapers and sets up its jewels, alike in every age, and in every land,—whose Grand Lodges sit in all the Capitals of the earth, as well as beside the silent and solemn mountains of this lonely land.

The greetings of congregated Masons from every nation come up to our mountain gates, with the ancient Masonic salutation, "Health, Union and Peace," and the presence of the Patriarchs, Kings, philosophers and artists, who have borne the gavel and worn symbols of our Craft among all nations since the world was young, seems with us still, as we meet on the steps of prudence to join in the words of wisdom and the salutations of truth.

This day an occasion of no small significance calls us together. A Grand Lodge, assembled to maintain the order and dignity of the Ancient Craft, is called from its labours—lays aside its working tools, and putting on the symbols of its mourning, and of its hope and faith in the life immortal, goes out from its tesselled floor to bear the greater and lesser lights, with reverent step in the funeral march of a brother, whose Masonic home lies almost three thousand miles away. At the same time one whose station is half way between, is called to give feeble utterance in part, to the sentiments which move all hearts assembled and engaged in this fraternal task.

By the request of the Grand Master, which in such a case can be to me nothing less than a command, I stand in your

presence, Masters, Wardens, and Brothers, to speak in memory of a departed brother, whose voice and smile, now lost to earth, were lately welcomed by you all with the highest gratification,—one who was at once an object of your affection, respect, and admiration. Of your affectionate regard because of his benevolent sentiments and brotherly sympathy in all your wishes, hopes, and designs : of respect, for the unblemished purity of his life, and a sterling character so long maintained before the world, and which presented so bright an example to society, and brought such honour to our institution; and of admiration for the noble aspirations, untiring energy, comprehensive knowledge, and marked ability displayed by him on every occasion in behalf of his fellow men.

That your Grand Lodge, composed of so many Masons eminent by experience and Masonic knowledge, has seen fit on mature deliberation, to act as it has done on this occasion, may be deemed sufficient proof of the esteem in which our illustrious brother was held among the Masons of the wide-spread Territory represented in this body. Yet no one can doubt, who reflects upon the character of the deceased, the conspicuous part he so long acted upon a widely extended field of public usefulness ; the influence he exerted in the building up of Colorado materially, intellectually, and morally, and his earnest and steadfast devotion to Masonry in all its orders and operations, even to the day of his death, that the action of this Grand Lodge is fully justified, as being in accordance with the usages of the Craft, and reflects honour upon the motives and sentiments which actuate its members.

In this land where strangers from all parts of the world have so lately assembled to form a community, it is not convenient to learn the private history and circumstances of any. From this cause, and having come from a State very distant from that of the R. W. Brother Randall, I am prevented from laying before you the facts of his Masonic history, as should and would be done in the land of his nativity, among those who have walked by his side in all the paths of his varied and useful career.

It has been generally known in this community, that in the Lodge, as well as in the Church of his choice, he had long

ago risen to the highest honours which each could bestow, and it was apparent to all that he could not not be enlisted in the cause of any association or organization secular or ecclesiastical, without shortly being conspicuous among his fellows, whether superiority should depend on learning, intelligence, eloquence, executive ability, or the magnanimous qualities which attract the sympathies and rivet the affectionate regard of the human mind. But it has not been generally known, that next to the religious faith to which he had consecrated his life and all his powers, he held in chief regard and veneration the grand principles of Ancient Craft Masonry, and lost no opportunity of joining in the labours of the Lodge in any capacity, however humble or laborious, if he could thereby contribute to the great and glorious work of rebuilding the temple, and house of the Lord, or make further discoveries for the benefit of the Craft.

Those of our brethren, however, who have been most closely engaged in building up our institution in Colorado, have had continued and abundant proofs of his sincere and active interest in the advancement of our cause, and they well know that on every occasion when called upon, he has exerted himself to the utmost to aid in the work, devoting the influence of his character as well as the resources of his accomplished intellect, to the cause for which the Grand Lodge to-day assembles.

Of the particulars of his Masonic life, I have been able during the few hours since I was called to this duty to learn but little, compared with what might have been ascertained if time had permitted, and access to his books and papers had been possible. Beyond the general fact that he was, and is deemed an illustrious Mason, in a jurisdiction which can boast of pre-eminence in the number and character of its Masonic scholars; that he had been elevated to the Grand East in the most renowned Grand Lodge in the Western hemisphere, and had served with honour to himself and profit to the Craft, I have been able to glean from the few materials accessible; that his services as a Masonic Orator have been in continual requisition in the cities of Massachusetts and adjoining States, upon occasions of the highest interest to the Craft, and that he acquitted

himself to the great honour of the institution and gratification of the brethren.

I find in the published proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts so late as the year 1871, at the grand banquet of the Grand Lodge on the 40th anniversary of the Declaration of the Masons of Boston, among the illustrious brethren whose names appear, the Grand Master M. W. S. D. Nickerson introduced our illustrious brother Randall, saying among other things: "His Masonic brethren have conferred upon him another title, only second to that which he bears in the Church. They have distinguished him by the title of Right Worshipful. Brethren, I give you the health of our Senior Past Grand Master, Rt. Worshipful and Rt. Reverend George M. Randall, Bishop of Colorado." After this introduction follows the address of P. G. M. Randall, which only needs to be read in order to show how nobly our illustrious brother represented the dignity of the Craft of Colorado in that far off seat of Masonic intelligence and worth.

Again I find in the published proceedings of the semi-centennial banquet, given by St. Andrew's Lodge in honour of the fifty years membership therein of the illustrious Bro. Charles W. Moore, a letter from Bishop Randall, Past Chaplain of that Lodge, which shows that at that time, (Oct. 10th, 1872) the pen of Bro. Randall was inspired with the same zeal and regard for the institution which had so often before found expression in the masterly eloquence of his tongue. I also learned from the lips of one particularly entitled to speak from actual and intimate knowledge, that to the day of his death his thoughts and affections were with the Craft. So well was this deep interest recognized by the Masons of New England, that when the Grand Masonic procession, with the President of the United States, himself a Mason, at its head, passed through the streets of Boston at the celebration of the Cap Stone of the great Masonic Temple, the procession halted before the home of Bro. Randall—he being absent, and his estimable wife, ever devoted to our cause, having displayed his Masonic badge at the window in honour of the occasion,—and going in, the brethren took his little grandson, who bore the same name, and carried him to the President's carriage, who

kissed him and then seated the child beside him, when the procession passed on.

From such incidents, though but a very few out of the great number which I doubt not could be verified, did opportunity permit, may be sufficiently seen the relation which our illustrious brother held to the body of the Craft in his native State.

Nor has he been wanting in name and fame as a man of letters. In theological lore he has shown such proficiency that works of his pen have not only reached a very remarkable circulation in this country, but in fact have been reprinted across the ocean, in the very seat of English literature—in a land whose history teems with the names of illustrious divines of his own faith and Church, since the days of the Crusades.

But we of Colorado have a special right to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of this lamented brother, from the great influence he exerted by his example, and the results of his unconquerable energy in promoting the welfare of this rising Territory. He was continually building up the waste places of the land, and aiding and strengthening the hands of all who were labouring for the cause of education, refinement, morality, and religion. Thus he founded colleges, schools, and churches, and not only in this Territory, but those that were a thousand miles apart in the neighbouring Territories which formed a part of his extensive diocese. Where he could, he built a college. If this could not be done at present he founded a school. Where he could, he established a church; if this could not be, he set on foot a mission. By his exertions and influence he secured means abroad, which he brought here to establish valuable institutions and adorn the wilderness with the useful works of art, as if in him dwelt the spirit of our ancient Craft, whose mission it was in the olden time to fill the earth with temples, churches and halls of learning, whose foundation stones were laid by Grand Masters, and whose cope stones bore the marks of renowned craftsmen. In the erection of these structures he was carrying on the operative work of Masonry itself, while the benevolent purposes he was accomplishing are one with the sublime objects our institution strives to promote, and for which we assemble here to-day.

Therefore, let all agree that the Grand Lodge of Colorado has done well in signal-

izing their esteem for brethren of such a character, whether they be Jew or Gentile, devoted to one religious faith, or to another, so that they act from the sublime impulse of love to God and humanity, and labour for the amelioration of our race. For, in the contemplation of Masonry, all alike are brothers, the children of one Divine parent, whose mercy is not strained, but cometh down as the rain and dew, as the starlight and the sunbeam upon all, to nourish, and beautify, and bless.

When the lamp of life with him was burning low, as the dying taper by a sacred shrine, and the fluttering pulse grew feebler, and fainter, in the presence of the loving angel of death, the companion of his bosom read from the Holy Writings that psalm of the wonderful singer of Israel, whose golden words can never perish among men or angels,—“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Jehovah of hosts!” and the dying man of God put forth his quivering hands upon the heads of those most dear to him kneeling by his side, and uttered this benediction:

“May the blessing of God the Father, the love of the Son, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all, amen.”

These were the last words on earth of the Rt. Worshipful George M. Randall. Let them dwell in our memories as the last gift of a beloved friend, and ring in the chambers of each heart as the music of a higher and better life, lulling the selfish desires and passions of our natures to charity, and harmony, and peace.

Well has it been written, “The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life—quite on the verge of heaven.”

Well has it been said, “Death is the test of life, all else is vain.”

Well may we now say, there is nothing good but charity, there is nothing mighty but truth, there is nothing great but God.

And so we have bent above his bier, and have borne him with our hands on the way to the ever-grasping sepulchre, with the badge of sorrow upon the left arm, the symbol of affection, sympathy and grief; with the evergreen cassia on the breast, that speaks of the Mason's hope,—the music of instruments in wailing semi-tones that gave forth imperfectly and feebly the yearning and mournful language of our hearts. The solemn step and reverent

mien spoke the acknowledgement of our human souls that the will of God is accomplished, "so mote it be." We left his mortal form in darkness, and coldness, and loneliness, and returned in sadness to the place of our assembly. But our hearts remained with the crumbling form, murmuring, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

It was well! For in that funeral march we saw that which is waiting for each of us, for whom first we knew not; and this terrible reflection flamed up before our souls—this is the end of earth; to-morrow, that is, sooner or later, but certainly to-morrow, be it soon or late, this shall be done for us. Death is the end of all. But the heart will not be subjugated by this gloomy, this doleful sentence.

It will not say farewell, brother, and forever, but grasping at the half-hidden, half-demonstrated truth, which forces itself upon the inner consciousness, it whispers as to one who yet can hear the secret voice of the soul—called by our ancient Grand Master the "voice of stillness"—farewell, brother, we *shall* meet again. Go on the way the Master sends thee; the higher degrees of life are beyond the door which is ever open but closely tiled. Go on, as thy trust is in God, follow thy conductor and fear no evil, for the tree of life is beyond the flaming sword.

Go on to join the innumerable host, the grand Masonic procession of all time, which ever presses towards the mystic door; to the veil which Mercy throws before the senses, and to the real life.

The Masters of the great Masonic secret have passed before. Their march is regal, for crowns and sceptres have they borne—sacerdotal, for the mitre and the ephod they did wear, and the "Urim vae thummim" blazed along their line—holy, for the voice of prophecy lived upon their lips. From the days of the pillars of Seth until now has been their solemn march. We cannot hail them on their inevitable way, we cannot look within the marvellous veil which shuts them in with its invisible folds. We cannot catch glimpse or whisper of the awful ministrations which welcome each or all from the world of matter to the world of substance; from the things which perish to the things which are real. We can only note where they have passed, sporting on the sunny

uplands of pleasure, or camping with weeping sorrows in doleful vales—the high hill and low valleys of the mortal land, where they shared the mystic bread and wine of Melchizedek, rested by the Patriarch's tent, or slumbered by the rock and ladder of Beth El. We see them pass between the fire and cloud of Yemen's land, and the glimpse of white, and blue, and purple, and scarlet banners shows across the misty plains. The lion, the ox, the man, and the eagle, fragments of their cherubic heraldry, lie scattered in the dust of Nineveh's, and Egypt's unrecorded ages. By the fire and smoke of Sinai are their tents; they bear the cap-stones of all temples, and the sound of their gavel, picks and trowels rise from the quarrying grounds of all art, the secret vaults of all science, and the walls and turrets of every fabric of philosophy and law.

Then farewell, all ye brothers who have passed this way before us. Yet a little while of task and journey, and we too must heed the Warden's call of the sixth hour, lay aside our working tools, and follow, if we be worthy to stand upon the centre, to the assembly of the just.

In that Sublime Lodge whose length, and breadth, and height are equal; whose jewels are Love, and whose lights are Truth, in all their order, unchanging and eternal, we believe you stand. In that beatified land where the inhabitants shall not say I am sick, but the light of the sun of righteousness forever arises with healing on his wings, we believe you dwell. This is the secret you bore in your mystic ark, still inscribed beneath the sacred arch of our sanctum sanctorum, within the square of Charity and the triangle of Truth.

Masters, Wardens, and Brothers, what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Has not our Ancient Grand Master made answer for all time? Fear God and keep his Commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. — *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine.*

Freemasons are the associated friends of humanity; their sacred union embraces in its philanthropy the amities of the gospel; and that charity in its kindest exercise and largest extent is her distinguishing characteristic.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Though I am getting an oldish boy, I have still a "wec bit" of sentiment left in this withered and worn anatomy of mine, and I do not resemble, certainly that most interesting man, who when he was asked by a confiding female "where his feelings were?" replied as confidingly, "in my pocket." No, like Mr. Tracy Tupman, of ever-vardant memory and sentimental tendencies, I still have a weak point, if you like, about me, and that is St. Valentine's Day. Yes, St. Valentine's Day is to me, always, a "tender pint," as Mr. Samuel Weller would put it; and that, I think, is something in these "poco curante days," when, as a young lady said once in my hearing, "the young men evidently think more of "Sherry and Bitters," and "B. and S.," than they do of us poor little creatures." The speaker was, however, well able to take care of herself, as most of our girls happily are for themselves at the present hour, and when her "Strephon" does turn up, I would recommend him to mind his P's and Q's, or she will certainly want to know "the reason why!" And so this last Valentine's Day, as it seemed to me quite useless, and indeed hopeless, for one whose locks were grey, and whose knees were neuralgic, (that is the proper word), and who had long out-lived the time and the mates, "Sub Regno Bonæ Linaræ," to affect to be sentimental, or to indite a Valentine to,

"Some Laura Amelia,
Who no one e'er saw or may see,
Some youthful Jemima or Celia,
Some developed Anna Marie,"

I thought I would go back to my Valentines of the past, and be once more young, hopeful, believing, and happy!

What creatures of delusion we all are! Well, it is a pleasant thing to write a Valentine, or to send one. Not that your own Sophia cares much for "Cupid's Dart," or the "Lonely Heart," not she, she prefers a sharp gallop with the T.P.C., but she likes you, her own dear "Peter," not to forget her sweet

self. I don't myself, believe, as a general rule, that some young ladies think much of Valentines at all, and I fully expect that many a British matron who reads these lines will say, grandly, "Henry Triptolemus never sent me a Valentine. No, he was far too proper, and I am, I hope, above such customs, which I believe are still practised in some classes of society." Well, my dear madam, let Valentines be as you think, a vulgar, or as the Germans would say, a "Gem-ein" custom; why should not Billy write to Sally, or Jacky to Molly, or Philander to Dinah? I can't help thinking that some good may come out of a Valentine, and that many an honest boy, and many a true-hearted girl, severed through long weary months, may be revived by the genial message of St. Valentine's Day. I am free to confess, that none of my Valentines ever did me any good at all. There is that beautiful one I sent to Artimisia, she turned up her nose at it, and is married, happily, to Diamonds, Down Street and Dirt. Nor did I fare better with Melionora. She is, as everybody well knows, the happy partner of the hopes and expectations of that rising man, Sir Theophilus Stokes, M.P., and is blessed with a numerous progeny of chubby little Stokes's. Nor did my touching Valentine avail with sentimental Laura, who has been contented with an old country house, and a very good position in the county. Nor did my well-chosen missive take even with that poetic being, Cassandra, who I saw driving a smart pair of cobs, most charmingly and decisively, the other day. No, I cannot feel that Valentines have done me any good, but then my young friend Anthony, for whose especial benefit I write these pathetic lines, they may do you!

So Anthony, do not feel ashamed that you sent that beautiful Valentine, with a little house, and a little nest, and two billing wood-peckers, to Pamela—who can tell what effect it may have had on her "obderrate buzzum?" We are living, Anthony, my young and

hopeful friend, in an age of much want of faith and loyalty; but may you prove yourself what Diana Harford says she is "waiting for" — "a man!" Have nothing to do with the young "Small-tork's" of the day, or those enlightened youths who sneer at everything except "Absinthe," and "Nips," in which they greatly indulge, and apparently believe, — if they believe anything at all — and above all, do not be ashamed of it if you really are in love with a "suitable female." Our ancestors kept up Valentine's Day, the great mass of our honest English folk keep it still; and, believing as I do, that say what we will, and write as we may, we ought to be very proud of our old English "lot," and of our insular if antiquated ways, I am glad to express, even in the failing and tottering hours of old age, my unaltered sympathy with the hopes and fears, and genial fun, and kindly associations, which flow to many a youthful heart from St. Valentine's well-observed anniversary.

CÆLEBS.

LOVE IN SWEDEN.—Courtship and marriage in Sweden are peculiar institutions. Du Chaillu says:

"I saw one match made. He met her at the gate, poked his finger in her ribs, and said:

"I want to get married; don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Go away."

"Yes, you do. Let's get married."

"Well, ask papa."

"No; never mind him. We'll get married anyhow."

"And he went around telling everybody he saw:

"I'm going to marry that girl."

The preparations continued during the three weeks required by law to have the banns published in the churches. Fishes were caught, stores for the feast laid in, beer brewed, and whisky purchased. Wedding jollifications are indulged in for a week. This couple were married. They went from the church to the house, and the bridesmaids locked the bride in the room. The groom knocked at the door.

"How much will you give to come in?"

"Two cows and five dollars."

"That's not enough."

"Three cows and ten dollars."

"Oh, you are rich. You must give more than that."

"Five cows and twenty-five dollars was the final offer, which was accepted."

ON CHANGE TOUJOURS ICI.

I grieve to think how all is chang'd
 Since we were plucking glad May-flour's,
 My thoughts have often backwards ranged
 To other days and olden hours;
 But now, alas! have fled apace
 Those pleasant moments free from care,
 The merry laugh, the winning grace,
 The loving presence blithe and fair.

How things and persons change to-day;
 How Times' spell leaves its token here,
 How all we cherish fleets away,
 How vanishes all we hold most dear;
 And as the onward march of age
 In failing strength and dimmer sight,
 Proclaims to all the closing page,
 How oft have we to bid "Good Night,"

To the sweet-twilight hours of eve,
 To the sun's fading roseate ray,
 Which gilds the memories which grieve
 With the halo of a brighter day.
 Ah yes! how one by one in turn
 The hopes which move, the dreams which bless
 Quit us, to make us only yearn
 For their dear forms in nothingness.

For vain is all the strife of years,
 Vainer the diary of our life,
 Vain are our smiles and vain our tears,
 Vainest our friendship and our strife;
 For all we have, and all we seek,
 The pride, the pomp we love so well,
 We find both vanishing and weak,
 A dream to dream, a tale to tell.

If some warm fancies still belong
 To this poor mortal state below,
 If Providence may oft prolong
 Our lot 'mid scenes of joy or woe;
 Alas! how valueless to keep,
 Alas! how impotent to save,
 Are all those treasures we so weep
 From the destroyer and the grave.

No, change alas! is still the lot
 Of mortals here as journeying on,
 They greet the things which bless them not,
 The idols they've set their hearts upon;
 Gone in a moment, swiftly past,
 Are all the joys we count the best,
 No happiness on earth can last,
 Nor man below find perfect rest.

Yet one day in a happier meeting
 Where change is now no longer known,
 When ours shall be a glad some greeting
 Of those we softly call "our own,"
 Nothing shall alter old affection,
 Nothing shall chill the trusting heart,
 No shadow cast its dark reflexion
 On those who've met no more to part.

A. F. A. W.

Gleanings from Old Documents.

BY THE EDITOR.

It has been long known, that many interesting details with regard to the Operative Masons of this country, are to be found in the "Fabric Rolls" and chapter accounts of our various cathedrals, and old monasteries, and royal buildings, and very many are still lying in damp and darkness altogether unknown and unheard of, among Exchequer Rolls and the like. I have long been of opinion that the true history of our Order is to be found in the records of the old Operative Guilds, and, therefore, with many more I hailed the appearance of such works, as the "Fabric Rolls of York Minster" edited by my learned friend Canon Raine for the Surtees Society, and the Memorials of Westminster Abbey, published by that eminent architect, Sir Gilbert Scott.

Both these writers are not Masons, so even the "profane" will be ready to attend to their evidence on the subject. Having accidentally had my attention called to an ancient Expense Roll, of the building of the Collegiate Chapel of St. Stephens, (the old House of Commons,) in a somewhat scarce pamphlet published in 1834, I have thought it well to give an extract from it to-day, and if it interests the brethren, I will give other extracts from it, from time to time.

The royal palace at Westminster was built by William Rufus and also that magnificent Hall, which still remains a monument of the grandeur and architecture of that early period. Near the great hall in the palace at Westminster, the chapel was begun, it is said by the early chroniclers, by King Stephen, and dedicated by him to the honour of St. Stephen, the Proto-Martyr. It is, however, asserted that King Edward the First rebuilt the chapel after he had rebuilt the Abbey Church of Westminster in 1285, and the works of the new chapel began in 1292, and continued for more than two years. An account of the expense of these operations is preserved in rolls of weekly payments, remaining in the Exchequer. These various rolls contain the articles purchased within the week and the daily payments to each workman of every denomination. The first roll is

thus entitled "Primus Rotulus de operationibus primo factis pro Capella beati Stephani in Palatio Westmonasterii."

This is in 1292, and we have in this roll the several articles bought stated, and then follow the payments to workmen.

Some of these old operatives received 5d. per day, some 3½d., some 3d., some 2½d., and some 2d. The Magister Cementarius or Master Mason is Master Michael of Canterbury, who receives from the treasurer (*le tresorier*), the money to pay the workmen, "per manus Magistri Michaelis de Cantuariensis cementar." His wages are not stated, but as we find a few years later that Magister Thomas at the same building received 6s. a week, we may fairly assume that to be the amount. And if we remember, that we must consider the value of money as increased at least fifteen times since then, a very little calculation will serve to shew, that the Master Mason and Masons, were well paid, as the lowest amount of wages, was according to our money 2s. 6d. a day, and with we know many "vails" or presents. The Master Mason would receive at the rate of £4 10s. a week, and his garment of fur.

Let us go back to the Roll of the first week, "Prima Septimana pro opere Capelle Westmonaster; 28th die Mensis aprilis Anno regni Regis Edwardi filii, Regis Henrici Vicesimo; i. e. (A.D. 1292)."

Some of the entries are very interesting. "De Ricardo le cupere, pro 50 Ting de Quereu empt at 1 Loggiam inde faciend, adopus Magistri Michaelis et eorum cementar scilicet, 0. 15s 0. Our old brethren worked apparently in a wooden (oak) lodge. It would almost seem as if a lodging house was also provided for the Masons, as another item is to the effect—"Walter Tateroun pro 6 c, di, 1, quart arundinis empt pro cooperatarum hostarii Magister Michaelis et eorum cementar in parte pro centena 12d. 0. 6. 9."

The hostelry or lodging house was tiled with *reeds*. Robert le Haeker the carpenter—(what a good name for a carpenter,)—receives for 4 days 5d. a day. So does Allan de Clutisdale, (probably a canny Scotchman from Clydesdale).

The following Masons received 3d. a day: Hugo Byldehof, evidently a foreigner, Richard Bledelawe, Walter Tortar, Walter of Woodstock, Godfrey of Henryle, John of Compton, Thomas of Wodelond, Rich-

ard Fayrweder, probably Fairweather, (a very good name indeed for a Mason,) and Walter Cook. Then come thirty-four Masons who work for four working days a week and received 2d. a day. I give the names because many interesting facts and considerations arise out of the same. I have anglicized them as far as possible:

William le Ferour,	Henry de Steventon,
Henry Costard,	William Drinkpeny,
Walter le Waller,	Alexr. of Westminster,
John of Wilton,	Richard Squyrel,
Richard le Thirgner,	William of Chiding-
Adam of Colewyk,	fold,
Stephen Att-felde,	Jak Ardinge, (clearly
Nicholas Welland,	Jack Hardinge.)
Walseman,	William Ardinge,
John le Grom,	Thomas Wonder,
Robert Sterling,	John de Stanstede,
William Gilchawe,	Philip Edlyman,
John de Beverly,	John Balemound,
Walter le Helderer,	Robert de Upplio,
John Lowe,	Thomas de Oakham,
John le Gardiner,	Stephen de Fulham,
Adam de Bislete,	William Joseph,
Robert le Fand,	Richard le Gardiner.

In addition to these names we have also given, Gregory le Tresour, paid for two days only 3d. a day, and Simon of Woodhull, 2½d. a day. Ralph, the painter (Pistori) 5d. per day for two days work, and Richard Lucas and Wymarek, both apparently painters, the same amount for the same time. Master Walter the painter receives 12d. a day, and as he receives 7s. for the week, it would almost seem as if he worked on the Sunday, whereas our good old Master Mason remembered "the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But it may be what is called a "wage of contract," or weekly wage, that is 12d. reckoned per day, whether he works or not, and if he was a foreigner that would probably be the case.

The Roll concludes with a payment to Hugoni Chrico (Hugo the clerk or clergyman) for writing this weekly roll, or pay-list, namely 1s. 6d. The wages in all amount to £2 that is £30 of our money, the things bought to £13 3s. 5d., about £195 of our money, in all £225 as the weekly amount according to the comparative value of money now and then.

I will give other extracts if such a matter interests the brethren, and the readers of the Magazine, but here I must stop for to-day.

THE MASON'S ORPHAN DAUGHTER.

A MYSTIC STORY.—BY JEFFERSON.

"Who will put what God hath given,
To the wisest, noblest use?
Who will clothe the homeless orphan,
Fill with oil the widow's cruse?
And like him of old Samaria
Help the stranger in his need,
Reckless of his name or nation,
Reckless of his father's creed?

Call the roll."—[Bolton.

In a late visitation which we made to one of the Orphan Homes of this State, we found among the interesting groups of fatherless inmates of the institution, a sweet-faced little girl of some eleven summers, whose mild blue eye and simple, womanly manners at once attracted our attention, and kindled within our heart, as is somewhat natural in such cases, an inquisitive desire to know something of her history.

The wonderful, attractive power which some persons possess, and which is often found even in the eye and contour and manners of the young, seems to wear the mystic blandishment of some weird land. There is an unearthly beauty in the personnel, and wand power of immediate influence in the individual spirit which but few can resist. It comes over us like a divinity, and fastens our admiration as with the tethers of an irresistible affinity.

It was this sort of a soul-subjugation, which came over us when we looked into the eyes and apparent angel character of this little orphan girl as she sat among the rest, as if she were but a common lamb of the fold, with the helpless and innocent consciousness that she was only an orphan child, homeless and friendless, and without a single bright star to illuminate her unknown future.

To us her condition seemed a sad one—without father or mother, brother or sister, and alone in the world with no guardian power over her save that of the sympathy of public charity.

When the songs and prayers of the evening were over, and the orphan family had retired to their respective chambers for the night, we began our questioning with the kind-hearted matron, who herself is the relict of a Masonic brother whom we once

knew, and who in her present position is doubtless the right woman in the right place.

"What is the history," we asked, "of this little blue-eyed girl who sat here to our right this evening during devotional services?"

"O, that is Annie Torry, one of my favourite pets. Isn't she an interesting child?" the Matron asked.

"Indeed she is, but where is she from?" we inquired.

"Her little short life story," responded the good woman, "is full of interest, and I might add even of romance, too, for she is an English born child, and here in this city lost both her father and mother within a year. She had two little brothers, but they are since dead, and Annie is now the only one left of the entire family."

"She is indeed a fair and beautiful child," we replied, "and her very soul seems to speak through the soft and mild beamings of her eyes."

"Does she seem happy here?" we inquired.

"Why, yes, this is her native disposition. It seems to be natural with her to be easily pleased, no matter what turns up."

"Do you know anything of her parentage, further than that she is of English birth?" we asked.

"Why, yes," she replied; "I have heard that her father was a Master Mason and came to this country to better his fortune as a machinist, and for some time worked in this city. But poor man, he and his wife both died within a year after coming to the country. Their possessions were small, and by the time they had passed through their sickness and death, there was nothing but their three children left behind."

With a sympathy of soul for the poor little orphan daughter that was even painful, we bid the good Matron adieu for the evening, with a promise of attending the Sabbath services the next day in the institution.

We could but think when lying down for the night how melancholy and hopeless is the prospective destiny of the tens of thousands of orphan children which are to be found scattered over our country. We thought, devoutly too, of the "All-seeing eye," and wondered if there was not an especial assurance given to all such, in

that old Jewish inspiration, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then will the Lord take thee up." Surely if God pities the poor, there must be some special hope for the helpless orphan in the divine compassion. Life's relationships are often sad at the best, for men and women are weak and frail, and too frequently are wanting in education and intelligence as well as in self-government, and even with their children around them they are often far from being happy. They fail to recognise the richest gifts of heaven, and draw closer upon themselves the sorrows of life when they should only be drinking of its most pleasurable realities.

The next day in the Chapel of the Orphan's Home we again met the Mason's orphan daughter. She was dressed in her plain Sunday suit of buff calico with a neat little ruffle of the same colour round her neck, which was partially hid by the beautiful clusters of auburn curls which hung down her back.

The children all looked well and appeared to be happy, and we joined with them in their Sabbath School services with much more than the ordinary interest. Little Annie sat near us, and we had a fair opportunity of noticing her intelligent readiness in answering questions, and when the school closed by permission of the Matron we held a long and interesting conversation with her in regard to what she knew of her history.

"Do you remember, Annie," we asked her, "you father and mother?"

"O, yes, sir," said she, "as well as if they had only died yesterday."

"What do you remember of England, your native country?" we inquired.

"Why, sir, I remember Manchester, the place where I was born. My grandfather and grandmother and Uncle James live there, and I often think," said she, with an air of observable sadness, "if my dear parents had remained there we might all have been living yet."

"You have no relatives in this country, Annie?" we asked.

"Not one," she answered promptly.

"Would you like to go back to England?" we inquired.

"Indeed I would," she affirmed.

"Well, then, why don't you write to your relatives to send for you? Wouldn't they do it?"

"Yes sir, I think they would," she quickly responded.

"Do you know, Annie," we asked her with some delicacy, "whether your father was a Mason?"

"No sir," she responded, "he was a machinist."

We could but smile at her simplicity, and explained, by asking "if he was what they call a Freemason?"

"I think he was something of that sort," she responded with a laugh, "for I have in my little trunk upstairs a purple apron which has a good many things on it which I don't know anything about. I found it in one of our drawers after mother died and as I thought it was very pretty I have kept it every since."

I asked her if she would please go and get it, and let me look at it.

She flew up stairs at once, like a little bird, and in a few moments returned and spread out on my lap a very well preserved Master Mason's apron.

"Was this your father's, Annie?" we inquired.

"I presume it was," said she, "though I don't know what he did with it. I have often taken it out and looked at it, and thought it was something that belonged to the machinists."

"No, Annie," we assured her, "this is what they term the apron of a Master Mason, and we presume your father held this relation to the Craft in England."

"It may be, but I don't know," said she, "for I was only eight years old when we left England, and I never saw it until after my mother's death, when I was nine years old."

"And you have kept it ever since?"

"Yes sir, for since Joseph and Fleming died, this is nearly all I have left of anything that belonged to our family."

That Masonic apron was a relic worthy of her tenderest regards, for it gave to others whom she knew not, an interest in her which perhaps nothing else in her possession would or could have done, for she was soon made known to several as the Mason's orphan daughter, and with the little light which she could give, a correspondence was opened up by Brother Gentry, of Terre Haute, with Annie's friends in Manchester, England, and the probabilities now are that ere the new year of 1874 dawn upon us, she will be under the genial

roof of her grandparents in the land of her birth, where it is fondly hoped that the loneliness of her orphanage will be forgotten in the loving smiles and tender caresses of her own blood kin.

"Thus found alone on bleak and foreign shore,
An orphan child is carried home once more."

Masonic Advocate.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbour's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we?
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted—
If we would but see the way?
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride,
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen, ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be, if we'd thus try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each other's sigh,
Thus to walk on duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing,
With a timid "if we could";
But a God, who judgeth all things,
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

St. Louis Freemason.

THE MASONIC PRESS.—The brightest feature in the character of the Masonry of this generation, is found in the fact that the Masonic press, like the sun at high twelve, is shedding its vertical beams directly into the brain and bosom of the Order, and inspiring it with a purity of light and vitality never before enjoyed by the Ancient Craft. May it shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

EARLY HISTORY OF
FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

[We publish the following paper from Bro. Jacob Norton, on the principle that, we open our pages to all bonâ fide Masonic communications. We do not presume to express any opinion as to the matter in dispute, and shall be truly glad to receive any communication on the subject which our able Bro. C. MacCalla may think well to send us - premising that, the "Magazine" is not intended to be the medium of personal controversy. We feel, moreover, that Bro. MacCalla is well able to take care of himself. Error.]

The subject at the head of this paper, is interesting not only to American Masons who are desirous of seeing errors confuted, and of learning truth, but also to Masonic students on your side of the Atlantic. It has been my fate to stir up many questions, and to bring into doubt many points, which had hitherto been received as unquestionable facts. The investigation has in a measure been forced upon me. In 1869, P.G.M. Dr. Winslow Lewis offered me for inspection a box of old MSS. When I pleaded want of time to examine them, Bro. Lewis said: "Take them and keep them as long as you like. I know you will get something out of them." When I showed some of those MSS. to Bro. Gardner, then G.M. of Massachusetts, and asked him at the same time to permit me to examine the original record of 1733, for I had then seen only a transcript of the book, Bro. G. ordered the then G.S. to fetch the old record from the late Bro. C. W. Moore's house (in whose custody it was kept) to the Masonic Temple, giving me at the same time full permission to use it, without any restriction about publishing whatever I might please. During the investigation of that intricate subject, I confess that I have sometimes drawn erroneous inferences. But Bro. Gardner will hear me out, that whenever I discovered such an error, I made the fact known to him at once. And although I have freely criticised Bro. Gardner's writings, and pointed out his errors, yet we have never ceased to be friendly to this day.

The same degree of respect and kindness has also invariably been shown to me by Bro. Gardner's successor, Bro. S.D. Nickerson, the present G.M., and also by Bro. Titus, the G.S. Neither of these gentlemen have ever refused any facility it was in their power to afford me. Several articles of mine upon the subject appeared in the *Freemason*, the *American Freemason*, and the last, viz., "Origin of Freemasonry in Nova Scotia," appeared in the October No. of this Journal. But, nevertheless, there are still some American writers who not only continue to repeat the old story without any *if*, or *but*, but will still indulge in making additions to Masonic history, which cannot be supported even by a shadow of tradition.

In the January No. of the *Masonic Magazine*, page 210, Bro. MacCalla, of Philadelphia, furnished an article headed, "Statistical Account of Freemasonry in America," in which he said, "I propose to give in the present brief article a hurried, yet accurate account of the origin, progress, and present position of Freemasonry in the U.S. of America. Tradition and imagination will be carefully disregarded, and facts only will be cited. The time has gone by when intelligent Craftsmen will receive any statement as true merely because it flatters their pride. The truth has come to be considered the highest praise."

After such frank acknowledgment of the past errors of our professional Masonic writers, and such a promise not to do the like again, I was led fully to expect something faultless from the pen of our American brother. The very next paragraph following the above, which I shall here analyze and comment upon, shows, however, that our brother has not succeeded in entirely emancipating himself from the old Masonic fashion of adding to Masonic history from imagination. And now for the paragraph. Bro. MacCalla says:—

1st. "The city of Boston, Massachusetts, is the mother of Masonry in

America." Now, I know, that Price established a G.L. in Boston, in 1733, and in 1768, he wrote to the authorities of the G.L. of England that he was *the founder of Masonry in America*. There is a newspaper still in existence in Philadelphia of the year 1732 showing that there was a Masonic Lodge there at the time it was printed, consequently, Boston cannot be called the mother of Masonry in America, nor was Price the founder.

2nd. "Exactly at what date the earliest Lodge was established there (in Boston) is not known, just as it is not positively known when the first Lodge was established in Philadelphia. The earliest records are all lost beyond recovery, so that we have to rest satisfied to take up the chain of evidence as near its commencement as we can find it."

Will Bro. MacCalla inform us whence he derived the information that a Lodge existed in Boston previous to the year 1733, and that its records are all lost beyond recovery? He may not know when the first Lodge in Philadelphia was established, but I never heard of a pre-1733 Lodge, or of its lost records. Brother MacCalla's beginning the history of Massachusetts's Masonry with a pre-1733 Lodge, etc., reminds me of a Hibernian acquaintance who showed me an extract in a paper from an old book, giving an account of the first settlers in Ireland before the deluge, who were all destroyed by the flood; and when he asked for my opinion, I told him, "that that may all be true, but I did not believe it."

3rd. "We know, however, that a Provincial Grand Lodge was established in Massachusetts in the year 1733, by virtue of a charter granted April 30th, of the same year, by Anthony, Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of England."

The petition of the members of "the first Lodge," addressed to Henry Price, in 1733, shows clearly that Price's commission, whatever it was, was dated

April 13th, 1732. Viscount Montague was not installed until April 19th of that year, so that the deputation was really dated six days before Montague was elected and installed. This blunder was evidently discovered by Price ere the deputation was recorded, and so when recording the MS., the word "thirteenth" was changed into "thirtieth." This theory I advanced in my review of Bro. W. S. Gardner's address, (see *Freemason*, August 10, 1872, page 483.) Now, when a discrepancy was discovered in the Massachusetts's record by the late C. W. Moore—no matter whether it was in the spelling of a name, or some puzzling date—Bro. Moore was very apt to jump just at the wrong conclusion; and when he once jumped, there was no moving him afterwards. Such was the case with his naming the English G.M. of 1733 as Viscount Montacute instead of Montague; and such also was the case in his persisting to print the date of Price's deputation April 30th instead of 13th.

Our Bro. MacCalla was evidently a firm believer in Bro. Moore's dictum, and has therefore fallen into the error with regard to the above-named date.

4th. "The warrant appointing Henry Price G.M. of North America, with power to constitute Provincial Grand Lodges in Massachusetts and elsewhere upon the Continent of America."

Not so Bro. MacCalla. The Montague deputation, if even it was genuine, confined the jurisdiction of Price to New England and its territories only.

5th. "St. John's G.L. was established in Massachusetts July 30, 1733, and from this G.L. the earliest Lodges in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut owed their origin."

The Massachusetts record contains a letter addressed, in 1754, to the G.M. of England, praying for the appointment of Gridley as G.M. of that Province, to which is appended the following list of

Lodges claimed to have originated from the Boston G.L. :—

1734	Philadelphia,
1735	New Hampshire.
„	South Carolina.
1738	Antigua and
„	Annapolis, Nova Scotia.
1746	Newfoundland.
1749	Rhode Island.
1750	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
„	Annapolis, Maryland.

with three other Lodges in Connecticut.

Bro. Moore, in a Table of Lodges appended to the Massachusetts Constitution of 1857, gives the following dates :—

June 24, 1734 ...	Pennsylvania.
„ 1734 ...	Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
Dec. 27, 1735 ...	Charleston, South Carolina.
„ 1738 ...	Antigua.
„ 1740 ...	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Dec. 24, 1746 ...	Newfoundland.
„ 1750 ...	“Royal” Annapolis, Nova Scotia.
Aug. 12, 1750 ...	Annapolis, Maryland.

There is no doubt that the New England Lodges derived their authority from Boston. The Portsmouth Lodge, however, is incorrectly dated in both lists. The Boston record of June 24, 1735, says, “About this time” (it always begins with *about this time*) “the Portsmouth Masons petitioned for a Lodge, and Mr. — appointed their Master.” But the record date is also incorrect, as the petition of the Portsmouth brethren, a *fac simile* of which is appended to Bro. Gardner’s address on Henry Price, is dated Feb. 5, 1736, *new style*. The Lodge however remained unchartered until 1738, when Tomlinson granted the charter. This fact may be found in Lyman Spaulding’s early history of Masonry in New Hampshire; and it was further confirmed, both verbally and in writing, by Bro. Christie, P.G.M. of New Hampshire, and a resident of Portsmouth, the record of that Lodge began in 1738, and mentions the presence of G.M. Tomlinson at that meeting.

The way this Portsmouth Lodge is alluded to in the record with, “and

Mr. — appointed their Master,” and assigning the date of its origin nearly eight months before the date of the petition, would by itself prove the record bogus. But why Price himself did not grant the charter I cannot tell.

“Royal,” the name appended by Bro. Moore to the Annapolis Nova Scotia Lodge, was one of Bro. Moore’s inventions. But as I have given a full history of the origin of Masonry in Nova Scotia in the October Number, I must here merely call attention to the difference of the dates in the above lists, together with the date in the record of the Nova Scotia Lodges.

About South Carolina. Under date, Dec. 27, 1735, the Boston record says: “About this time, sundry brethren going to S.C., met with some Masons in Charleston, who thereupon went to work, from which spring Masonry in these parts.” This, if true, shows that there were then Masons in Charleston, and certainly does not intimate that they obtained a charter from Price. About four years ago Bro. Bruns, who succeeded Bro. Mackey as G.S. of South Carolina, and who has since then been G.M. of that State, assured me in Boston, that no old records exist in his archives, and added, if any such records existed, Bro. Mackey must have carried them off when he was defeated in the election of G.S. There is, therefore, not a shadow of proof that South Carolina is indebted to Price for its origin of Masonry.

With regard to Antigua, the record of Dec. 27, 1738, says: “This year our R.W.G.M. Mr. Tomlinson, went to England *via* Antigua, where finding some old Boston Masons [how old?], went to work and made the Governor and sundry gentlemen of distinction Masons; whereby from our Lodge sprung Masonry in the West Indies.” Now, as Tomlinson’s deputation confined its jurisdiction to New England, he had no right to make Masons in the West Indies, and he certainly could not charter a Lodge there, and the

record does not pretend that he did give a charter, yet we see that the Boston authorities of 1754 claimed Antigua as their Lodge. And now I will give all I know about Newfoundland. Under date of Dec. 9, 1746, the record says: "At the petition of sundry brethren, reciting their first Master, the Lodge in Maryland is dated 1750. Whether that Lodge was the earliest established in Maryland I know not, but I am certain that Bro. MacCalla has not a particle of evidence about Virginia or New Jersey being indebted for their earliest Lodges to Boston; Virginia, indeed, never had a Lodge from Boston, and New Jersey did not have a Boston one up to 1754 at least. The truth is, the little clique who engineered the then G.L. at Boston, which G.L. seldom mustered more than a dozen or fifteen members, and of which clique Price was undoubtedly the moving spirit; these brethren were not over scrupulous in their assertions. I do not, however, mean to insinuate that Messrs. Price and Co. were worse than many of their successors both in Boston and other parts of America, but I merely mean to show that no credit should be attached to their records.

6th. "The first Historical Lodge in the State of Pennsylvania was opened in 1734, under a warrant from the Prov. G.L. of Massachusetts, Dr. Benj. Franklin being its W. Master."

We do not know that either; and if our Philadelphia brother could prove it, I would guarantee him an American public reception in Boston, with at least five hundred Masons to shake hands with him. The fact is, Franklin left Boston in 1723, and he afterwards visited Boston every tenth year, except the latter part of his life when he was engaged in foreign missions; he was, therefore, in Boston in 1733. The Boston record, under date June 24th, 1736, says: "About this time our W. Bro. Franklin, from Philadelphia, became acquainted with our R.W.G.M., Mr. Price, who further instructed him in the Royal Art, and said Benj. Franklin,

on his return to Philadelphia, called the brethren there together, who petitioned our R.W.G.M. for a constitution to hold a lodge, and our R.W.G.M., having this year received orders from the G.L. of England to establish Masonry in all North America, did send a deputation to Philadelphia appointing the R.W. Franklin first Master, which is the beginning of Masonry there."

The above extract implies, that Price received the extension of his jurisdiction, and granted to Franklin the constitution ere the date of June 24th, 1734. The following extract from Franklin's letter shows, however, that he did not ask for a deputation until November 28th, 1734. Franklin, under the above date, wrote to Price's G.S.

"We have seen in the Boston prints an article of news from London, importing that at a Grand Lodge held there in August last, Mr. Price's deputation and powers were extended over all North America." This, Franklin laid before the lodge; then, the letter goes on, asking Price to "confirm the brethren of Pennsylvania in the privileges they at present enjoy, of holding annually their G.L., choosing officers, etc." "And said: G.M. of Pennsylvania only yielding his chair to the G.M. of America." In addition to this, Franklin demanded that the charter of Price shall be accompanied with a copy of Price's first deputation, and also, "of the instrument by which it appears to have been enlarged, . . . witnessed by your Wardens and signed by your Secretary," and this letter was signed, "R. Franklin, G.M."

This letter certainly proves that Price was not the founder of Masonry in Philadelphia, that not only a lodge existed there in 1734, but there was also there, a Grand Lodge in full blast, with a G.M. "privileges," etc. It also demonstrates that either Franklin never saw Price's deputation when he was in Boston, or that had some cause to doubt Price's pretensions, and, therefore, required vouchers of the Wardens and Secretary. But there is another fact

connected with this letter, viz: There was no Grand Lodge held in London in the month of August, 1734. Nor was a G.L. held there during that year.

To sum up with regard to Philadelphia. I know that Franklin made Price's acquaintance in Boston in 1733. I also know that Franklin printed Anderson's Constitution in 1734, and that Price disposed of some copies of that work for Franklin. And last I know, that Franklin asked Price for a deputation, accompanied, however, by the conditions, that Price should furnish vouchers to the authenticity of his own alleged authority. But I do not know that Price ever complied with the required conditions, and if he did, whether they were satisfactory to Franklin, and whether Franklin ever accepted such a deputation from Price. These are precisely the points that I want Bro. MacCalla to clear up. Has he a shadow of evidence to prove them?

Boston, U.S., January 23rd, 1874.

E

DOWN INTO THE DUST.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man and man only makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time eftsoun will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

Reviews.

The Freemason's Liber Musicus. Edited by Bro. Dr. Wm. Spark.—Metzler & Co.

We have been favoured with the sight and perusal of Bro. Dr. Spark's goodly sized and admirably elaborated "Liber Musicus."

Not being professional musicians ourselves, we are unable naturally to enter into the artistic merits of his selection; but we have long since advocated the introduction of music into our ceremonies, and therefore we hail our well-known brother's very handsome book, not only as a step in the right direction, but as a genuine endeavour on his part to advance the becoming arrangement and the solemn development of our admirable ritual, and of our impressive ceremonial. Such a book could not have been produced without much sacrifice of time, and labour, and care, and brains, and money; and we, therefore, wish our brother all proper support from the Craft, and trust that he may be alike remunerated by the liberal patronage of his brethren, and the self-consciousness that he has honestly laboured, at much of personal cost, to add the pleasantness of sweet sounds, and the elevating influence of the poetry of music, in short, to the otherwise somewhat prosaic (not to say prosy,) routine of our Masonic Lodge Meetings and routine ceremonies.

The Millennium. An Epic Poem. By Edward Francis Hughes, Melbourne.

We opened the book in awe, and we put it down in despair; 10,000 lines mainly on that remarkable and recondite subject, are too much, really and truly, for any mental organization or personal psychology. Not that the verse is weak, or that the sentiments are unworthy of so mysterious a proposition. On the contrary, much of the poetry is very good indeed, and seems to tell us that the true spirit of poesy is abiding with the Author. But, then, what can anyone say to affect us deeply on a question which is most disputable, more than questionable, and stands in the midst of the veriest "debateable ground" of past and present religious controversy?

The writer evidently believes what he says, and is carried away by his own enthusiasm, to depict in flowery lines

(blank verse, by the way,) the dawn of a better and brighter day on this heavy and suffering world of ours. There are passages of considerable force and beauty in the long continued rolls of his poetic lucubration through ten books, but we fear that, to use a caut word just now, the poem is hardly "realistic" enough for a large class of readers.

Still we gladly welcome this "waif" sent to our shores from the far Antipodes, although we are not "Millennarians," and find 10,000 lines rather a tough morsel to digest and to review. We admire always the efforts of poetic genius, and consider them "a good thing" for the world and for society.

Ireland Ur of the Chaldees. By Anna Wilkes. Trübner and Co.

We confess to have been greatly startled by this suggestion of the fair writer! In fact, we felt at once that we were like Paddy, when his mistress introduced to his notice some one of those happy little machines for domestic use, whether for churning in the dairy, or for cleaning knives in the pantry, unknown in that good country of potatoes and buttermilk. "Bedad," says he, scratching his head, "Madam, it's mighty strange, and it bothers me completely."

After all our exploration of the "Orient Clime," after the diggings of Mr. Layard, and the labours of Sir H. Rawlinson, to be told that Ireland is Ur of the Chaldees, and that this is to be proved by a well-printed book of 207 close pages, is enough to take away one's breath. But when we see how ethnology and philology, and more than one other "ology" is pressed very skilfully into Miss Wilkes's service (it may be by the power of attraction), to support her theories, and enforce her arguments, one can only shake one's head, and rub one's eyes, like the dreamer awakened out of his long and fairy sleep.

We regret to say that we cannot concur, on any single ground, with the fair expositrix of ancient names and geographical arrangements. There is a great deal of very loose and weak, and therefore mischievous philology afloat at the present day, and we fear that Miss Wilkes has been lured by the Will-o'-Wisp of fancied similarity and derivation, by a vivid imagination, and a considerable "copia verborum," to propound what is in sober honesty

utterly untenable, and we feel we must say, puerile. The effect of her explanation would be, to reduce the Bible from an undoubted record of events, the correctness of which record modern discoveries have most wonderfully demonstrated to the utter discomfiture of the sceptical school, to a mere collection of mythical rhapsodies; and we cannot for one moment accept either Miss Wilkes's views, or even her skilful manipulation of historical facts and geographical divisions, and philological derivations, by which she seeks to give consistency to her very deftly raised, but very fragile "castle in the air." Ur of the Chaldees, wherever exactly that spot may be, is far away from the Irish Channel; and the "Green Isle," the "Terne" of old Minstrel song, is still as ever, and ever will remain, in herself and by herself, simply "Ireland;" "ould Ireland," if you like. No one who has seen her green hills, and laughed with her warm-hearted people, but will always wish her well, but to make her anything else but Ireland would be "wrong if possible, and if possible wrong." Paddy would probably stare, if he was told that his country was Ur of the Chaldees, and not Ireland, and though a lady is always treated very civilly in Ireland, he would be a very bold man who would take away the "old name" of their country from the Irish people.

The Treasury of Languages. A Rudimentary Dictionary of Universal Philology. —Hall and Co.

We have been much pleased with this simple and unpretending but very useful little work. The science of Philology has been making vast strides amongst us these last few years, and since the publication of Cardinal Wiseman's admirable work, the "Connection of science with revealed religion," many steps have been taken in advance. It seems that there are, with root languages, and deriv'd languages, and "patois" languages, and corrupted languages with languages proper, and sub-divisions or dialects of the same, little short of 3,000 known forms in the world. Of course many of these are practically dead languages, but they have to be considered in a treatise on Philology. It seems impossible to lay down any correct estimate of the speaking languages of the world, not only so—as opinions may differ on the

subject, but even questions arise as to the exact relation, that some dialects bear to a common derivation, and even to each other. Will it, however, startle our readers to be told that among the million millions of inhabitants of this great earth of ours, there certainly are not less than 2,000 variations of language. The idea is in itself a very large one, and leads the mind of the thoughtful to much of serious consideration. But there is great pleasure, it appears, to us, very much of fascination in the study of Philology, though we must be on our guard against much of this mis-directed imagination, and unsound views on a very different and intricate subject, which would almost seem to be gaining ground amongst us. We would, however, recommend this little useful work, most carefully compiled, cordially and sincerely, to the notice of our readers, as a very convenient compendium on the subject, far too vast in itself for the individual memory.

We have perused two little Provincial Calendars with much interest. The one is Masonic Meetings for East Lancashire; the other is the Masonic Calendar for Warwickshire and Staffordshire. The Masonic Calendar for Warwickshire and Staffordshire is particularly well got up, and is a very useful little pocket companion.

W.

Our Archaeological Corner.

THE LION AS A MASONIC SYMBOL.

A. G. MACKEX.

The lion was the symbol of strength and sovereignty in the human-headed figure of the Nimrod gateway and in the other Babylonish remains. In Egypt it was worshipped at the city of Leontopolis as typical of Dorn, the Egyptian Hercules. Plutarch says that the Egyptians ornamented their temples with gaping lions' mouths, because the Nile began to rise when the sun was in the constellation Leo. Among the Talmudists there was a tradition of the lion which has been introduced into the higher degrees of Masonry.

But in the symbolism of Ancient Craft Masonry where the lion is introduced, as in the third degree, in connection with the "lion of the tribe of Judah," he becomes

simply a symbol of the resurrection, thus restoring the symbology of the mediæval ages, which was founded on a legend that the lion's whelp was born dead and only brought to life by the roaring of its sire. Philip de Thaun, in his *Bestiary*, written in the twelfth century, gives the legend, which has thus been translated by Mr. Wright from the original old Norman French:

"Know that the lioness if she brings forth a dead cub, she holds her cub and the lion arrives; he goes about and cries, till it revives on the third day. * * * * Know that the lioness signifies St. Mary, and the lion Christ, who gave himself to death for the people; three days he lay in the earth to gain our souls. * * * * By the cry of the lion we understand the power of God, by which Christ was restored to life and robbed hell."

The connection of Solomon, as the chief of the tribe of Judah, with the lion, which was the achievement of that tribe, has caused the expression to be referred in the third degree to him who brought life and immortality to light. The old Christian interpretation of the Masonic symbols here prevails, and in Ancient Craft Masonry all allusions to the lion, as the *lion's paw*, the *lion's grip*, etc., refer to the doctrine of the resurrection taught by him who is known as "the lion of the tribe of Judah." The expression is borrowed from Apocalypse, (v. 5.) "Behold, the lion which is of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof." We have seen that the lion was a mediæval symbol of the resurrection, the idea being founded on a legend. The poets of that age were fond of referring to this legendary symbol in connection with the scriptural idea of the "tribe of Judah." Thus Adam de St. Victor, in his poem *De Resurrectione Domini*, says:

"Sic de Juda leo fortis,
Fractis portis dire mortis
Die surgit tertia,
Rugiente voce Patris."

i.e.

Thus the strong lion of Judah,
The gates of cruel death being broken
Arose on the third day,
At the loud sounding voice of the Father.

WORSHIPFUL AS A TITLE.

Originally the word "to worship" meant to pay that honour and reference which is

due to one who is worthy. Thus, where our authorised version translates Matthew, (xix. 19,) "Honour thy father and thy mother." Wycliffe says, "Worship thi fadir and thi madir." And in the marriage service of the Episcopal Church the expression is still retained, "with my body I thee worship," that is honour or reverence thee. Hence, the still common use in England of the words *worshipful* and *right worshipful*, as titles of honour applied to municipal and judicial officers. Thus the mayors of small towns and justices of the peace are styled "Worshipful," while the mayors of large cities, as London, are called "Right Worshipful." The usage was adopted and retained in Masonry. The word *worship*, or its derivations, is not met with in any of the old manuscripts. In the manner of constituting a new Lodge adopted in 1722, and published by Anderson in 1723, the word "worship" is applied as a title to the Grand Master. In the seventeenth century the guilds of London began to call themselves "worshipful," as "the Worshipful Company of Grocers," etc., and it is likely that the lodges, at the revival, and perhaps a few years before, adopted the same style.

The *America*, a daily journal of Bogota, in a recent issue publishes letter of Don Joaquin Alvez da Costa, in which he states that his slaves while working upon the plantation of Porto Alto, Parahyba district Peru, have discovered a monumental stone, erected by a small colony of Phœnicians who had wandered thither from their native country in the ninth or tenth year of the reign of Hiram, a monarch contemporary with Solomon and who flourished about ten centuries before the Christian era. The monolith bears an inscription of eight lines, written in clear Phœnician characters, without punctuation marks or any visible separation of the words. This has been imperfectly deciphered, but enough has been made out to learn that a party of Canaanites left the port of Aziongaber (Boy-Akaba) and navigated about the coast of Egypt for twelve moons (one year,) but were drawn by currents off their course and eventually carried to the present site of Guayaquil, Peru. The stone gives the names of these unfortunate travellers, both male and female, and probably further investigations will shed more light on the records they have left.

Correspondence.

[It has been thought advisable to open a correspondence column in the Magazine,—though we do not profess to be responsible either for the words or the opinions of our Correspondents. In this particular case, to which the subjoined letter refers, there seems to be a little heat on both sides which we trust the true fraternal spirit of Freemasonry will soon allay.—THE EDITOR.]

THE GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND AND ITS MEMBERSHIP.

(To the Editor of the Masonic Magazine.)

SIR AND BROTHER,—As one deeply interested in whatever concerns the honour, the prosperity, and the reputation of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, I claim permission to contradict most emphatically the unfounded imputations, and to challenge the reckless and offensive assertions contained in a paper in the January number of your Magazine, reflecting upon that august body and its members. There would be little occasion to do this if the accusations in question, did not reach some whose want of information upon the subject might place them in danger of being misled by giving them credence. I shall not therefore intrude at any great length upon your valuable space, nor attempt to controvert the whole of the grave aspersions which your contributor distributes so lavishly.

I. With respect to the GRAND LODGE it is asserted (1) that it is in a state of "degradation," and under the "domination" of an "artful and unscrupulous clique," which has "degraded" it; (2) that it is not unfrequently "packed" for "party purposes" and personal ends; (3) that "scandals have abounded in its history which have in some instances driven away brethren who were an honour to the brotherhood"; (4) that "the meetings have been sometimes even scenes of brawling and riotous contention" with "shoutings, howlings, and all kinds of offensive noises"; (5) that "to pack it men have been chosen from the lowest ranks of society"; and (6) that its proxy system (by which part of its membership is provided) has been made the means of perpetrating some of the most discreditable, not to say unmasonic, transactions and abuses that could be conceived.

II. The MEMBERS of the Grand Lodge are misrepresented in similar terms; (1) as "generally" unfitted "to command respect"; (2) as not "esteemed" ever amongst "their brethren"; (3) as not possessing Masonic "knowledge"; (4) as entitled to be "suspected" of "meanness," "underhand dealing," and "jobbery for private ends"; (5) as guilty of giving and receiving bribes; (6) as "breaking the rules of Masonic brotherliness and gentlemanly propriety in their meetings"; (7) as being, "very many, ill-

educated, uncultivated men, of no social position"; (8) as being, "not a few, men who ought never to have been initiated in any Lodge at all"; (9) as being "ready to support by their votes those who are willing to pay for them their Grand Lodge fees, to entertain them now and then with a good supper, or to treat them to their perfect content with toddy"; and (10) as carrying elections of Office-Bearers and passing resolutions "by the votes of men mustered beforehand in a tavern, and coming to the Grand Lodge not for the purpose of deliberating but of voting—not to consult the interests of the Craft but those of their liberal entertainers"—with other crimes equally reprehensible, and "too numerous to mention."

III. The charges which are made both directly and by inference against the PROXY SYSTEM of representation in the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and against those who have the honour of holding Proxy Commissions as members thereof, are as vague, uncharitable, and libellous as the above, and equally destitute of foundation in fact. This "Proxy System" may be peculiar to Scotland, but being coeval with the institution of the Grand Lodge, it possesses both a constitutional and traditional existence and has, perhaps more than any other cause, contributed to the prosperity of Freemasonry in Scotland, by keeping up a lively interest in Grand Lodge affairs throughout the Craft. Besides it has to be mentioned, that, in every Charter or Warrant granted by the Grand Lodge, it is made incumbent upon those receiving it to appoint proxy representatives, in the event of the actual Master and Wardens for the time not finding it convenient to attend the Communications of Grand Lodge in Edinburgh, thus constituting the much abused "system," an essential privilege and an alienable right of every subordinate Lodge, so long and so far as its adoption may be deemed necessary. In the article to which exception is taken, this system is asserted to have been abused in numerous instances; but any argument that could reasonably be used against it as liable to abuse, may with equal force be used to condemn the regulations under which all Office-Bearers are, or possibly could be appointed.

In conclusion, permit me to relieve the feelings of any who may have been distressed by reading the sensational exodus from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, foreshadowed in your contributor's paper, by informing them that the meeting on the 2nd current passed off with the utmost harmony and decorum; so that "an Old Past Master's" prophetic attempts, if less unbecoming than his denunciatory utterances, seem to be equally erratic in their conception, and as a consequence equally unreliable. I remain, &c.,

AN OLD PROXY MASTER.

Glasgow, 9th February, 1874.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

We meet upon the LEVEL and we part upon the SQUARE:

What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are!

Come, let us contemplate them, they are worthy of a thought;

In the very walls of Masonry the sentiment is wrought.

We meet upon the LEVEL, though from every station come,

The rich man from his palace, the poor man from his home;

For the rich must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door,

And the poor will find his best respect upon the Checkered Floor.

We act upon the PLUM—'tis the order of our Guide—

We walk upright in virtue's way and lean to neither side;

Th' All-Seeing Eye that reads our hearts doth bear us witness true.

That we still try to honour God, and give each man his due.

We part upon the SQUARE, for the world must have its due;

We mingle with the multitude, a faithful Band and true;

But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,

And we long upon the LEVEL, to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying towards it fast;

We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, when the gates of death are past;

We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,

To try the blocks we offer with his own unerring SQUARE.

We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, but never thence depart:

There's a Mansion—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart;

There's a Mansion and a Welcome, and a multitude is there

Who have met upon the LEVEL and been tried upon the SQUARE.

Let us meet upon the Level, then, while labouring patient here;

Let us meet and let us labour, though the labour be severe;

Already in the Western Sky the signs bid us prepare

To gather up our Working Tools and part upon the SQUARE.

Hands round, ye faithful Brotherhood, the bright fraternal chain,

We part upon the SQUARE below, to meet in heaven again!

What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are—

We meet upon the LEVEL, and we part upon the SQUARE!

THE MUSICAL RITUAL.

By T. W. TEW. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, P.P.S.
G.W. of W.Y.; P.M., No. 910; P.Z. No. 495.

The Editor was complimentary enough, in the issue of "The Freemason" for Saturday, the 12th April, 1873, to insert a letter from a Past Master of a small Provincial Lodge, containing some observations on a contemplated Masonic work shortly expected to issue from the pen of that eminent Musician and Organist, Bro. Dr. William Spark, of Leeds.

This note called the attention of the brethren to the necessity for some fixed but classical standard of music to be recognized by the Craft, and to the efforts of Dr. Spark to introduce in one standard work suitable music applicable to all our various Masonic Orders and gatherings of the brethren in their respective lodges. It was with much gratification I read in the "Evening Mail," the "Morning Post," &c., an announcement of the completion of Dr. Spark's long-promised present to the Craft, "The Freemason's Liber Musicus." Immediately I availed myself of the intimation, and have now in my possession a copy of this work. The Saint Oswald's Lodge, No. 910, Pontefract, also possess a copy which its members appreciate as a gem of Art. Permit me, therefore, to submit to your consideration one more letter with a few critical remarks on some of the details of this truly valuable book,—remarks which, as I am a profound admirer of classical music, and at the same time anxious to reform this neglected branch of Masonry in this country, and desirous to introduce every possible improvement into the ritual of Masonic ceremonies, rites and festive gatherings, especially by the universal adoption of appropriate songs and melodies so long and so much needed into English Lodges, may, I hope, be not altogether unacceptable to the majority of your readers, but, to the contrary, many may be glad to embrace this opportunity of having,

without research, a few of the beauties of the Liber Musicus pointed out for them.

The volume before me—bound in blue—is a collection of Traditional, Foreign, and English Vocal and Instrumental selections from the best Masters, as well as original compositions, by Dr. Spark; for the first, second, and third degrees in Freemasonry. It comprises, besides, Masonic Anthems, Marches, Duets, Programmes, Toasts, Songs, Trios, Choruses and Funeral Odes, as well as intermediate music between the recognised degrees. The whole arranged for Voices, the Organ, the Piano-forte, or the Harmonium.

There is a magnificent collection of instrumental and vocal melodies worthy of the intelligence of the Craft, and which in number, choiceness, and variety, is qualified for a place besides the greater works in the library of the Masonic Lodge, the scholar or the private gentleman. The book is brought out by Metzler and Co., and published by Bro. Geo. Kenning, in the highest style of their Art. It is printed from large engraved music plates, and forms a noble volume of nearly "two hundred and twenty pages."

Bro. Dr. Sparks' account of his work in the preface is almost too modest a one. "The motives which have induced me to bring to a close the "Freemason's Liber Musicus" have been a sincere love of high admiration for the brethren of the Mystic Tie, with an earnest desire to produce a truly practical work worthy of the estimation of the Masonic Brethren." Nobly indeed has the author performed his arduous task, and it merits both at home and abroad the favour of every Masonic Lodge, and its intrinsic beauties alone entitle it to be zealously appreciated by every brother throughout the world. On examining carefully into this volume I find it contains both vocal and instrumental selections. Take the latter Music first. Let me point out the two marches on the first and second

pages. They are to be played when the brethren enter their lodges. These marches are taken from the "Zauberflöte"—simple but beautiful harmonies by the immortal Mozart. But if I am correctly informed, *Brother* Mozart. This "Zauberflöte" was written when Masonry was under the ban of the then Emperor and the Priests of Austrian Germany. Mozart, with his marvellous and sublime musical inspiration at this critical period of Austrian Masonry, stepped as it were forward, and encouraged and animated his brethren of the Craft with this wonderful composition written expressly for the purpose; they thoroughly understood to revive their flagging interest to persevere in the maintenance of their Ancient ceremonies, forms and ritual.

In the "Liber Musicus," under the portion appropriated to "Master Mason and Raising Ceremonies," *Zauberflöte* is once more chosen by Dr. Spark in a selection to be performed before the prayer for the candidate is uttered as being most properly suitable. This time it is the celebrated song by the Ancient High Priest, "Saxastzo."

"Within this holy dwelling,
No hate can e'er be known,
Here love with power impelling,
Doth make the heart its throne."

And, finally, when the spirit of a brother Mason has left its earthly tabernacle, and winged its flight to the everlasting Grand Lodge above, there is, again, by this wonderful genius, but true and excellent Mason, *Bro. Mozart*, one of his most touching and impressive Funeral Marches. This march has been arranged for the "Liber Musicus," for Organ or Piano, by *Bro. H. M. Schletterer*. Admirable and useful as is the instrumental portion of the "Liber Musicus" (and it is all within the easy compass of an ordinary performer) the vocal music is equally excellent and appropriate. Every Order in Craft Masonry, as well as in the higher branches, such as the Mark, and Royal Arch degrees; every grade is here provided with requisite music

for the sublime and effective rendering of each ceremony, and whenever music can be possibly introduced to convey to the mind impressiveness or solemnity, and to the candidate the grandeur and dignity of the obligations he is about to undertake.

Moreover, I would especially direct the attention of the brethren, with musical taste and knowledge, to the many lovely trios interspersed throughout this book. They are arranged for "Two Tenors," or "Alto, Tenor and Bass," so that whenever these three voices can be brought together in a lodge, Dr. Spark's "Liber Musicus" provides ample stores for musical treats; thus much then for the ceremonial portion of this charming volume. Perhaps you will permit me to make an observation or two further upon the Banquet Music after the more serious business of the lodge is ended. After labour comes refreshment. And there is ample provision in this volume for Festive Gatherings, Songs, Duets, Choruses exquisitely adapted for all the time-honoured Masonic toasts given on such occasions, but also for retirement in the Drawing-room, afterwards, as well as for more general or public purposes. Therefore, I see in the universality of this work every reason why it should find a place in the musical "Repertoire" of every private family in the United Kingdom.

The M.W.G.M. of England, I am informed, together with deputy P.G. Masters and other distinguished heads of the Mystic Art, have already frankly expressed their opinions that appropriate music such as is contained in the "Liber Musicus," should be sung after the Masonic toasts, and should altogether, and for ever, supersede the too open vulgar effusions so prevalent in the lodges of Provincial towns to the detriment of refined harmony. Now, with this publication, accessible to all lodges, there is no longer any excuse to lower the character of Masonic Festivities by indulging in Bar-room songs, for, in this

book, Dr. Spark has, at page 91, not only given a programme of ten toasts, but has added songs with charming accompaniments—new and old—and each one has been chosen by him with rare judgment and a sensitive taste: all of them I can heartily recommend to every brother to commit to memory. For instance, after the toast of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Past Grand Master of England to whom the “Liber Musicus” has been “dedicated by express permission,” there is this song with chorus, “Long Live our Prince” :—

“Come, come my dearest brethren,
Great news I now proclaim;
Our Prince-King a Freemason,
A Mason true to fame.
And though he is a Prince-King,
A brother he's to me;
No mortals but Freemasons,
So great then can they be.”
Chorus, &c.

In conclusion, let me, Dear Sir and Brother, express a fervent hope that this valuable musical contribution to Masonry—a work of much labour but of love—in which our accomplished brother has evidently bestowed much care and thought, will be thoroughly examined by every W. Master, past and present, throughout the British Isles; and that each musical brother will also in his own individual sphere of influence, do his utmost by means of the “Liber Musicus's” help to banish all the irreverent trashy and vulgar rubbish, which so often mars and detracts the sublime dignity of our beautiful rites and ceremonies. It only remains for me to state that Brother Dr. Spark has been a hard working Freemason for one and twenty years. He has frequently at times been almost “in perpetuum” P. G. Organist of Provincial Grand Lodge of W. Yorkshire; During his holiday portion of these years he has been travelling in Europe, and his musical genius has attained to not only an European but an American reputation. He has filled this time by endeavouring to

collect in his numerous journeyings, many of those rare musical gems of traditional Masonry, which now abound in his book and which have never before been allowed to escape beyond the carefully guarded and exclusive circles of the Continential Asiatic or American Lodges.

For the first time in the history of English Freemasonry since the reign of King Athelstan those priceless gems appear in the “Liber Musicus” for the benefit of the Craft, Dr. Spark has spared neither thought nor labour on this volume and it must have cost him a considerable sum of money to complete it in its present handsome form.

I hope, therefore, that the Craft at large will not be indifferent to its attractive merits and that at least “Liber Musicus” will have their co-operation for its success and their sympathetic approval and patronage.



A WARNING FROM AMERICA—AN IMPOSTOR.

Falls of Schuylkill, Feb. 23, 1874.

EDITOR KEYSTONE—Dear Sir and Brother: There is a person travelling around the country claiming to be a Mason, but who is really an impostor, of whom I desire to inform you. He was last in New York. He claims to be a member of our Lodge (Palestine No. 470), but is not, and never has been. For the information of your many readers, and the Craft in general, I will give you his description. He is about 5 feet 11½ inches in height, with dark hazel eyes, dark hair and complexion; he is injured in the inside of the left hand, it being almost paralyzed; and he has a number of false names, among which are Jas. F. Hanna, Mount Moriah Lodge, 123, Lewiston, Maryland; and J. Francis McClean, Palestine Lodge, 417, Pa. He had our number thus wrong, at first, hence his detection. His last name is James W. Jardin, Palestine Lodge, 470, Pa. On the first name he travelled through Pennsylvania; on the second through the South; and on the third through New York. The Master of our Lodge has directed me to write you this letter for publication, so that the Craft can be put on their guard, and govern themselves accordingly.

Fraternally, yours,

JOHN M. KOCH,
Sec. Palestine Lodge, No. 470, Pa.

MASONIC DRONES.

Candour compels us to make the shame-faced confession that there are by far too many drones in the great Masonic hive. A Masonic Lodge is not the appropriate theatre for the do-nothing and idler. It is emphatically a place where Masons meet to work, and to work nicely, harmoniously and smoothly. At its sessions, during its intervals of refreshment, we should sedulously, whenever opportunity offers, employ ourselves in such manner as will lead to the complete mastery of our desires and passions and our general improvement in the science. The working bees should set their heads together and devise some sure means by which to kill off the drones. If I were called upon to define a Masonic drone, I would do so somewhat after the following manner:

1. That Mason who holds his affiliation with the Craft in the form of a rumpled dimit, carefully laid away in some place where it may become the prey of rats and mice, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

2. That Mason who is so careless and improvident in the application of his time-gauge as always to have on Lodge days something on hand that is obliged to be done—that will not suffer the slightest postponement, and which, therefore, much to his asserted displeasure, prevents his attendance at Lodge sessions, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

3. That Mason who is always tardy in his appearance, and who nine times in ten knocks for admission after the Lodge has been opened and is engaged in business, thus making his want of punctuality a cause of temporary distraction or confusion, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

4. That Mason who, when called upon to fill some station or place for the time, begs to be excused, as he is a little rusty, and fears that he will make some mistake that will invite a laugh at his expense, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

5. That Mason who is always going to pay up his dues at the next meeting, but never lets the next meeting come till affectionately reminded of a certain by-law in regard to those in arrears, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

6. That Mason who, while the Lodge is engaged in work or general business, is always wispering something loud enough to be heard over the entire room, to the Brother near him; and that one also who keeps up an incessant squirting of the tobacco juice almost equal in destructive force to the "Greek fire," and which renders his immediate vicinity less cleanly than a dirty pig pen, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

7. That Mason who always forgets that he was on the committee till the report is called for, and who therefore never reports on anything without asking further time, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

8. That Mason who, generally about the time business is half gone through with, rises to explain that he lives a good ways off, or that he has a right smart headache, and would like to retire, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

9. That Mason who would have been at a Brother's funeral if he had known exactly at what hour it was coming off, or, if it hadn't looked so much like rain, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

10. That Mason who, just about the time the Lodge commences conferring a degree, eloquently announces that it is getting late, and, therefore, asks the W.M. to "cut the thing as short as possible," is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

11. That Mason who only bunglingly knows the words and tokens, and not a solitary thing of the essence and spirit of the science, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.

12. Last, but not least, that Mason who will not by every possible means encourage and foster the Masonic literature, at least, of his own jurisdiction, is a drone in the great Masonic hive.—*The Keystone*.

FREEMASONRY DEFENDED.

In all the transactions of life, between man and man, there are numerous occasions when it is neither necessary nor prudent that the world should be admitted to the counsels of the parties. No private association of individuals conducts its meetings with open doors, and public bodies have reserved to themselves the right of holding secret sessions whenever, in their own opinion, the interests of the country re-

quire a concealment of their deliberations. Merchants do not expose their books to the free inspection of the community; lawyers do not detail at the corners of the streets the confidential communications of their clients; nor do physicians make the private disclosures of their patients the topic of ordinary conversation; juries determine in impenetrable privacy on the lives, the fortunes, and the reputations of their fellow citizens; and the Senate of the United States discusses the most important questions that involve the policy of the nation, in the sacred security of secret session.

Why, then, from Masonry should this necessary safeguard be withheld? Why should that practice, which in all other institutions is considered right and proper, be only deemed improper when pursued by Masons? And why of all men, should we alone be disfranchised of the universal privilege to select our own confidants, and to conduct our own business in the way and manner which, without injury to others, we deem most beneficial to ourselves?

If by the charge of secrecy our opponents would accuse us of having invented and preserved certain modes of recognition confined to ourselves, and by which one Mason may know another in the dark as well as the light, while we willingly and proudly admit the accusation, we boldly deny the criminality of the practice. If in a camp surrounded by enemies it has always been deemed advisable to establish countersigns and watchwords, whereby the weary sentinel may be enabled to distinguish the friendly visit of a comrade from the hostile incursions of a foe, by a parity of reasoning every other association has an equal right to secure its privacy and confine its advantages, whatever they may be, within its own bosom, by the adoption of any system which will sufficiently distinguish those who are its members from those who are not.

When a University grants a diploma to its graduates, it but carries out this principle, and has furnished to each pupil, in the sheet of parchment which he receives, a mode of recognition by which in after times he may be enabled to prove his connection with the same, his Alma Mater.

The mode of recognition, or what is the same thing, the proof of membership furnished by Masonry to its disciples, differs

in no respect from this, except that it is far more perfect. The diploma which our institution bestows upon its disciples is far more enduring than a roll of parchment—time can never efface the imperishable characters inscribed upon it—neither moths nor rust can corrupt it, nor thieves break through and steal it. As fair and as legible after years of possession, as it was on the day of its reception, the zealous and attentive Mason carries it with him wherever he moves, and is ready at all times and in all places to prove by his unmistakable authority his claims to the kindness and protection of his brethren.

The secrecy of our mode of recognition is its safeguard. It furnishes each member of the Craft and the whole fraternity with a security against imposition, and by readily and certainly supplying a means of detection, it prevents the unprincipled and dishonest from falsely assuming the appearance of virtuous poverty, and thus preserve with the treasury of the society its charitable funds to be more appropriately bestowed upon the destitute brother, the distressed widow, and the helpless orphan.

As the watchword would cease to be a protection to the sleeping camp, if it were publicly announced at the head of the army, instead of being confined by a wise precaution to the guard on duty, so the secret mode of recognition among Masons, if promulgated to the world, would no longer enable us to detect impositions, or to aid true brethren. In this there can be no crime, for we thus invade no man's right, but only more securely protect our own.

But it is said that Freemasons have certain traditions, and practice certain ceremonies, which we religiously preserve from the knowledge of all but the initiated. But unless it would be proved that these traditions were corrupting, or those ceremonies licentious, we know not on what basis a charge of criminality could rest. Yet more: could it even be alleged that the former were imaginary, and the latter ludicrous, they still would be simply harmless. But when we know that with the one there is connected a vast fund of historical truth and legendary lore, and that the other symbolically communicates lessons profoundly moral and religious, we best secure their integrity and purity.

Were these secrets to be indiscriminately dispersed, they would soon lose their value—becoming familiar, they would cease to be important, and that which was no man's peculiar property, would find not one to protect it from corruption, or to preserve it from oblivion. If there be any suspicion that there are mysteries which are carefully covered with the veil of secrecy, we would state, that our doors, though closed to the unworthy, are ever open at the knocks of the deserving. To the good man and true, there need be no mysteries in Masonry with which he is unacquainted. If he be offended that he does not share our confidence, we say to him, approach the vestibule of our temple, show on your part a willingness to mingle in our devotions, and we will gladly embrace you as a fellow worshipper at our altar—to you we will readily impart what we have received, and with you, will investigate all the doctrines, ceremonies and symbols, which constitute the esoteric work of Freemasonry.

But if from indifference to truth, or an indisposition to investigate, you are unwilling to seek this entrance within our walls, then we demand of you in all fairness and candour, whether you are a Blanchard, or other narrow minded, or hypocritical canting knave, or otherwise, that you will at least cease to reproach or censure us for the exclusive possession of secrets in the ownership of which you yourself have refused to participate.

The principle that governs Freemasonry in all its branches in the distribution of its charities, and the exercise of all the friendly affections, is that which was laid down by St. Paul for the government of the infant church at Galatia; "As we have opportunity, therefore let us do good to all men, especially unto those who are of the household." This sentiment of preference for one's own household, thus sanctioned by apostolic authority, is the dictate of human nature, and the words of scripture find their echo in every heart. Blood is thicker than water, and those who have established the claim of worshipping at our altar, have established the higher claim of Masonic consanguinity.—*New York Dispatch.*

Monthly Odds and Ends.

A young man who belongs to a club where euchre is the principal intellectual study, took a young lady to church the other Sunday evening, and fell into a gentle dose before the minister had reached his "thirdlys." He cannot explain exactly how it happened, but just as the reverend gentleman said something about the "last trump," the young man earnestly ejaculated, "I'll go alone!" The young lady says the next time he can "go alone," for she won't go with him.

The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found, sure enough, where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it. "Madam," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said in the blandest manner. "Oh, I beg pardon! I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

A gawkey saw, for the first time, a school-girl going through some of her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing on her with looks of interest and commiseration for a while, he asked a boy near by "If that gal had fits?" "No," replied the lad contemptuously; "that's gymnastics." "Oh, 'tis they?" said the verdant; "how long has she had them?"

A waiter in a St. Louis restaurant was asked for a tooth pick by one of the patrons—he had just finished a bowl of oyster soup. "What do you want with a toothpick?" queried the waiter, who had cultivated considerable familiarity with all the customers. "I want to pick an oyster from my teeth." "Oh, no, you don't! There was only one oyster in that soup, and I ate that on my way from the kitchen!"

A young man in Indiana sues his father for loaned money, which the father claims was his own property. The father's counsel, in summing up the case of his client, remarked: "Twice has this prodigal returned to his father's house; twice has he been received with open arms; twice for him has the fatted calf been killed; and now he comes back and wants the old cow."

A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he doesn't have his own way there he won't stay long, I was thinking."