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A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The great event of the month has been the resignation by the Marquis of Ripon of his high office of Grand Master of English Freemasonry.

It appears that he has become a Roman Catholic, and has been received, the "Tablet" says, in the Oratory at Birmingham.

The "Times" is of opinion—and probably the "Times" is right—that, in the midst of the special and hostile policy of the Romish Church towards Freemasonry everywhere just now, a convert of such high rank and distinguished position as Lord Ripon would be required as a proof of his sincerity to take so marked a step.

We deeply deplore the fact itself on every account, and on every ground—public and private, social and Masonic. But there seems to be little practical good in "crying over spilt milk;" and probably in this, as in many other events in life, "the least said, the soonest mended." We can only record the fact with very sincere regret.

By the Book of Constitutions, the Past Grand Master becomes Ruler of the Craft until the next election. Our Royal Brother the Prince of Wales will be solicited by Grand Lodge to accept the Grand Mastership until the next regular election.

We omitted to state in our last what an admirable reception (save for one little untoward mistake), the Devonshire and Cornwall Prov. Grand Lodges had given our Royal Brother at Plymouth, on August 14th. Sixty-eight Lodges marched in procession, and it is calculated between 2,000 and 3,000 Masons were present.

The Grand Lodge (or Orient) of the Netherlands has prevailed upon their Grand Master, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands (now 77) still to continue in the office he has held for 57 years. He has consented to do so, and, we believe, much to the satisfaction of our Dutch brethren.

We purpose, as soon as the Calendars are out, to give a list of all the Grand Lodges in the world, with the number of Lodges; and though it would be very interesting, if possible, to ascertain the number also of Freemasons attached to our Grand Lodge, we fear that at present, owing to imperfect tabulation such an effort would not be crowned with anything like success, or correct as a statistical Return.

The voting papers for the two schools are out. The Girls' school election takes place October 10th, with 29 candidates and 15 to be elected. The Boys' school election takes place October 12th, with 44 candidates and 13 to be elected.

Editor.

THE AGE OF ANCIENT MASONIC MANUSCRIPTS.

BY A. F. A. WOODFORD, P.G.C.

I have read Bro. Norton's article on the question of the antiquity of MSS., in the last Magazine, and have thought it well, as he mentions my name more than once, to insert the following short paper on the subject.

We do not profess to encourage controversial articles in the Magazine, or to find room for statement and counter-statement, and therefore this little archæological contribution of mine must not be regarded by any as intended only as a rejoinder to Bro. Norton, but merely as clear and comprehensive a view of the present condition of the case, evidentially, as regards the Masonic MSS. as it is now possible to lay before the readers of the Magazine.

1. I do not profess to be able to follow the critical remarks of Bro. Norton on the age of the special MSS. he alludes to, as I cannot understand the grounds on which he arrives at the conclusions he announces to be his on the subject, and neither do I think that his criticism on the age of the MSS. is based on a very sure or safe foundation. From some remarks it is quite clear to me that Bro. Norton has never himself studied in the original the MSS. he treats upon, and until he has done so, as all experts would tell him, theories raised on "facsimiles" or printed copies are utterly valueless for any correct archæological or historical treatment of such evidences.

We must always bear in mind that a good many things, so to say, go together, and decide the question of the real antiquity of MSS.

There are many peculiarities, for instance, in both the appearance and character of MSS., which strike at once the eye of the expert student, as indubitable signs of special epochs, and such "indiciæ" are not reproducible in printed works, and nothing is so dangerous as to argue or dogmatize about the age of MSS. which you have not seen and carefully studied in their original form and fashion.

Bro. Norton apparently is anxious to establish that we in England, having the MSS., to study and collate, have by some mistaken theories of our own, exaggerated the antiquity of our MS. authorities, whereas he in America, from the published copies of them he has seen, is prepared to fix their true dates considerably later. As far as I am concerned myself, I entirely repudiate any wish to give any antiquity to our Masonic MSS. which "experts" will not equally grant, and I have studied them and compared them most carefully, with an honest desire after accuracy and truth.

Let us take, first of all, the famous Masonic Poem!

I have before stated that the MS. is, in my humble opinion, a 14th century MS., and in this, if I do err, I err in very good company, as Casley and Halliwell, and Mr. Wallbran were all of the same opinion.

It is true that Mr. Bond of the British Museum, a high authority, states that in his opinion the MS. Poem is of the early part of the 15th century; but even supposing the 14th century character of the MS. should be successfully invalidated, no one can possibly make the poem later than the early part of the 15th century.

I have recently been reading some of the valuable publications of the "Early Text Society," and have made a somewhat curious discovery. Among their reprints is one called "Instructions for Parish Priests, by John Myrc."

John Myrc was Canon of Lilleshall in Shropshire, a house founded by Richard de Belmeis, between 1144 and 1148, for a body of Arroasian Canons,

a branch of the Canons Regular of St. Austin, and who took their name from the city of Arras in France, where they were originally founded.

Myrc tells us he translated his poem from a Latin work, termed "Pars Oculi," but which so far has not been verified, though other books it seems mistakingly have been identified with it, as John de Burgo's, "Pupilla Oculi," and the "Manuale Sacerdotis" of John Miræus.

The editor of the work for the English Text Society states that the date of the MS. is "not later than 1450," "perhaps a little earlier," "but the language is of a somewhat older date."

Of this MS. only three copies exist, so far known—one in the British Museum, and two in the Bodlieian Library.

Now in this poem I have discovered, that from line 268, to line 300, his words are almost an exact counterpart of the Masonic Poem, as will be seen by the parallel extract I propose to give in our archæological corner as soon as may be. Curiously enough the Masonic expression of line 655 Masonic Poem is not found in Myrc's version.

There are some other lines here and there which are very much alike, and betray a common parentage. It is not quite clear that Myrc was the transcriber, though the author of the Poem. The final sentence tells us that the "tractatus qui dicitur 'Pars-oculi' de latino in anglicum, translatus per fratrem Johannem Myrcus Canonicum regularem Monasterii de Lylleshall," and then is added, "cujus animæ propitieter Deus. Amen."

This may be a personal entreaty of Myrc himself, or it may be an aspiration of a transcriber, which is far more likely, and we have no direct evidence when Myrc did translate the poem.

In all probability the writer of the Masonic Poem had seen another copy of Myrc's Poem, as there are one or two variations in the versions.

This in itself is interesting, as showing the bonâ fide character of the Masonic MS. Poem, and that its antiquity may be fairly placed clearly at the end of the 14th or beginning of the 15th century.

2. But Mr. Bond has also raised the antiquity of the Additional MS., which I will now consider.

Principally on Bro. Mathew Cooke's opinion, that MS. has generally been placed about 100 years later than the poem, though, to say the truth, I don't know exactly why.

The "Polychronicon" to which frequent references are made, was printed in 1482, and we have accepted the date as 1490 of the additional MS., though, when I saw the MS., I remember pointing out that it might be any part of the 15th century.

Mr. Bond seems to make it and the poem nearly contemporary, which fact if accepted, alters necessarily a good deal of our preconceived opinions and views as to the actual character of the MS.

Any very imaginative views about the additional MS. being the production of a Protestant are of course utterly swept away, as they were very much always of the cobweb school.

3. Dowland's form is a very remarkable form, of which the original has not so far been traced.

I have always said, and still say, on the authority of Mr. Wallbran, that the language is older language than that of any other form so far known, except the Poem and the Additional MS.

Let any one take it and collate it with the Lansdowne or the Harleian, or the Sloane, or the Antiquity, or the York, and he will see at once what I mean.

Its printed date is we know most late, and though Mr. Dowland gives the MS. a 17th century date, one should like to see the original.

We have been told in one printed copy of a Constitution, that it was 500 years old, and we know it to be among the Harleian MSS., and as I prefer my own eyes to that of Mr. Dowland or anybody else, until I see the original,

I shall accept the date from internal evidence, as the beginning of the 16th century.

With regard to Sloane 3329, I myself believe that though transcribed about 1715, it is a copy from a much earlier MS. of date the early part of the 17th century.

Mr. Sims states distinctly that the language is earlier that the 17th century, and I still adhere to the opinion expressed by Mr. Wallbran on this MS. I have simply confined myself to an archæological consideration of the MSS., and have excluded all extraneous matter, and have looked at the question simply from an "expert" view of the case. We need not go out of our way to introduce into the case any fancies or sensational topics, as Freemasonry has suffered too much from an unscientific treatment of her evidences, her documents, her history, and her archæology.

I have merely considered the MSS. as a student of MSS. would regard them, with no "arriere pensee" or favour of this view or the other; and, as far as I have been able to come to a conclusion, after some years of very careful study and thought, I have no hesitation in saying to-day, that, any attempt to question or reduce the antiquity of our Masonic MSS. is alike idle and hopeless, useless in aim, and unscientific in treatment, and entirely opposed both to the conclusions of the "expert," and the safe canons of a true criticism.

A chemist in Albany, a few days ago, expatiating on the late discoveries in chemical science, observed that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present, at this remark, observed "that truly chemistry was a valuable science," and, anxious that the discovery might be made profitable, inquired of the orator what number of snowballs would be sufficient to boil a tea-kettle?

THE NEW MORALITY.

(*Continued from page* 70.)

Come then, Religion, from thy peaceful shade,
Draw near in loving accents to upbraid;
Approach, in all th' engaging power of love,
And shed on earth thy radiance from above;
Unfold, in tender voice and mystic lore,
Those truths we once so happily learnt before,
And as thy healing words prevail around,
And kindly echoes swell the gentle sound,
May all thy sacred, saving influence own,
And in their hearts thy precepts sage enthrone,
As now they see the error of their way,
And hail in transport thy all brighter day.
And in thy train let Innocence appear,
A guest long wanted. often sought for here
In vain. At last may holy truth prevail,
Nor base chicanery the right assail;
May loving trust, may honesty profound
Light up the ruins on this earthly ground
Of many a moral building sadly low,
Where vice and cunning in profusion flow;
Where knavish artifice, like rankest weeds,
Here but too often in this life succeeds,
And spoils the crop, and most luxuriant grows
On this great field of life, in flowery rows,
So much so, that to the unskilful eye,
The tares seem wheat to many a passer by!
Alas! for us in this old land of fame,
Of glorious memories, of unspotted name,
Why should we witness with a grovelling day,
Old truths, old right, old honour pass away?
Why should we in this maddening rage for gold,
Admire the flaunting new, despise the old?
Why should we barter of truth and trust the power,
For the lip-service of a faithless hour?
So then, fair Innocence, once more draw near,
Visit these scenes of wrong, these sights of fear,
And round thy march may calm Religion throw
The happiest impulse of her purest glow!
Then we shall see, as fraud and craft depart,
How true is still the teaching of the heart;
How mercifully to man by God are given,
Amid life's toiling cares some hopes of heaven,
Some visions of a peaceful hour, thoughts all pure,
The anxious conscience, the conviction sure,
Until to us there comes, in startling fear,
The awful sense of God's dread presence near.
O blessedness for us, if Innocence at last
Shall o'er our minds its balmy influence cast!
At her approach, in all its dark disguise,
Cunning departs; deceit and heartless lies
Leave us for aye, and will and conscience free
From guile at last, O gladdening sight to see,
Our mortal race, in confidence and trust,
No longer vanquished by corrupting dust,
Casts all its shackles hence for evermore,
For it hath reached at last a sinless shore,
Where incorruption dwells, where trial's done,
Man and his Maker are once more ever one.
O far-off scene of a dear happy time,
O pleasant prospect in an age of crime!
Thou still canst soften and transport to-day
Our grieving minds to bliss yet far away;
Thou still canst offer to faith's ecstatic eye,
An hour of love, of rest, of peace of victory;

When the great struggle o'er, the heart at rest,
Thy people find the haven of the blest!
Now all is changed, our earth has ceased to be
Of sin and shame the sad epitome;
But sacred Law, in all its glorious might,
Asserts one ceaseless rule of hallowed right.
No more shall then some dull knave here succeed,
By hateful fraud, by many a prurient deed,
To shock the pure, the kind, the good to grieve,
Around the innocent a web to weave
Of treachery's lure; to harass, to debase,
Some unoffending mortal of our race;
Or with a brazen front, corruption's price,
Bring in a sad regime of lies and vice.
And then, as we believe, a gentler scene,
Will soon dispel the wrongs that here have been;
When, war-cries hush'd, and hostile banners furl'd,
The peace of Heaven falls upon the world,
And deeds of misery and wasting all are o'er,
Revenge and malice are prevalent no more,
Hatred's forgotten, bitterness unknown,
And clouds and blinding mists for ever flown,
A peaceful world, in gentlest array,
Hails the eternal dawn of an eternal day!
But must we wait till then? Cannot before
We stand all loving on you tranquil shore,
This world of ours, amid its scenes of strife,
Know something here of man's all purer life?
O yes, we say, one day—we know not when—
Fair Innocence shall smile on us again,
And gentle trust and loving faith appear,
And sympathy engaging, lowly fear;
And then on us shall dawn a radiant day,
The New Morality has passed away!
For man at last is longing all to own
His brethren's rights, as dear as are his own.
And so in peaceful guise and graceful mien
Our world is manifested. No more are seen
The baser struggles of the fleeting hour;
No more the accusing conscience oft must cower,
Or specious hypocrite, or the faithless friend,
Those weary heartaches which will never end;
But ours is perfect calm and peaceful joy,
Love without wavering, trust without alloy;
No more of tainted enterprise, of lawless will,
The deed of treachery, the voice of ill,
Slander's unheard of, mendacity is o'er,
The dangerous tongue is still to wound no more,
Warfare is ended, all angry tumults cease,
We are now beneath, thank God, the reign of Heavenly peace!

L'Envoi.

May, then, these lines recall to many still,
Amid the scenes and words of present ill,
Amid that sorry lust for sordid gold,
Mid startling violence, hearts all dead and cold,
Mid vice bedizened in unsham'd array,
Which stalks complacent before our eyes to-day;
Amidst the words and ways of noisy wrong,
The sophist's paradox, and the syren's song,
One path alone of virtue and of peace,
Of trust and tenderness as years increase,
Can lead us safely o'er the weary road,
To happier hours, to that blessed abode,
Where fond hearts meet at last, all safe above,
When time has ceased to be, and all is endless love!

MENTOR.

CELIA'S MOTH.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

"There he is, in the candle again!" exclaimed Celia, stopping her needles and whisking the half-finished stocking at a circling moth obstinately bent on perishing in the flame. "I wonder what moths were made for?—stupid things!"

"Made for the candle, perhaps," said Rory, with a peculiar inflection of his lazy voice.

Celia gave him an impatient glance, but resumed her knitting without answering.

"It's all very well to call them stupid," continued Rory presently, "but, if the truth were told, don't you suppose the candle likes the game, too?"

"No, I don't," answered Celia, shortly.

"Well, you ought to know," said Rory, with that queer accent again.

Celia threw down her knitting-work a second time. "I declare, Rory," she cried, "I won't be hinted at like this!"

"What can I do but hint—if you won't let me speak out?" said Rory.

"Well, speak out, then; make an end of it; maybe it's better so," said Celia.

Rory's reply to this was to get up and come around the table to where Celia sat; whereupon Celia, in her turn, quietly slipped round and seated herself in his empty chair. Rory did not dare to follow, but he looked at her in a discomfited and imploring way that raised the ghost of a smile upon her hitherto stern little mouth. But she immediately became judge-like again.

"Now, just sit down there," she said, "and say out what you have got to say."

"What's the use," muttered Rory, sulky at being out-manœuvred. "You know it just as well as I do."

"Know *what?* Say it out, I tell you!"

"Why that I—that you—O Celia! that I love you so much I *can't* say it!" cried Rory, a sudden boyish gush of tenderness melting through the little crust.

Here Celia dropped one of her knitting-needles, dived down for it, and came up with a red face. But her reply was practical in the extreme.

"Well, suppose you do, what does it amount to? I wouldn't marry a shirk, anyway."

This time it was into Rory's dark face that the blood flew, and he bit his lip. Celia's word had stung deeper than she knew, or meant, perhaps.

"What would you have me do?" he said at last.

"Anything!" answered Celia, energetically. "Get a hammer and break stones on the road would be better than nothing."

"But why should I work, since my father left me enough—"

"Why should you work?" interrupted Celia. "Why, for the sake of working. Yes, I know—more's the pity; your father did leave you just enough to dawdle along. Yes, you do dawdle, Rory—no use scowling like that; what else can you call the way you've spent your time ever since you came home? When it's rainy, you dawdle off with a fishing-rod; and, when it's pleasant, you dawdle under the trees with a book all day long; and then in the evening—"

"In the evening I dawdle round the candle," completed Rory, sarcastically.

"Yes, exactly; and I can tell you, Rory, the candle *doesn't* like it!"

"Doesn't it?" said Rory, getting up. "Well, good-night, then, candle; I won't dawdle round you any more this evening, anyhow!" With this speech he took his six feet of laziness out of the room.

Celia stopped the click of her needles, and listened for his tread on the stairs. She did not hear it, but what she did hear next minute was the outside door closing with a bang that indicated Master Rory to be in no very gentle mood. A smile and then a little frown came over Celia's face.

"Where is he off to now, I wonder?" she said to herself, not condescending, however, to go to the window and see what direction the truant was taking. "To Susy Tibbets', perhaps; he has done that once or twice before when I put him out—and he was put out to-night! Well, I can't help it; I can't see him running to waste so, and hold my tongue. If he chooses to revenge himself by going to Susy Tibbets', why, he must, that's all. I suppose he won't expect me to sit up for him; he knows there's the pantry-window for folks that stay out late courting."

But Rory had not gone to Susy Tibbets', albeit certain of being suffered there to hover round the candle as long and close as he liked. He had gone down to the mill-stream, to a mossy stone where he had been wont, as Celia said, to dawdle with a fishing-rod; but there was no fishing-rod in his hand now, and no dawdling in his mood either. That word "shirk" was still rankling within him: it was not by any means the first time that Celia had scolded him for being lazy, but that epithet somehow seemed to point and drive home the reproach in quite a new way.

Rory was lazy, there is no denying that. You saw it in the languid grace of his well-developed figure; in the peculiar curve of his lips; in the very way in which the heavy lids rose slowly from his eyes, as if it were hardly worth the trouble; in motion and outline, as in colouring, the Southern mother was betrayed in him. Yet, underlying all the tropical warmth and softness, was the firmer stratum that came from his New-England ancestry on the other side; and, just as you were surprised, when the black lashes were lifted, to see a pair of deep-blue eyes set in the olive face, so you were surprised sometimes to see those large, sleepy eyes kindle into a keenness of comprehension and energy foreign to his whole exterior. To repeat, the rock lay under all, only it lay so deep that it was seldom touched. But it had been touched to-night. He had left Celia in one of those flashes of anger not at all unusual with him; but he seated himself now on the stone by the mill-brook, with an uncommonly well-defined purpose of thinking it all out: "it" being Celia, himself, and his own position with regard to her and things in general.

What that was does not require many words to explain. Rory—and here it may be remarked that he did not owe his Irish name to any Irish blood, but to the inability of one of his father's farm-hands to—as he phrased it—get his tongue round the little fellow's name. For Captain Trent, with that peculiar taste in nomenclature not infrequently to be observed in the New-Englander born and bred, had called his boy Rosario, after the South-American settlement, where he had met his wife; and, this appellation being unmanageable to more tongues than Pat McGinnis', that worthy's solution of the difficulty had been speedily adopted by everybody. Rory Trent, then, was the orphan son of a South American Spaniard and a roving New-Englander, who had

been a sailor and a little of every thing else before becoming a settler in Buenos Ayres, where he made considerable money in sheep, which he afterwards lost in speculation. Shortly after his marriage, the fancy took him to return to his native town, which he accordingly did, richer than when he left it by a wife and a fortune. But he did not retain either very long. The dark-eyed Peruvian pined and drooped in that uncongenial air; and, before the village folk were tired of gossiping about her outlandish garb and ways, one bleak November day they were bidden to a hushed assembly, where "the foreign woman" lay, rigid enough now, her outlandish garb exchanged for colourless grave-clothes; then the black, frozen sods of the little New-England cemetery closed over the stranger from the far-away land of the vine and the palm, and there was nothing left to tell of her save that mound and a motherless little boy.

Captain Trent followed his wife before many years, but not until he had succeeded in making ducks and drakes of his recently acquired money by rash speculation, and the undertaking of New-England farming on a South American scale, with the result to be expected from more zeal than discretion. That accomplished—concluding, perhaps, that he had about exhausted this world—he betook himself to another, leaving Rory with the wreck of his property—just enough, as Celia had said, to let him dawdle along through life. Boy and property were confided to the care of the captain's half-brother, Jacob Wetherell, who was to give the lad a home during his minority, send him to college—this being expressly stipulated by the testator, with the exaggerated ideas of the advantages of that institution peculiar to those who have not shared them—and be altogether a father to the fatherless boy.

The provision of the will had been duly carried out: Rory, grown up, had passed his four years within the university walls, and left them the wiser, no doubt, by all that experience of prank-playing and authority-cheating which are among the benefits of a collegiate course. Otherwise, it cannot be said that he had particularly distinguished himself. He had just graduated, and returned home at the age of twenty-two, healthy, handsome, and lazy, with his life all before him, and no apparent notion of what to do with it beyond smoking, idling, and making love, in season and out of season, to his cousin Celia Wetherell.

As for this last pastime, no one, seeing Celia, would be disposed to blame him. She was the type we all know in New England, and shall hardly meet with out of it: a mixture of fun and gravity, sentiment and shrewdness; so pretty it seemed that she must be good for nothing, and so capable one felt that she ought to be ugly; kind, keen, and clever; fresh and sweet as an opening brier-rose, with all the rose's bloom, and some of its thorns—as luckless Rory could testify. Occupied herself from morning till night, she looked with extreme disfavour on his purposeless existence, as she regarded it. But then, as it happened, he had one purpose, and that was to make her his wife; so, when she said to-night, with such uncompromising plainness, that she would never marry a shirk, the words went straight home as no others could have done. He could not get rid of them; the mill-current seemed to ripple to their tune; they formed the basis both of the thoughts, of anger and mortification, that ran through his mind while he sat on the stone thinking it out, and of the plan that had taken shape before he returned home to let himself in at the pantry-window, unheard by anybody but Celia, who, though she would not sit up for folk that stayed out late courting, nevertheless did not sleep till she had heard said folk come in.

The next morning at breakfast Rory astonished his uncle Jacob by inquiring if there were not some books of his father's on South America somewhere about the house.

"I guess so," answered the old farmer, intent on the carving of a pink-and-white ham, artistically picked out with black-pepper spots. "But what do you want of South-American books, hey, Rory?"

"Only because I'm going there myself," was Rory's startling answer.

Celia improvidently dropped five large lumps of sugar one after another into her father's coffee-cup, and the old man himself left the knife quivering half-way in the ham.

"*You* going to South America!" he repeated, wrinkling up his eyebrows, the better to stare at Rory. "Why, bless the boy, he ain't waked up yet!"

"On the contrary, Uncle Jacob, I've just waked up," answered Rory, with a side glance at Celia. "And quite time, too. I must see something of the world, you know; of course I can't be always hanging round here doing nothing."

Considering that, at that time yesterday, Rory had not appeared to find the slightest difficulty in such a mode of life, it was no wonder if Uncle Jacob was somewhat surprised by the decided way in which this statement was advanced. But, as his nephew stuck to this plan, the old man, too, was soon brought round to regard it as, on the whole, an excellent idea. So the thing was settled, and Rory, with an eager energy which Uncle Jacob declared he had not thought was in the boy, set about his preparations forthwith, and gave no rest to himself or anybody else till all was ready.

"Good-bye, Celia," he said, as he held his cousin's hand at the moment of departure. "The moth's going where he won't trouble you again for one while, at any rate! The Lord knows if I'll ever come back, but, whatever happens, whether I *live* or *die*, you sha'n't call me a shirk again." Then he looked at her with his great, pleading, deep-blue eyes, which said all that pride tied his tongue from saying, kissed her thrice passionately, and was gone.

Celia, perhaps, if she could have ordered all exactly to her liking, would not have had her moth fly quite so far off, but she was not one to look back, her hand once put to the plough; she had spoken for Rory's good, come what might of it; if he was thereby lost to her, at least he was gained to himself, as she believed, and she was not going to regret her work because it had worked out beyond her anticipation. So she kept on cheerily along the round of her daily duties, those multifarious cares known only to farmers' wives and daughters, who, whatever happens, must be prepared for seed-time and harvest. Celia was as capable a little mistress as ever lived, and her quick eye and step pervaded the house like a spring breeze; she was here, there and everywhere, providing for the men, overseeing the maids, scolding them, too, sometimes, no doubt, all through the week, and then on Sundays ready in her place in the choir, with a voice and face as fresh as her go-to-meeting best, laid up in lavender and rose-leaves; leading, in short, the good, old-fashioned, orthodox village life, including, perhaps, the "sparkling" who knows? for she was not only the prettiest girl in town, but an only child, whose father possessed substantial charms of another sort.

Rory, meanwhile, was doing well "over there," as they called the great, far-away tropical country, whose distance in crossing he seemed somehow to have bridged over for those left behind in the red house under the Northern pines and maples. He had been very lucky, he wrote, in the partnership into which he had entered; was not making money with a rush exactly, but was certainly not losing it; was getting very rich in experience if not in gold. His letters were assuredly prosaic enough, they dealt less with description than with facts, and with sentiment least of all; the wildest stretch of imagination could not have made them into love-letters: they might have been read aloud on town-meeting day without raising a blush on Celia's cheek. Yet still there was always some allusion which nobody but herself could understand, something which, without any direct appeal, was meant to refresh old memories which might yet be alive in her heart. So at least the girl fancied, until she remarked certain other allusions, more frequent of late, to the cousin he had found over there, the cousin Juanita, who owned miles of vineyard, who had the largest eyes and the smallest feet, and was the best *bolero*-dancer of all the senoritas in that whole region. Then a doubt gradually formed itself in Celia's mind, a doubt strengthened by the innocent comment of Uncle Jacob, who had no more notion of any special tenderness between his daughter and his nephew than if they had been a pair of lovers in the moon instead of right under his silver-bowed spectacles. "The boy's following in his father's track," chuckled the worthy man, and in her heart Celia believed that her father was right. Then, over her knitting, she would try to make a picture for herself of Juanita, as she looked dancing that outlandish but no doubt bewitching dance, the bolero, and the Spanish girl's black eyes would flash and her little feet twinkle curiously all through the staid New-England conversation, till, finally, when Mark Wilson, or young Dr. Heath, or Lewis Saunderland from over the hill,

had said good-night and gone away, Celia would betake herself to her chamber, there to piece out the broken images again in dreams, and fancy she heard Rory's rich voice singing serenades under the thick-blossomed creepers, and saw the gleam of gold in Juanita's black cloud of tresses, till she started suddenly broad awake, with the sun in her eyes, and Peter's whistle in her ears, as he went out to fodder the cattle in the early morning. Then she would half smile as she rose and made her simple but dainty toilet, and, standing before the glass, shook loose over her face the thick waving locks that needed no foreign ornaments to give them the gleam of gold; then she would go lightly downstairs, for she must set the whole household machinery in motion, she must see that others ate and drank, and she must eat and drink herself; and, amid her multiplicity of occupations, she had no time to pine or pale, and so the new day would wear pleasantly enough to a close, like those that had gone before, and should follow after it.

So four years slipped away, and then—Rory came home, suddenly, without a word of warning: he wanted to give them a surprise, he said. And a huge surprise it was; only, after a little, he had dropped so completely into his old place, that it seemed as if he had never been away. So said Uncle Jacob.

"You ain't a bit changed, not a bit," went on the old man. "You're brown enough—yes, but then you always was coffee-colour you know, Rory, hey?"

"Yes, I know," answered Rory, returning the old man's laugh. "But I am changed for all that, Uncle Jacob. Ask Celia."

"Well, well, perhaps you be, perhaps you be," said the old man. "My eyes ain't what they were—nor my glasses neither. I shall have to buy a new pair, I guess." But the change in his nephew was one which no new pair of glasses—nor even of eyes, unless they had been Celia's—would have enabled Jacob to see.

"S'pose we sha'n't keep you long," continued he, presently. "You'll be in a hurry to get back again?"

"No, Uncle Jacob," answered Rory; "I've come home for good. I mean to try to turn to account here what I've managed to pick up out there."

"Aha! didn't I say so? Going to do just as his father did!" chuckled the old farmer, oblivious apparently of the fact that neither his father's agricultural nor matrimonial ventures had thriven in transplanting. "But you'll have to go back, though, to fetch your bride. When's it to be, eh, lad? when's the wedding coming off?"

"The wedding," repeated Rory, dreamily; then, with a start and a smile, "Oh, sometime next year, I expect."

"Then it really was to be," thought Celia, as she watched Rory's unconscious face. How strange that she, *she* should have been the one to send him half across the world to find a wife in this unknown cousin, who otherwise would doubtless have remained unknown to him for ever. Well, she did it for the best, she told herself, as often before, but this time she could not thus console herself quite so readily. And just then Rory's eyes turned suddenly full upon her, and she blushed guiltily, and got up and went into the kitchen, remembering all at once that Nancy Walsh was a raw girl, and was probably spoiling whatever she had in hand.

Two or three days passed by much as of old.

"Do you expect anybody to-night, Celia?" asked Rory one evening.

"No, not that I know of," answered Celia, rather in surprise; "why?"

"Nothing, only as Dr. Heath was here last night, and Lewis Saunderland the night before, and Mark Wilson the night before that, I was wondering if you had one for every evening in the week?"

"What nonsense, Rory!" said Celia, turning away in search of something in her work-basket.

"Is it nonsense?" said Rory. "I'm sure I hope so, for then we have a prospect of a quiet evening."

A very quiet evening they seemed to have a prospect of, for it was a long time before either of them spoke a word. They sat opposite each other, with the light-stand between, Celia knitting, and Rory lazily watching her quick little fingers fly in and out among the needles. Both, perhaps, thought of just such an evening four years before.

"There's your moth back again, Celia," said Rory, suddenly.

Celia looked up with a start, first at Rory, then at a large moth circling uncertainly round the candle-wick.

"Yes, but he's grown shy; he'll be off again in a minute," said the girl, unconsciously following out the thought in her mind.

"What odds will you bet on that!" asked Rory.

"Betting is wrong," said Celia, demurely.

"Not between cousins," returned Rory, with equal gravity. "This coral-headed pin of mine to—let me see—to that rose in your hair, that Mr. Moth stays and singes himself?"

Celia did not refuse, and silence consenteth. They kept quiet, and watched and waited.

Not for very long. The winged simpleton advanced, retreated, advanced nearer, executed a few zigzag flights and eccentric curves, then made a blind dash at the flame, and fell scorched on the table.

"Well?" said Rory, coming round to Celia, and his eyes looked straight into hers, while he detached the rose. That required time and patience, for it was a thorny bud, and, by the time Rory had finished, one of his fingers were bleeding.

"You pay dear for your whistle," said Celia.

"No dearer then I expected," answered Rory. "I knew it was a brier-rose," and again he looked at her. He did not go back to his former seat then, but drew a chair beside her, and leaning his elbow on the table where the moth was still feebly fluttering,

"Poor old fellow!" said Rory, looking down at it with a queer smile, "come and die in honey." And he picked it up, and placed it on the rose-leaves. "Moths like roses, too," he said.

"You're thinking of butterflies," said Celia, knitting most industriously.

"What's the difference?" said Rory.

"Oh, I don't know—ever so much!"

"Well, yes, so much, at any rate, butterflies are rovers and moths are constant—to the candle."

There was another long pause.

"Do you remember just such an evening as this four years ago, Celia," said Rory, at last, "when you called me a shirk, and sent me about my business?"

"Oh, Rory!" said Celia, reproachfully, "I did hope you wouldn't remember all my silly speeches against me."

"*Against* you!" repeated Rory. "Those were the kindest words you ever spoke to me. Made a man of me. Came just in time, too, for a little longer, and I should have settled down into a regular village lounger—like old Tim Wiley, perhaps—hanging about the stores, sitting on molasses-barrels, and drinking old Jamaica. Might have come to that, who knows?"

Both laughed.

"But, Celia," said Rory, presently, "I'm not a shirk now, and—is there any chance for me. You know you're all the world to me, dear."

The transition from molasses to sentiment was so abrupt that it confused Celia for a moment. Then she remembered Juanita, and her lips compressed. How dare Rory play with her like that?

"Rory," she said, quickly, "you ought not to talk so to me."

"Why not?" said unabashed Rory.

"Oh!—you know."

"No, I don't. Is it Dr. Heath or Lew——?"

"No, no! But—ar'n't you going to marry your cousin?"

"I hope so!" said Rory, fervently.

"Well, then!"

"Well," repeated Rory, "what of that?"

"What of that!" echoed Celia, with a wondering glance at him, as if to make sure he had not been taking just a drop of old Tim Wiley's specific—"why, you can't marry two people, and you know you said yourself the wedding would be next year?"

"Oh! you're thinking of Juanita? Yes, but her wedding won't be mine, you know?"

"Not—yours—?"

"Of course not! She's going to marry a Spanish fellow as light-heeled as she is. They danced into love together, and now they're going to dance into matrimony."

"Oh!" Scarcely to save her life could Celia have spoken more than one word, nor have looked up into the dusky blue eyes she felt were waiting for hers.

"Did you think *Juanita* was the cousin I hoped to marry?" said Rory, in a lower voice. "I've got another cousin—Cel—'

Silence; and Celia knitting as if for a wager. Rory leaned forward and captured both her hands in defiance of the darting

needle-points and the imminent risk of another wounded finger. "Celia," said he, "is it Dr. Heath or I?"

"It's—not Dr. Heath—" said Celia, and then knitting and needles became entangled in hopeless confusion, and I am afraid some of the stitches in that stocking had to be taken over again.

* * * * * * *

"Talking of Juanita, Celia," said Rory, bye-and-bye, "as I told you, your packing me off was the making of me; but, all the same, wasn't it something of a risk? How did you know but I *might* have turned out a butterfly instead of a moth?"

"No danger," laughed Celia, ignoring all her previous doubts and fears. "Once a moth, always a moth!"

Rory answered this saucy speech as it deserved. But his reply cannot be set down on paper.—*Michigan Freemason.*

A DREAM OF FAIR FACES.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Where is Ethelinda?
Married in the city.
Where is Dulcibella?
Gone! ah, more's the pity!
Where is little Minnie?
On a Scottish moor.
Where is laughing Clara?
At Ferozepore.

Where is cheery Phillis?
In Pacific seas.
Where is stately Margaret?
All at home at ease.
Where's melodious Myrrha?
In a far Welsh vale.
Where is gentle Carry?
Just about to sail.

Where is blue-ey'd Annie?
A happy Parson's wife.
Where is fast Diana?
In the country life.
Where is long-hair'd Lotty?
In Upper Grosvenor Street.
Where is gleaming Kitty?
Riding to the meet.

Where is Theodora?
On a Yorkshire wold.
Where is prim Priscilla?
Getting very old.
Where is our Matilda,
With her babies three?
Where is pensive Ethel?
Fishing in the Dee.

Where is pleasant Lucy?
In fair Naples' bay.
Where is gold-hair'd Edith?
On the Appian way.
Where is tender Sophy?
Teaching in a school.
Where is jesting Ida?
O'er a sisterhood in rule.

Where is bonnie Alice?
In the Manor hall.
Where is plump old Bessie?
At the Staubbach's Fall.
Where is smiling Constance?
Giving her first rout.
Where is flirting Fanny?
With a daughter coming out.

Ah! far away, far away,
Are those fair mates of mine,
On whom, in other happier days,
Far brighter suns could shine;
But still as pleasant visions,
Their shadows still are here,
Their forms are very fragrant,
Their memories very dear.

Yes; all those loving faces,
Warm hearts and sunny eyes,
Which filled my heart in other days
With a dream that never dies,
Are even now before me,
Though in this older day,
And though their tender gracefulness
Is in the far away!

CÆLEBS.

A City meeting was once held to receive a report from missionaries sent to discover the lost tribes of Israel, and Lord H. took the chair. "I take," said he, "a great interest in your researches, gentlemen. The fact is, I have borrowed money from all the Jews now known, and if you can find a new set I shall feel very much obliged."

CHARLES DICKENS—A LECTURE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Delivered at the Working Mens' College, Ipswich, President, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

LORD JOHN HERVEY, IN THE CHAIR.

My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen,—As this is my third appearance amongst you in the character of a lecturer, I can hardly call myself a stranger, or apologise for coming before you to amuse and perchance instruct.

And yet I should hesitate to call myself your teacher, for I daresay there are many here who know more about the subject of my lecture than I myself; doubtless many who could put in better form the stray thoughts that I have sketched down at random as they come concerning the great novelist who has gone to "the bourne from whence no traveller returns." Your kind reception on former occasions emboldens me to hope, however, that you will listen patiently to what I have to say, that you will judge leniently of the speaker and his shortcomings, whilst he endeavours to lay before you a brief outline of the life of a great man, and so by kindly sympathy, help him to draw some mutual lessons of self-help from the career of one who was a true exemplar "of the nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil."

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth in the year 1812. He was the son of Mr. John Dickens, a member of the Civil Service, who held a position as a clerk in the Navy Pay Department. At the close of the war, Mr. Dickens retired on a pension, and came to London as Parliamentary reporter for one of the daily papers. From "Men of the Time," we gather that his son Charles was placed as a clerk in an attorney's office; but a strong literary bias led to his obtaining soon after an engagement as a reporter on the staff of the "Morning Chronicle," then in the zenith of its fame, under Mr. John Black.

Mr. Augustus Sala, his henchman, who has written an admiring and admirable sketch of his friend and master, also speaks of his entering a lawyer's office, but seems equally ignorant with the author of the biographical notice I have quoted of Charles Dickens' earlier history. Sala alludes to the report, which he ridicules, that David Copperfield is in some parts autobiographical; but in doing so he only shows that he is ignorant of what Dickens himself kept secret, his early struggles with fortune, the trouble and neglect of which he was the innocent victim.

Turning to Forster's admirable life of the great novelist, we come upon a pitiful story of his wrongs, and at once discover the orign of his sympathy with the suffering, the outcast, the oppressed; at once find out the secret of his realistic pictures of poverty. By the way, he wrote a tragedy when he was quite a child, called Misnar, and used to sing comic songs wonderfully well. He was taken early to the theatre at Chatham, and he used to say that frequent visits revealed to him many wondrous things, even at his early age, of which not the least terrific were that the witches in Macbeth bore an awful resemblance to the Thanes and other inhabitants of Scotland, and that the good King Duncan couldn't rest in his grave, but was constantly coming out of it, and calling himself somebody else.

He went to a school in Clover-lane, Chatham, kept by a Mr. Giles, a Baptist Minister, where Forster describes him as a sensitive, thoughtful, feeble-bodied little boy, with an unusual sort of knowledge and fancy for such a child,

and with a dangerous kind of wandering intelligence that a teacher might turn to good or evil, happiness or misery, as he directed it. The influence of Mr. Giles appears to have been favourable, and Dickens himself remembered in after years, and not ungratefully, that his past schoolmaster had pronounced him to be a boy of capacity. He used to remember that it was in the playing field close to the school that he "first heard in confidence from one whose father was greatly connected 'being under government,' of the existence of a terrible banditti called the *radicals*, whose principles were that the Prince Regent wore stays, that nobody had a right to any salary, and that the army and navy ought to be put down, horrors at which he trembled in his bed, after supplicating that the radicals might be speedily *taken and hanged.*"

When he was about nine his father was recalled from Chatham to Somerset House. The earliest impressions received and retained by him in London were his father's money involvements, and how first he heard mentioned the deed representing that crisis in his father's affairs in fact which is described in *fiction* to Mr. Micawber. He knew it in later days to have been a composition with creditors; though at this earlier date he was conscious of having confounded it with parchments of a much more demoniacal description. One result from the awful document soon showed itself in family retrenchment. The family now moved to Bayham-street, Camden Town. The house Forster describes as a mean small tenement, with a wretched little back garden, abutting on a squalid court. A washerwoman lived next door, a Bow-street officer over the way. Charles Dickens seemed at once to fall into a solitary condition apart from all other boys of his own age, and to sink into a neglected state at home. "As I thought," he said on one occasion very bitterly to Forster, "in the little back garret in Bayham-street, of all I had lost in losing Chatham, what would I not have given, if I had had anything to give, to have been sent back to any other school, to have been taught something anywhere." He was at another school already, not knowing it, Forster adds. The self-education forced upon him was leading him all unconsiously as yet what for the future that awaited him it most behoved him to know. "How it came that being what he was," Mr. Forster writes, "he should now have fallen into the misery and neglect of the time about to be described was a subject on which thoughts were frequently interchanged between us." I know my father, he said, "to be as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world. Everything that I can remember of his conduct to his wife or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched day and night, unweariedly and patiently, many nights and days. He never undertook any business charge or trust that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, and honourably discharge. His industry has always been untiring. He was proud of me in his way, and had a great admiration of the comic singing. But in the ease of his temper, and the straitness of his means, he appeared to have utterly lost at this time the idea of educating me at all, and to have utterly put from him the notion that I had any claim upon him in that regard whatever, so I degenerated into cleaning his boots of a morning and my own, and making myself useful in the work of the little house, and looking after my younger brothers and sisters (we were now six in all), and going on such poor errands as arose out of our poor way of living." Matters in Bayham-street got from bad to worse, and at last it was decided that Mrs. Dickens should open a school. A house was soon found at No. 4, Gower-street, N. A large brass plate on the door announced Mrs. Dickens' establishment. Dickens himself says "I left at a great many other doors a great many circulars,

calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker, that very often we had not too much for dinner, and that at last my father was arrested." The interval between the sponging-house and the prison was passed by the sorrowful lad in running errands, and carrying messages for the prisoner, delivered with swollen eyes, and through shining tears; and the last words said to him by his father before he was finally carried to the Marshalsea were to the effect that the sun was set on him for ever. "I really believe at the time," said Dickens to Forster, "that they had broken my heart." He afterwards took ample revenge for this false alarm by making all the world laugh at them in David Copperfield. He then describes a visit which he paid his father in the Marshalsea. "My father was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went up to his room on the top storey but one, and cried very much; and he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had £20 a year, and spent £19 19s. 6d. he would be happy, but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched. I see the fire we sat before now, with two bricks inside the dusted grate, one on each side, to prevent its burning too many coals. Some other debtor shared the room with him, who came in by and by, and as the dinner was a joint-stock repast, I was sent up to Capt. Porter, in the room overhead, with Mr. Dickens' compliments, and I was his son, and could he, Capt. P., lend me a knife and fork. Capt. Porter lent the knife and fork with his compliments in return. There was a very dirty lady in his little room, and two wan girls, his daughters, with shock heads of hair. I thought I should not have liked to borrow Capt. Porter's comb. The Capt. himself was in the last extremity of shabbiness, and if I could draw at all I could draw an accurate portrait of the old brown great-coat he wore, with no other coat below it. His wiskers were large. I saw his bed rolled up in a corner, and what plates and dishes and pots he had on a shelf."

At home almost everything by degrees was sold or pawned, Charles being the principal agent in these sorrowful transactions. The same pawnbrokers' shops which were so well known to David Copperfield were not less familiar to Charles Dickens. At last even of the furniture of Gower-street, No. 4, there was nothing left except a few chairs, a kitchen table and some beds. Then they encamped as it were in the two parlours of the emptied house, and lived there night and day.

Between 1822 and 1824 a speculation which was in rivalry of Warren's blacking was got up, and a Mr. Lamert, a distant connection of his mother's, bought it. The chief manager, James Lamert, his cousin, seeing how he was employed from day to day, proposed that Dickens should go into the blacking warehouse, at six or seven shillings a week. At any rate the offer was accepted very willingly by his father and mother. Dickens writes in the fragment of autobiography which he has left, "It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It was wonderful to me that even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt bodily or mentally, to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. My work was to cover the pots of paste blacking, first with a piece of oil paper, and then with a piece of blue paper, to tie them round with a string, and then to clip the paper close and neat all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had

attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down stairs, on similar wages. One of them came up in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning to show me the trick of using the string, and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin, and I took the liberty of using his name long afterwards in Oliver Twist. No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship, compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood, and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my heart. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position, of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that day by day what I had learned and thought and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me never to be brought back any more, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous, caressed, and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children, even that I am a man, and wander desolately back to that time of my life."

Later on we find that the establishment at Gower-street was broken up, and Mrs. Dickens and the encampment went to live at the Marshalsea. Charles was handed over to the care of a reduced old lady, who afterwards figured as Mrs. Pipchin, in Dombey and Son. Poor Dickens has his pennyworth of bread and milk for his breakfast (he was out at the blacking warehouse all day), and his lodging he supposed was paid for by his father. He says, "I certainly had no other assistance whatever, the making of my clothes, I think, excepted, from Monday morning to Saturday night. No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support, from any one, that I can call to mind, so help me God!"

Sundays he and his sister Fanny, who was in the Royal Academy of Music, passed in the prison. The author continues the recital of his boyish life, "I know I do not exaggerate unconsciously and unintentionally the scantiness of my resources, and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given to me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or tea. I know that I worked from morning to night with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting house, wrapped into six little paper parcels, each parcel containing the same amount and labelled with a different day. I know that I had lounged about the streets insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond." Charles felt so keenly being cut off so entirely from his family, that one Sunday night he remonstrated with his father so pathetically and with so many tears that he gave way, began to think it was all not quite right, and he was removed. Then he used to breakfast in the Marshalsea, and here it is said the family really knew more comfort than they had had for years. They were waited on still by the maid-of-all-work from Bayham-street, from whose sharp little worldly and kindly ways he took his first impression of the Marchioness in "Old Curiosity Shop." The landlord at his new lodgings, and his belongings figure as the Warland family in the same work. Bob Fagin was very good to him when he had an attack of his old disorder spasms, and on one occasion after a very sharp attack insisted upon walking home with him. They used to call Charles the gentleman, and treated him with some respect at the blacking warehouse. "I

was too proud to let him know about the prison," says Dickens, "and after making several efforts to get rid of him, to all of which Bob Fagin in his goodness was deaf, shook hands with him on the steps of a house near Southwark Bridge, on the Surrey side, making believe that I lived there. As a finishing piece of reality in case of his looking back, I knocked at the door I recollect, and asked, when the woman opened it, if that was *Mr. Robert Fagin's* house."

Dickens has himself left behind a graphic description of himself in the character of a reporter. It occurs in his speech at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner, and I could not do better than reproduce it here had space permitted. David Copperfield is in truth in some sort autobiographical, and the reader of that *chef-d'œuvre* of Dickens'—his favourite work—will at once discover the points of similarity between the hero's life, and that of our hero—when we compare it with Forster's valuable work. He had an attraction of repulsion for the Seven Dials. He loved to go through the gloomiest and most out-of-the-way streets and dens of London, and there he pictured up that profound knowledge of the melodramatic side of life amongst the lower classes which he has exhibited in his works.

His reporting experience must also have taught him much.

Mr. Black, noticing Mr. Dickens' versatility and readiness, allowed him a theatre for the display of his graphic qualities, by inserting in his journal those sketches of every-day-life and every day-people which were afterwards collected and republished under the title of "Sketches by Boz in 1836 and 1837," when the author was only 24. It was three years previous to this, however, that they were commenced. Dickens himself, in his preface to the 1850 edition, thus speaks of them: "The whole of these sketches were written and published one by one when I was a very young man. They were collected and republished while I was still a very young man, and sent into the world with all their imperfections (a good many) upon their heads. They comprise my first attempt at authorship—with the exception of certain tragedies achieved at the mature age of eight or ten, and represented with great applause to overflowing nurseries. I am conscious of their often being extremely crude and ill considered, and having obvious marks of haste and inexperience, particularly in that section of the present volume which is comprised under the general head of tales." However inferior, they may be considered in composition to Dickens' later works, they helped to make his fame, and it was in consequence of the success which attended their publication that Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who had observed the graphic power of describing the ordinary scenes of common life, more especially in their most ludicrous aspect, requested Boz to write them a story, and the result was the publication of the Posthumous Memoirs of the Pickwick Club. It is said that Macrone who republished the Sketches, gave Dickens £75 for the copyright, and failing afterwards in business, sold it to another publisher for £1,100.

In the Charles Dickens edition of Pickwick the author thus speaks of its production: "I was a young man of two or three and twenty, when Messrs. Chapman and Hall, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the "Morning Chronicle," or had just written in the "Old Monthly Magazine" (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two vols. illustrated by George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be pulished in shilling numbers.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the Magazine in which my first effusion, a paper in the sketches

called Mr. Minns and his Cousin, dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court, in Fleet Street, appeared in all the glory of print, on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business." It had been stated that Mr. Seymour had something to do with the composition of this work, which Dickens distinctly and most emphatically denies.

(*To be continued.*)

COURAGE.

When hopes are fading fast,
When dear dreams flit away,
When mournfulness has cast
Its pall o'er us to-day;
When the brow is grave with care,
When smiles give place to tears,
When faces fond and fair
Have faded with the years,

There often comes to all
Thus weary and forlorn,
Mid the trials which befall,
By brooding cares o'erborne,
Some foolish doubts and fears
With the shadows which depart,
And trust half disappears
In the murmurs of the heart.

To many it is given,
In the visions of each day,
By dark misgivings riven,
To watch brightness fade away;
To see the golden gleam
Flit into darkness here;
To know that the happy dream
Is doom'd to disappear.

And then midst human sighs,
And then through earthly grief,
Under the gloomy skies,
When all seems beyond relief,
There falls upon our race,
As we keep our toilsome way,
The smile of an unforgotten face,
The glow of a brighter day!

Yes! amid desponding sorrow,
And amid depressing care,
Amid a long to-morrow,
Amid a dark despair,
A voice seems gently greeting us,
In accents full of love,
"Think of a happier meeting,
Remember rest above!"

Let faith and courage high
Still rule thy heart and mind;
Let not affliction's sigh
Affect thy will resigned;
But believe all firmly ever,
Midst every care and fear,
That nothing here can sever
You, from God most near!

And from our mourning heart,
And from our pining soul,
The dark clouds seem to part,
The heavy mists to roll;
The hanging wreaths have lifted
From before our aching sight;
The cloudy bank has shifted
Its place, for streaks of light.

Oh, then, courageous heart and will,
Amid thy daily strife,
Neath every form of good or ill,
In the wilderness of life,
O cheerfully lift up thy head,
The time is speeding fast,
The darker hours have fled,
No more thy sky's o'ercast.

No! all is full of light,
And all is full of love,
And all around is bright,
Brighter thy sky above;
For in *courage good and true,*
Thou hast march'd on thy way,
And before thy spell-bound view
Lies God's own "Better Day!"

A. F. A. W

H

THE CHANGE OF YEARS.

BY GENEVIEVE L. HOHENLINDEN.

Armette Aymer and Captain Korton, seated in the Captain's handsome turn-out, drove dashingly down the Waynesville Road, and, as they passed a small wood, a man stepped aside from the highway into a fence corner. The Captain's black horses trotted rapidly by, and their owner and Miss Aymer were so busily engaged in laughing and talking that they failed to see the handsome pair of eyes that were turned upon them. Miss Aymer's laugh rang out clear and musical; a bitter smile passed over Carl Vortez's face, and he at once pursued his way, while a look of deep despair settled in his eyes—those large, dark orbs of gray.

The moon was clear and full that summer night, and the blue sky was jewelled with glittering stars. On Farmer Aymer's front piazza Carl and Armette were standing. It was Carl who spoke.

"And this, then, is all you wanted of me—to be a plaything till a richer wooer came? Oh, it cannot be that my old friend has changed so much? Armette, I love you well."

Captain Korton's voice sounded in the room behind them, as he exchanged greetings with the farmer and his wife. Armette's face grew cold and hard in the moonlight, as she said in steady tones:

"Carl, go now; I am Captain Korton's promised wife. Next New Year's day sees me his bride."

Without another word Carl turned and passed out of Armette Aymer's sight, and life too, it would seem, for years passed before she heard of him again.

New Year's Day dawned clear and cold. Splendid was Armette Aymer in her costly bridal robes of trailing satin; but death was not more icy, nor paler, than the bloodless lips upon which Captain Korton pressed the marriage kiss.

Five years Armette Aymer Korton reigned mistress of a brown stone palace, but so cold, so unapproachable, that no one understood her, and even her husband knew no relaxing from her reserve. But his wife was queen of society, and though things were not just as he had thought they would be, he seemed to be content.

In the midst of a new excitement caused by the fame of a great man across the ocean, who won his honours by his writings, and by searching out things long hidden from men of science, Captain Korton died, and two years rolled on.

There was a brilliant assemblage of beauty, wealth, fashion, and talent, at Mrs. Granger's, one night, to welcome to the shores of America the renowned gentleman who had been making such a stir in the world of letters. Tall and noble looking, with chestnut hair curling around a massive white brow, under which gleamed a magnificent pair of full gray eyes, the noted man stood in the shade of the floating curtains at an open window. A woman's graceful figure glided in at the window, and a low voice called—

"Carl!"

With a half surprised glance, he bowed, and said—

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Korton?"

"This, Carl," she said. "When I sent you away that evening, so many weary years ago, when you asked me to love you, I trampled on my heart, and stifled my best feelings for the sake of wealth and position; but I loved you Carl, and with you my heart went also, though I married Capt. Korton, and am now his widow."

She stood before him in her beauty, with the faintest blush upon her marble-like cheeks, while her eyes shone with a radiant light. Did he love her still? Would her words move his heart? Had the changes of eight years worked no change in him?

He called to a lady just passing, and taking her hand through his arm, he said,

"Mrs. Korton, allow me to present to you my wife, Mrs. Vortez. Adele, this is an old acquaintance of mine, of whom you have heard me speak."

Armette's face grew deathly white. And who was this woman whom Carl Vortez regarded with a look of tender, trusting love, a look in which Armette plainly read a total forgetfulness of herself? A tall, graceful woman, a blonde of the faintest type, upon whose brow was stamped intellect. She was his helpmeet, his comforter, his friend, his companion, and his loved and trusted wife.

And Armette went back to her lonely life again.— *Waverley Magazine.*

A LITTLE COMEDY

Often played before with great success, and likely to be played often again, with similar happy results.

Scene: A Conservatory.

Time: 10. 30 p.m. Winter. Music in the distance, and murmurs of voices. A dim light pervades the building, and the splashing of a fountain is heard.

Dramatis Personæ—Julia and Walter.

Julia—How pleasant is the change from glare and noise;
Walter (sarcastically,)—The songs of maidens, and the jokes of boys;
J.—Ha! "Mon cher misanthrope," unfold to me your pain,
W.—That you may tell it to the girls again!
J.—I'm a discreet confessor; come, begin;
W.—To doubt you, Julia, really were a sin;
J.—Well, that's a compliment; how civil we are grown;
W.—Yes, Julia, you forget we're now alone;
J.—Why when alone? I listen, state your case;
W.—O Julia! as I gaze upon your face;
J.—Is that the way you begin your explanation;
W.—Julia, now listen to my fervent protestation;
J.—Just like you men. I didn't hear what you said;
W.—You've got the prettiest flower on your head.
J.—I don't mean that—about our being here together;
W.—This house is a nice shelter in bad weather.
J.—Provoking man! you know well what I mean;
W.—What flashing eyes: you look just like a queen;
J.—Do I, indeed! are you my lord in waiting?
W.—I wish I was; how well you looked while skating;
J.—So others said; but I was thinking of my nose;
W.—And quite forgot a writhing victim's woes.
J.—Victim, who's that? Walter, it can't be you;
W.—What flirts you women are. We men are true;
J.—So true, that still from flower to flower you range;
W.—My heart will never, Julia, never change!
J.—Who talked about a heart, we haven't such things to-day,
W.—O Julia, I've a heart, believe it now, I pray!
J.—If you've a heart to offer, I accept it now;
W.—Then hear, fair maid, my most devoted vow;
—*J.*Oh! vows, like pie crust, are almost always broke;
W—.But never in this world were truer spoken!
J.—Suppose you now begin to talk some sense;
W.—I say, then, Julia, hear it without offence;
J.—I am all ear and eye, the senses all complete;
W.—Julia, you see a lover prostrate at your feet.
J.—Get up, don't make a scene; we will be friends;
W.—A friendship that in matrimony ends;
J.—Such is the fate of most poor bipeds here;
W.—O Julia, you are the very dearest dear!

"Obligato" and "Staccato" as before.

Young Etonian bursts in and shouts out at the top of his voice, "Oh! here are Julia and Walter spooning in the conservatory."

(*Curtain falls.*)

End of Act I.

ACT II.

A wedding; a wedding breakfast; smiles and tears; toasts and eloquence; old shoes and rice; tableaux vivant; travelling carriage;

Honeymoon!

"*Adveniant utinam sic mihi sæpe dies.*"

CÆLEBS.

ORATION BY M.W. GRAND MASTER VAN SLYCK, OF RHODE ISLAND.

America, St. John's Day, 1874.

On this auspicious day therefore, let us, in partial forgetfulness of whatever is imposing and commanding in the merely physical or external force and beauty of Masonry as an organized society, and even in its authority and dignity as a philosophic system, pass, with a wise and thoughtful regard, during the necessarily few moments for which I may claim your attention, to the theme which may be properly designated as the

EVOLUTION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF MASONRY.

By the limits of this occasion, I am restricted in the unfolding of the subject, to the few simple hints and suggestions, which can, at best, only stimulate your own thoughts in the direction of its fuller development.

The *principle* then, of Masonry, has been *evolved*. It was not, like Minerva, springing from the head of Jove, brought at once into perfect being. It was not a creation,—nor was it a work,—it was never *made*. It had no construction, but *growth*. The germ was found in the first form of manhood, springing from, and taking root in, its nature, as soon as there was another similar nature toward which its outgrowth could proceed. It might be apparently crushed by some outward obstruction—the heat and cold of climates might alternately wither and blast it. Under the processes of time, the forms of the social life might sometimes choke and hinder its growth; the tyrannies of government and the greater tyrannies of creed might repress its exoteric manifestations. Its bloom might be darkened under the lurid and sulphurous clouds of war, but the mighty *germ* was still there, beyond the possibility of decay, waiting only for the passing centuries to bring soil and climate to unfold and expand its growth and demonstrate its immortality.

However we may be disposed to treat the Darwinian doctrine of the development of man, as a physical being, from the ruder structural forms of animal life into a more perfect organism, it is surely not a mere fancy, but is entirely consistent with the facts and demonstrations of science, to regard his whole intellectual and moral life, as a progress and growth from crude and imperfect beginnings. There was a time, when looking toward others existing in his own similitude, he found them possessed of his own nature, his tendencies, hopes and aspirations. The suggestions of a common *paternity* arose in his breast. He and his fellows, not responsible for their own existence, *not* self-created, must own a common Creator and Father. Thus co-equal and co-ordinate in human contemplation were the germs of the great idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. A nobler product than that of the lower animal forms by which he was surrounded while it led man's thoughts *upward*, to the creative source, led them *outward* also toward the companions and fellows of a just and equal creation. If his reverence and filial love should rightfully *ascend* to the author of his being, so should his sympathies and yearnings, with equal right, be drawn out to those who were the obvious co-partners and sharers in the same existence. Even in the formative periods of the race, while men were segregated and unwelded into even primitive shapes of the social life, it was the idea of the common Father which drew them toward each other and which constrained them to meet as Brethren rather than as enemies. And however the principle of brotherhood was then subverted or suppressed as it has always been, even under the highest expansion of modern civilization, by the potent principle of *selfishness*, which was from the beginning and will be to the end, the great and often dominant *Anti*-Masonic principle, that self interest, in which as Rochefocauld observes, "the virtues are lost, as rivers in the sea," the suppression could not last, nor could the subversion be complete. In spite of selfishness, man found himself drawn and

bound to his Brother, by the ties of an equal creation, by a common hope and destiny, and under the processes of time and progress, by common interests of life. To associate with his Brother in the holy but narrow connections of the family, and thence in the larger, though still weak association of others remoter in blood, was to assimilate in the pursuit of mutual interests and the prosecution of mutual purposes. Naturally each individual would find others toward whom some peculiar regards and affections would flow, by means of which, as between them, fraternity and friendship would become correlative. Thence came mutual protection and action for each other's welfare in war and peace. Thence came the sign of recognition, which, unknown to all outside the sacred circle, carried its mystery of fellowship, alike in the brightness of noonday and in the darkest shades of night. Associated thus through the triumph of the higher sense of brotherhood over the lower sense of selfishness, men, by a logical progression, as well as through the necessities of practical life, were induced to regard, not simply their lower interests, but their education, culture, all mental and moral growths and expansions, the uplifting of individual life as objects and ends to be fostered by such association. As to the members of the brotherhood so formed, there must be union, a depreciation of self, aid and protection for others. The time must come when those not yet united by the bond, should know that a band of their fellow men had been formed, peculiar and exclusive; that it was held together by certain ties of connection not explicable to the common intelligence—that it was governed by law and inspired by high and holy purposes. In the earlier days of the race, while men led a nomadic or pastoral life, and all association assumed the simple forms and characteristics of the patriarchal system, a system of autocracy, under which the governing head ruled with a nearly absolute sway, the principle found little nurture or encouragement. Then followed the long periods of barbaric night and darkness, in which the jealousies of neighbouring races and tribes evoked and maintained a constant or chronic condition of war, under which human energies were bent only to waste and destruction. Emerging from the simplicities of the merely pastoral or patriarchal life, and satiated with the bitter draughts of war, the dormant sense of brotherhood awoke to some realization of human needs. The bud began to unfold and to expand its long hidden charms into blossom and perfume. See now, how the great sentiment or *idea* of *fraternity*, was from the beginning, knit to that of the *paternity*, and how co-ordinate these ideas were in their earliest external manifestations. The imaginative Hebrew race, basking in the sunlight of the Divine favour, recognised the *paternity* of the great Jehovah, the special Father of a chosen people, in imposing forms of worship and reverence, and these were inseparably connected with the rites and ceremonies which were the mere outward signs of their inward society or association as Brethren. To the Jew, the thunders of Sinai, the awful voice of God speaking to his peculiar servants, the utterance of the sacred prophets, the glories of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel and the wonders of Jerusalem, blending in concordant melodies the human and the divine, were voices which proclaimed with equal emphasis, the yearning of the Hebrew soul alike toward its Brother and its Father. The subtle and philosophic Greek, turning perhaps with quicker impulse from the merely destructive barbarities of the early epochs, to the consideration of the problems of human life and to all metaphysical investigations, exhibited the same blending of the spirit of brotherhood with the spirit of reverence for the tutelary gods of his mythological system and the one higher God which alone could satisfy the demands of his philosophy; and the imposing rites of Eleusis, guarded with the most jealous care from the sight of the profane, disclosed to their devotees probably the grandest and most awe-inspiring ceremonial upon which the eye of antiquity ever rested. But neither the poetic Hebrew, nor the philosophic Greek could long be content with those exoteric forms of the manifestation of brotherhood, which were confined to mere worship or contemplation.

Under the expansions of the human mind and of the social life, men began *active* pursuits. It was not enough simply to *revere*, to *think*, to *be*. There was something to be *done*. The arts of construction arose from the necessities of the

social progress, no less than from the wants of the individual soul. Men must build temples for their Gods, statues for their heroes, and houses for themselves. The brotherhood must find its most emphatic forms of manifestation and organization among the *doers* and the *knowers*, who alone could construct the lofty temple as a symbol of worship and beauty, and the humble dwelling for its daily comfort and convenience. So far as mere organization was concerned, it might wisely enough for a time, be restricted to the skilled classes of workmen. The disposition by King Solomon, of the artists and builders employed in the erection of the first temple at Jerusalem, into a harmonious band of Brethren, moved alike by religious and fraternal impulses, toward the prosecution of their lofty design, with peculiar signs of recognition and under the control of equal laws and regulations, would be an arrangement in itself so wise, philosophic and practical, as to need no special evidence for its demonstration. Though no cabalistic scrolls have descended to later days, though no charters or constitutions of organization have been deciphered from musty plates in the excavations of the modern Jerusalem, and the historian may not place his finger upon a scrap of accredited evidence of an organic union of the Brethren of the Temple, it is yet far more difficult to *doubt*, than to believe in it. That the chosen men of him whom we hail as our first tutelary Grand Master and Patron, could, for the long period of their mutual plans and labours in the erection of the most stupendous edifice upon which the eye of man had looked, have prosecuted the work, with all its undeveloped hopes and possibilities of beauty and grandeur, and amid all its trials and anxieties, could have isolated themselves, working alone, pursuing only the ends of selfishness, with individual purposes and aims, even in the absence of documentary proof, is a far stronger test of credulity, than the assumption for these workmen, of the most complete forms of organization. How nearly such organization corresponded with the Masonic outgrowths of a later time, is, of course, a fair speculative question for the philosophic student and inquirer.

In the lapse of time, under the development of the Roman Empire, and looking to the peculiar tendencies of the race which governed it, which where, first, the mastery of mankind and the spread of the imperial domination by war and conquest, and second, the practical and constructive tendencies which pointed to architecture and its kindred arts, we find that the great sentiment of fraternity among the Romans, less religious indeed than the Jews or Greeks and other races which they were destined to supplant, was exhibited in those forms of organization which were allied to the constructive arts. The Colleges of Workmen, for whose existence history affords us the special sanction of her unquestioned evidence, and who had adopted for their own ritualistic observance, the profound Egyptian mysteries and ceremonies first brought by Moses to the Jews, then passing to Rome through the Greeks, were bound and associated by the strongest ties of mutual love and regard, and together sympathetically worked in the production of those ample and beautiful triumphs of architecture, which even in their ruin and decay have challenged the admiration of all modern beholders.

(To be continued.)

FREDERICK II.—A page who had not been long in his Majesty's service, one morning early made his appearance in the king's chamber; he had been ordered to awake him at that hour. "Your majesty," said he, "it is time to get up." "O, I am tired," replied the king, "wait a little longer." "Your majesty ordered me to awake you early." "Only a quarter of an hour more, and then I will rise," said the sleepy monarch. "No, sire, not a minute, and you must get up." "Well done," cried Frederick, leaping off the bed, "you're a fine fellow; that's the way to do your duty." At the close of seven years' war, Frederick, in company with his brother Henry, made a progress through Silesia. They visited, amongst other places, a convent for men. The prior, as a particular favour, begged permission to take young novices. The king graciously granted it, but, turning to his brother, he said in French, a language he did not suppose the prior to be conversant with, "We will send him a pair of donkeys; I have a couple of very fine ones." "I am exceedingly obliged to you," observed the prior, with inimitable coolness, "and my first duty will be to christen them Frederick and Henry."

Our Archæological Corner.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

(Concluded from page 69.)

So, after the nurture of the book,
In his face lovingly thou look.
Foot and hand thou keep full still
From clawing and tripping, is skill
From spitting and snuffling keep thee also,
By privy avoidance let it go.
And if that thou be wise and (1) Felle,
Thou hast great need to govern thee well.
Into the hall when thou dost wend
Amongst the gentles, good and (2) hende,
Presume not too high for no thing,
For thy high blood, nor thy cunning,
Neither to sit, nor to lean,
That is breeding good and clean.
Let not thy countenance therefore (3) abate,
Forsooth, good nurture will save thy state,
Father and mother, whatsoe'er they be,
Well is the child that well may the (3a)
In hall, in chamber, where thou dost (4) gon,
Good manners make a man.
To the next degree look wisely,
To do them reverence by and by;
Do them yet no reverence all in-a-row,
But if that thou dost them know,
To the meat when thou art set,
Fair and honestly eat thou it;
First look that thy hands be clean,
And that thy knife be sharp and keen;
And cut thy bread all at thy meat,
Right as it may be there it eat.
If thou sit by a worthier man,
Than thy self thou art one,
Suffer him first to touch the meat,
'Ere thyself to it reach.
To the fairest morsel thou might'st not strike,
Though that thou dost it well like;
Keep thy hands, fair and well,
From foul smudging of thy towel;
Thereon thou shalt not thy nose blow,
Nor at the meat thy tooth thou pick;
Too deep in the cup thou might'st not sink,
Though thou hast good will to drink,
Lest thy eyes would water thereby,
Then were it no courtesy.
Look in thy mouth there be no meat,
When thou beginnest to drink or speak.
When thou see'st any man drinking,
That taketh keed to thy carping,
Soon anon cease thou thy tale,
Whether he drinks wine or ale,
Look also thou scorn no man,
In what degree thou see'st him gone;
Nor thou shalt no man (5) deprave,
If thou wilt thy worship save;
For such word might there out burst,
That might make thee sit (6) in evel reste,
Close thy hand in thy fist,
And keep thee well from (7) "had y wyste."
In chamber, amongst the ladies bright,
Hold thy tongue and (8) spende thy sight;
Laugh thou not with no great cry,
Nor make no raging with ribaldry.
Play thou not but with thy peers,
Nor tell thou not all that thou hear'st;
Discover thou not thine own deed,
For no greatness, nor for no meed;
With fair speech, thou mightest have thy will,
With it thou mightest thyself (9) spille,
When thou meetest a worthy man,
Cap and hood hold thou not on;
In church, in markets, or in the gate,
Do him reverence after his state.
If thou goest with a worthier man
Than thyself thou art one,
Let thy further shoulder follow his back,
For that is without (10) lacke;
When he speaks, hold thee still,
When he has done, say for (?) thy will,
In thy speech [mind] that thou art (11) felle,
And what thou sayest, advise thee well;
But deprive thou not him his tale,
Neither at the wine, nor at the ale.
Christ then of his high grace,
Give you both wit and (12) space,
Well this book to con and read,
Heaven to have for your need!
Amen! Amen! so may it be!
Say we so all pour charyte.

(1) Felle; sharp, clever, crafty.
(2) Hende; courteous.
(3) Abate; cast down.
(3a) The; nurture
(4) Gon; go.
(5) Deprave; vilify, traduce.
(6) In evel reste; uneasy.
(7) Had; wyste; an exclamation of those who repented of anything unadvisedly performed.
(8) Spende; shut, consume.
(9) Spille; to mar; to destroy.
(10) Lacke; blame.
(11) Felle; sharp, clever.
(12) Space; leisure.

"Pray, my good man," said a judge to an Irishman who was a witness on a trial, "what passed between you and prisoner?" "Och, thin, plaze yer worship," says Pat, "sure I sees Phelim on the top of a wall. 'Paddy,' says he—'What,' says I—'Here,' says he—'Where?' says I—'Whist,' says he—'Hush,' says I, and that is all I know about it, plaze yer worship."

A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE.

I propose in the following article to offer a little good advice to all my friends who read these pages, especially the young.

And they must be kind enough to remember that these warnings of mine are gathered, so to say, from the accumulated experience of years, from the recollection of what I myself have witnessed, of what I myself have known during a longish career. For the writer of these lucubrations has to confess the melancholy fact that he is no longer young, and that time, which has weakened his once elastic step, and thinned his once flowing locks, has brought to him that sobering dose of experience, which perhaps, nay, certainly is, very good medicine for us all to imbibe.

Whether, then, his opinions are worth anything or worth nothing, whether his observations are correct or incorrect, he commends them in all their outspoken plainness, and their sincerely good intentions, to the courtesy and criticism of his kindly readers.

One of the most melancholy sights, I think we can often see here is, when a poor partridge or hare, from which the feathers or the fur have fallen in a little cloud, wings its flight, or skims over the ground away, to carry its wound perhaps incurable, to some distant covert or lay; and in a less degree, the same remark applies to the poor moth perversely circling the fatal flame, until at last, singed or maimed, it escapes literally "φρεὶ Γῳ πνυί." And if such common but natural sights arouse our "emotional sensations" (to use a pet and fine phrase of the day, whatever it may mean), what shall we say of those male and female bipeds of our own "kith and kin," and species and acquaintance, who emerge from the "battues" of society and escape from the "ignis fatuus" of flirtation like wounded partridges or singed moths? Oh, incautious youth, what have you to do with such dangerous reefs and treacherous quicksands as surround the fairy Island of our modern Circe!

Yesterday you were full of animation and brightness, with buoyant spirits and merry chaff, and here you are to-day dispirited, silent, moody, and morbid, dissatisfied with yourself, with some nameless being, and with everyone else in the world.

You resemble a poor friend of mine whom I once found moping and melancholy, deeply depressed by some "gravis causa" of decided disappointment.

When I said to him, "Professor, what ails you?" he replied quite lugubriously, "Kitty has thrown me over." "What then," I said to him, wishing to be sympathizing and witty at the same time, "there are plenty of kittens and cats for the matter of that besides, in the world, so cheer up."

"Tomlinson," was his stern reply, "if you will chaff, chaff, but if you will be serious, be serious. I shall never recover from the blow."

How short-sighted we poor mortals be! Seven years afterwards I met the learned man again, who introduced me to his wife, Rose, and I was called upon to admire a little rosebud, which I of course said was the most perfect little blossom I had ever seen; and by this time, I doubt not, the olive branches round about that professorial table make up a baker's dozen.

Now, I have an opinion, which I know will not be popular with some, that it is a great mistake to marry too young; and that just now we are ticketing off our young men and young women far too rapidly, and far too prematurely. Hence arise in my humble opinion, ill assorted couples, inconsiderate attachments, hasty matches, and unhappy marriages. For what, after all, is a more felicitous period of life than our English girlhood, with all its charms of gentle-

ness and goodness, and how amiable and useful our girls can be and are to society, and to their surroundings. Many a village Sunday School owes much of its attractiveness to those who in the prime of youth and grace, do not think it beneath them to look after that little flock.

Many a kindly district visitor can, with a smiling face and gentle words, find an avenue to hearts cold and careless. What is really then a happier time for us all, for a family, or a neighbourhood, and for this cold-creamy, shallow-feeling society of ours just now, than the bright looks, warm hearts, tender sympathies, and guileless innocence of our young women.

Old folks are sometimes apt to grow hard, egotistical, and sneering, selfish and domineering.

They have enjoyed life (or they think they have), to its veriest dregs even, and now that to them existence is waning, and their powers are weakening, they are not unfrequently somewhat impatient of the more vivid hopes of life's young morn. They seem at times disposed to believe that young people are more gay, a good deal "faster" (to use a slang word), and not so obedient as they were; whereas in truth when they themselves were young, their seniors made exactly the same complaint of them. It is in fact the repetition of the old grievance of all passing generations, which, as they fleet and flit from us, hardly care to realize the stubborn fact, that, another generation younger and stronger, more hale and more active, is already treading on their heels.

So runs the world, however, away; and depend upon it, dear old "laudator temporis acti," the same faults are found by the old people now with their children, as their children will find some fine day with their children.

I am therefore going to give a little sound advice, and a little bit of my old mind, to some young and charming friends of mine.

Adopt, in the first place, the good old saying, "hurry no man's cattle;" and don't, in the second place, expedite too rashly that hour which casts the little bark on the untried ocean of matrimony, and which too often exchanges the liberty of life for the slavery of society, and the free charter of a social or family circle for the colder bondage of the world.

More ill-assorted unions, and more ill-matched couples, and more unhappy after-lives, arise out of precipitate and ill-considered marriages, in which old folks and young folks are equally blameable than, perhaps, socially from any other given cause. George meets Dinorah at an evening party. He is delighted with her, she knows something about him. Deep are the sympathy of music, the charm of conversation, and the language of the eyes.

George is delighted, Dinorah is confiding; Dinorah gets animated, and George goes home "spooney."

They meet next day; and the next day, and the next day, they see each other in the park or at a ball.

He soon betrays to his observant military friend "the Colonel," that he is done for, who repeats it at his club, with decided emphasis.

At last George plucks up courage, confronts the stern "pater," is remitted to the "Damosel," and rises from his knees, happy and enjoyed.

"Oh fortunati nimium!" Then come friendly congratulations, wedding presents, the awful day, a "plain gold ring, the parson, and St. George's;" the marriage breakfast, the speeches, the old shoes, the travelling carriage, the honeymoon.

It probably will not be the lot of this happy couple, as once happened to a joyous pair I saw alight from the nuptial carriage at the Waterloo Railway Station. The bridegroom, a thin young man of 24, with a somewhat "beery" look about him, jumped out, and "pulled out," literally, not handed out, a stout, good natured young woman of some years his senior. He was full of haste and imperiousness, and shewed little

consideration for her; she was shy and confiding, and did not like the rude eyes of a few smiling passengers.

As they walked up to the station, a railway porter said confidentially to me, a "largish lump of money has gone with that lot, Sir, I'm thinking." But to go back to our "moutons," George and Dinorah.

Six weeks after marriage they both wake up from a dream. George and his Dinorah don't hit it off; she likes society, he don't; she will go out, he prefers to stay at home; she don't like his friends, he don't like hers; and so they go on, until they mutually find they have made a great mistake.

Poor people, it is too late!

You and I know many Georges and Dinorahs in the circle of our acquaintance. I remember an amusing illustration of the good old proverb *true in things matrimonial as in others*, "the more haste the less speed."

At our weekly Board Meeting of the Guardians of the Tearum Union, a woman appeared and asked for relief. "Why," said the chairman blandly, "you seem young and able-bodied." "Deserted by my husband, Sir," was the concise reply.

"When were you married," asked again our civillest of chairmen.

"Three weeks come last Saturday. We met on the Monday."

"How long had you known your husband before you married him?"

"Two days," *said the applicant coolly.*

"When did he leave you," once more ventured to enquire our most careful of presiding officers?

"Day after our marriage," was the immediate reply.

There was a murmur at that board of astonishment and amusement.

Whether some of those excellent men somewhat envied the rapid close of this temporary arrangement, I dare not presume even to suggest, but that they were struck with the fact, is undoubtedly the case.

I hope some of my readers begin to appreciate the force of my remarks, and the reality of my illustrations. So I would say to many a fair young friend to-day, marriage is a lottery. Marriage, as a sporting friend of mine observes, is a "wire fence;" marriage is a "blind leap," and I am inclined to agree with him.

Nothing here, indeed, is sure or certain. No known means will give us always satisfactory ends, but caution and prudence, and "prevoyance" and common sense, and a little consideration, and a few sober counsels, may save many a laughing Phillis of to-day, from becoming the care-encumbered, and heavy-eyed Phillis of ten years hence.

And so, too, how many sorrows often flow, as we all know, from foolish and hopeless entanglements of the free, fresh affections of the young.

There is Mary, once so gay and full of speech, now a sad moping old maid, *whose whole interest is concentrated on* her white Persian and her French poodle, because she once bestowed her heart in vain on a fickle adorer, after two "sorieès dansantes," and a water party.

You know Reginald, now so heavy and woe begone?

Once he was the gayest of the gay, the leader of every bit of fun, in cheery days in the old Quod at College.

He met Jacintha Jennings, the Dean's fair daughter, he took to her, she smiled on him, they were always together, the little world in college and town said they were engaged. Indeed, Mrs. Jennings, a most cautious woman, told Mrs. Brideoake, wife of another head of college, that she thought her Jacintha had made up her mind at last.

Jacintha married, as we know, a young scapegrace, without a "sou," and our good friend Reginald has since remained a cross-grained old bachelor as musty as his books, only cheered up, as John the common-room man slyly says, when "I brings out the 1820 Port on gaudy days."

And then there is our fair friend Emma. Well, she is still single, good-looking and agreeable, but her whole life has been wasted, because she once,

at an archery meeting, received immense attention from a "man flirt," who soon after married a plain woman with £40,000. And lastly there is our little acquaintance, Fanny, once the merriest and wickedest little flirt in the world. She went one day to a Review at Aldershot, and caught a heart complaint from a very good-looking Lieutenant of a famous Lancer Regiment.

But of course he had no money, and she had none.

"Stern parients" on both sides objected; never heard of such an idea; not to be thought of; and one maiden aunt was very indignant and even unbecoming in her remarks. What were they to do, poor souls? He went to India, she staid at home; he distinguished himself in the mutiny; got a bad wound; the Star of India; his promotion; a liver complaint; and what was worse for Fanny, he married a Miss Nelly O'Hagan, daughter of the famous Brigadier O'Hagan, whose speech to a famous regiment was much admired at the time for its point and brevity, and may be judiciously remembered and imitated still.

"Robbers," said he, "come on," and they went on "more Latronum." See the dispatches.

Our fair little friend Fanny has never married. She says she is content to "wander on alone." She attends an ornate church, and is an indefatigable worker in the schools.

Who can say, after all, that she is unhappy? No one is or need be unhappy who does his or her duty.

And so, my fair friends and young swells, had you but waited a little before you rashly persuaded yourselves you were in love, how much of moonshine and melancholy and useless life would you have, humanly speaking, spared yourselves?

Therefore don't marry in haste to repent at leisure.

Remember love in a cottage does not, never did, and never will pay.

But if you have a modest competence (riches don't make marriages happy), and find a suitable person, in all the reality of considerate affection, and in all the earnestness of mutual sympathy, don't hesitate to take upon you the holy estate of matrimony, and then if you love wisely, you can never love too well.

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

LOIS' STRATEGY.

"You shall marry him! It's all settled. Now don't go to whimpering, for it will be of no use. James Talbot is a good fellow, has plenty of money, and he likes you; and if you don't marry him, you shall leave my house to-morrow."

"O, Uncle Tom! You surely can't mean what you say! You won't make me have that horrid old bore?"

"What do you mean by calling one of my friends an old bore?" fumed Uncle Tom. "Lois, you are a silly child; you surely don't want that conceited fool, Gray?"

"He is no fool!" cried Lois. "He has more brains than the whole of the Talbots. I do love him, and I won't have your detestable Jim!"

"Yes, you will!" roared the old man. "Now go to bed and make up your mind to obey me."

Lois left the room and went to her own apartment to indulge in a hearty cry, and then she wrote a long letter to Louis Gray, a clerk in a bank, to whom she was engaged.

She was an orphan, and had not the slightest remembrance of her parents. Her uncle had adopted her, and she had lived very happily with him up to her eighteenth birthday, when he informed her that he had selected a husband for her in the person of Mr. James Talbot, an old friend and schoolmate of himself, who was, besides, quite wealthy. Talbot, being charmed with the fresh young beauty of Lois, asked her uncle's consent to his suit, which was gladly given. But with Lois it was

different. She loved Gray with all her heart, and was willing to sacrifice even the promised wealth of her uncle for him. But if she could marry him and still retain her guardian's favour, she could assist Louis very much; and she determined to win her uncle's approbation.

She sat for a long time, as if lost in thought, and then sprang to her feet with a joyful exclamation:

"I have it! I have it!"

Then she went to sleep.

The next morning Lois met Mr Louis Gray and told him of her uncle's opposition to him—of Mr. James Talbot—and then of her scheme by which she hoped to overrule Mr. Allison's objections. When she got home whom should she find there but her elderly admirer. Now Mr. Talbot had seen Lois but a few times, and then it was in company. He had taken a fancy to her on sight, however, and having heard so much of her from her uncle as well as others, he had resolved to marry her.

Lois retired to her room, decked herself in a hideous yellow dress, with flaming red bows at her throat and in her hair, and descended the stairs something like the manner in which an elephant would have accomplished the feat. She burst open the parlour door, and banged it behind her.

"Why, Lois—" began Uncle Tom, and then stopped.

Mr. Talbot greeted her with something like a frown on his face. Lois talked incessantly. Mr. Talbot said to himself:

"She won't suit me."

Directly dinner was announced. Mr. Talbot said he always judged people by their way of eating, and he considered himself a man of taste. He noticed that Lois ate like a glutton, and made an excuse for conversing at the same time.

Uncle Tom was so shocked at seeing his well-behaved niece acting so terribly, that he sat staring helplessly first at Lois and then at Talbot.

"A piece of the beef, uncle, some more of the potatoes, and a bit of chicken. Oh, I wish I had some cabbage," said Lois, sending back her plate for the fourth time.

Uncle Tom made a violent contortion of his left cheek and eye, but Lois would not see. Having finished dinner they returned to the library, and Lois excused herself.

"I really can't imagine what's the matter with Lois," said Uncle Tom, by way of apology.

Mr. Talbot made some sort of a reply, and then they talked on other subjects. Talbot soon after took leave, soliloquizing something after this fashion as he strode down the path in a tremendous hurry.

"Ugh! she eats and talks like a rustic. Why, she actually ate five rolls and began on the sixth, and goodness knows how much besides! From what I heard I supposed her to be a modest and retiring young lady; on the contrary, I find her to be as ignorant as a —I don't know what!" And he mentally resolved never to call again.

Uncle Tom summoned Lois to his presence. She came, looked sweet and lovely.

"Lois," said he severely, "I am ashamed of you! Here I have brought one of my very best friends to see you, and you acted like a country girl. I would not have cared so much had it been any one else; it was easy to see that Talbot was disgusted with your behaviour. And now you have lost all chance of ever winning him!"

"I wasn't aware that I had behaved in such an outrageous manner as you describe," said Lois, demurely. "I did all I could to make Mr. Talbot enjoy his visit."

"I should think you did!" roared Uncle Tom. "You chattered like a magpie. I never was so bored in all my life."

"I am really sorry that I unconsciously offended Mr. Talbot. I wouldn't have done so for the world," replied Lois.

This somewhat mollified the uncle's wrath, although he was moody and sullen for two or three days.

"I am going to bring Talbot to dinner to-day, and I want you to try and act a little more like a lady," said Uncle Tom some time after the above conversation.

Accordingly, he came, and Lois rushed to him, caught both his hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, I am so very glad to see you!"

Mr. Talbot had not looked for any such demonstration, and was quite surprised. He, however, stammered his thanks, and as soon as possible, left.

Uncle Tom was appalled. He thought Lois must be insane, and grew anxious about her.

"What's the matter, darling?" he inquired; "you must be ill, you behave so strangely."

Lois always answered that nothing ailed her. She would not allow him to call in a physician, and Uncle Tom, becoming seriously alarmed for her health, consulted his housekeeper.

"Do you know what troubled that girl?"

"What gal?" said Aunt Kitty, who had been Lois' nurse from the time she was a wee baby until a few days back.

"Lois, of course," replied Uncle Tom. "Who do you suppose I would be talking about?"

"It ain't none of my bizness," replied the nurse, "but I recken I do know what ails her."

"What is it? Tell me!" commanded the master.

The old woman hesitated, but having decided that the knowledge would not injure her young lady, answered:

"She is in love with as nice a feller as ever I see, and you are 'tirmined to make her have that old fool- that's all. She is pinin' for her lover, and you'll kill her, mind, if you don't let her hev her way. Now you have it."

"You don't mean that, do you?" he asked.

"I meant just what I said," replied Aunt Kitty, "and I hope you'll hev the good since to let her hev the young chap. What if he hasn't any money! You hev enuff to give him."

"She shan't have him!" squalled Uncle Tom.

"Very well; you asked me what ailed the gal, and I told you. You will drive her to the asylum in less 'an a year. Mind if you don't—poor dear?"

"Hold your tongue and get out?" cried the master in a fury. And the housekeeper, being used to such outbursts, left the room, well knowing that he would soon be in a better humour.

Uncle Tom paced the room for an hour, but at length he came down to see Lois looking wan and pale, (how she managed to become so I don't know), and he rushed from the house, telling her as he went that he would bring her a cure for her illness on his return. He came back in half an hour, and, knowing that Lois was in the library, he opened the door softly, and said:

"Here is something that will make you well again!"

At the same time he pushed a young gentleman into the room. He went away, but returned soon after, and Lois, throwing her arms around his neck, cried:

"O, you dear old Uncle! I knew you would like Louis! I knew you wouldn't make me accept Mr. Talbot—you good old uncle!"

"There, there! Stop, or I will send for Mr. Talbot yet," said Uncle Tom, trying to release himself from her caresses.

Well, all I need to say further is, that Lois and Louis were married, and that Mr. Talbot was at the wedding. You should have seen how funny he looked; possibly he began to suspect that Lois had purposely tried to disgust him; but if he did he kept it to himself. Uncle Tom was told after a long time, but he didn't seem to mind; he only said that when he had another niece, he would be posted in regard to her stratagems.—*American Voice of Masonry.*

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, 'twill then be presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue, in a sly, sneaking way—
For people will talk.

Then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your coat, or old-fashioned your dress,
Some one, of course, will take notice of this;
And hint rather close that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticize then in a far different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your bills are unpaid;
But mind your own business, and keep straight ahead—
For people will talk.

They'll talk fine before you, but then at your back
Of venom and spite there is never a lack;
How kind and polite in all that they say,
But bitter as gall when you're out of the way—
For people will talk.

Good friends, be advised, and do as you please,
For your mind (if you have one) will then be at ease,
Through life you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, 'twill be of no use—
For people will talk.

—*Loomis's Musical Journal.*

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF FREEMASONRY?

Reprinted from "All the Year Round," by the kind permission of Bro. Charles Dickens.

Extolled as the true faith; denounced as an offshoot of Satan; praised by crowned, and banned by tonsured heads; dreaded as a subtle policital engine, and admired for its profound indifference to politics; the essence of goodness according to some men, and the spirit of evil if you listen to others; Freemasonry is as complete a mystery to the uninitiated as when the mythical lady hid herself in the Lodge-clock-case, or the equally mythical American citizen was slain for tampering with the secrets. Listen to the words of wisdom, according to Bro. Stodgers, P.M., and you will learn that men may be Freemasons for years without penetrating the arcana of the Order; may attain divers dignities without comprehending their true import; may die in the fulness of Masonic parts without having emerged from Masonic babyhood; and often have spent as much time and labour on the art as would, to put it modestly, suffice for the acquisition of every European tongue, yet fall short of the supreme distinction of being "a good Mason." "Whether," as the elder Mr. Weller, and the charity-boy he quotes, respectively remarked of the institutions of holy matrimony, and of getting to the end of the alphabet, "it be worth while going through so much to learn so little," is, I hear the cynic whisper, entirely a matter of opinion; but that neither the labour involved nor its reward is under-estimated, the most superficial knowledge of the subject proves.

Brother Steele and myself have some right to our opinion, for we are Past Masters, Mark-Masters, and Royal Arch Companions—are officers of our Chapters, and Treasurers of our Lodge. What our mutual and horsey friend Tibbins irreverently calls our "plated harness," involves medals, jewels, and ornate ribbons for our manly breasts, aprons for our fronts, and broad collars like those worn by Knights of the Garter (but handsome) for our necks. The Victoria Cross is an ugly excrescence compared to the costly decoration given me as a testimonial to the Brethren of my mother Lodge; the clasps to the jewels of some of our friends exceed in number those of the oldest Peninsular veteran, and we calculate that we might now be Sanskrit scholars of some eminence had we thought fit to serve that language as faithfully as we have served the Craft. Upon sordid money considerations we scorn to dwell. Initiation fees, exaltation fees, fees for advancement, emergencies, subscriptions to charities, to Lodges, and for special purposes, make up a pretty sum to look back upon; and if the upshot of it all were but the amusement and gratification derived, I am not prepared to say that we have had full value for our money. Joyous evenings, periodical feasts (in which something else flows besides soul), mutual compliment, and pleasant friendships, may all spring from other sources than what Burns calls "the mystie tie." With the warmest appreciation of the pleasures of Freemasonry, I, for one, should renounce the whole paraphernalia of colours, aprons, and gewgaws, were I not satisfied of their practical value, and deeply impressed with their usefulness in stimulating to benevolent impulses and charitable deeds. This is, in truth, the chief virtue I care to claim for the Order, in this country and in these times. Abroad, the Freemasons, so fiercely cursed by his Holiness the Pope, may mix up democratic caballing with their ceremonials, and play an important part in the spread of liberal principles, but in England religious and political discussion

are alike forbidden in Lodge; and though in olden days, when skilled craftsmen worked together in travelling bands, leaving magnificent monuments of civilization and piety in their train, the objects of association were better understood, they were not more practical in their results than now. It is impossible to belong to a Masonic Lodge, or even to eat Masonic dinners with regularity, without helping to support some of the most noble charities in the land. You are caught, we will say, by the promise of a festivity, and the hope of enjoyment. You know a jovial set, and would like to be one of them, and you are in due course proposed, elected, and initiated in some Masonic body. From that moment you are a cog in a mighty wheel, and can no more help moving with the rest of the machinery in the directions of good works, than you can avoid wearing your apron when on duty in your Lodge. Your earliest lesson is that of charity and toleration; but the great advantage of the rules of the community you have entered, is, that no individual demerits or torpor can long withstand their beneficial tendency. Other precepts you may neglect or ignore. Your private life may be far from irreproachable. You may be depreciated by your fellow-members as "a knife-and-fork-Mason"—that is, one who cares more for the table of the tavern than the table of the law—and may be quoted by outsiders in proof of the evil effect of belonging to a secret society. All this rests with yourself. Even what we call the inner mysteries of our Order—mysteries which it takes so much time and application to master and comprehend—do not pretend to alter character. A selfish man will be a selfish Mason, a churlish man a churlish Mason, a conscientious man a conscientious Mason, to the end of time. It is wiser to disclaim all legerdemain, and freely confess that no purifying or awakening talisman is given to the Masonic neophyte. The knowledge imparted is moderate in extent, and the man obtaining it finds that he has but learnt the rudiments of an elaborate system, the true bearing of which is veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. Those who sneer at Masonic symbols, who ask with conventional irony why Masons cannot accomplish the good they profess to seek without donning aprons and bedecking themselves with glittering baubles, should, to be consistent, denounce symbolism. Take the House of Commons, and note the precise formality with which old rites and customs are observed there, and say whether the solemn Speaker would look as wise and dignified in a shooting-jacket or a dressing-gown, and whether the quaintly wigged and gowned figures below him are not more appropriately attired than if they wore the paletot and wide-awake of country life. Regard the throne with its surroundings of velvet and ermine and jewels and gold; the pulpit with its conventional black and white; the bench with its time-honored robes; the bar with its wigs and gowns; or, turning to private life, remark how the symbolism of dress and ornament attends us from the cradle to the grave. The white draperies of the christening ceremony, the orange-flowers and favours of the wedding, the ghastly mockery of the nodding black feathers on the hearse, are surely as open to criticism as our Masonic blue and white aprons, or the gay ornaments. Freemasons, let it be remembered, rarely obtrude their finery on the outer world. There are other excellent societies, the members of which periodically break out in buff boots and green tunics, or march with linked fingers through the town, to the clashing of wind instruments, and behind banners bearing copy-book axioms of approved morality. But with Freemasons it is a point of honour not to wear the costume of their Craft, or any adornment pertaining to it, save in their own Lodges. To do otherwise—to flaunt collar, apron, or jewel in other places—is a serious Masonic offence, and one censured with severity by the authorities. The sole exception to this rule is some important public occasion, when a Dispensation is granted by the Grand Master of the Order, and the first stone of some great building is laid, or the remains of some distinguished Brother are committed to the earth. The exceptional character of these occurrences entitles us to the boast that our symbols are only worn for the benefit of those who understand them, and to whose technical knowledge they appeal. In some cases, they mark the rank of the wearer, like the soldier's uniform; in others, the practical good he has effected, like—shall we say—the bishop's mitre.

Each division of the Order, called a Lodge, is ruled over by certain officers, who

are appointed by its Master. To be eligible for this high post, you must have served in one of two subordinate offices for twelve months, and must be sufficiently skilled in what is called the "working," to conduct the elaborate rites creditably. The first condition is imperative; the second sometimes evaded, though neither the master accepting office, nor the Lodge electing him, acts up to the bounden obligation when this is the case. The cost of Freemasonry depends almost entirely upon the Lodge you join, and is governed by the habits of the Brethren composing it, and the By-Laws they have themselves agreed on. The broad rules controlling all Lodges, and all Masons owing allegiance to the Grand Lodge of England, are things apart from these By-Laws, though the latter have to be formally sanctioned as containing nothing opposed to the book of constitutions or the leading principles of the Craft.

(To be continued.)

"THE NIGHTINGALE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MASONIC MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir and Bro.—In the extract on the above subject from my unpublished poem on *Welcombe Hills; or, The Land of Shakespere,* given at page 51 of the *Masonic Magazine,* there needs a *comma* at the end of the line—

" he immortal bards of Greece before,"

and instead of "to *passion view* before us," in the next column we should have it "to *pass in view* before us." For these trifling errors the printer must take the blame. For the bigger blunder of omitting the following rather Masonic sentence entirely, in transcribing it for the press, I must bear the blame myself:—

> And beautifully HERIOD shows the wrongs
> Of tyrant power over the innocent,
> In that fine fable in his *Works and Days,*
> Wherein the cruel and "crook-talon'd" hawk
> "Bore in his pounce a neck-streak'd Nightingale,"—
> Caring more for his banquet than its song.
> For in all ranks of life there ever are
> Those who would shirk of labour their fair share—
> Of study, or of working at some craft—
> Merely to feed and sleep their life away,
> The sensual slaves of ignominious sloth;
> Or, when awake and active, use their skill
> Only to live by plundering mankind,—
> Their ears as deaf to Misery's plaintive cry
> As HERIOD's hawk was to the Nightingale.

Yours very fraternally,

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Stokesley, Yorkshire, Aug. 10, 1874.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following lines were written by an afflicted Brother Mason, who has been confined to his bed for two years.

I.

His work is all done—completed the plans,
Which the Master designed for him here;
The column is broken;
The word *early* spoken,
Bids him, with trestle-board ready in hand,
Before the Grand Master appear.

II.

* * has been struck from labour called off,
He now rests upon earth's gentle breast,
The word's *sweetly* spoken,
"The Grand Temple's open;"
"Enter thou in, divested of all dross;"
"Enter thou in, thrice welcome! to rest.

III.

* * has been toll'd, and sweetly he'll sleep
Till the morn when we're all called to rise.
From the rest unbroken,
The word *truly* spoken.
Then will pierce the grave's gloom, and the complete
Temple give forth the Grand Master's praise.

IV.

So mote it be. So mote it ever be—
Heart to heart in the far-away land.
The circle, unbroken
By unkind word spoken
Here, will there forever united be,
With breast to breast, and hand clasping hand.

V.

Sleep, Brother, sleep; we would not awake thee
To the trials of life's toilsome way.
With Faith's surest token,
With trust firmly spoken,
In the Master we will ever revere;
We will bow to His will "e'en though He slay."

VI.

Aye, sleep; we will weave anew the bright chain
With thy memory linked in our love;
And when "the bowl is broken"—
The last earth-word spoken—
All discord conquered—conquered all pain,
We'll hail thee in the Grand Lodge above.