

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

At the last Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge it was resolved to refer the whole matter of the grateful offering of Grand Lodge, in honour of our Royal Grand Master's return, to a Committee composed of certain nominated Brethren, and the Provincial Grand Masters. We shall await the report of this Committee with much interest, and trust that the suggestions it will make, will be both practical and acceptable, (as we doubt not,) to Grand Lodge and the Craft.

The increase of the Order continues, and new Lodges are cropping up in all directions. The number on the roll already exceeds 1640, and probably, by the end of the year, we shall be close on 1700. Indeed, this great augmentation of Lodges suggests many and very serious considerations, which on some other occasion, we may think it well to dilate on at much greater length. At present, we merely "make a note of it."

We publish a very curious Dedication in extenso (on page 161) to a work called "Long Livers," kindly forwarded to us by our esteemed Bro. W. J. Hughan. This book is interesting from many points. It is the first Masonic printed book, so far, in which allusion is made to our present speculative Grand Lodge. Others may yet

turn up, but this is so far the first, and was originally introduced to the notice of the Order, generally, by Bro. Albert Mackey in America. It is also very remarkable for this statement that in 1721 there was an hermetic Masonry existing in England, though of its precise nature we are not told, hints alone being apparently considered sufficient for "Adepts." The writer seems to be well up in what has been termed the "Jargon of Alchemy," or Rosicrucianism, and it would almost seem as if his words apply to that special form of Hermeticism. High Grade Brethren may find other indicia. Still the fact remains that in 1721, according to this anonymous "litterateur," Freemasons were members of these higher grades, and such a fact opens out many questions.

It has been generally understood that the history of the high grades and of hermetic Masonry begins at a much later period, but here we have it, whatever it was, known to this writer, and alluded to in print in 1722. We shall hope that Bro. W. J. Hughan, and none is more competent to the task, will favour us with his views respecting this work in the next Magazine; and we beg to call the attention of Bro. Findel Bro. R. W. Little, and all other Masonic archæological students to this remarkable Dedication!

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES  
OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS  
FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(Continued from page 116.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE REFERENCE TO THE DIVINE UNITY.

"Then deep within Eleusis' mystic cell,  
The trembling novice heard the measure swell,  
Dwelt with keen ear upon the solemn strain,  
Which whispered truths unknown to the profane;  
Explored a passage which obscurely led  
To some half-doubted state beyond the dead;  
And saw Creation bend before the throne  
Of one pure Essence, self-sprung, and alone."

RELIGIO CLERICI.

It is a remarkable coincidence that while the worshippers of an omnipresent Deity were interested in the preservation of historical truth unadulterated, those who had wandered into paths of their own devising, were equally desirous of perverting those truths to serve their own designs. The attempt at first was delicate, and perhaps dangerous; and required great caution to elude exposure. They deviated gradually as the worship of idols progressed in successive generations, and when Polytheism became popular, the legends were openly adapted to the prevailing mythology of every existing nation. To this point the learning and talent of poets and philosophers appears to have been directed. Historical truth degenerated into fable, and a multiplication of legendary tales were engrafted on the original fact according to the inventive fancy of the writer of metrical romances.

Hence all the fictions of Orpheus and Homer, Melampus, Amphion, and Hæsioid, and a host of others, who followed in after ages, and profiting by these primitive models of the art, engrafted numerous scions into the same prolific tree, until all animated nature—the earth, the sea, the air, fountains and rivers, woods, and the champagne country, heaven and hell, were peopled with deities of poetic creation. Amongst all this mass of absurdity, vestiges of truth, which could not be mistaken, were amalgamated. And we accordingly find, even in the darkest ages,

and at the lowest and most degraded point of the Spurious Freemasonry, tokens of truth, which reveal the origin whence all these rites, and all these fables sprang.

These poetical absurdities were, however, distinguishable from the sacred legends by perfectly initiated men, and were explained to those few favoured individuals, whose merits had elevated them to the autopsia. Many of the philosophers rejected them with contempt. Eratosthenes called them old wives' tales; Strabo, who wrote an essay in their vindication, confessed that they were principally intended to keep the multitude in awe; Lucian openly turned them into ridicule; and Philo Byblius complained, that "with a great deal of force and straining they had converted all the stories of the gods into allegory and physical lectures; and numbers laughed at the credulity of those who placed any confidence in them. Notwithstanding which, the Spurious Freemasonry continued to be venerated by those who were not qualified to distinguish between truth and error." But amongst all their fluctuations, the legend of the Spurious Freemasonry which inculcated the unity of the deity, remained unaltered to the latest period of its existence.

Considering the anaglyph before us to be an embodiment of the Euresis, we must conclude that the Tablet or Tracing Board which the figure holds between its claws, together with the two tables of concentric circles, contain the doctrines which were taught to the candidate after his exaltation or new birth; and being designated by signs and symbols which were well understood, they conveyed no equivocal meaning to the perfectly initiated Epopt.

We have here, both in the Breastplate of Truth, which is placed on the neck of the symbolical representation of the deity, and in the centre of the concentric circles, a reference to the Tetractys or Tetragrammaton of the ancients, which was the peculiar name of the One God the Creator of heaven and earth.\* It is universally admitted that this four-lettered name was known to the heathen. Sanchoniatho mentions a priest of the god JENO; the sibylline oracles name JABO as the supreme God. Diodorus Siculus and Theoderet

\* See above. Part i. c. 4.

both mention JABE under the same denomination. This name is called by Josephus, *the sacred letters*; and Lucau asserted that the earth would tremble if any one pronounced this awful name.

The divine unity was a leading idea intended to be conveyed by the hieroglyphic; for, as Iamblichus asserts, the Hermesians believed that their principal deity existed in solitary unity before all other beings. He is the fountain and original of every thing that either has understanding, or is to be understood. He is the first principle of all things; being omnipotent, incomprehensible, eternal, and the father of all essences.

This divine being was called by the Romans, Jove or JAH; by the Chaldeans, the Phenicians, and the Celtæ, Bel or BEEL; and by the Indians, Egyptians, and Greeks, Aum (Om) or Ox. The first was plainly Jehovah, the second was a common name of the Deity in almost all countries of the earth; and the last was never extinguished, being adopted by the early Christians to express the Great Being whom they worshipped ΩΝ, και ὄν, και ὄρχομενος, —God, which is, and was, and is to come.\* But it must always be kept in mind that the heathen, in acknowledging their chief god to be maker or GAOTU, did not understand it in exact sense in which it is received by Jews and Christians. They believed that God built the world out of existing materials; whilst we are convinced that he created it out of nothing.

The deity, in the Hermesian writings, was said to dwell in unfathomable darkness; an idea which is perfectly consonant with the belief expressed in our inspired writings, where we find it expressed that the Supreme Being "made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him being dark water; and thick clouds to cover him."† This figure was used to show the absolute and inviolable secrecy under which the mysteries of religion were expected to be buried; whence originated another symbol which is very common on the monuments of Egypt, viz., the figure of a young man with his hand pressed firmly on his closed lips, as a tacit admonition of the necessity of silence and secrecy, in

reference to the high and ineffable mysteries on which their existence as an independent nation was reputed to depend. This was a representation of the person called by the Romans Harpocrates, and by the Greeks Sigalion, who was hence esteemed the god of Silence.

The attributes of the deity, are therefore represented in the anaglyph by the usual emblems. He is there indicated as being All powerful, All merciful, All clement, the Nourisher, the Avenger, the Destroyer &c., properties which have been assigned to him by the common consent of all ancient religions, whether patriarchal, Jewish, or heathen; although the latter were very much at a loss to ascertain or understand the precise nature of these attributes; and it was this ambiguity which multiplied the number of deities, by the elevation of the virtues, vices, celestial appearances, and powers of nature, into separate intelligences or gods.

A knowledge of the divine unity ran as a vein through all the mysterious institutions of antiquity; but it was not applied to any valuable purpose. The light shone in darkness; for Cicero could say, "there are many nominal deities, but in substance there is only One;" yet the darkness comprehended it not; and hence while admitting the existence of one presiding divinity, they denied the doctrine of providence. Thus Pliny said, "Irridendum vero agere curam rerum humanarum illud quicquid est summum." But, as Lord Bacon affirms "it would be better to have no opinion of God, than such an one as is unworthy of him; the one is mere unbelief, the other is contumely."

The High Priest of Ceres, in Anacharsis, thus enumerates the various opinions which were entertained by the heathen philosophers of different nations respecting the Deity. "Ask them what is God? They will answer, that which has neither beginning nor end; a pure spirit; an extremely subtle matter, air; a fire endowed with intelligence; the world, or the soul of the world to which it is united as the soul is to the body; the single principle of all things—the principle of good. Every thing is executed by His command, and under His eye. O my son; adore God, and seek not to know Him,"\*

\* Rev. i. 4.

† Ps. xvii. 2, and compare 1 Kings viii. 12, and 2 Chron. vi. 1.

\* Anacharsis. vol. ii. p. 163.

The human head, which, as we have already observed, represented Osiris or the Sun, was also, in the Hermesian hieroglyphics, which are necessarily our principal guides in this difficult enquiry, emblematical of life and of fortune.\* It symbolized also in profile the drugs which were used for embalming, to confer immortality on the body. For it was taught by Hermes, and believed by the Egyptians down to a late period of their existence as an independent nation, that so long as the body could be preserved without decomposition, the soul would escape the contamination of being committed to any other transmigrating form, and allowed to hover about its old companion so long as it might be destined to continue in the terrestrial spheres.†

It had a further reference to the talismans or amulets which were so profusely used in the initiations; and the science in which their interpretation was embodied, was deemed of such importance, that its secrets were concealed in an alphabet devoted to this purpose alone. It was purely symbolical, and was first used, and perhaps invented by Ghamighashir, the cabalistic philosopher. The crown on the head of the figure, or letter Shish, (ש) in the hieroglyphics represented the rising Sun; which, however, was usually portrayed with six rays like the Shish doubled, and is found in the word Shemesh שמש the Sun. The original hieroglyphic may have been, as is conjectured by Dr. Lamb,‡ שמש half the sun above the water, and the other half below it.

(To be continued.)

### BESSIE GROVE:

A TALE OF THE VOTING SYSTEM.

"DEAR, dear me! sitting here without a bit of fire, and so cold as it is; why you can hardly hold your needle."

The speaker was Mrs. Allen, who had

\* It may be remarked here that the fragments of the writings of Hermes which remain, are strongly impregnated with the Zoroastrian philosophy.

† Herod. l. 11.

‡ Hler. p. 20.

just entered the small room of her lodger, Bessie Grove; a pale, delicate young woman, slightly deformed.

"You know, Mrs. Allen," she replied "I cannot afford a fire all day; and I thought I should like a bit for tea, and then I could go to bed warm."

"Well, I'm going out," said Mrs. Allen, "so perhaps you will come into my room, and watch the kettle till my other lodgers, come in; and please tell them I have left the things all right in their room. But, now, about yourself. Did you never think of trying for one of the pensions we hear of? You know Mrs. Smith had £20 a year."

Bessie smiled faintly, and replied, "I have thought about it; but I should have no chance, without friends, and I have not one to help me."

"No friends!" cried Mrs. Allen, "I thought some of your family were well off."

"We used to be," said the young woman, "but my father failed in business, and died broken-hearted; my mother soon followed him; my only brother married, and went to Australia; I have not heard from him for years."

"Yet, surely, you have some relations, Bessie?"

"True," she replied, "I have an aunt, well married; but when last I called there I heard her husband whisper to her, not to ask me to stop to tea; and my cousin, in London, who I once spoke to about one of these annuities, lent me a little book, "Experiences of an Incurable," to show it was impossible."

"Ah! I remember looking at it," said Mrs. Allen. "About an old lady that could not get one. Of course all cannot have what they ask for; but it seemed to me she set about it the wrong way. However, I am going up to Hill House, to help Hannah, as there is to be rather a large party. I will speak to her, and perhaps she could ask her mistress, who is very good and kind. And now I must put on my shawl and start. Good bye."

Mrs. Allen kept her word, and Hannah found time to speak to her mistress. Mrs. Loveday asked a few questions about Bessie, and promised to call and see her soon.

The poor young woman felt very little hope, but she was pleased when Mrs.

Loveday called to see her, and admired the work she was doing.

"I have kept my promise as soon as I could," she said, "and now, Bessie, I hope you will not mind telling me all about yourself. There are several charities that give pensions, and I must see what is most likely to suit you."

Bessie's case was a sad one. An accident in childhood had crippled her; and the little she could earn was not sufficient for her necessities, and her delicate health and much suffering really required some little comforts; still she was patient and contented.

Mrs. Loveday listened carefully to her recital, and then promised to write and ask a friend in London, if he could give a nomination to one of the Incurables. "You must remember," she said, "that a nomination does not give you the annuity, only the power of canvassing, which of course takes some time."

"I thank you very much," replied Bessie, "but I fear it is hopeless. I have not money for printing the cards, and I should not like to run in debt."

"Quite right, quite right, about running in debt; but I mentioned the case to my friends that evening, and one gave me five shillings, and another half-a-crown, and I think more will come; so I shall write to Mr. Peirceall and see what he says."

After her visitor had left, Bessie thought over what had passed, and a gleam of hope seemed to rise, but the thought of *that* little book depressed her again.

Several days passed before she again saw Mrs. Loveday; but one fine, frosty afternoon she came, bringing a letter from Mr. Peirceall. He said that his vote was promised to a candidate, who he expected would succeed. That he would secure a nomination for Bessie, and help her as soon as he could. He sent down some questions to be answered, and showed how she must act to get on the list of candidates. "The reason," he added, "why they are so long getting in, is that there are so many more candidates than vacancies; but the votes are carried on to succeeding elections." He also sent a list of subscribers, and advised Bessie to get another one, by sending eight postage stamps to the Secretary. By that means she found out who had votes; and when she had been admitted

as a candidate, then came the question of names on the cards as recommenders.

"Had not your father some business friends?" said Mrs. Allen, one day; "you say he was an honourable man, and failed through trusting and assisting others."

"Yes," replied Bessie, "he had some very good friends, when he was prosperous; I do not know if they would own me."

"You might write and try," said her friend.

Bessie did write and try. Some did not answer; some were engaged; but Messrs. Copstock were willing to receive proxies. She then called upon her clergyman, who kindly added his name, and a little help towards canvassing, and drew out the form of the cards, and got them reasonably printed for her.

"I feel very sorry to trouble you so much, sir," she said, "but I have been so strongly advised to try."

"Never mind about the trouble," he replied, "we were intended to help each other, and I trust that Providence will bless your efforts."

"I am going into the next town," said Mrs. Allen, one morning, "shall I take one or two of your cards?"

"Many thanks," said Bessie, "here they are, and a list of those in Coleside who subscribe."

Mrs. Allen wended her way, and entered the large grocer's shop. Mr. Owen was standing surveying his customers.

Mrs. Allen approached him. "Please, sir, I have brought this card; I think you are a subscriber, and—"

Her speech was cut short. Mr. Owen waved his hand and said, "We have so many of these things; we cannot give to all."

"That's true Sir," she said, "but I thought perhaps you would just read it while your young man serves me with the sugar and bit of cheese."

Mr. Owen drew a gold-mounted eyeglass from his breast, and looked at the card, at first carelessly, and then with more interest. He asked Mrs. Allen some questions, and promised his vote if "his lady" had not given it away.

Meanwhile the shopman was doing up Mrs. Allen's parcel, and enquired if he was to put in the usual quarter of tea.

"No," she said. "Poor Bessie bid me

get postage stamps instead, but she will sadly miss her tea, for she gets no beer."

"We can trust her," said Mr. Owen; "I feel sure she is honest."

"Too honest to get in debt, and not be able to pay," said Mrs. Allen; "she has only her work to depend on, and sometimes she is too ill to do it. It is beautiful fine lace work, but she is paid little for it by the shop-people."

Mr. Owen was now quite interested. "I will talk to my lady about it," he said; "she is fond of lace, and might give a better price than the shop, and yet get it cheaper than buying it there, besides helping the young lady;" and he added turning to the shopman, "Put up the quarter of tea; I shall not enter it in the books. That's all right, Mrs. Allen. Good morning. Bring a bit of the work with you next time you come."

Mrs. Allen hastened back, and told her young friend the good news.

A pretty piece of work was completed, and purchased by a friend of Mrs. Owen's. And soon more was ordered, and poor Bessie got nearly double what she had done before. Many people became interested in her, and the list of subscribers was passed from hand to hand; each selected a few names of people they could ask for their votes; many did not even object to finding the stamps, because it was only a few from each. Bessie had been warned not to write to all the subscribers, which is very expensive, and seldom does much good. The first election was looked forward to with great anxiety, though of course with no hope of succeeding in that or several others. She was, however, surprised to find how well she got on for the first time, and encouraged to apply to other persons she had known in prosperity. The replies were seldom satisfactory, but still several more friends were added to her list, and they also asked their friends, so that another list of subscribers had to be got, and they were seldom at home.

During the summer Mr. Peirceall came to see the Lovedays, and called upon Bessie. He congratulated her on getting on so well, and added, "Of course it must take time, as there were so many applications before yours, most of them so sad

that it makes my heart ache to read them."

"But, sir," said Bessie, "should we not get in quicker if the Committee managed it, instead of the trouble of getting votes?"

"I am glad you mentioned this," said Mr. Peirceall; "it gives me the opportunity of explaining the matter. First, you cannot get in till there are vacancies, and when these do occur there are many more applications than can be admitted at once; some must wait. I know a poor widow who waited three years, and then the committee told her they could not keep her name on any longer. I happened to meet one of the Committee shortly after, and asked him about it. He said, 'Oh! I am sorry I did not know you were interested in the creature; but we have so many people at us. I sometimes almost wish I had nothing to do with it, only it helps one to oblige a friend sometimes. You see, some time ago my wife wanted to get in her servant's sister, which we did the first election; but then all those who helped her in expected me to take up their candidates.' I asked him if they did not have the merits of the different candidates laid before them. He replied, that the Secretary did certainly get up something of a statement, but they seldom had time to study it, and there were sure to be cases of their own to attend to. I asked him if the case of the servant's sister was a very distressing one, and if so I should not have liked to stand in the way. He laughed saying, 'Oh! no, my dear fellow, she was not hard up; but £20 extra was acceptable, and by a little management we made her income appear to be within the rules.' So much for election by a Committee. Those who form it are men of like passions with ourselves, and quite as likely to favour their own cases. When the power rests with a large body of subscribers there is a counter-acting influence; and I know many people who will not promise a vote till they have looked into the case. Another of the new schemes is sending all proxy papers to the Secretary, which I think unsafe and bad, more especially where many votes are allowed, as by exchanging the names between the different papers he can secure success to as many as are to be elected. 1

know several cases where elections were gained from presents of game or poultry offered to the Secretary's acceptance. But I shall tire you with all this. I hope our efforts will be successful. I have some experience; and with a good case do not despair, though I never traffic. If all subscribers would fill in the names of the candidates they wish to vote for before parting with their papers, what is called 'professional trafficking' must die a natural death. Good-bye, Bessie. Some day, I hope, I shall have good news for you, and by straight-forward means, too."

Another election-day came and went, and Bessie was most thankful for the number of votes polled for her. "A good case never fails to find friends," wrote Mr. Peirceall; "in my experience I never knew one neglected or unsuccessful in the end." Besides the hope thus held out, Bessie had other causes of thankfulness to Providence, and gratitude to those who had helped her. From a solitary unknown woman, living in one room and toiling hard, she had now become known and cared for. Many sent her little presents; others bought her work. And she said cheerfully, that even if she never gained the annuity, she had much benefited by the attempt.

The third election came on, and was looked forward to with much anxiety. Like a circle from a stone thrown into the water, Bessie's friends had gradually extended, and the happy news came that she who at first starting appeared to be friendless, hopeless, "no money," "no friends," was SUCCESSFUL.

Deeply grateful to God and man, the poor girl burst into tears; but they were tears of joy.

"Oh! Mrs. Allen," she cried, "to you I owe all: you were the first to encourage me to try. How can I thank you?"

"I'm sure I'm pleased enough," replied the kind-hearted woman; "as pleased as if it was for myself."

Mrs. Allen accepted Bessie's invitation to tea, with buttered toast and sausages; and next morning Bessie went to thank Mrs. Loveday and the kind Rector.

With this nice help, and prospering with her work, she did not again have to sit fireless, or go supperless to bed.

A PCEAN.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD  
PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., K.T., K.P.,  
M.W.G.M.

HAIL! highly exalted above men and Princes,

In thine own regal state and birthright  
Thou hast the highest born o'er leaped;  
And Englishmen are proud of thee, approve thee,

For thou art old Albion's son and heir,  
The true stamp and type of a Briton,  
And a gentleman; for which all peoples  
esteem thee,

Lovingly, and in sincerity, and in loyalty;  
History hath no record of such an one  
Standing out alone in uniqueness,  
Neither hath history had the wherewith of  
stuff

To "memo" thy like. Thou art a man,  
And 'tis true nobility only, can wear the  
name;

All cannot lay claim to this privileged  
prerogative,  
'Tis a right good title all others far out-  
stitching,

The honour doth suit thee, wear it, wear it  
long

For thou hast rivetted it on the face of  
nations,

And the hearts of men, who know thee by  
fame,

Others having seen thee, bless and cherish  
thee,

Thou hast won "heartly good wishes."

Doubly beloved through thy queenly  
mother

On whose life neither stain, nor blemish  
resteth,

Which bringeth holy and hallowed thoughts  
uppermost.

This comes where the supremacy of goodness  
reigneth,

A lifetime replete with this sweet virtue  
Enobleth the tide of an existance.

These things are the staple values of this  
Victorian age.

Thus would we write down of thee,  
affirmatively.

The seed hath been sown and manifest is  
made

Through the greetings of unnumbered  
multitudes

In near, and distant, and far off Lands.

There have they to the echo lauded thy name,  
 And sang forth thy praises in "welcomes"  
 Wherever thou hast set thy foot.  
 Orations and songs of triumph hath saluted thee  
 And made thy labours pleasurable,  
 And thy toils clusters of sweetness,  
 For no bitterness compassed the thoughts of men,  
 But gladness was o'er all bestrewed.  
 The lengthened ways, passed o'er and trodden,  
 Became one round and series of joy and delight,  
 'Twas grandeur of splendour, 'twas revelling  
 In the luxuriousness of peace and plenty,  
 Such the richness of exalted esteem and confidence.  
 'Twas loyalty in supremacy acknowledged.  
 Enshrined thy face and form is become,  
 And whether seen under the shadow of England  
 Or of distant climes, or lands near to home,  
 All have laden thee with warmest enthusiasm,  
 E'en 'mongst races, who know not thy God,—  
 These have honor'd thee in the bond of brotherhood,  
 "For one touch of Nature maketh all the world a kin."  
 And under this sign strong manifestations  
 Were made in homage and obeisance.  
 Where is the register? in this world's story  
 That hath indexed such triumphal doings,  
 But 'tis accounted for, thy heart was rightly set  
 And 'twas crowned by the heritage of good will,  
 Which ever kindleth feelings of attachment,  
 And barbarians become pliant under it.  
 The acts of courtesy paid thee were not servile,  
 Nor were they in form and shape of slavery,  
 Neither the humility of subjugation,  
 Neither in that of conquered fear—  
 'Twas the tone of adulation, suited to the free,  
 Free as the sun's rays that played around thee.  
 The applause rendered hath been of the heart,  
 Such that free men alone can offer.  
 Then hath it the garb of hallow'd affection,  
 And is without guile and awarded only to those

One desireth to estimate in truthfulness,  
 And this on the dial of time hath been marked!  
 Does the past in age of hoariness index such gatherings?  
 Can the finger of mediæval time and chivalry  
 Show the page where the like gorgeous splendours hath date?  
 And such honours hath many peoples heaped upon one head!  
 That head, our Chief, our Masonic Grand Master.  
 Nations and tribes in goodly fellowship  
 Have striven to outstep each other in exultation,  
 And devotion, without fear, not in fear  
 But in that of heart love, e'en to veneration.  
 What a tribute of respect to old Albion,  
 And to her sons, and to thy kindred.  
 In all thy wanderings, thou wert' watched o'er  
 By the providence of "our great Architect,"  
 And veritable graciousness of attention paid thee,  
 And the unseen guardianship from all evil  
 Did protect and kept thee in life,  
 For thou wert' precious to thine own, at home.  
 Again thou art the people's choice, England's elect;  
 And their hope, 'cause thine heart is free of guile,  
 No sinister imaginings sit on thy thoughts,  
 Being free, free-born, born of the land of the free.  
 Therefore all nations and mankind love thee.  
 Thou art unshackell'd, not fettered by dominance,  
 For a free soul requireth no confessor.  
 Amongst a strange people in a far off country  
 Begirt with confidence, thou wentest not  
 In the symbol of arrogance and pride,  
 Neither in the spirit of a conqueror by blood.  
 Thy car was called charity, sweetest of attributes,  
 Clenched by the honest grip of true friendship.  
 This best of motives led thee in thy desires  
 To that of seeing "practised unto others truth."  
 Herein thou didst well, thy reward is sure,



'Tis a safe promise in this and the world to come,  
 For he who spoke it was the great "Truth" speaker  
 And the very essence of loyalty.  
 With these elements in thy nature planted  
 'Tis nothing wondrous that thy receptions  
 Were one grand glorious greeting and welcome.  
 Thy witnesses were the eyes of the whole world,  
 They were turned towards thee, on thee.  
 The verification was completed in amplification  
 When thou didst set thy foot again  
 In England!!

T. BURDETT YEOMAN.

#### ZOROASTRIANISM AND FREE- MASONRY.

(Continued from page 121.)

##### PART IV.

THE covering of a Freemasons' Lodge is a celestial canopy of divers colours, even as the heavens. The way by which we hope to arrive at it is by the assistance of a ladder in Avesta called the Chinvat peretu, the Chinvat pool. It is composed of many staves or rounds, which point out as many virtues. It rests on the volume of the sacred law on Mount Hara Berezaiti the Alborz, because, by the doctrines contained in that holy book, we are taught to believe in the potency of Maneshne, which enables us to ascend the first step. This strictly followed and cherished, leads to its developement in Gaveshne, which enables us to ascend the second step; and both these fructify into Kooneshne, which enables us to ascend the third and the final step. On the morning of the third day after one's death, his soul departs from this world; and, if he has satisfied Meher, Serosh, and Rashnu, he arrives at the Chinvat pool, from whence, according as he has thought well, spoken well, and done well, he is enabled to take his steps into the first, second, or third heaven. These, then, are the staves of the ladder by which he reaches Garothman, or the abode of songs, where Ahura

Mazda resides. and where Yazads and Amshaspends sing his praises around his throne. The ornaments of a Lodge are the chequered pavement, the blazing star, and the indented or tessellated border. The chequered pavement is the beautiful flooring of a Freemasons' Lodge, the blazing star the glory in the centre, and the indented or tessellated border the skirt-work round the same. The chequered pavement points to the diversity of objects which decorate and adorn the creation, the animate as well as the inanimate part thereof. This pavement, moreover, refers to the duality prevalent in nature and morals. The white square denotes the creative, the light and heat-imparting agency in nature, called in the Avesta 'spentomaiyus,' in colloquial language 'sapenadmino.' The black denotes the destroying, the darkness and cold-imparting agency, called Angra Mainyus ghano mino or Ahriman. In the beginning of things, in the Zarvane Akarane, *i.e.*, time without bounds, Ahura Mazda has by his fiat, Yatha Ahu Vairyo, created the raw materials, and has chalked out the design of this universe, and has set in action, subordinate to his will and law, and subject to his designs on the Tracing Board, two working agencies. The one moulds and fashions the raw rude matter into the wondrous and beautiful productions of nature which embellish the creation. But since the raw material is created once for all at the outset, and in a definite quantity, the moulding agency would have its work finished after a certain age; but Ahura Mazda has designed differently, so that both the agencies can be kept at work perpetually. With this object, the destroying agency comes into action and dismembers the existing productions into the original raw crude matter, and places it before the creative agency to prevent its standing still. Thus Spena Mino embodies, and Ghano Mino disembodies, all existence. The one, then, is quite indispensable to the other. To keep existence going on destruction must take place. Both help equally to keep on the world constantly changing and renovating. So the black and the white squares represent these two incessantly working agencies. The white following the black, and the black following the white in its turn,

explain the phenomenon of this world. As in nature, so in morals, there are two forces working in us—the good and the evil. As rational beings pre-eminently superior to all the rest of God's creatures, he has endowed us with the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong. Unlike all the rest of the animals, we are not endowed with mere instinct from our birth to recognise what is good and what is bad. This requires to be taught to human beings from the volume of the sacred law. But our Raven sometimes does not feel inclined to listen to the voice of Spena Mino, turns refractory, and yields himself to the promptings and insidious spell of the evil agency—of Ahriman in fact. Whatever a Raven does to destroy, comes from evil inspiration; whatever he does to advance the welfare of his fellow-creatures, comes from good inspiration. So Spena Mino and Ghana Mino are at work within us as actively as they are without us. We are passing a probationary life, and as we actively engage ourselves in benevolence, benevolence, and beneficence, we accord with Spena Mino and deserve the smile of Ahura Mazda. A contrary life accords with Ghana Mino and merits the wrath of Ahura Mazda. The blazing star refers us to that grand luminary the sun, which enlightens the earth and all that is upon it, and dispenses its blessings to mankind in general by its benign influence. The sun as the source and the cause of all vitality on the face of the earth. He represents light, heat, and purity. He is the eye of Ahura Mazda. By his rising, all the noxious vapours accumulated during the dark and cold hours of the night are dissipated, and all the vile and pernicious creatures return to their dismal dens. Without the sun there would be no existence, and hence his glory is sung by millions of tongues morning, noon, and evening. He is the noblest of God's handiwork, and, in terms of the Khorshed Yasht, whoever discovers and glorifies his benign influences on this sublunary creation, discovers and glorifies Ahura Mazda, his maker. He is the best material emblem of Ahura Mazda on which our material eyes could rest, and consequently he is one and the chief of the Zoroastrian Keblas or emblems. The indented or

tesselated border refers us to chequered life on this earth. Whilst we find a heavy cloud of adversity hanging imminently over our heads, it must encourage us to nerve ourselves with fortitude, and to prepare ourselves to bravely withstand the to-be-bursting storm, with the stimulating hope glimmering in the distance of our soon being enabled to reach the white cube by perseverance and patience. A righteous man never trembles in adversity if he rightly understands the wholesome effects it leaves after it. He puts his faith in Ahura Mazda, and relies on the innumerable promises given in the Avesta to come to the succour of all those who call upon him with the words "Jas me avanghe Mazda" constantly on their lips and in their mouths.

A sumptuous banquet followed the lecture; and Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee, in proposing the toasts of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, alluded to the kind manner in which the Prince had patronised the Parsee institution called after Her Royal Highness the Princess, *viz*, the Alexandra School. During the evening, some high classical music was performed, and the way in which selections from Verdi, Bishop, Donizetti, and other masters, were executed, as well as a clever imitation of the Scotch bag-pipes, showed that the Parsee Masons were proficient in music. Altogether a most pleasant evening was spent.

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## SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

### V.—AMUSEMENTS.

"Neither as being lords . . .  
" . . . . . but being ensamples."

"ENGLISHMEN take their pleasures sadly," so rightly or wrongly declare our volatile neighbours across "the silver streak." Are they right or are they wrong? It would assuredly be almost an honour to us if right, for from the time that our great poet made Iago say—"in England, they are most potent in potting,"—our country-

men instead of improving in this respect, seem to have made this failing so gradually predominant that, in too many cases, no merrymaking seems to be complete without it.

For once, though, we think our friends wrong in their estimate of us, for what they deem sadness, we take to be earnestness; for we are sufficiently self-conceited to consider that the great feature of John Bull is thoroughness. There have been times when our lively neighbours have found us terribly in earnest, and if we are earnest in war, we are the same in peace; if thorough in work, the same in play. Surely it behoves us then to direct this earnestness of ours, even in our amusements, into some worthy channel. Before advancing further let us not be misunderstood as advocating what is known as the "goody" school, but simply of pointing out in the course of our investigations in what way our recreation may be as innocently as usefully pursued. We say usefully because we have already (in a former paper) shown that recreation is as necessary to a man's health, mental and bodily, as oil to machinery; nay even more than this, we have proved to demonstration that rational amusement, not only makes the wheel of life run smoothly on its axle, but that the time spent therein, is just that necessary opportunity that nature embraces to make good the wear and tear, caused in her machinery by the ravages of handiwork and mental toil.

Whilst there are as many modes of recreation as there are individual bodies and their individual minds, it is of course impossible to lay down any code of rules by which every individual unit of Society is to be amused, and we can therefore only pretend to suggest some few general principles. Nor again shall we stop to give more than a passing glance at the sports of the "well-to-do," as our present purpose is rather to attempt the amelioration of the condition of those amongst us who, for lack of more rational and healthful amusement, are but too often driven to those low pleasures which

"Like the Dead Sea apples,  
Turn but to ashes on the lips."

Be it, then, distinctly understood that, having the well-being of our poorer

brethren at heart, our real intention now is to point out the way in which we can induce them to amuse themselves in a manner as conducive to their material health and moral welfare as to their bodily pleasure and mental happiness.

In a former paper we have suggested that "Volunteering" whilst rendering our English youth more than possibly useful in the hour of danger to their country, will serve to provide many, whose bent lies in that direction, with much healthy recreation; now let us mention two or three sources of amusement which, with less restraint, will afford most young men capital opportunities for muscular development as well as mental diversion.

First and foremost, then, is the essentially English game, Cricket. England is the home, as it was the birthplace, of this noble pastime, and every village ought to have its club; and what can squire and parson do better in the long summer evenings than instruct, and encourage in improvement, the village youth in this game, so beloved by their fathers; seen, too, as it is in such perfection, only in this land of ours, a land whose sons are not daunted by the vision of a few hard knocks. Then in the winter time, when bricklayer and mason, carpenter and painter, stand spell-bound by Jack Frost, what better to send the blood healthily coursing through the veins than a well-played game of Hockey or Football. Again, if our boys can command their temper, what diversion were manly than the wrestling bout of our northern shires, or the backsword contest, or the turn at singletick of the honest lads of Somerset and Berks. Is there no comrade at hand to take a turn? why then let us go to the gymnasium, and be the sky ever so lowering and the weather ever so cold, there will be found exercise and amusement in one, and that without stint.

Has night closed in with its darkness and winter drizzle? Well then let us turn into our Reading Room and Club, and we shall doubtless find a ready companion at the lively Bagatelle, the more serious Draughts, or most profound of all, the subtle and mysterious Chess. And if even companions fail us, if our secretary be wise there will still be a fund of amusement, after the news of the day has been scanned and the "Monthly" wisdom digested, in

the well-thumbed volume of "Punch," whose pages though ancient will yet be redolent of a wit that mellows with age. And now the evening draws to a close and we will call for a bowl of fragrant Mocha, or "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." whilst such of us as have a bent that way will dreamily watch the blue smoke-wreath soaring upwards till lost in space. The clock strikes and we go home to rest after a well-spent day, to rise in the morning with our money still in our pocket, and with our heads clear and our bodies refreshed for a new day's honest toil. And this is no fancy picture but already a reality in many a quiet spot in our land. Shall, we ask, any exertions on our part be spared till it is made the rule instead of the exception?

Now a word as to those that are husbands and fathers of families whom we would desire to find after dusk seeking their enjoyment rather in their own chimney-corner than any other spot; and one will, perhaps add, a word too about the wives and children, for you surely would not have all these at your Institute during the dark evenings of winter? No need, we reply, if the father be a stay-at-home, and fond of promoting his little-ones' amusement. The games learned at the institute, if transplanted, will thrive and flourish at the home fireside; the paper purchased at half-price from the Reading-room will afford tidings of the great outside world sufficiently fresh; whilst the books (presented or lent by friends) from the Library, and read aloud by the father, whilst the thrifty mother makes or mends the household garments, will yield an ample store of sound instruction or harmless entertainment.

That these evenings of quiet enjoyment prove not monotonous, once a fortnight or so, entertainments of Music and Reading may be provided at the lowest possible cost to cover expenses. At such gatherings the Readings must be short, interesting and varied as to subject matter; for it is a great mistake to suppose on the one hand that our working friends will endure continued cramming with large doses of heavy and didactic verbosity, or, on the other that they will be flattered by being provided solely with pieces of senseless inanity; here, as elsewhere, let the learned and the

ludicrous blended in due proportions make a well flavoured whole. Above everything give those that we wish to benefit as great a share as possible in the execution of the programme, for not only will it give the performers such an interest that they would never take as mere listeners, but it will afford their fellows a feeling of honest pride, that at least some of themselves can contribute to the amusement of the whole; besides which, and above all, it will show them that they possess the means of amusing themselves, and lead them by a healthful spirit of emulation to fresh efforts in self culture; one other result, too, will accrue, and that one most to be desired, which is that a love of music, that most humanising of all the sciences, will be planted and cultivated amongst those who stand most in need of such civilizing influences. Before leaving this part of the subject we must not omit to recommend the *Conversazione* with its accompanying tea. Few who have not seen it would believe the keen appreciation that our poorer friends display of those little curiosities which are to be found in almost every house, of the interest of which their possessors are often heedless or ignorant but which collected make quite a wonderful display; and still fewer would credit the gusto with which full-grown working-men will discuss tea and cake; it is a sight to be seen to be believed, and, let us sincerely add, to be enjoyed.

But, some friend will urge, we have tried all this, have done our best, and—failed! what is the reason? why the reason is not so far to seek, my friend, as you imagine. You have set all this going, you say, but it has stopped like a bad clock; perhaps the main spring has been weak or altogether wanting. You have started this machinery, but have you shared in its working? Because there is all the difference between pointing out the way and going it; between a passive and an active interest in good work!

In the English Merry-makings of the past when the Squire

"Opened his broad lawns"

to the revellers, the feast was not complete without himself, and, just as in the same way that his dependants, as humble members of his family, dined at his table, so in the mirth that followed, he in person

led the dance. It was this bond of common interest and good will, that made Lord and Tenant of the estate, Master and Retainer of the house, regard the community as a family compacted and bound together by ties of fellow-feeling and mutual dependance.

It is this fellow-feeling that is wanting now!

Everything has changed or passed away with the good old times. Estates have new lords, manor-houses new masters; old families have died out and new ones sprung up; old servants scattered, and none are here to take their place; now instead of each for other it is each for self, and 'ere the spirit of the good old days can be revived, this gentle fellow-feeling must be kindled anew. Yours, gentle readers, and ours, be the grateful task, to do each our little share towards this glorious consummation.

If, then, we would elevate our poorer friends from the selfish degradation that but too many of them now regard as pleasure, we must apply this long lost principle of participation; and if we would wish to interest our working men in the recreations that we have here described we must show them that we use and like them too. Whether then the amusement be outdoors or within, whether it be Cricket and Hockey, or Reading and Bagatelle, let us not only found the club and open the room, but let us make use of them ourselves; for we shall do more by showing our fellow-feeling than by all the preaching and subscribing in the world.

Yet one word before this paper, like the good old days, become sa thing of the past—Is the elevation of the masses, as well in the lighter as in the more serious business of their lives, our object? Then let us remember that "example is better than precept," and that we may lead with a silken thread where we could not drive with a rod of iron.

Is it our Man's habit of frequenting the taproom that we would eradicate? Then, my Masters, remember that you have your Clubs for which he has no equivalent, and provide him one!

Is it the cruel sport, so-called, that you would lead him to relinquish? Then pause before you fire at the poor blind bird dazed by the falling trap, and show

our workman that you possess an Englishman's sport-loving heart without a taint of cruelty!

Is it the gambling with the tattered greasy cards, or the low "shove-ha'penny" that you would wean friend Hodge from? Give up first that 'quiet' Hazard, my young Master, and that small 'Book' with its mystic, and often fatal, figures!

In short, remember the old saying, as applicable now as in the day that it was first uttered, about a certain "mote and beam!" and never forget, that the stone maliciously thrown does not work half as much mischief in the mud wall of the poor man's cottage, as it does in the crystal sides of the house of one of the Masters of Society.

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TO SAINT BRIDE'S CHURCH,  
DOUGLAS, LANARKSHIRE, N. B.

*Dedicated to the R. W. M., S. W., and J. W., of St. Bride's Lodge of Freemasons, No. 118, by a newly initiated Brother.*

BY BRO. J. GLAISTER.

SOME hundred years have now rolled on,  
Since you were built by plumb, and rule,  
and square,  
A monument of gifted masons' skill;  
Their marks are everywhere.

You've witnessed many a pageantry,  
And heard the white-robed choir chant  
the song,  
The clang of heavy armoured men  
These holy aisles among.

Fair ladies often in that olden time  
Have met within thy sacred, sculptured  
walls,  
Have asked a blessing as they praying,  
knelt,  
On lovers fond, that lived in stately halls.

Thy old stone pavement, wet with human  
gore,  
Could tell of many a gallant soldier's  
death,  
Far from their home and English hearths,  
They here give up their failing breath.

Oh! could you but your history relate  
And tell the story of your earlier days,

There were some deeds would raise our  
 hearts in pride,  
 And stir our souls to love thine ancient  
 lays.

Fond eyes have glanced full free to eyes as  
 bright,  
 Lovely, and radiant as the morning star ;  
 While love met all-entrancing love and felt  
 That visor-plate its passion could not  
 mar.

Sleep on ! ye noble dead. Sleep on !  
 Though now your bodies crumble to the  
 dust,  
 Each was a hero while his blood ran warm,  
 And revered, lives in mem'ry of the  
 just.

These hundred years that have rolled away,  
 A revolution in thy form have made,  
 The sinful hands of all-despoiling man,  
 In very ruins have thy beauties laid.

But as the storm comes whistling o'er  
 The darkened hills, where gloomy looks  
 the west,  
 And howls so fiercely round thy shattered  
 walls,  
 And buffets nigh the strength from out  
 thy breast.

The ivy thick that still clings close too thee,  
 And clasps thee fondly in a warm  
 embrace,  
 Supports thy tottering frame when age  
 assails,  
 And threats to end thee in thy sacred  
 race.

So brethren of our ancient lodge, St. Bride,  
 May we the ivy simulate through life,  
 Support each other in the long-toil days,  
 Till troubles cease, and ends each passing  
 strife.

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## THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

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### STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

It is, as some one once said, with the  
 "utmost of diffidence and a feeling of  
 transcendental awe," that I venture to  
 touch upon this topic. I have always my-  
 self looked on strong-minded women with

"fear and trembling." I do not deny  
 writing philosophically and exactly, that  
 there is no reason, *à priori*, why there  
 should not be strong-minded women as well  
 as weak-minded women, in this lower  
 earth and amid us suffering mortals all.  
 And if, as I believe, there is a compensa-  
 tory process always going on here, a balan-  
 cing, so to say, of the contrasted scales of  
 wit and dulness, of strength and weakness,  
 of pleasure and sorrow, and so on, there is  
 no possible objection to the fact, *per se*,  
 that strong-minded women may and do  
 exist amongst us. Indeed strong-minded  
 women have existed from the very first.  
 Miriam and Jael were both strong-minded  
 women ; so was Judith ; so was Mariamne.  
 The Queen of Sheba was a strong-minded  
 woman ; so was Semiramis. Cleopatra was  
 a strong-minded woman ; so was Aspasia.  
 And in the early and middle ages, down to  
 comparatively modern times, strong-minded  
 women have adorned the fleeting centuries,  
 as married women "ruling the roast," as we  
 say, keeping their husbands and all around  
 them in proper subjection, as single women,  
 astonishing their age and succeeding epochs  
 by their firmness and massiveness of intel-  
 lect, their masculine courage, or their un-  
 conquerable wills, sometimes too, I am  
 compelled to add, by their pranks and their  
 eccentricities. That strong-minded women  
 should be, need not, therefore, astonish any  
 of us, as until Time's weird is over, until  
 the sands of this great world are run out,  
 there always will be, we may feel assured,  
 strong-minded women in all nations of the  
 world, who will exercise great influence on  
 their contemporaries, and who will shine  
 as stars in that peculiar firmament at which  
 men often look up to with admiring gaze,  
 but which women, and I am not sure but  
 that they are right after all, pass coldly  
 and callously by.

But the strong-minded woman of our  
 own time is alike a study and a singularity,  
 a fact and a fiction, a certainty and a con-  
 sideration, and amid the good and evil, the  
 pleasant and the pretentious, the agreeable  
 and the wearisome, amid the realities which  
 charm, and the horrors which alarm us,  
 in these noisy, and sensational, and often  
 unnaturally excited days, the strong-  
 minded woman stands out before us in  
 clear contour, and in distinct personality,  
 a creature not of the imagination on the

part of the novellist, but a real, tangible mortal, whether thin in substance or stout in outline, whether but a somewhat depressed anatomy, or looming large materially before startled and enquiring man.

To-day our strong-minded woman lectures us about everything, and having obtained the municipal suffrage, nevertheless claims the parliamentary. — It is a terrible grievance that the long enduring British female, matron, maid, widow can vote for a churchwarden, can vote under Denison's Act, but cannot either vote for members of Parliament, or above all sit in Parliament and talk. We are inclined to think that she might talk as good sense while there as some old women of our acquaintance do, in both houses; but still the wrong done to the British female, in denying her admittance to the great "talking house" of the nation, is both incalculable and very grave. At least she thinks and says so, Heaven bless her. We have to-day strong-minded women doctors, lawyers, lecturers, teachers, painters, poetesses, sculpturesses, and we welcome them gladly, and listen to them respectfully, though we may question somewhat sometimes at first whether in all this women are quite fulfilling their true mission. And yet there comes over us a doubt, as we write this, whether such an objection is right or tenable. Why, for instance, should the world lose the advantage of the wondrous power of Rosa Bonheur, ever true to nature, ever charming, ever delightful? Why should Miss Thompson not attract us with another battle piece? Why should we in fact refuse to listen to those many gifted sisters,—"dear sisters," as Professor Fluffy always says,—who, like Miss Carpenter, Miss Nightingale, and many more, have devoted their time and talents to the improvement and care, and healing and elevation of mankind? Why should not woman be permitted to excel, as God has given her the power, in those wondrous arts and professions, in those departments of public life, which tend so much to the happiness and amelioration and comfort of us all alike? I have no fair answer to such queries. In America there are many very strong-minded women, — very, indeed; and though Bloomerism is happily like the Dodo extinct, every now and then we hear of little sallies of

female strong mindedness, which rather startle and confuse us on this side of the Atlantic, when we hear poor lords of the creation, that our authority is challenged, and that our superiority is imperilled.

And now I have to make an avowal, which all my strong-minded female readers will indignantly denounce,—I cannot admit their right to legislate for man. Woman is the helpmeet for man, but cannot, I apprehend, bear well the rough strain of political turmoil, nor could she with propriety take part in long and animated debates. It would place her out of her sphere, and make her ignore her true mission. She has a proper little empire of her own, in which she reigns supreme. We surrender to her willingly the domestic regime, and the sovereignty of fashion. We accede to her that sway in the home, and heart, which make her so dear and precious to countless thousands; but we cannot believe that she does well in thrusting herself into the "hurly burly" of political conflicts, angry passions and vociferous parties, or that she can be in her right place amid the heated and often baneful atmosphere of the political "caucus" and the political committee. No—so say many most thoughtful persons, and able statesmen,— "woman is never so far out of her proper position as when she descends to the arena of party struggles, or the lower level of political agitation."

And I think so too. That women often are strong politicians, and good politicians too, is true; that they have a right to have an opinion and express their views is incontestable; but they had better confine their political fervour to their own immediate domestic circle and friends; they had better look on at a distance at struggles, in which they cannot participate, without material harm to their purer, and truer, and gentler nature. I am afraid that my views will seem sadly antiquated and retrograde to many who now are clamouring for female suffrage. As a mere political question I should favour it, as almost all women are truly conservative by instinct; but I feel sure that the possession of the privilege would be a fatal gift to woman, inasmuch as she would be at once transformed from our own domestic angel, to the zealous committee-woman, and the bullying secretary of a political association. I do

not even go so far as to think that women should be on school-boards, though I feel sure all schools are improved by the aid, and counsel, and influence of women. Indeed there is no sphere that I know of in which woman's gentle heart, clear mind, good principles, and steady will, may not be advantageously employed. For curiously enough woman carries with her a healing and a softening influence, which the ablest of men do not possess, and for want of which so many men, often the cleverest speakers, fail egregiously here. Whenever woman appears on the scene, she seems to exert a goodly influence on all, though I have heard it said that clergymen, whether married or single, exercise more influence over female Sunday-school teachers than clergymen's wives or clergymen's daughters, or lady teachers. Why should this be so? What is the psychological mystery concealed beneath than fact, if it be a fact?

Well, then, I come to this: "strong-minded women are strong-minded women," as the hesitating lecturer once observed, and as such have no doubt their use, and value, and blessing for society. Some of us may prefer the smiling and confiding angel, who has no will but that of her own adored Thomas James. Some of us may appreciate the self-sustained, and modest and retiring home darling as our vision of all that is graceful, loveable and perfect in woman. Some of us may have pictured to themselves a beau ideal of what a woman ought to be, and may not like to have it rudely disturbed either by the realism of the hour, or the personality of pretentious strong-mindedness.

But like many other things here, like a shower of rain on a hot day, like a good frost after too muggy weather, like the sun after a fog, like in fact many other gifts, blessings and realities, a strong-minded woman is a fact, and probably a necessity for our times, has her use as well as her importance for us, and deserves to be treated with that respect and propriety and marked consideration which her august status evokes, and her intense self-consciousness demands.

*Note.*—Some American ladies are now proposing a "reform in dress," and to go about in loose trousers and sacks. (See *Times* of 20th September.)

## FREEMASONRY.\*

BY BRO. G. TIDCOMBE, JUN.,  
*Abercorn Lodge.*

FROM all our icy regions,  
To all our burning sands,  
Freemasonry hath legions,  
That bless all seas and lands.  
Most worshipful, and ancient,  
Our glorious craft has been,  
And charming and resplendent,  
In strength and honoured mien.  
From all our, &c.

How well our Grand old Masons,  
Preserved their mystic rites,  
In man's hard tribulations,  
When seeking out his rights:  
And cherished signs and tokens  
On many a lady's bower,  
Listening to good words spoken  
At vesper's sacred hour.  
From all our, &c.

The white man, and the red man,  
On land and every sea,  
Have brothers of this ancient clan  
As true as truth can be.  
No creed or error daunts them,  
No politics repulse;  
A sign, or grip, or token,  
Gives strength to Mason's pulse  
From all our, &c.

Christian, Jewish, Pagan,  
In countries Moslem, too,  
They claim a kindred welcome,  
As no one else can do:  
No matter how unlearned,  
No matter how well taught,  
A Mason is not worried  
By class degrees of thought.  
From all our, &c.

His faith is in good order,  
Well ordered by degrees,  
Not governed by strange dogma,  
Or quelled by harsh decrees:  
Trying to do his duty,  
In north, south, east, or west,  
Working his best for charity!  
For this he loveth best.  
From all our, &c.

\* Suggested by Bro. Webb, Junr's article in "The Freemason," August 19th.



LONG LIVERS :

A Curious History of such persons of both sexes who have liv'd several ages, and grown young again ; with the rare secret of Rejuvenescency of Arnoldus de Villa Nova, and a great many approv'd and invaluable rules to prolong life ; as also, How to Prepare the Universal Medicine. Most humbly dedicated to the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens and Brethren of the most Antient and most Honourable Fraternity of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland. By EUGENIUS PHILAETHES, F.R.S., author of the "Treatise of the Plague." *Vini, Fratres, audite me,*—Act xv. 13. *Diligite Fraternitatem, timete Deum, honorate Regem*—1 Pet. ii. 17. London : Printed for J. Holland, at the Bible and Ball in St. Paul's Church-yard, and L. Stokoe at Charing-Cross. 1722.

THE DEDICATION.

To the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens and Brethren of the Most Antient and Most Honourable Fraternity of the Free Masons of Great Britain and Ireland, Brother Eugenius Philaethes sendeth greeting.

MEN, BRETHREN,

I address myself to you after this manner, because it is the true language of the Brotherhood, and which the Primitive Christian Brethren, as well as those who were from the Beginning, made use of, as we learn from the holy Scriptures, and an uninterrupted Tradition.

I present you with the following Sheets, as belonging more properly to you than any else. By what I here say, those of you who are not far illuminated, who stand in the outward Place, and are not worthy to look behind the Veil, may find no disagreeable or unprofitable Entertainment : and those who are so happy as to have greater Light, will discover under these Shadows somewhat truly great and noble, and worthy the serious Attention of a Genius the most elevated and sublime : The Spiritual Celestial Cube, the only true, solid and immoveable Basis and Foundation of all knowledge Peace and Happiness.

I therefore, my dearest Brethren, greet you most heartily, and am glad of this opportunity to rejoice with you, inasmuch as it hath pleased the Almighty, One, Eternal, Unalterable God, to send out his Light, and his Truth, and his vivifying Spirit, whereby the Brotherhood begins to revive again in this our Isle, and Princes seek to be of this sacred Society, which hath been from the Beginning, and always shall be ; the Gates of Hell shall never prevail against it, but it shall continue while the Sun and Moon endures, and till the general Consummation of all Things ; for since God, my dearest Brethren, is for us, who can be against us ?

This being so, I shall speak to you a few Words on this important Subject ; and perhaps I am the first that ever spoke to you after this Manner. I shall as briefly as I can, present you with a true and faithful Mirror, a Mirror which will not, which cannot flatter (Flattery be eternally banish'd the Brotherhood) wherein you may see, or rather be remembered, what you are : and then you need not be told very much how you ought to act. And in this I shall use that Liberty and Freedom, which is our essential Difference, richly distinguishes us from all others, and is indeed the very Soul and Spirit of the Brotherhood.

The Style I shall make use of is most catholic, primitive, and Christian ; it is what is extracted from the sacred Scriptures. Remember that you are the Salt of the Earth, the Light of the World, and the Fire of the Universe. Ye are living Stones, built up a spiritual House, who believe and rely on the chief *Lapis Angularis*, which the refractory and disobedient Builders disallowed, you are called from Darkness to Light, you are a chosen Generation, a royal Priesthood.

This makes you, my dearest Brethren, fit Companions for the greatest Kings ; and no wonder, since the King of Kings hath condescended to make you so to himself, compared to whom the mightiest and most haughty Princes of the Earth are but as Worms, and that not so much as we are all Sons of the same one Eternal Father, by whom all things were made ; but inasmuch as we do the Will of his and our Father which is in Heaven.

You see now your high Dignity ; you

see what you are; act accordingly, and shew yourselves (*what you are*) *MEN*, and walk worthy the high Profession to which you are called. But while I say this, do not imagine I set up for a *Rabbi*, Master, or Instructor, who am one of the least of you, a mere Novice, a Catechumen, and know nothing. However, do not despise my Mite, which I throw into your Treasury, since 'tis all I have; others may do more in Quantity, but not in Proportion.

Remember then what the great end we all aim at is: Is it not to be happy *here* and *hereafter*? For they both depend on each other: The Seeds of that eternal Peace and Tranquility and everlasting Repose must be sown in this Life; and he that would glorify and enjoy the Sovereign Good *then*, must learn to do it *now*, and from contemplating the Creature gradually ascend to adore the Creator.

You know, no one is worthy to be of you that does not know, or at least love, one or more of the seven Liberal Arts, which in some sort depend on each other; Music, Harmony, and Proportion run thro' all; but the grandest and most sublime of all is Astronomy, by which it has been given to Men from above to do such Wonders, and has so amply displayed the Glories of the most High. The Heavens speak forth the Glory of God, and the Firmament announceth the Works of his Hands.

This Earth which we inhabit is indeed a wonderful Piece of Structure, replenished with infinite Variety of rich Productions of Vegetables and Minerals, which all discover a Divine Origin, as much as the Animal Kingdom; where a little Fly is as much the Wonder of the most penetrating Philosopher, as proud haughty Man, who plumes himself up with being Rational, and yet makes so bad use of his being so; styles himself the Lord of the Creation, and like a true Tyrant devours one third (and that the most innocent part) of it, to keep up his Royalty. This little despicable Animal has all its proper Organs as regularly posited as the other; its Members as justly proportioned and adapted; its little Eye has its Uvea, Retina, and crystalline Humour; and its Body its proper Vessels, its Blood and Lymphæ. O Lord our God, how wonderful is thy Name in all the Earth!

But alas! my Brethren, what are we and our little Globe below, to that stupendous Celestial Masonry above! where the Almighty Architect has stretch'd out the Heavens as a Curtain, which he has richly embroidered with Stars, and with his immortal compasses, as from a *Punctum*, circumscribed the mighty ALL; is himself the Centre of all Things, yet knows no Circumference? who lets down his golden Balance, and weighs all Things according to eternal incorruptible Justice, and where the Actions of the best of Men are frequently found too light; who has created infinite Worlds, for what we know, above us; and those vast Luminaries within our Ken, to which he has given Laws, and allotted them their peculiar Influences, Intelligences and Dæmons.

In these Contemplations the Royal Psalmist was lost in Wonder and Amazement; these humble the proudest Spirits, and make the most haughty Philosopher own, that all he knows is, that he knows nothing. Can any then, who thinks after this manner, be an Atheist? No, my dearest Brethren, there never was such an hideous Monster in the World. Be not therefore carried away with every Blast of Doctrine, or fondly imagine anyone who is so unhappy as to be branded with this odious Appellation, to be what the detestable Term imports. The best and most learned men have not escaped the opprobrious Names of Atheists and Heretics; it has ever been the Practice of poor narrow-fou'd Animals, when they meet with an elevated Genius, who Eagle like, soars to the Sun, and contemplates that bright Luminary in all his Glories, which dazzle and confound their weak Sight, when they are at a Loss in Argument, vainly to persuade their Audience (as wise as themselves) by Noise and senseless Clamour, and the everlasting Din of Heresy and Atheism. This I hint to you as a Caution not to run on with the unthinking Herd, or give into rash Judgment, whereby good Men have been too often injured; and the Slanderer, if ever he is so happy as to reflect and look upwards, finds nothing but a troubled Conscience, and a perpetual Incapacity of making Restitution for his Crime.

I hope none of the Brethren will ever lie under these Aspersions; but no one

can answer for the Effects of the Folly and Malice of ignorant and designing Men. However, be not uneasy at sounds which have no Meaning in them; for thus to affirm any one who believes in the Almighty, Eternal Father, and adores his divine and most Glorious Attributes, to be an Atheist, is the most impudent, most abominable, and most unpardonable piece of Villainy and Ignorance in the world, a flagrant Contradiction; for those two are as repugnant as Light to Darkness, and Heaven to Hell.

Those indeed who hold, or would persuade the Vulgar that they hold, (what they themselves know they do not believe) a Plurality of Gods, deserve infinitely more that charitable predicate; for a Multitude of Gods is utterly inconsistent with the Idea of the Divinity; it is the same as a Multitude of First Beings, Nonsense the most blasphemous and enormous; for he that believes there are many Gods, believes in no God at all. And who could ever have imagined, (had not History so informed us) that the whole World, except the Brotherhood, should have been guilty of so much Folly and Madness as to adore a wretched Company of Ribbalds, lewd Harlots, and their consecrated Bastards, with which holy Fry the Heathens peopled their Heavens, with a notorious Whoremaster at their Head, and of whose hopeful Issue the whole Band of *puisnè* Gods (*Magnam Jovis incrementum*) were composed.

But if to cashier for ever out of our Creed this infinite rible-rabble of spurious Divinities both he and she; if to own one cannot believe the eternal Magazine of holy Trumpery, and bend (like *Isacher's* Ass) beneath the insupportable Luggage of Infidel and Pagan Legendary Superstition, the Reveries of pamper'd dreaming Enthusiasts, whose Brains, ever pester'd with a thousand fluttering inconsistent Ideas, and incoherent Phantoms, the Effects of the Fumes of Wine and indigested Luxury, who retail out their spiritual Haberdashery of small Wares and holy Baubles, to the childish unthinking Idiot Multitude: If to do all this and believe only in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of all Things visible and invisible, the most grand, essential, the prime, eternal, everlasting, fundamental Article of

the most holy, catholic, universal, and Christian Faith (of which we are) makes one an Atheist; such, my dearest Brethren, are we all, and we glory in it. Let the Infidel and Pagan World say what they will, we shall have the Suffrages of all Christians, under whatever other Denomination distinguished, who cannot be so inconsistent with themselves, as to take Umbrage at those who believe the prime Article of their (that is, our) holy Faith.

After this manner, thank our great God, we have learned Christ, and after the Way such call Atheism and Heresy (I speak in Brother *St. Paul's* Style) So worship we the God of our Fathers, who (we know) is but One as is our Faith. There is one God, one Faith, one Baptism, one Lord and Saviour of us all.

O thou Eternal ONE! thou Immortal UNITE! thou Incomprehensible MONAS! Never let us swerve from these everlasting Truths. Send out thy Light and thy Truth, that they may lead and bring us to thy holy Hill and thy Tabernacle. We are imprisoned, who shall deliver us from the Body of this Death? We are exiled Children from our Country, when shall we return? Here thou hast placed us as Novices and Probationers, when shall we be professed amongst those blessed Fraternities above, and be made free Denizens of the celestial *Jerusalem*, not built with Hands, and be re-instated in our Innocence? Here we wander in the dark gloomy vale of Tears and the Shadow of Death, where we remember nothing, and know nothing, and who dares say What dost thou? Here hast thou placed us for Reasons best known to thy Almighty Justice, and thy inscrutable Counsels, into which the curious Pryer is struck blind by the radiant Majesty of thy Glories, thou inaccessible Light! thou eternal Power! Wisdom! Love!

Pardon me, my dearest Brethren, this Digression, which probably however may not be without its Profits, and into which my Meditation on this divine Science generally leads me, of which tho' I know nothing, yet perhaps I have said too much. However to acquire this, as well as any of the other Sciences, whereby you will come to know, love and honour God a diligent application is absolutely necessary, and that cannot be without inward

Peace; to obtain which you must avoid all Tumult, much Company, and the Hurry of all Publick Employment; for which Reasons avoid as much as possible the Court, where a man must indispensably be obliged to wear the Mask, and where the Language and Customs very ill agree with the Simplicity of the Brotherhood; where the Baits to do Ill are so many and enticing, and the Encouragements to Virtue so few and cold, that a good man has much ado to hinder himself from being carried away with the Torrent; and ten to one but all his honest Endeavours to serve his Prince and Country, are represented in a wrong Light, and his faithful Service repaid with Disgrace; there being ever about great Men some fawning Sycophants whose Interest it is to keep honest Persons from them, lest they come to know the Truth of Things. This is the State of all Princes; for let them be never so good themselves, they must see through other People's Eyes, and hear through other People's Ears.

But if any of you should happen to be in any Employment which obliges your constant Attendance here; if your Prince, who knows how to distinguish Merit, should cast his Honours on you unsought, unlooked for; exert yourselves like Men. Be affable and courteous to all Men, and that not in Words only, but in Reality; and especially to the Brethren; it is your Duty *particularly* to be kind to them; they will ask nothing unreasonable, they cannot do it; (*Natura parvis contenta*) and they least of all will envy your high Station. Alas! they are sensible the Heights of Honour are not only very slippery, but shew you to all the World, where every one will see your Spots, but few sound your Virtues. The Crowd indeed is pleased with Show and Pageantry; all see your Pomp, but few know your Sorrows. A true Brother (Heaven defend us from the bluest Plagues, from false ones) envies no one who is mounted on the high Battlements of State; he had infinitely rather live in security than Grandeur; the Pleasure in such lofty Stations he knows (even of the few Good) can be but little, but the Ruin long, if they chance to fall. He would choose to hide himself in the Clefts of the Rock, or so securely pass his Days in some sweet

quiet Shade, happy in Leisure and profoundest Obscurity. His Happiness is, not to be taken notice of; and whilst others place all their imaginary Joy and Satisfaction in Noise and being popular, he desires (to use the Style of a great, but obscure Philosopher) that his soft Minutes may glide away in Obscurity (like subterraneous Streams) unheard, unknown. And thus, when his Days are past away in Silence, would die a good, plain, honest Man; knowing that Death cannot choose but be to him a mighty Terror, who is popularly known to all the World, and dies only to himself a Stranger. Be wise therefore, ye great ones of this World, be learned, ye that are Judges of the Earth. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and so ye perish from the right way; lest he bruise you with his Rod of Iron, and crush you into Pieces like a Potter's Vessel: Remember you must die, and with her meanest Sons pay that Debt of Nature, and be reduced to your primitive Earth, which then will be no ways different from that of the poorest Cottager. Here the Weary rest from Labour, here the Prisoner sleeps in Peace, the Rich and the Poor, the haughty Monarch and the abject Slave lie promiscuous, undisturbed, and have no Distinction in the cold, silent Grave. This is the end of all human Glory. Do therefore Justice, yet be merciful; discharge faithfully your respective Duties, and then if you fall from your eminent Heights, you will carry Peace of Mind along with you, and a good Conscience: if you do not die rich, you will die honest Men, and that is much better; for a good Name is better than riches.

The next Thing that I shall remember you of is, to avoid Politics and Religion: Have nothing to do with these, as you tender your own Welfare; they will be destructive to your beloved Peace and Quiet, and have undone Millions; and therefore in these latter Days, happy are they who do not trouble themselves about either. You know what I mean. But lest the rash censorious World, or such into whose hands this Book may fall, from hence fancy we have neither Religion nor Politics, let such know their Error: Ours is the best Policy, it is Honesty; it is the Policy of the Holy Jesus, who never disturbed Governments, but left them as he

found them, and rendered to *Cæsar* the Things that were *Cæsar's*. Thus shall Princes love and cherish you, as their most faithful and obedient Children and Servants, and take delight to commune with you, inasmuch as amongst you are found Men excellent in all kinds of Sciences, and who thereby may make their Name, who love and cherish you, immortal.

It is the same thing in relation to the Religion we profess, which is the best that ever was, or will, or can be; and whoever lives up to it can never perish eternally, for it is the Law of Nature, which is the Law of God, for God is Nature. It is to love God above all things, and our Neighbour as our self; this is the true, primitive, catholic, and universal Religion, agreed to be so in all Times and Ages, and confirmed by our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who tells us, that on these hang all the Law and the Prophets. And now I have a convenient Opportunity, hearken to me a little on this Point. You know when the Almighty Architect, after framing this goodly Universe, had built up Man, he gave him a Law to walk by; this Law was absolutely perfect in it self, for it was God's Law, and consequently wanted nothing to make it better than it was; this Law indeed Man transgressed, and thence flowed all our Misery. However, after he was put out of Paradise, we do not read he had any other to square his Actions by, no more than his first Sons, the two first Brothers in the World. And now the Infant World, consisting but of a very few People, lived in common according to this Divine Law, till the eldest of the two (the first false Brother) growing sick of Virtue, and swolled with pride and cruelty according to the Flesh (as is after his Example usual in such Cases) persecuting him who was humble according to the Spirit, inhumanly murder'd his and our Brother. O dire Effects of the Lust of Rule and Empire!

However, God repaired this Loss to our common Father, by his third Son *Seth*; while *Cain*, who by the Parricide of his Brother founded (as almost all ambitious Thirsters after Empire have since done) his Dominion in Blood, and despising the holy Law of Nature, and confiding in his own Strength, first usurped sovereign Sway; was the first who constituted

arbitrary Government, and began to oppress with Force, Rapine, Servitude, and wicked Laws, Men created by God *Free*, and the Sons of a Generation, till these, God's Judgments being now also by them contemned, and all Flesh corrupted, begot those Giants in Iniquity who oppressed the Poor, raised themselves to high Stations by Plunderings and Robberies; and, priding themselves in their Wealth, made their Names famous, imposing them on Regions, Cities, Mountains, Rivers, Waters, and the Sea; whose first Parent (*Cain*) was malicious, envious, incorrigible by God's Correction, a dissembling Traitor, a Spiller of fraternal Blood, an accursed Wanderer and Vagabond, and who added Blasphemy to his Malediction; in short, a FALSE BROTHER.

This wicked and impious Race (for the whole Creation groaned under their Impieties) the Almighty washed off from the Face of the Earth by the Deluge, excepting *Noah*, a just Man in the Generations of *Seth*, with his Family. This good holy Man endeavoured, after the Flood, to restore the Law of Nature which had been so long obscured by the Pride and Impiety of those that perished. But his Sons and their Issue following the Example of the Giants, began to domineer in like manner over their Inferiors, to build mighty Cities and form Kingdoms, so that from *Noah* till *Abraham* there is no mention made of any just Man; for till his Time these haughty Rulers continued most flagrant and enormous Examples of hardy and robust Improbability, Impiety, Confusion, tyrannic Power, Violence, Oppression, Hunting, Luxury, Pomp, and Vanity, and the like Wickedness and Folly, which the Sons of *Noah* had introduced; amongst whom was *Cham* or *Ham*, who, as he was the most wicked of them, so he obtained by Violence the largest share of Dominion. From him descended *Nimbroth*, whom the Scripture describes to be powerful in the Earth, and a mighty Hunter; he built *Babylon*, and was the Beginning of the Confusion of Tongues. This mighty Hunter of Men, as well as Beasts, made severe and rigorous Laws, instituted Degrees of Honour, and Offices, introduced Slavery, and laid heavy Taxes on the People, raised vast Armies, waged cruel Wars, and set up images and pompous

Rites and Ceremonies in Worship, and was, as is believed, the Founder and Father of Idolatry.

In his Time too, it is highly probable, that bloody Sacrifices were invented. It was easy to persuade a Criminal against the Gods, that he might expiate what he deserved to die for, by the Death of a poor Beast; and if the Gods did not eat the reserved Part of the Sacrifice, which was always the best, their Ministers or Vicegerents (the Sacrificators) who in all likelihood had hunted with their Grand Monarch, and loved his Roast-Meat, would eat it for them, and that was as well.

From this same *Cham* proceeded *Cush*, *Mizraim* and *Canaan*, whence descended the *Ethiopians*, *Egyptians*, and *Canaanites*, all great and most noble Nations indeed, but withal most wicked and abominable, and cursed by God, inasmuch as they contemned his Law, which he gave from the Beginning, and turned aside from his true Worship, and transferred the Glory of the one immortal God to a thousand of his Creatures, to the Sun, and Moon, and Planets, and all the Host of Heaven.

In this condition was the World, when the Almighty chose another just Man, *Abraham* the Father of the Faithful, who by unerring tradition had received the Divine Truths; for our Great God has always a number of those who believe in him aright, and worship him in Spirit and in Truth, and write his Law, not in Tables of Stone, but in their Hearts, and who live in Quiet and Peace, private and unknown; as he told the Prophet afterwards, that he had 7000 who had not bent the Knee to Baal.

This holy Patriarch and his Posterity persevered in their Justice till they were in danger in Egypt to loose it by the Cruelty of a wicked Prince (who knew not *Joseph*) and their Conversation with the Professors of a pompous luxurious Idolatry: Then God raised up *Moses*, a great astronomer and a learned Man in Men and Things, who wonderfully freed them from their Servitude after having eased and despoiled their Enemies of their superfluous Gold.

These People he delivered from Servitude after a wonderful manner from the Fury of an impious King. In the Desert they

continued forty Years, tho' their Deliverer might have brought them into the Land of Promise in Forty Days: But as this was a most excellent piece of Policy, and worthy the Foresight of *Moses*, so it cannot be sufficiently commended; he knew that a Company of raw undisciplined People, trained up for the most part in keeping of Sheep, would not be a Match for those warlike People, whose Cities and Kingdoms they were to take from them; besides that they might be in Danger of falling into Idolatry, to which by their long Residence in *Egypt*, and their being acquainted with their Flesh-pots, Ragous, or made Dishes (probably deriving their Origin from luxurious Sacrifices) he had observed they were too much addicted.

Everybody knows that the *Egyptians* (to whom we owe the invention of the Zodaic) adored the Sun under those Symbols; so because that glorious luminary enters *Aries* in the month of March, they worshipped him under the Symbol of a Lamb, or a human Figure with that Animal's head, as they did in the following month under the Symbol of a Calf, or young Bull. *Moses*, whose grand design was to bring them back to their original divine and most perfect Law, given Man by God Almighty in the beginning, was resolved to bend all his thoughts to efface those tinctures of Idolatry that they had received in their servitude, by constituting a Religion wonderfully adapted to the present occasion, with pompous Sacrifices, Rites, and Ceremonies, magnificent Sacerdotal and Levitical Vestments, and a vast number of mystical Hieroglyphics, as the *Egyptians* had; but with this essential difference, that these mystic Shadows all tended to set forth the Glory of one God the Creator; whereas those were entirely subservient to the worship of a Multitude of Creatures, an opposition greater than which could never be.

The first public act then of religion after their Deliverance was the *Passover*, or the ceremony of eating the Paschal Lamb, which was in the month of March; so that in every month that the *Egyptians* adored the Ram, the *Israelites* were roasting and eating up this their God, and that too after such a manner, being shod, girded, and with their Staves in their Hands, in a hurry, and with bitter Herbs,

as evidently showed the highest Contempt and Disdain of this imaginary Deity.

However, as a Specimen of their Propensity to Idolatry, one cannot give a more notorious instance than the setting up the Golden Calf, which was made of those earrings and ornaments they a little before had borrowed of the *Egyptians*. It is true this piece of pageantry lasted not long; the well-grounded zeal of *Moses*, who had the Honour to discourse a long while very familiarly with God, put a Stop to their religious Mirth and Gallantry; the Idol was broken in pieces, burnt, and ground to Powder, and the Crime was no otherwise expiated than with the Blood of 3000 Souls. It was now high time for *Moses* to look about him; the Law then was form'd with all convenient Diligence and Expedition, and the Decalogue written over again, and that too (to speak in the *Hebrew* Style) by the Finger of God. And certainly, well may it be said to be divinely penn'd, inasmuch as it comprehends whatever Man is to act in relation to his God and Neighbour. Whoever will give himself the trouble to read over *Liviticus*, will find what Rites and Ceremonies were superadded in order to keep up this external Pomp and Magnificence, so necessary at that time for the People, who could not at once be brought back to the pure worshipping of the Most High in Spirit and in Truth. The eating of the Flesh of Animals was tolerated, as I have elsewhere observed\*; but how many restrictions this Toleration was attended with, every one that looks into the Bible may find; the most delicious food was absolutely forbidden, as Swines Flesh and all Shell-Fish; and the manner of dressing was such as required the utmost Scrutiny in relation to the Life of the Animal, and the Blood, as the Life or Soul, was particularly prohibited.

The bloody Sacrifices too were likewise continued, and several other human Inventions, which in those days God winked at, as he did at the Bill of Divorce; but from the Beginning (I speak the Words of Christ) it was not so. By reason of which external Acts, Symbols, Shadows and Hieroglyphics (which Christians afterwards explained as Types of the Messiah) this

Law (quite opposite to the Christian, which was called the Law of Freedom and of Men) was called the Law of Children and of Slaves, for it grew so troublesome and so servile at last, thro' such a Multitude of Traditions of Men, that the Yoke was heavier than could be born withal; a Grievance which nothing but the Law of Grace and Liberty could effectually remedy, of which by and by.

And might it not have been reasonably expected after so much noble Industry and Care in instituting such glorious Laws, the Morality of which is incontestible, and all tend to Peace and Happiness, and the exterminating of Rapine, Violence and Oppression, Blood and Slaughter, that these People should have been good and happy? but it was quite the contrary: So that this people of *Israel* who were a leprous, hitchy Race, had no Merit to recommend them to the Divine Favour, but chosen thro' mere Grace, made so little use of those Benefits, that they grew the most ungrateful, wicked, bloody People on the Face of the Earth. *Moses* indeed, as meek as he otherwise was, had given them an Example, who growing angry at their setting up the Golden Calf, punished their Guilt with the blessed Slaughter of about 3000 of the People; for *Moses* had said to the *Levites*, who slew every Man his Brother, Companion and Neighbour, consecrate yourselves to day to the Lord, every Man upon his Son and upon his Brother, that he may bestow upon you a Blessing this Day. And this Action, which was only upon an extraordinary Emergency, was made a Precedent for the future, and the Honour of God was the Topic for succeeding Murders and Outrages. I pass by the Judges and Captains of *Israel*, as also the Blood that was shed under them, as I do their Democracy, where they quarrell'd with each other till they had quite destroyed the whole Tribe of *Benjamin*, excepting 600 Persons, as also (when they returned again to Aristocracy and Princely Government) the unnatural Murder of *Abimelech*, *Gideon's* Bastard, who by a solemn Slaughter of his 70 Brethren, the legitimate Sons of his Father, upon one Stone, obtained the Sovereign Sway in *Shechem*.

This Infection shedding Blood reached also their Kings. *David*, a Man after God's own Heart, made such an ill Use of

\* *Vid*, my Treatise of the Plague, p. 16.

the Divine Grace, that he became the Man after the Heart of the Devil, and was guilty of Crimes the most horrid and enormous, Adultery and Murder; for after having shamefully debauched the Wife, he basely sacrificed the Husband. He had killed two hundred Philistines in cold Blood before, to possess himself of their Fore-skins, which he delivered in full Tale (a wonderful *Groupe*) to his sacred Majesty King *Saul*, 100 more than he need to have done, but it was a Dowry for his Mistress the Princess *Michal*, it savoured well in those Days, and the doubling the Sum was probably looked upon as a piece of heroic Gallantry, which, had he lived now, the Ladies, I suppose, would not have thanked for.

To secure himself the Kingdom he afterwards caused the seven Sons of *Saul* to be hanged, so that there was none left him to contend with but *Mephibosheth*, a lame, feeble Prince (well for him that he was so) the Son of his Friend *Jonathan*, at whose Death he made such a loud Lamentation. Well might he then have been called the Man of Blood, of which he himself was but too sensible, when he began to reflect and confess, that the curse of *Shimei* was very just upon him on that account, and came from God. *Libera me sanguinibus* (for he had shed Rivers of Blood) was his penitential Song; for the Mercy of God did not forsake him for ever, and his Penitence was as remarkable as his Crimes. Hence one may learn that the greatest sinners should never despair on a sincere turning to God, whose Grace is not limited, and his holy Spirit breaths as it listeth: This should learn us also not to pass Sentence on the States of Men; for that may be a Vessel of Grace and Election, which we may fancy to be a Vessel of Wrath and Reprobation.

However, tho' God pardoned his Guilt, yet he would not remit his Punishment, so that he hardly ever could be said to possess the Kingdom of *Israel* in Peace; for while he was living his Favourite Son *Absalom* invaded his Kingdom in *Hebron*, after whose death *Sheba* the son of *Bocheri* rose up against him; and some time before he died, his son *Adonijah*: Tho' indeed this Action of that Prince seems rather to have been to make his Succession secure against *Solomon*, the Son of an Adulterous Woman,

and his youngest Brother, whom notwithstanding *David* appointed his Heir, so little regard had he to Primogeniture, or infeasible Hereditary Right; and on his Death-bed commanded him to bring down *Shimei's* hoary Head to the Grave with Blood, altho' he had pardoned him before.

Thus *Solomon* obtained the *Hebrew* Monarchy, which he established by the Blood of his eldest Brother *Adonijah* on the most trivial Pretence in the World: However this King, wise as he was, fell away from God into the grossest Idolatry, for which ten Tribes revolted in *Rehobcam* his Son's Time, and set over them *Jeroboam* for their King, a very wicked Man of the Tribe of *Dan*, who poisoned all *Israel* with Idolatry; and so wicked afterwards were the succeeding Kings of *Israel* and *Judah*, that scarce four of them were really good, so that God delivered them into the hands of the King of *Babylon*, where they remained a long while in a cruel Servitude; afterwards God taking pity on them, these wretched people returned to *Jerusalem*, where they lived some time very happy in a kind of Commonwealth, which was governed by the Priests, the Nobility, and popular Magistrates, till *Aristobulus* the Son of *Hircanus* made himself King, and established himself in the Kingdom of the *Jews* by the Murder of his Mother and Brother; at last, after a great many Kings, it ended under *Archelaus*, that insolent and debauched Prince, when all *Judea* became a Province to the *Romans*.

But during this general Corruption, it must not be imagined but there were some few who were not carried away with the Stream; the Brotherhood continued unshaken and kept their Integrity; amongst whom some of the holy Prophets were inspired to denounce the heavy Judgments of God against these notorious Monsters of Impiety; but they were soon silenced for their unseasonable Babbling, by some little harmless Corrections, as having their Brains knocked out, or being sawed asunder, and the like wholesome Severities.

But as the Laity continued in their wickedness, the Princes were not one jot the better, but rather much worse; so that the High Priest's Office was bought and sold, and sought for, and at last two Persons executed that high Charge by turns.

Thus stood the affairs of the *Jewish* Na-



tion in the Time of *Augustus Cæsar*, when there was a profound Peace all over the World, which was never more polite, and perhaps never more vicious.

The Sceptre having now departed from *Judah*, the Messiah, the Prince of Peace, came into the World, and came (as he himself says) not to destroy, but to fulfil: But how, my dearest Brethren, must that be understood? it is certain he came to destroy the Shadows, Types, Hieroglyphics, the bloody Sacrifices, and the whole Ceremonial Law, or else his Disciples and Followers have led us in the dark. He came not then to destroy, but to fulfil, what was couched under all these, and all what was delivered by the prophets, in relation to his Kingdom; to be the Restorer of corrupted Nature, and to bring back Man again to his primeval State of Integrity, which the Mosaic Law could never do; to deliver us from bondage and make us *Free*, to bring us from Darkness into Light, and to be our Lord, Master, Saviour, and Redeemer from utter Perdition and Ruin for ever. He came to beat down the Empire of Sin, and the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World: his Divine Sermons and Discourses were levelled against these, and the Pride, Hypocrisy, Avarice, Luxury and Cruelty of the Scribes and Pharisees, Priests and Levites, who of the House of Prayer had made a Den of Thieves, and an Exchange for Usurers and Extortioners. To these Orthodox Teachers of the Law, he prefers in the Parable of the good *Samaritan*, a tender-hearted charitable Heretic, who bound up the wounds of a distressed traveller, that had fallen amongst thieves, conveyed him safely to a lodging, and furnished him with money, without making known his name or place of abode; while the Priest and Levite, inured to shedding blood, unconcerned at his piercing groans, march serenely by, and who when they vouchsafed to bestow an Alms, sound a trumpet, and do it in public places.

This is what these devourers of widows houses, these whited sepulchres, generation of vipers and murderers (upon whom he charges all the guilt of shedding innocent blood, from that of righteous *Abel* to the blood of *Zacharias*, the son of *Baruchias*, whom they slew between the Temple and the Altar) could by no means bear, their eyes were dazzled and confounded with the

splendour of his divine doctrines, which were so strong, nervous, and irrefragable, that some amongst them even owned he taught with authority, and that no one ever spoke like him. These turbulent Spirits therefore acting like what they were, never rested till they had put him to death for a Malefactor, an utter enemy to *Cæsar* (whom they themselves believed to be an usurper) and a sower of sedition, who was meekness and peace itself, and whose life was nothing but one continued series of doing good. How nature was startled at this diabolical piece of ingratitude the world was then too sensible; such strange phenomena startled the wise men of the earth, *Athens* was astonish'd, and her philosophy was now no more. This made the amazed *Areopagite* cry out, either the God of Nature suffers, or the Frame of the whole World is dissolved.

Thus suffered our Great, our immortal master, who came into the world to do the will of his Father which is in Heaven, and whose brethren we are (as he says himself) if we do so too. If you ask me what this Will of his Father is, I answer, it is Christ's Will, who is of one and the same Will and Substance with his Father; and this I need not to repeat to you, it is as plain as the Noon-day Sun, to be found in what he himself says, and whom alone if we hear, it is sufficient; his Precepts are clear and expressive, obvious to the meanest Capacity. And it would have been better for the Christian World, had they kept up to this Divine Rule, and not obscured his sacred Religion with so many senseless impertinent Speculations, *Aristotelian* and *Heathenish* Distinctions, and the unintelligible Jargon of the Schools, by which they have almost distinguished all Religion out of the World; so that too often we see many a Venerable Professor pass many Years to acquire the Faculty of rattling out a company of barbarous Terms, that have no manner of Meaning in them, and by which, after so long a Study, they are not one jot the honester, and omit the easy and amiable Practice of the common Duties of Love and Charity.

You see now what is our Profession; it is the Law of Nature, which being almost lost, was endeavoured to be retrieved, or, at least somehow kept up by the Shadows of *Moses*, but entirely restored by the Law

of Grace, by Jesus Christ the Son of God.

You have been remembered, that under the Law of Nature Mankind had no Propriety, but lived in common, and as there was no Superfluity, so there was nothing wanting; no anxious Cares then of heaping up Riches, or Solicitude for future Provisions distracted their Repose, or interrupted their sweet Contemplations. This way of Life continued in the Generations of *Seth*, who were called the Sons of God, till some of them, allured by the Daughters of Men, the Children of *Cain*, corrupted themselves, and fell into those extravagant impieties that drew down the Deluge.

This same way of living was revived by *Noah* after the Flood, till the Pride of his Posterity, who ran into those tyrannic Proprieties which have undone the World, and almost destroyed it. It came however down by Tradition to *Abraham* and his descendants, who were Keepers of Sheep in the Land of *Egypt* for 430 Years. After their Delivery they lived in the same manner, and though afterwards the Generality, when they began to live in Cities, abandoned it, yet this Spirit remained amongst their greatest Men for Wisdom, and in the Colleges of the Prophets and their Sons, and which was brought in a more particular manner to its primitive Lustre by Jesus Christ, who called and composed a Fraternity first of the Apostles, who afterwards admitted others, whom they thought worthy, into the Society, where the Contempt of the World, and Money (no otherwise than it subserved to the Necessities of Life, and charitable Uses) was always kept up as a distinguishing Mark of the Faithful, that is, the Brethren, for they were first called Christians at *Antioch*, so that they were of one Heart and one Soul, neither said any of them that aught of the Things which he possessed was his own, but they had all Things in common, neither was any among them that lacked; for as many of them as were Possessors of Lands or Houses sold them, and brought the Prices of the Things that were sold, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet, and Distribution was made unto every Man according as he had need. Avarice (the Bane of humane Society) was detected, loathed, abhorred, as the Root and Foundation of all Evil; it was what,

my dearest Brethren, ruined *Judas Iscariot*, and made him the first *False Brother* under the Law of Grace, who for a little sordid Pelf proved the most wicked Traitor in the World, the Horrors of whose Perfidy lay so terrible on his Conscience, that he could not survive them, but growing desperate, put an end to his Sorrows by an ignominious Death; he hanged himself, and burst asunder, and all his Bowels gushed out, and his Bishoprick another took.

You may remember, that the next terrible Punishment of a *False Brother* was on *Ananias*, who had indeed a Desire to come into the Brotherhood and Apostolical way of Life; and accordingly (for this was a Pre-requisite thereto) sold a Possession and kept back Part of the Price, and brought a certain Part, and laid it at the Apostle's Feet, for which fraudulent Act he was struck dead by holy Brother *St. Peter*.

This living in common was looked upon as an essential Point among the Brethren (who, as I observed before, were at *Antioch* first called Christians) that the primitive Brethren kept it up for 300 Years successively after the Death of their Lord and Master, the Holy Jesus; and the Bishops of *Rome*, who were almost all of them marty'd for the Religion of the Brotherhood or Christianity (which is the same thing) religiously maintained it.

These Bishops, or Overseers (as the Name imports) had the Care and Oversight of the common Treasury, then worthily called the Treasure of the Church, and dispensed to every one according to their several Necessities. And Brother *Lawrence*, a Deacon to Bishop (or Oversee) *Xystus*, or *Sixtus*, was put to a most cruel Death, broiled on a Grid-iron, because, as the Tyrant thought, he mocked him, when he told him that *there* (pointing to some poor Brethren) he had disposed of the Church's Treasure.

Nor was this State interrupted till *Constantine* the Great turned Christian, who rebuilt or repaired *Byzantium* to rival *Rome*, and called it, (as *Romulus* did *Rome*) after his Name, *Constantinople*; to which he transferred the Empire, and (in this too like the Founder of *Rome*) laid its Foundation in Parricide, in the Blood of his Sister's Husband and Son, and that of his own Wife and Child.

The Courtiers and great Men, who

always conform to the Example of the Prince, turned Christians too, and the Draught of Fishes was so very great that, the Net broke, and there were found infinitely more bad than good. The Truth of it was, the Church then grew at ease, and had certain Stipends settled on her Priests and Pastors, who now (so true it is that the Blood of the Martyrs is the Seed of the Church) living at Ease and Plenty, forgot by Degrees their original Institution, and Conversing with the Court, learned its Modes and Fashions, and took on themselves high Titles; the poor Pastors or Bishops swelled into Lords, and the humble Successor of St. Peter, the Servant of the Servants of God, from an Overseer grew into a Sovereign Pontiff, or PONTIFEX MAXIMUS, which meant no more amongst the ancient Romans than *Bridge-master General*. A great number too of Pagan Rites and Ceremonies were introduced to make it a glorious Church, fit for Emperors and Kings, and People of Quality; but as these Titles were of little moment, and these Ceremonies innocent enough in themselves, and might conduce to outward Decency, they could not in the main be any Hindrance to Devotion, and consequently no Cause of Separation.

But this was not all; the Philosophy of Aristotle, and dark obscure Terms and Sophisms were introduced into Christian Schools, with ridiculous Subtilties, vocal and nominal Controversies, chimerical Notions, Entia Rationis, Generetas in Concreto, Ubications, Quandations, with all the confused barbarous Ribaldry, and venerable Gibberish of noisy, empty, positive, conceited, dogmatical, ignorant Pædagogues, and scientific Blockheads.

After these Reverend Fooleries, the whole World ran a whoring, as the *Israelites* did after *Gideon's* Ephod; and these learned Doctors and *Magistri nostri*, being thus employed in these sublime Speculations, things of greater Moment, forgot to inculcate the Practice of good Works, the Mechanical Part of Religion; so that all Immorality flowed in like an irresistible Deluge, and there was more Wickedness and Impiety practised amongst Christians, than ever amongst the *Jews* and *Infidels*; and nothing left but the very names of Christ and Christianity, which were often abused to carry on the Designs

of wicked, ambitious, and turbulent Men; so that the Religion of the Prince of Peace was made to patronize and countenance all sorts of Violence, Rapine, Murders, Sacrileges, Tyrannies, and Rebellions; and the holy Scriptures, as the Casuists knew how, were made a Nose of Wax, and contending Parties, tho' never so diametrically opposite to each other, had God on their side, with whose most adorable Name all their several Parricides, Burnings, Massacres and Plunderings were sanctified.

Neither did things rest here; People were to be dragooned into Religion; Whips, Wracks, Tortures, Burnings, Inquisitions, Star-Chambers, Spiritual Courts, Ecclesiastical Censures, Excommunications (I aim at no Sect or Communion in particular, they were all alike) were set up as wholesome, Soul-saving Engines to screw People into Peace of Conscience, while perhaps the poor *Culprit*, tho' he could not express himself in the uncouth Language of the Schools was as Orthodox as the spiritual inquisitive Bloodhound, who could notwithstanding be so charitable as to change all Penalties into a pecuniary Mulct, if the Party could but provide a sufficient Quantity of that Catholicon which cures all things, tho' never so inveterate and is everywhere orthodoxly current.

— — — — — *quæ non miracula præstas  
Auri sacra fames!*

Good Men lamented these Calamities, and the Brethren sighed to Heaven, and wished a Reformation. The several religious Orders in the Churches of *Rome* and *Greece* aimed at it, and had very good Notions and Designs for that Work; and tho' amongst these Recluses, Sciences have been in a great Measure encouraged, and to these Bodies we owe several invaluable Treasures, yet because their Fraternities consist only of single Persons, and lie under particular Restrictions, they do not altogether answer the Ends of the Brotherhood, who cannot subsist without being *Free*.

However, it is earnestly to be wished, that some Prince or Great Men would (and they would if they knew us) cast on us a favourable Eye, by this means would they encourage Arts and Sciences, which have been always worthy the care of the wisest and best of Men; this would open a

glorious way to celebrate the wonderful Works of the Almighty, and to do good to Men (which is all our End and Aim) and of consequence should we most cordially pray for our Noble and Illustrious Benefactors, and transmit their Name with Honour to remotest Posterity.

Drawing now towards a Conclusion, I shall beg your Attention to two or three Things more, before I take my Leave of you.

Avoid all Companies where ridiculing of Religion is thought witty, and more especially when the wretched Discourse is turned upon the adorable Mystery of the most Holy Trinity, which is an eternal Doctrine, believed by Wise Men in all Ages. The ancient Philosophers, who had no revealed Religion, no other Light but the Light of Nature, taught and believed this most sacred Truth, as I could show in a proper place as clear as the Sun. The *Platonics*, for Example, to instance no more, acknowledge in the Godhead three Persons; the first they called the Father of the Universe, or of all things; the second the Son and first Mind; that is, according to *Plotinus* and *Philo*, the Divine Intellect, flowing from God the Father, as Light from Light, or the word that is spoken from the Speaker: Hence he was called the *λόγος*, VERBUM, or WORD, Light of Light, and the Splendour of God the Father; and the third day they called the Spirit or *Anima Mundi*, which Dove-like fate brooding on the Face of the Waters, and with its celestial, amatorial, genial Heat, hatcht the Universe.

All this, and much more could I shew, if required, from a Cloud of Witnesses, abstracting from the commonly-received Doctrines of Christianity, which these witty Gentlemen (pretend what they will) seem to have very little regard to.

It is also well-becoming the Brotherhood to be very respectful to all Clergymen, especially those of the Established Church. In the next place, never on any account connive at what the Wits of the Age call roasting of a Parson; which besides that it does no ways suit with a Gentleman or honest Man (which is the same thing) is barbarous and cruel; it brings him that is thus baited into Contempt with the People, who are easily carried

away with flashy Wit and Ridicule (for nothing is so easy as to ridicule Religion) so that by degrees, when People despise his Instructions, nobody will go to hear him, which is a sacrilegious Robbery of his good Name, according to all Divines, a Hinderance to his Preferment, and consequently to the better providing for his Family. There is no Tradesman but would think this Usage very cruel.

Take care also not to be concerned in your Dealings with litigious Persons, who on every Trifle are for going to Law; rather make up your Difference, though you loose by it. Remember the words of your Divine Master; If any Man will sue thee at the Law, and take away thy Coat, let him have thy Cloak also. The Reason is obvious, *viz.* lest the Lawyer come with his *Fieri facias*, and strip thee to the Skin. I speak not of the good, for there are a great many very worthy Members of this Profession, Men of true Honour and Integrity, our Bulwarks against Oppression and Injustice; but I speak of those poor, wretched, ignorant, pitiful Solicitors, Cause-Pedlars, Sowers of Discord, Pettifoggers, and Setters, those scandalous Vermin of the Law; those rapacious Harpies, insatiate Cormorants, Cannibals, and Devourers of Mankind, who tear out and gnaw our Bowels, and suck our Blood and Vitals, and for a trivial, scandalous, little, sordid Lucre, bring frequently irreparable Ruin on such as are so unhappy as to come in their way; regardless like the deaf Adder, to the Tears of the helpless Orphan and Widow.

These are the very Dregs of Mankind, miserable abandoned Wretches, who as they live, so, without a miraculous Act of the Divine Goodness, die without Remorse; or, if they reflect before they go hence, how raking, how torturing must those dire and dreadful Reflections be, when they find themselves not able to make Restitution for their dishonest Gains, and without which it is impossible according to the best Divines to have any Hopes of future Happiness? These Makebates, Incendiaries, and common Barreters, of all Men are most miserable, for they take such Care by their Rapacity (like some wretched Butchers) never to be employed twice, and are therefore ever poor, and the Scorn and Contempt (being

indeed the Outcast and Offal) of Mankind.

But these Monsters can no more effect the Honour of the sage Administrators of the Law, than a prating, noisy, nonsensical Mountebank the skilful Physician, or a false Brother our sacred Fraternity; that sacred Fraternity, whose very Soul and Life is Charity, which is to love and honour all Men, to comfort the feeble minded, to support the weak and infirm, to heal the Sick, to help the Fatherless and Widow, and cover the Frailties of our Neighbour; for Charity (I speak in the Words of Brother Saint Paul) is kind, not easily provoked, thinketh no Evil.

Let us therefore, my dearest Brethren, never be easily persuaded to think Evil of anyone, much less of a Brother, if we hear any evil Report of him; let us according to the Divine Rules of Love and Charity, believe it not, but stifle the Viper in its Birth, and admonish our Brother; who, if we do it with a Spirit of Sincerity and brotherly Love, will thank us (nothing making Instruction so unacceptable as a haughty, dogmatical Utterance) so shall we be a Stay and Comfort to him from malicious and Evidious Tongues, from whose poisonous Effects the best of Men are not sure to be free.

O my dearest Brethren, let us love one another. This is the sacred advice of Saint John the Divine, that beloved Disciple of the Holy Jesus, our blessed Master; for (says he) Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God: He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is Love. If a Man say he loveth God, and hateth his Brother, he is a Liar; for he that loveth not his Brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.

O may our good and merciful God ever deliver and defend us from these Liars, these Brother-haters, these Sowers of Discord amongst Brethren, these Companions and Abettors of Clumny and Detraction, these Enemies of God and Man. And if any such have already crept in amongst us, thro' the Negligence or Ignorance of the Watchmen upon the Walls, hard is our Lot indeed. Our holy Brother St. Paul, though he suffered

infinite Perils, as he recounts himself yet the Perils among *False Brethren* were what seemed most to touch his righteous Soul; for most dangerous are a Man's Enemies, when they are of his own House.

These, my dearest Brethren, are Thieves and Robbers, and never entered into the Sheepfold by the Door, but climbed up some other way. These make their Belly their God, and their little sordid Interest their Idol; but *Regnum Caelorum non est Cibus & Potus*. These follow the Brethren as the Multitude did our great Lord, Master, and Exemplar, for the Loaves and Fishes, and like them would cry *Hosanna* to day, and to-morrow *Crucify, Crucify*: They are unworthy Dogs, Animals which are not only to be debarred from eating the Children's Bread, but to be shut out from licking up the Crumbs that fall from their Table. Let these be ever excluded the Congregation of the Faithful; let their Names be raised for ever out of the Book *M*, and be buried in eternal Oblivion, whose Portion will be with Hypocrites, Makebates, Incendiaries, and Spillers of Blood, red black, and purple. And who all, unless they opportunely repent, will be overtaken by the rigorous Judgments of God for their Falsehoods and Perjuries, as were their Brother Caitiffs, those perfidious Traitors and Liars, *Cain, Judas and Ananias*.

And now, my Brethren, you of the higher Class, permit me a few Words, since you are but few! and these few words I shall speak to you in Riddles, because to you it is given to know those Mysteries which are hidden from the Unworthy.

Have you not seen then, my dearest Brethren, that stupendous Bath, filled with most limpid Water, than which no Pure can be purer, of such admirable Mechanism that makes even the greatest Philosopher gaze with Wonder and Astonishment, and is the Subject of the eternal Contemplation of the wisest Men. Its Form is a Quadrate sublimely placed on six others, blazing all with celestial Jewels, each angularly supported with four Lions. Here repose our mighty King and Queen (I speak foolishly, I am not worthy to be of you) the King shining in his glorious Apparel of transparent incorruptable Gold, beset with

living Sapphires ; he is fair and ruddy, and feeds amongst the Lillies ; his Eyes two Carbuncles the most brilliant, darting prolific, never-dying Fires ; and his large flowing Hair, blacker than the deepest Black, or Plumage of the long-lived Crow ; his Royal Comfort vested in Tissue of immortal Silver, watered with Emeralds, Pearl and Coral. O mystical Union ! O admirable Commerce !

Cast now your Eyes to the Basis of this celestial Structure, and you will discover just before it a large Bason of Porphyrian Marble, receiving from the Mouth of a large Lion's Head, to which two Bodies displayed on each side of it are conjoined a greenish Fountain of liquid Jasper. Ponder this well, and consider. Haunt no more the Woods and Forests ; (I speak as a Fool) hunt no more the fleet Hart ; let the flying Eagle fly unobserved ; busy yourselves no longer with the dancing Ideot, swollen Toads, and his own Tail-devouring Dragon ; leave these as Elements to your *Tyrones*.

The Object of your Wishes and Desires (some of you perhaps have obtained it, I speak as a Fool) is that admirable thing which hath a Substance neither too fiery, nor altogether earthy, nor simply watery ; neither a Quality the most acute, or most obtuse, but of a middle Nature, and light to the Touch, and in some manner soft, at least not hard ; not having Asperity, but even in some sort sweet to the Taste, odorous to the Smell, grateful to the Sight, agreeable and delectable to the Hearing, and pleasant to the Thought ; in short, that One only Thing besides which there is no other, and yet everywhere possible to be found, the blessed and most sacred Subject of the Square of wise Men, that is—

—I had almost blabbed it out, and been sacrilegiously perjured. I shall therefore speak of it with a Circumlocution yet more dark and obscure, that none but the Sons of Science, and those who are illumiaated with the sublimest Mysteries and profoundest Secrets of MASONRY may understand—

It is then, what brings you, my dearest Brethren, to that pellucid, diaphanous Palace of the true disinterested Lovers of Wisdom, that transparent Pyramid of

purple Salt more sparkling and radiant than the finest orient Ruby, in the centre of which reposes inaccessible Light epitomiz'd, that incorruptible celestial Fire, blazing like burning Crystal, and brighter than the Sun in his full Meridian Glories, which is that immortal, eternal, never-dying P Y R O P U S, the King of Gems, whence proceeds everything that is great, and wise, and happy.

These Things are deeply hidden from common View, and covered with Pavilions of thickest Darkness, that what is sacred may not be given to Dogs, or your Pearls cast before Swine, lest they trample them under Feet, and turn again and rent you.

However, this will by no means hinder you from doing good where there are worthy Objects, and you know the Day is now far gone, and the Night approaches when no Man can work : Wherefore,

O my most beloved and for-ever-blessed Brethren, hear me, hear the voice of your Brother.

We have promised great Things.  
Greater Things are promised to us.  
Let us keep these.  
Let us sigh after those.  
Small is our Suffering.  
The Glory infinite.  
Many are called,  
Few chosen.

There is a just reward for all.

Brethren, while we have Time, let us do good Works.

Finally, Brethren, (I speak now to you in holy Brother Saint *Paul's* Words) farewell, be perfect, be of good Comfort, be of one Mind, live in Peace ; and the God of Love and Peace shall be with you.

And now to our great Master in Heaven, to him who is the faithful Witness, and the first-begotten of the Dead, and the Prince of the Kings of the Earth ; unto him that loved us and washed us from our Sins in his own Blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and his Father, to him be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

EUGENIUS PHILAETHES, Jun. F.R.S.

March 1st, 1721.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTE BOOKS OF THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF PARADISE, No. 139, FREEMASONS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.

BY BRO. S. B. ELLIS.

MINUTE BOOK, No. 2. EXTENDING FROM 1812 to 1824.

THIS book is foolscap, rough calf, the paper being of common quality it was abandoned before it was half full. Five leaves are missing at front, but the last entry in No. 1 book being 15th December, 1811, and the first entry in this being 19th January, 1812, I apprehend the minutes are unbroken. Page 1 is headed,

"ROYAL ARCH RECORDS, No. 111."  
"1812."

19th January.—"A general encampment of Royal Arch Companions"—usual routine\*; the resolutions respecting the annual subscription of five shillings are written here, and signed by 27 members. Those Companions who would not pay the subscription and sign those resolutions ceased to be members, and their names would "not be registered at the Clerk of the Peace's office."

16th February.—A meeting.

15th March.—A meeting—usual routine—and "T was then further agreed that the Chapter should open in future not exceeding  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 and close at 8—after wch—Supper to be *immed*<sup>y</sup> introduced."

24th March.—Copy of a certificate sent to the Register office, Wakefield—giving 64 names.

19th April.—A meeting—there "being no particular business the most excellent Z gave a very long & descriptive Lecture on y<sup>e</sup> destruction of the OLD, & the rebuilding of the NEW Temple."

"Memorandum, 10th May, 1812. "There not being suffic<sup>t</sup> No. of R.A. Companions at Doncaster to open the Magdalen Chapter there, No. 124, or to exalt

\* We apply the term "usual routine" in its fullest meaning,—including, therefore, the proposition, election, and exaltation of candidates, &c.—only copying special portions.

"such Bro<sup>s</sup> as wish<sup>d</sup> to become R. A. Comp<sup>s</sup> they requested the 3 Principals, Officers, and sev<sup>l</sup> other Companions of the Chapter of Paradise, of Sheffield (as named in margin), to assist them in so doing, and they w<sup>d</sup> pay every expence attending the same (wch they very liberally and handsomly did) when 17 Bro<sup>s</sup> (as afterwards named) were raised to the degree of super-excellent Masters in y<sup>e</sup> Chair and afterwards exalted to supreme degree of R. A. Masons."

15 attended from Sheffield, and 1 from Doncaster (afterwards installed as Z); 17 Bro<sup>s</sup> were exalted—the names being recorded—"all of Doncaster or the Neighbourhood." "After their exaltation an appropriate Lecture was given by the most excellent Z—and then officers were chose for their own Chapter and duly installed;" viz. Z. H. & J. 2 Scribes & 3 Sojs,

N.B. (In foregoing "memo.") "*Principals; Brothers raised to the degree of Super excellent Master in y<sup>e</sup> Chair & afterwards exalted;*" and the "*Principals*" being "*Installed.*"

21st June.—"List sent to Comp<sup>n</sup> Gallimore in London to be registered." Giving the names of 5 Brethren, with dates of exaltation, and a fee of 5/- for each. A meeting was called for this day, "but being *only* 8 Companions present it was not open'd."

16th August.—A meeting.

18th October.—Carried—"that as Comp<sup>n</sup> Rowley's certif<sup>n</sup> was mutilated or destroy<sup>d</sup> accidentally by some of Comp<sup>n</sup> Robinson's children, another sh<sup>d</sup> be obtained for him at the exp<sup>e</sup> of the Chapter." Also—"That any Compan<sup>n</sup> wishing to obtain a Certificate he shall 1st apply in open Chapter, and if approv<sup>d</sup> shall so soon as conven<sup>t</sup> be recommended by one or more of the principals, to the Grand Chapter." 3 Companions thereupon "applied and was approv<sup>d</sup> by unanimous shew of hands."

N.B. Though the meeting is headed "a general encampment" it is termed a "Chapter" in the discussions.

"15th Nov<sup>r</sup>—At a general encampment of R. A. Masons (17 present as in margin) Comp<sup>n</sup> Tibbitt's Certif<sup>n</sup> was then sign<sup>d</sup> by, and del<sup>d</sup> to him.

"The application made by the—

"Lodge at Longnor \* to hold a Chapter  
"there was then mention'd by y<sup>e</sup> most  
"excl<sup>t</sup> Z requesting our recommend<sup>n</sup>  
"the Grand Chapter, which was carried  
"unanimously by shew of Hands.

"Jn<sup>o</sup> Horrabin, Farmer of Sheen, Z.

"Roger Sheldon, Farmer of Crowdicote, H.

"& Jn<sup>o</sup>. Millward, Miller of Longnor, J.

"The Chapter then agreed that a  
"manuscript on Arch Masonry, &c., by a  
"Visiting Bro<sup>r</sup> (—) shall be paid for  
"out of the funds of y<sup>e</sup> Chapter, part of  
"wch was read, and part of the Lecture  
"was given by the most Excel<sup>t</sup> Z." The  
"Chapter then adjourned on the 3rd Sun-  
"day in December and clos'd in due  
"form.

"N.B. The expence of the Warr<sup>t</sup> from  
"the Grand Chapter is 3 14s. 0d.

"(Signed) Sam<sup>l</sup> Tompkin, Z."

20th December.—Election of Officers  
by shew of Hands. Proposed by the  
M.E.Z., "that the 3 Principals shou'd  
"(so soon as conv<sup>d</sup>) wait upon those Comp<sup>ns</sup>  
"who have not paid their last y<sup>r</sup>s sub-  
"script<sup>ns</sup>."

"1813."

17th January.—The M.E.Z. ment<sup>d</sup>  
"to the Comp<sup>ns</sup> a visiting Bro<sup>r</sup> fr  
"Chesterf<sup>d</sup> named Jean Francois Marin  
"Fougue—an Officer and French Prisoner,  
"Aged 37, who wish'd to become a R.A.  
"Mason—and as we were not acquaint<sup>d</sup>  
"with his pecuniary situation, 'twas pro-  
"posed (shou'd he be approv'd off and if  
"not offensive to himself) that he sh<sup>d</sup> not  
"pay more than the fees of Registering.  
"Considering the affair as a matter of  
"Emergence (his stay at Chesterfield being  
"so uncertain) it was agreed that he sh<sup>d</sup>  
"be *proposed, Ballotted for, and exalted*  
"this evening (if tho<sup>t</sup> worthy)."

He was elected and, accordingly, exalted  
that evening—a truly fraternal greeting  
to a Brother Mason, who, though a  
"Prisoner of War," may have thought and  
said—"the lines are fallen unto me in  
pleasant places;"—especially beneficent  
does the conduct of those worthy com-  
panions appear when we call to mind that,  
in those days the feeling, against the

\* The Lodge of Unity, No. 492, at the "Union,"  
(No. 411 under "Moderns," in 1787) was held at  
Longnor, but as ceased to exist. *Vide* Bro. Hughan's  
"List of Lodges, 1814." Longnor is in Staffs.  
Post-town Buxton.

French, ran high. This incident, alone,  
casts quite a halo of romance around the  
Old Chapter.

21st February.—A meeting—usual  
routine. Companion Fougue requested  
his certificate should be sent for (his  
stay in Chesterfield being uncertain),  
which was undertaken to be written for  
accordingly. "The M.E.Z. assisted by  
"the Soj., gave the Sojourn<sup>rs</sup> Lecture, after  
"which he gave a long and descriptive  
"Lecture on the Destruction of the OLD  
"and the rebuilding of the NEW Temple,  
"with the customs of the 3 Grand Masters  
"and the charge of a R.A. Mason."

21st March.—20 members rejected (ex-  
cluded) for not paying their subscriptions,  
notice of which was underwritten on their  
summonses respectively.

30th March.—Copy of a certificate sent  
to Register office, Wakefield, showing 28  
members.

18th April.—A meeting—"opened in  
"due form, when the M.E.Z. requested  
"that in future, all Comp<sup>ns</sup> coming in  
"when the Chapter is open sh<sup>d</sup> enter in  
"due form."

A Companion having applied for his  
certificate the three Principals signed a  
recommendation for nine certificates as  
follows:—

"We the three principals of the Chapter  
"of Paradise, No. 111, held at Sheffield,  
"most humbly beg leave to recommend the  
"underwritten Companions being Sub-  
"scribers to our Chapter, to have their  
"Certificates granted to them by the three  
"most excellent Principals of the Grand  
"Chapter of England, they having humbly  
"requested it in Open Chapter, and have  
"been found worthy of the same.

"Chapter of Paradise, Sheffield,

"18th April,—1813.

"(Signed) Tompkin, Z.

" " Rowley, H.

" " Gallimore, J.

"To the most excellent principals of the  
"Grand Chapter of England."

20th June. A meeting—"the quarterly  
"Communic<sup>n</sup> was read wherein a request  
"was made for a subscription tow<sup>ds</sup> defray-  
"ing the expence of a piece of plate of  
"300g<sup>s</sup> value to be presented to Comp<sup>ns</sup>"  
"Walter Rodwell Wright, Esq., as a  
"Complem<sup>t</sup> for his Services to y<sup>e</sup> Grand  
"Chapter, &c." A One Pound Note was



voted and ordered to be remitted to W. H. White, Esq., Grand Recorder, for that purpose. It was agreed that the three Principals should sign a request to Grand Chapter for a Chapter at Longnor.

15th August—a meeting.

17th October—a meeting at which letters to and from Grand Lodge were read to show the reasons of the delay respecting the Longnor Warrant, and ye certificates for the Chapter.

21st November.—A meeting at which nine certificates from London were produced, of which seven were signed and presented to their respective owners, including Companion Fouque.

19th December.—Chapter summoned and a number of companions attended, but two Principals were absent, so “no business” could be done—of course all was clear’d “away agn”—& stand over until 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday “in Jan<sup>r</sup> next.”

“1814.”

16th January.—a meeting—usual routine.—Certificates delivered to two Companions “with the usual Charges.”

20th February.—A meeting at which “it was agreed that Comp<sup>n</sup> Rowley, (H) “should *again* write to the Grand Sec<sup>r</sup> in “London (Br<sup>r</sup> White) respecting the Warr<sup>t</sup> “for the Longnor Chapter and request an “immed<sup>e</sup> answer.”

20th March—Companion Rowley reporting he had not yet got the Longnor Warrant was requested to write again to Companion White. Agreed that the accounts of the Chapter be examined next Sunday night at seven o’clock, at which eight, Comp<sup>ns</sup> or more, were desired to attend.

5th April.—Copy of a certificate sent to the Register office, Wakefield, 26 members.

17th April—“Comp<sup>n</sup> Rowley reported “he had rec<sup>d</sup> f<sup>m</sup> the Grand Chapter, the “Warrant for a Chapter to be held at “Longnor (which had before been so often “wrote about)\* and it was agreed that the “three Principals and the Sojourner shou<sup>d</sup> “go over thither on Sunday next (notice “having been previously given to the “Comp<sup>ns</sup> & Bro<sup>s</sup> there to be in readiness) “to open the same.”

“24th April Memorandum. This Day

\* Petition recommend by this Chapter on 20th June, 1813—VIDE Minutes of that date.

“Comp<sup>ns</sup> Tompkin, Z.; Rowley, H.; Galli-  
“more, J.; & Pearson, Soj.; went to  
“Longnor in Staffordshire, to open a  
“Chapter there, which they did & was  
“very liberally and handsomly treated  
“by the Bro<sup>s</sup> & Comp<sup>ns</sup> there. (Signed)  
“G. Fox, So.”

19th June, 14th August, 16th October,  
and 20th November, Meetings were held  
—usual routine.

18th December.—A meeting—“Bro.  
“John Jepson & John Hudson, each of  
“Rotherham, then passed the superlative  
“Chair and were exalted into the supreme  
“degree of R.A. Masons.”

“1815.”

15th January.—A meeting—“Bro.  
“Joseph Graham of Chesterfield was then  
“passed the superlative chair by the 3  
“excellent Principals, after which he was  
“duly exalted to the supreme degree of  
“R.A.M.” “N.B. 4 Comp<sup>ns</sup> were this  
“evening made Mark Masons by Comp<sup>n</sup>  
“Tompkin (Z)—viz. Hallam, Jepson,  
“Mugglestone & Graham.”

19th February.—A meeting—no busi-  
ness.

19th March—A candidate proposed,  
when the M.E.Z. said he would not remain  
a member of the Chapter if such a man was  
admitted—an investigation was appointed  
to be held on 5th April next, the candidate  
was withdrawn, “see the minutes in y<sup>e</sup> Craft  
“Lodge Records on that day.”

4th April.—A copy of a certificate sent  
to the Register office, Wakefield, 26  
members.

21st May.—A meeting—no particular  
business so adjourned to July. “After  
“which some come conversation took place  
“respecting a general procession at some  
“future Day in Honour of the Union of the  
“Ancient and Modern Masons—when  
“’twas agreed that 3 members of ea :  
“Lodge (the Britannia and Brunswick)  
“should meet at Br<sup>r</sup> Willey’s on Monday  
“even<sup>s</sup> the 29<sup>th</sup> ins<sup>t</sup> at 8 o’clock to  
“determine the same, & other particulars  
“relative thereto, and announce the result  
to ea : Lodge, at their next general Lodge  
Night.

16th July.—18 Comp<sup>ns</sup> and four Craft  
Masons present—the Chapter was  
summoned, but being no particular

business, and "being the Wicker\* feast," it was not opened but "proceeded to fix "and arrange the procession for Monday, the 24<sup>th</sup> inst."

17th September.—The candidate proposed 19th March last and withdrawn was again proposed, when "the excl' Z tho" pro- per to leave the chair immediately, with "much warmth, and could not be prevailed "upon to stay and close the chapter." To justify the re-proposition of this Candidate we are referred to the Britannia Lodge Minutes of 5th April, 1815. A Chapter of Emergence to be held on the 2nd Sunday in October for the election of officers.

8th October.—"Extra Chapter,"—Companion Tompkin having resigned the Chair, an election of officers took place.

22nd October.—"Bro. Thompson having "passed the superlative Chair, was duly "exalted to the supreme degree of a R.A.M."

19th November.—The M.E.Z. informed the companions that the chapter was in debt more than the funds or Subscription would pay, and they must either increase the Subscription or lessen the expense. On which it was proposed and seconded, "that "the 5/- Subscription be applied *wholly* to "the liquidation of the debts and not to "the expence of 1/- ea: member of the "evening, but ea: pay for what he calls."

An amendment was proposed and "seconded that "the yrly subs" be advanced "to 10/- and y<sup>e</sup> liquor to ea: member be "cont<sup>d</sup> as usual." "Each proposal was "then put by the M.E.Z. separately, when "the original proposition was carried, the "M.E.Z. giving the casting vote. "But "this not to be considered permanent, "longer than necessity requires."

17th December.—No particular business. "1816."

21st January and 18th February.—No business.

17th March.—"A tiler elected." It "was proposed that "the usual allow<sup>ce</sup> of "Liq<sup>r</sup> on the chapter nights sh<sup>d</sup> come in—"begin<sup>s</sup> of May next, wch was voted unanimously."

14th May.—"Copy of a certificate sent

\* The Chapter was meeting at Bro. Willey's, the "Falstaff Tavern," which is in the "Wicker," a street in Sheffield. Street feasts have been held in Sheffield within a few years.

to the Register Office, Wakefield, 26 members."

N.B. Excluding such members as would not pay an annual subscription, reduced the number of members from 64 in 1812 to 28 in 1813. 26 in 1814. 26 in 1815. And still 26 in 1816—showing their candidates kept pace with their resignations, &c.

In reply to the salient points in Bro. W. J. Hughan's Notes (*vide* June Magazine) which we read with much pleasure, and thank our worthy Brother for, the number of the Chapter in all cases is given (so far) as 111—which we read as "one hundred and eleven," though it may mean "three," but from appearances we should say it is "CXI."

There is nothing to indicate by what authority certain companions were made "Mark Masons"—we have given those extracts verbatim. Another instance occurs above (15th January, 1815) where the degree was conferred by the M.E.Z. on 4 Companions.

19th March, 21st May, and 17th September, 1815, make distinct references to the 2 Craft Lodges; the minutes of 17th September, suggesting a connection between this Chapter and the Britannia Lodge.

Referring to May Magazine, p. 448, col. 1, 12th line from bottom—it should read "B. O and A.," not "Bro. and A."

When we have finished these extracts we purpose publishing some of the Charters, which may elucidate certain points raised herein—after that we will reply generally to the Notes of Bros. Hughan, Tebbs and others, who may be pleased to make any comments, or ask any questions.

(To be continued.)

## A SANG ABOUT THE BAIRNS.

SOME sing about oor soldiers brave  
Wha mak' the foe to flee;  
Some sing about our sailor lads  
Whase hame is on the sea;  
And some has spun a lot o' rhyme  
That ne'er a body learns;  
But I will sing a simple sang  
About the bits o' bairns.

O, happy be the bonnie bairns  
 In ilka cot and ha'—  
 May blessings on the winsome pets  
 Frae heaven richly fa'.  
 Wi' them we spend the brightest blinks  
 And sweetest hours o' life ;  
 They are the golden links that bind  
 The husband and the wife.

I've seen them in the summer woods  
 Among the blooming flowers,  
 Gang up and doon with merry step  
 Through a' the leafy bowers,  
 I've heard them sing at jingo-ring  
 Along the dinsome street,  
 And seen them on the pavement play  
 Wi' dancin' lightsome feet.

It's aye a cheerfu' sicht to see  
 Wee birkie bairns at play,  
 As blythesome as the bonnie birds  
 That tune their pipes in May.  
 I diinna like the surly loon  
 Wha frowns the weans awa ;  
 But weel I like the kindly heart  
 That lo'es the bairnies a'.

O, some o' them are sturdy tots,  
 Wi' pith their voices ring ;  
 But some are like the wee white flowers  
 That droop and dee in spring.  
 In lowly cot and lofty ha'  
 May peer and peasant learn,  
 That virtue may not crown the man  
 Unless we teach the bairn.

ANON.

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LITTLE JACK RAG'S "DAY IN THE  
 COUNTRY."

BY WILLIAM GREENWOOD.

We take this excellent paper from  
 the "*Graphic*:"—

NOT very long since the chaplain of one of our largest metropolitan prisons, in one of his periodical reports of the flock of black sheep entrusted to his spiritual care, put forth the bold opinion that, if we expected by means of the schoolmaster to diminish our criminal population, we should find ourselves mistaken. Speaking from personal experience and observation, and much study of the subject, the melancholy conclusion to

which the reverend gentleman in question is driven to, is, that to insist on the children of what is known as the dangerous class being sent to school and drilled up to the required educational standard will have no better result in the future than to ensure their being smooth rogues instead of rough rogues. He believes that putting them through the Board School furnace may improve them exteriorly, but that the base metal of their natures will remain unchanged ; and that as regards criminals to the manner born—and there are, it seems, at least three of these to one of any other sort—mental culture will but assist them in developing such an amount of cunning and cleverness as may be found necessary to enable them to keep pace with the times, and provide for the maintenance of the balance of power between themselves and the improved policeman.

It would be sad indeed if this alarming prognostigation should prove to be true, especially if the rule should be shown to hold good in all cases where endeavours are made by gentle means to filter the juvenile mind free from the poisonous influences of gutter life. It would, for instance, be grievously disappointing should it turn out that nothing was really gained by treating poor little Jack Rag to that "day in the country" for which at this time of year his kind friends plead so earnestly in the columns of the newspapers. The idea which actuates these good-natured promoters of a brief spell of ruralisation for Alley Jack is that, just as the health of his small body is improved by an occasional dose of physic, so will his mind be refreshed and rendered more wholesome by handing him over to country Mother Nature for a short time—that being a "dame school" at which the wisest, as well as the most ignorant, among us may at any time attend with advantage. Jack already knows what sheep are. They are driven through his neighbourhood frequently, and it is one of the recreations of his existence to fetch out of hiding the hoarded stick that he may, in the capacity of a volunteer, drive and "wallop" the fleecy creatures in imitation of the drover, who, to Jack's mind, is a man to be envied, inasmuch as, by virtue of his badge, he is licensed to set his dog at them as well. Jack knows what grass is. At the bird shop round the corner they sell it in slabs

of the size of a dinner plate at the rate of a penny a bit for the delectation of caged larks, who are erroneously supposed to be deluded thereby that they are not in prison, but merely placed in a choice enclosure of verdant mead. Alley Jack is not ignorant of what bird music is like. That lark, the floor of who's abode is a penny slab of frowsy turf, morning and evening raises, loud and long, its shrill lament for liberty, and in its frantic efforts to escape skyward, butts its poor little head so frequently against the topmost bars of its dungeon, that Jack has a notion it is dancing as well as singing in the excess of its joy at being so comfortably provided for.

There are plenty of feathered pets in Jack's alley. There are the ducks which Whiffins, the sweep, keeps in his cellar (considerately gratifying them with a cold bath by means of a watering pot before they retire these hot nights to roost among the soot bags); there are pigeons with clipped wings, which take the air among the chimney-pots above the garret where the slop tailor and his family work and eat and sleep. Old Blithers, the cat's-meat skewer maker at No. 4, has cages full of song-birds, and Blithers goes on Sunday mornings "pegging" for chaffinches. He has a blind decoy finch which to young Jack's knowledge is a "regular rattler," and the envy and admiration of the whole of Squelcher's Alley. Blithers blinded the finch himself, it being well known that "dark" birds always sing much stouter and stronger than birds who can see. Up Squelcher's way, any one would be set down as a fool who affected not to know that eyesight to a pegging chaffinch is an absurd superfluity, tending only to distract the bird's attention from its business, which is to pipe out its loudest in order to bring unsuspecting free birds to the lure.

It is not claimed for young Jack Rag that he has settled convictions on these matters, or that he is prepared to defend them against objectors. He doesn't trouble himself at all about it. They are simply amongst the surroundings in which he was born and has been brought up—component parts of the soil in which his boyhood was planted and took root. But young Jack is a shrewd little boy, and that first day in the country opens his eyes. Not harmfully, it is hoped. In this unaccountable world

there are many possibilities which are amazing; but surely it cannot be that in that first Alley Jack's experience of rural delights his moral perceptions are so obscured by the villanous atmosphere of Squelcher's, which still clings to him, that he has eyes only for making note of what may be turned to advantage in the way of live-stock keeping—that when he hears and sees the lark pealing out his glad song in the high blue sky, and marks how much superior the notes are to those of the caged bird of the alley, he conceives the idea of what jolly sport it would be to tie long threads to the legs of captive larks, and make believe to let them loose for the fun of hearing them singing sky high in thankfulness that they had regained their freedom, and, when you liked, to pull 'em down again! It is hard, indeed, to believe that the prison chaplain's theory is so far correct that, for the first time in his life observing the affection and solicitude the sheep displays for her lambkin, Alley Jack on the spot books a resolution the next time he meets sheep with lambs in the street to "wallop" the latter, thus hurting two creatures with one and the same blow.

As above stated, it is hard to believe that any one of the young Alley Jacks in a hundred that may be mustered through the length and breadth of London would exhibit himself in such an objectionable light. Nay, I will go further, and espousing my young friend's cause boldly avow that whoever says such hard things against him is in error, and knows next to nothing of what he is talking about. I do. I have accompanied Alley Jack in his day's outing. Jolly companions every one, it is not a fortnight since that more than two hundred small Jacks and Jills, inhabiting the back regions of Spitalfields, were treated to a day at Epping, and as an honoured guest I was privileged to occupy a seat by the side of the driver, who handled his pair of greys in such a masterly manner and led the van. The "vans" I should rather have said, for there were five of them. Forty in each vehicle may appear tight packing to persons whose experience of wheeled conveyances is restricted to cabs, omnibusses, and railway trains, the sitting accommodation in which is regulated according to a calculation based upon the average width of adult humanity; but it would have been

absurd to have observed any such regulation in our case. Scores of our company were such mites of things that *Punch's* Bayswater omnibus matron could have covered any half dozen of them with her skirts as easily as a hen covers her chicks with her wings. But then the back-alley juvenile population of Spitalfields never were remarkable for obesity, and as for "ample skirts," why the less that is said about them the more correct will be the reader's idea of their dimensions.

Not but that we were as respectable as circumstances would permit. I should hope so indeed. So scrupulous were the committee on this head, that it was a matter for anxious discussion when the time drew near if they had not been a little *too* fastidious in insisting that the girls should all come wearing stockings as well as shoes, and whether it could not at this the last moment be advisable to recal their severe edict that no child would be regarded as eligible, even though possessed of a ticket, who did not make its appearance with its face clean, its hair brushed, and some kind of cap or bonnet on its head. So deeply rooted was the conviction in the minds of two or three of the committee that bitter disappointment and disastrous dashing of young hopes must ensue if the last-mentioned order were carried out that, good souls that they were, they had come provided with a few old caps and hats from the home store, as well as several pairs of decent small boots and shoes, for lack of which several aspirants for the day's delight, and who came quaking and in tears, would certainly have been disqualified.

Nevertheless, at the mustering time and inspection before the start, our two hundred made a passable show, though it cannot be denied that the assemblage presented features worthy of remembrance. One of which was the unlimited faith of the parents in the saving virtue of hair oil. Alley dwellers are not invariably poverty-stricken, and there were those amongst our two hundred who were well shod, wore comfortable clothes, and even aspired to gloves and parasols. But on these hair oil had not been lavished; it was reserved for those who were most poorly clad. The extent of its application seemed to be governed by the extent of deficiency in the child's attire. If it was merely a

pinafore short an extra anointing of the side locks was deemed an equitable make-weight. If the falling-off extended to pinafore and under skirts, leaving little else but the old frock to represent the entire suit, then the oleaginous sheen extended fore and aft, and the child's very ears glistened with it. There was one young gentleman through whose dilapidated boot tops two perfect rows of toes were visible, and who had elaborately blacked and shined those members along with the remnant of upper leathers; and another, who in order to be within the law in the matter of head gear, had somehow procured a battered old white hat, and by padding inside with paper rendered it capable of being balanced atop of his ten-year-old bullet-head. A gift of one of the decent old caps a visitor had thoughtfully brought with him happily relieved him of the manly responsibility.

Ail "passed," and in the vans at last, however, even to the boy whose jacket his mother had ventured to wash, and which from natural decay had fallen all to pieces in the tub, causing him to appear with a rueful visage and in his shirt sleeves. In the vans, and rattling down Whitechapel Road with as much hilarious shouting and tootling of tin whistles as though Squelcher's Alley was altogether a thing of the past, and future life was to be one long holiday. "Hip—hip—hooray!" on the smallest provocation, or no provocation at all; on passing two policemen at the street corner; on passing the London Hospital—the salute being returned in a cordial though cripplish fashion by the out-patients about the gates; on encountering a coal-heaver asleep on three tons of coals in course of transit, on which the man in the inky smock frock and fantail wakes up, and too lazy to withdraw his hands from beneath his head, elevates and waves one of his legs in friendly response to the cheering. About Stratford, however, we subside into a calmer mood, and it being now at least half an hour since we left home, bethink us of refreshment, and make short work of the luxury of luncheon, with which in the shape of a few biscuits and a bit of cheese we are each provided in a paper bag, thanks to the generosity of one of our lady patrons, who "knows what boys are."

It must not be supposed, however, that our buoyancy of spirit has collapsed. The merest puff of a fair wind is enough to rouse it again, and we meet with it at Illford, where the first van is brought to a standstill to admit of the passage of a hay waggon turning out of a shady lane,—a waggon laden high as a house with fragrant hay, drawn by sleek horses who have bits of green boughs in the bridles to keep off the flies, and who have the aspect of cattle brimfull of the good things of this world, and who, if they had worn such things, would have unbuttoned at least the two bottom buttons of their waistcoats. The waggoner caring more for beer than for hay, makes a country joke respecting the barrel of small ale with which our foremost wain is lumbered, and as he in the same breath almost suggests, "Why not turn out the whole troop on'em to hev a tummel in that theer medder?" and guarantees us immunity from penalty if his timely hint is adopted, we reward him with two pint tin jugsful, and in less than five minutes the "medder" before mentioned is a scene of madness. If hay is the better for tossing, if laughter and mirthful handling can impart to it a fine fattening flavour, the crop of that field was one to be well looked after by persons who have ill-conditioned or vicious horses to feed. Where *now* was Squelcher's Alley! It was a remote region—a long journey over seas and oceans for all we knew or cared. Perhaps there was magic in it. Nothing short of magic could account for wan little faces glowing so suddenly with a healthy flush, for young eyes that hitherto were never known to be anything but dull lighting up as though the sun itself had kindled them—for weak and small bodies and feeble legs all at once becoming nimble and active, and eager for the hot fun of smothering their neighbours and being themselves smothered. It became alarming. As everybody knows, there is such a thing as hay fever. Who knew but that there might lurk in the fragrant heaps hay insanity, which, taking hold on lads of the Squelcher's Alley type, would lead them to rave for billycocks and leather leggings, and the society of reapers and mowers for evermore? A nervous person might have imagined that he already detected symptoms of the madness in question developing itself

in some of the elder boys, and perhaps on the whole it was quite as well after an hour that the whistles were sounded, and the beaming breathless two hundred, with hay in their hair, in their shoes, in every chink and crevice of their raiment where it might find lodgment, driven laughing and hilarious back to the vans again.

The sport in the hayfield made us late for dinner, but that did not so much matter, since in enormous drum-like cool zinc cylinders we carried our provisions with us—the mighty rounds of boiled beef, the ribs of roast, the twenty score of crusty little loaves, and the necessary plates and knives and forks. As for the salad—the lettuces and watercresses, they grew in the market ground close by where by previous arrangement our tent was pitched, and as there was a clear running brook at hand also available for washing the greenstuff, we were all right on that score. It was just at the verge of the forest where we halted, and some dined under the tent, while others formed amicable picnic parties, and took their plentiful meal on the shady grass and beneath the trees where the birds were singing, and the harmless small ale wetting the whistles of the bigger boys (there was milk galore for the youngsters), we sang songs after dinner, and tiring of that "went in" for cricket or rounders, or any other pastime that as free rovers suggested itself to us—Squelcher's Alley having no nearer existence than Timbuctoo at the most moderate computation.

And so until dusk of evening we enjoyed ourselves to our heart's content without cessation, and then came the boiling of kettles gipsy fashion, and tea in the tent. And by the time that was over the foreman van driver appeared with an intimation that if we wished to get home comfortably by ten o'clock we had best be stirring. And stir we did, pretty well tired, but in as gay good humour as when we started, and good for no end of vocal and instrumental music. I am afraid that we flanged a little when the truth was forced on us that Squelcher's Alley was not exactly at Timbuctoo, but only three streets off; but we plucked up heart again, and drove up to the Mission Hall in full song, and as much huzzaing as filled the narrow street from end to end, and caused

even the inhabitants of neighbouring streets to look out of their doors and windows.

And that was the beginning and the end of it—except the enacting the whole glorious business over again in a dream, which doubtless was what young Jack Rag and his comrades did that night as their weary heads pressed the bolster of something less than hayfield fragrance in the dreadful little stifling bedrooms of the alley. And I cannot think that absolutely the end of it was even then. Such a genial spell of sunshine and happiness let in on poor little Jack's grimy existence can have no other than a salutary effect on him; and when the reader is informed that from first to last the entire treat cost considerably less than half-a-crown a head, he cannot I think but agree with me that the eighth of a pound cannot well be more charitably invested.

JAMES GREENWOOD.

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EMBLEMS OF TIME.

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THEY pictured Time an old man grey,  
With channelled brow, and furrowed deep,  
Proceeding on his ceaseless way,

Nor space to halt, nor time to sleep:  
Thus did the myths, in days of old,  
The wondrous tale of Time unfold.

And if old Time they pictured now,  
Yet older still he would have grown,  
With deeper furrows on his brow,

For all the sorrows he has known:  
From first to last, whate'er befall,  
Old Time has heard and seen it all.

Those outspread wings to Time belong,

Forced marches of his rapid flight;  
He overtakes the young and strong,  
And then is gone, and out of sight:

On and yet onward is his way,  
Night unto night, and day by day.

The fabled hour-glass in his hand  
Tells of the years already flown;  
The few remaining grains of sand

Are numbered and shall soon be gone:  
Thus one by one our days pass by,  
And one by one our moments fly.

The scythe and sickle putting forth,  
'Mid blade and ear and corn full-grown,  
He reaps the harvest of the earth,

The later and the early sown:  
The bud, the blossom, and the bloom,  
Are gathered to his harvest-home.

And lo, the forelock on his brow:

Hear ye the lesson it doth speak—  
Once past, what speed can e'er pursue

Or, if pursuing, overtake?  
Time slowly comes, 'tis quickly past;  
Anticipate—and hold him fast!

Thou all-consuming conqueror?

Thy children born, are born to die;  
They live their brief and little hour,

And thus fulfil their destiny:  
None of thy offspring long survive,  
Thou dost not suffer them to live.

Old Time, Old Time, fold thou thy wings;

Nor quickly come, nor quickly go;  
Ye sands of Time, ye fleeting things,

Why thus so swift your current flow?  
Thy mowing scythe and sickle sheathe;  
Postpone to reap the field of Death!

Old Time, Old Time, come slowly on,

No nearer let thy chariot roll,  
Until the well-spent day is done,

And ripe and ready is my soul:  
Oh, let me grasp that forelock now,  
The fabled forelock on thy brow!

Then let thy wing be wide outspread;

Then hold the hour-glass in thy hand!  
Then with thy sickle reap the dead,

And gather them from sea and land—  
From far and near, abroad, at home:  
The Harvest of the Earth has come!

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CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON  
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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Paris, June 25th, 1790.

THE affairs of this country have taken within these few days a turn as unexpected as extraordinary. The Party de la Fayette have been defeated in the Assembly, though joined by all the force of the Aristocrates.

On the treatment of the suppressed and existing clergy, Himself, Thouret (the future Garde des Sceaux), Chapelier, and all the friends of Mirabeau, spoke in be-

half, but spoke in vain of those who were thus cruelly deprived almost of the means of subsistence.

The storm has been for some time brewing. I own I did not foresee it; the extreme security of all the faction imposed upon me, and I did not imagine, that those who were walking on the brink of a precipice thought themselves beyond the reach of danger because they said they were safe. The conduct of M. de la Fayette, and the part he took in last Saturday's debate, appeared to me inexplicable, not contented with all the blows that were that night, the lot of the Aristocrats, he seemed without necessity or provocation to plunge the dagger still deeper by the attack on the titles of the princes of the blood.

He was at that day at St. Cloud, when he received notice of the propositions to be made in the evening. If he opposed, inferences were to be drawn and proofs induced of his being a convert from principles or interest to the aristocratic party. If he supported the motion he became at least suspicious, if not obnoxious to those who, having lost all hopes of re-establishing their own affairs, thought it necessary to maintain him in his present situation.

He hoped that the part he then took would be justified by necessity in the eyes of one party, and re-establish him with the other, so far as to allow him to espouse with more effect the cause of those he probably thought injured. Wednesday, however, undeceived him, and he was obliged to soften his defence for the clergy to demands for their creditors.

The life I am obliged to lead has prevented me from being often near the fountain head, and I therefore cannot explain to you by what manœuvres this overture has taken place. I suspect that Neckar and his friends have played double, and that the avowed inclination of the Party de la Fayette to adopt the cause of Spain has alarmed him with the fears of a war to which his *charlatanism* is not equal.

Without doors the friends of M. de la Fayette do not see his danger, and any idea that the meeting of the 14th of July will prove contrary to his wishes, or that M. de la Mett's wishes can affect his overthrow, is treated as ridiculous.

Those humours which began to subside, that violence of party which seemed

smothered, if not appeased, has broken out with undiminished violence on the decree relative to names, liveries and arms.

It is a dirty vengeance, which even the Democrats disapprove, which the people despise, and at which all the dependants of greatness, lacemen, taylors, shopkeepers of every class, complain of. It has produced no other effect than to be despised by their friends, disapproved of by the moderate, and to enrage their enemies and all their connexions beyond all bounds.

The decree relative to the clergy will drive all their dependants to despair and ruin, thousands to whom it will be utterly impossible they should pay their immense debts. It is thus that those who now lead affairs are causing fermentation and violence in every order of the kingdom, when calmness and moderation is more necessary than ever. They probably hope to receive their recompense on the 14th of July. The prudent Aristocrats mean to retire from a farce humiliating if not dangerous, and which is to conclude by the confederation declaring, like the Roman armies, and saluting the king *Emperor*. Every idea of imitation, every trifling ridicule which folly can invent or vanity adopt, becomes in a moment the enthusiastic idea of this country, and they do not perceive that in order to comply with this extravagance they must overturn a constitutional point of their new Government, and the first act of their confederation be the reversal of a decree.

The Military Code will not be completed till after that period, if they are so tame or so ill-managed as to separate without knowing whether they approve or disapprove those laws by which they are to be governed.

The defeat (and I cannot but think unexpected defeat) of M. de la Fayette has certainly retarded, if not entirely set aside, a letter M. de Montmorin had prepared, in which he informed the Assembly that the Court of Spain were not contented with the dubious answer they had received, and demanded to know positively in what light she was to consider her engagements with this country, and what hopes she might form of its assistance.

I do not give implicit faith to all our friend at the Luxembourg says in regard to finances. His enmity to Neckar and



his jealousy of M. de Montesquieu often lead him, I think, to exaggeration. He pretends that they will never be able to impose or collect their taxes, and that as soon as the resource of their assignments is no more, that bankruptcy is more inevitable than ever. We so far agree in opinion that this Assembly will never be dissolved but by force, and that Alsace will revolt at the decree that destroys its nobility.

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GERARD MONTAGU ;

*A Winter's Tale.*

BY EMRA HOLMES.

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THE following tale originally appeared in the "South Durham Herald" and "Ipswich and Colchester Times," and has been re-written specially for the "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

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CHAPTER I.

ALL HALLOW EVE.

It was All Hallow Eve, the Year of Grace 1869, and a pleasant party were sitting round a table in the drawing-room of one of the new villas just built at the outskirts of Weston-super-Mare. The evening was cold, and a good fire burned in the grate; the warm curtains were drawn, and there was a cosy winter evening aspect about Chantry Villa pleasant to contemplate.

My dear old bachelor friend John Falconbridge and his ward had come to spend the evening with us, and we were keeping Lady Muriel's birthday.

Lady Muriel Mandeville was John Falconbridge's ward. There was no relationship between them, but we had heard (indeed he had told me himself) a sad story about his being engaged to her mother, the young Dowager Countess Kilpatrick, and how she died, and he adopted her daughter, then a little girl.

John wanted us very much to spend the evening with them,—their house was close to ours,—but Mildred had asked Gerard Montagu to tea with us that evening, and so they all came to spend Halloween with us.

Old Mrs. Vaux, Captain Falconbridge's

aunt and housekeeper, was unwell, and begged to be excused, but we were a pleasant little party nevertheless.

My wife came into the room, saying, "Fred, what do you think those silly people are doing in the kitchen: Margaret and Ellen are burning nuts on the fireplace, and Margaret is almost crying with vexation because she and John won't burn together?"

"What does it all mean, Mrs. Beverley?" Lady Muriel asks.

"Why, don't you know that on Halloween people burn nuts together on the hob? You take two, one is yourself and the other is your lover. Well, if they burn slowly together, side by side, then you will be married; if a nut cracks or jumps, your lover will prove unfaithful. It is an Irish custom, I believe."

"And a Scotch one, too, my dear," I said, correcting Mildred. "Don't you know Burns' poem Halloween—

'The auld guidwife's well hoordid nuts  
Are round and round divided,  
And mony lad and lassies' fates  
Are there that night decided:  
Some kindle couthie side by side  
And burn togither trimly;  
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride  
And jump out owre the chimly  
Fu' high that night.

'Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;  
Wha 'twas she wad'na tell;  
But this is Jock, and this is me,  
She says it to hersel';  
She bleezed owre her, and she owre him,  
As they wad never mair part;  
Till fuff! he started up the lum,  
And Jean had e'en a sair heart  
To see't that night.'

"What fun!" cried Lady Muriel; "let us have some nuts and try our fortune."

Well, we burnt my cousin Mary Grey and young Frank Henderson together, but they didn't like it at all, and Frank bounced off the bar and into the grate; then we tried her sister Sophy and Paul Dedham, but it was no use. So we concluded that those two young people must pick up fresh admirers or live and die old maids. Then Muriel, who had been educated abroad and knew but little about old English customs, was initiated into the mysteries of ducking for apples, and eating one before a looking-glass with a view to

discover her future husband, who, it is believed, is seen peeping over her shoulder. Then we got talking about the other rites and ceremonies celebrated on Halloween; and I remembered that popular belief ascribed to children born on that night the possession of certain mysterious faculties, such as that of perceiving and holding converse with supernatural beings.

Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, makes use of this circumstance in his romance of the "Monastery." By and bye Mildred said:

"How is it Mr. Montagu has not come? I thought you said, Fred, he would come to tea?"

"So I did. I met him on the Knightstone Road, and gave him your invitation, and he said he certainly would come; but he is never to be depended upon. These business fellows never are.

"Is Mr. Montagu an old friend of yours?" Falconbridge asked. "I don't remember hearing you mention his name before."

"No, I daresay not; yet he and I were at Ipswich Grammar School fifteen or twenty years ago, and I had quite lost sight of him till the other day, when he found us out. He's a Suffolk man, and one of those men who are making haste to be rich. He lives in the north of England, and is in the corn trade. I only hope he won't come to grief, or ruin his health. He is safe to do one or the other by over application to business," I added.

"I remember him, it seems only yesterday, when we big fellows used to chaff little Gerard. He was a nice boy, though."

"Gerard Montagu—what a pretty romantic name!" Muriel says, pensively.

"Yes; and his is a romantic history."

"Indeed, do tell us about it—I am quite curious."

"Well, Montagu is a good name, you know. There are the Montagus Dukes of Manchester and Earls of Sandwich, and Montagues Barons Rokeby; and there were in the old days Montagus Barons, Earls and Dukes of Montagu; the Montagues Earls of Halifax, besides the Montacutes (which is the original name), who were Earls of Salisbury in 1337. But I don't think Gerard lays claim to be descended from any of these, but only from

an old knightly family in Suffolk, who once held large estates within eight or ten miles of Ipswich.

I remember his showing me an old silver seal once, with some arms engraved thereon, which he took the trouble to tell me were in the language of heraldry, *argent, three fusils in fesse gules*, and I afterwards found out (though he never told me) that they were the arms of the Montacutes Earls of Salisbury of Edward the First's reign. His father on his death-bed had given him this seal, which he said had been in the family over 200 years, and that it was almost the only thing left that seemed to prove their descent.

He told him, so Gerard said, that the lawyers had been to him more than once about some property, the heirs for which were wanted, but he had no proofs, and being poor (he was chaplain to some hospital, I think), he had not the means to prosecute his claims; but he reminded Gerard that the day might come when he should be able to claim his own."

"Were the estates large?" Falconbridge asked.

"£4,000 or £5,000 a year, I should think."

"Hum! Does Montagu pin much faith on the seal?"

"Why?—how do you mean?" I enquired.

"Well, don't you know there are crowds of people who fancy that there are large estates somewhere of which they are the rightful heirs, if they could only prove it."

"Aye, there's the rub."

And then there's the Statute of Limitations, too; if anybody has had undisputed possession for twenty or sixty years—which is it?—the estate is secured to the present possessor."

"How cruel of you, uncle, to talk so," Muriel puts in. "It's so romantic to fancy Mr. Montagu will recover the possessions his ancestors owned after a lapse perhaps of centuries; and I like romance."

"I daresay you do, my dear; but facts are stubborn things, and I doubt if Mr. Montagu will have much chance of getting back the family estates, unless he has some better proof than an old seal to help him."

"Does he expect himself to be successful?" Falconbridge added, turning to me.

"Well, no; I don't fancy he thinks much about the matter. But what reminded me of it was an advertisement in the 'Times' the other day, headed 'HEIR-AT-LAW WANTED;' and appended to the paragraph the significant phrase, 'If this should meet the eye of Geoffrey Montagu, or his next of kin, he is requested to apply at Mr. ———, solicitor (I forget the name and address), where he may learn something to his advantage.' I cut the paragraph out and sent it to Montagu at Darlington.

"But I thought Mr. Montagu's name was Gerard?" Muriel suggests.

"Quite true; but his father's was Geoffrey."

"Well, did he go and see this lawyer?"

"Yes; he came south on purpose, so he told me yesterday. He's rather knocked up with over work and anxiety, and although he's been successful in one or two corn speculations, it's a queer time, he says, now. He's struggled hard for a long time, having been battling with the world ever since he left school; and his great idea is to buy back the family estates, if he cannot get them in any other way."

"I am quite interested in your friend," Muriel says. "How stupid of him not to come to-night, and my birthday, too," she adds, with a pretty pout.

"Why, my dear child," Falconbridge answers, "Mr. Montagu must be over thirty, if he was at school with Mr. Beverley, and you are only sixteen."

"Over thirty!—why he's quite an old man?—no, I mean a middle-aged man," the little chatterbox cries, as she corrects herself, remembering that her dear uncle (as she fondly calls her guardian) is much older, and her reflections are scarcely complimentary to his age.

After a merry evening, thanks to my dear wife's good-natured efforts, we all separated, Mildred remarking, as she put a warm comforter round Lady Muriel's neck, and kissed her, "Good night, dear; get home out of the snow as soon as you can (it was falling heavily at the time), and don't dream of any future husbands to-night."

(To be continued.)

## FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

### NO. VI.—PRINCE CHERRY.

WE all of us—do we not?—remember the story of Prince Cherry, the fairy Candide, and the loving Zelia. We call to mind—do we not?—the good king, whose son Prince Cherry was? And we all of us—do we not?—retain a recollection of all the trials through which Prince Cherry went, (too marvellous a great deal for our pages), before that he was restored to his senses, to his shape, to his kingdom, to the loving Zelia, and to the affection of his subjects.

If any of my readers do not keep before them the various episodes of this fairy tale, let them refresh their memories by re-perusing it, and they will find, as I did the other day, much pleasure, and even edification, in the undertaking. Yes; Prince Cherry is assuredly a didactic tale, very good, very sensible, and very effective. It inculcates "first principles," the "high moral line," without pharisaism, and without paraphrase. It is an expression of the true "moral idea," and the real moral life, alike straightforward and distinct, and has accordingly its abiding value for us of this generation, who are given to profession rather than to practice, to words rather than to deeds, to sentimental theories rather than to high principled conduct, to idle and noisy lip utterances rather than to the acceptance of the heart, and the performance of the will. Indeed he must be a careless observer of the signs of the times, of the proclivities of the passing hour, who does not discern two great characteristic of our modern school of teaching and of practice. The one is, the readiness to surrender first principles; the other is, the tendency of accommodation to what is convenient rather than to what is right, to what is popular rather than to what is true. In fact it is come to this already, as we see plenty of examples day by day before our very eyes, in the public press, and in the avowals of the great men, and the behaviour of the would-be rich of this world, that we look to

results rather than to pure morals, to effects rather than to causes. Do my readers understand me? Instead of judging of things, and persons, and events, and crimes,—yes, by the light and on the truth of Divine legislation,—we are apt solely to treat them and handle them according to an earthly standard of right or wrong, truth or falsehood, honour or dishonour, according to society's most dubious code of morality and immorality, according to our own preconceived or subjective opinions, according to the passing "chic" or the popular excitement of the moment.

Hence we take very often a free and easy view of affairs; our conversation and our convictions become both lax and low; our governing rule, such as it is, is expediency in the place of principle; what is convenient, what is fashionable, what is agreeable, and what is acceptable to man, not what is true, what is fitting, what is commanded by and well pleasing to God. Society in consequence becomes both doubting and disorganized, trifling and frivolous, idle and apathetic, and unreflecting, unconcerned, and there creeps over us that callousness and that indifference, that heartlessness generally, that yielding to the recklessness of a polished scepticism as to everything, which is always a prelude to the weakening of the family ties, the sapping of domestic sympathy, the disintegration of personal morality, and the decadence of national life. People do not look at a thing which is wrong per se, as absolutely wrong per se, on first principles, but they judge it by second principles, and find excuses and invent palliations for what they know well enough is utterly unsound and distinctly forbidden by the higher and sacred laws of Divine revelation.

If we look at the general literature of the age, if we listen to the prevailing tone of general conversation, if we may judge of the morals of a people, by the commentaries of publicists, and the colloquies of essayists, in many works just now, we must come to the irresistible conclusion, I venture to think, that something is "out of joint" amongst us, and that if anything can be done to raise the standard of society, it must be by the promulgation of true principles of thought, speech and action in the first place. It is useless to expect that society will forthwith reform

itself, that society whose aggregation of sympathy and sense is based on the individual feelings and tendencies of those who make up its mighty conglomeration. Indeed it may fairly be a question whether society—quâ society—can ever be much better than it is, seeing that it is only an embodiment of the prevailing temper and tone of those many atoms who float in the sunshine for a little space, and then make way for other atoms, equally short lived like themselves. Indeed, as the chief characteristics of society—quâ society—are mutability, imperfection, weakness, pettiness, disappointment, vanity, deception, all perfectly reflecting that world and that worldliness of which it is the living centre, we have no right, it appears to me, to expect ever too much from it, or to hope even that it will ever be here below anything but of the earth earthy, of the world worldly, of humanity human. Indeed we know that it cannot be, that, like many other things here below, it is only a permitted evil at the best, and that we cannot predicate truly of it, however pleasant its aspect, or agreeable its favour, or enjoyable its festive hours for man, like many other things which perish with man's using, either what is absolutely true, or right, or edifying, or enduring in the machinery of the Divine creation, in the eternal providence of the Most High.

How well, then, does Prince Cherry advise us all, old and young, to act up to our higher natures and better principles, and in a far better way, too, than any which modern teachers would sometimes commend. Instead of pleasing ourselves, or yielding to our own tempers, instead of being selfish, callous, sneering and heartless, instead of yielding to self-gratification, and forgetting the unchanging laws of morality, virtue and self-restraint, Prince Cherry bids us all bear in mind that we cannot depart from the Divine injunctions on these important points, without experiencing, sooner or later, loss of health, friends, fortune and happiness here. Is it not good for us all to keep before us day by day, amid the pursuits of pleasure, the search after wealth, the love of self-indulgence, and the grovelling evidences of selfishness and profligacy, amid that hard-heartedness that vitiates, and that hateful sybaratism that degrades, that there is even

on this world of ours an avenging Nemesis, of retributive justice somewhere? Even in this world, I say, it is good for us to feel assured that crooked counsels and evil ways always find their level, bring their own punishment, and inflict much merited ignominy upon all who adopt them and pursue them; and that despise as we may the voice of conscience or the warnings of religion, there is no other possible result for unbridled licentiousness, for the most part even here, but misery and penury; no other probable end for the unblushing outrages of injurious evil living, even now as a general rule, than the eventful contempt of man, the practical degradation of the world? And here the curtain drops. Let us not seek to lift that veil which mercifully hides the future life in its reality and its awfulness from us all!

THOMAS TUSSER—A SONNET.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,  
Author of "Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries," etc.

"Thomas Tusser ought to be better known than he is, in these days of agricultural progress; and I believe that our better educated posterity will amply atone to him for the neglect he has received at the hands of their more ignorant ancestors."—PETER PROLETARIUS.

TUSSER! methought the disembodied soul  
Of Hesiod had wander'd through the ages,  
Finding no kindred mind 'mong all the  
sages  
And the sweet singers, whom he could  
control  
To teach his wisdom till he met with thee.  
Then, as the Pythagoreans would preach,  
He enter'd thee, and straight began to  
teach  
Our modern Greece *Points of Good Hus-  
bandry*,  
As he had taught them, in his *Works and  
Days*,  
To ancient Greeks, when Homer sang of  
Troy:  
And when the war-song gives no longer joy  
To human bosoms, yours shall be the  
praise  
Of handing down in your undying song,  
Maxims of wisdom which to ev'ry age and  
clime belong.  
*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGI-  
NEER'S SOCIETY.

CHIMNEY SHAFT BUILDING.

AMONGST the papers read before this Society during the late session was one on the above subject by Bro. R. M. Bancroft, a brief extract of which may be interesting to some of our engineering and architectural readers.

In 1874 an extraordinary dinner party took place on the top of a chimney just completed, at the Stanton Iron Works, near Nottingham. *Forty-seven of the artizans and workmen partook of a hot dinner* on the summit, which is 190 feet from ground, and 24 ft. across the cap. There were 420,000 bricks used in its construction, and the cast iron cap weighed 15 tons.

In 1872 the Connah's Quay Chemical Co., built a shaft, in which 1,000,000 bricks and 620 tons of stone were used, the cost of which was a little over £2,000.

The Shaft of the Pumping Station, Grosvenor Road, Pimlico, is 172 ft. high, exclusive of railings round the top, and is made with an inner and an outer ring of brickwork, 220 steps being built into the outer ring by which to ascend the shaft, from whence you have a splendid view of the river Thames.

The first Chimney *built entirely of Concrete* in 1873, was for the river Wear Commissioners, South Docks, Sunderland. It is 74 ft. 9 ins. high from ground line. Proportion of Concrete, 1 Portland Cement to 5 Gravel.

*Wrought Iron Chimneys* have been erected at the Crenset Works, France, 197 ft. high, and 6ft. 7 inches diameter at top, increased to 10ft. at bottom by a curved base.

Another Wrought Iron Chimney has been erected at Pittsburg 196ft. high, and one is to be put up 275ft. high at the same works.

The construction of these gigantic shafts are often attended with much danger, and we occasionally hear of the workmen meeting with fatal accidents in the course of their duties. The new chimney which has just been completed at Manchester for

the Moorfield Spinning Company (Limited) fell with a terrible crash on Thursday, 3rd August, 1876. The height was about 66 yards, and it was only on Tuesday, that a flag was hoisted at the top to signify that the bricksetters had completed their work. No one was injured, but the damage done will not be far short of £3,000.

In 1872 the chimney at a cotton mill in America was moved bodily a distance of 20ft., to allow the enlargement of the mill. It is 70ft. high and nearly 8ft. square at the base, and it was slid along planed and greased planks by means of 2 Jack-screws, and the flues connected and fires started in 8½ hours.

The St. Rollox Chimney, Glasgow, is 455ft. 6ins. from bottom of foundation, and 435ft. 6ins. from ground line.

At Messrs. Dobson and Barlow, Machine Works, Bolton, there is a Chimney 367ft. 6in. high from ground level.

In Nottinghamshire at Carlton, there is one 173ft. high, and at Lenton another 153ft. from ground to summit.

THE HIGHEST CHIMNEY IN THE WORLD  
Is the well-known "Townsend Chimney," Port Dundas, Glasgow, its total height from foundation to top of coping being 468ft., and from ground level to summit 454ft. The history of its construction and of its threatened failure when nearly completed, will therefore be of great interest to all those who have made chimney-shafts or stalks their study, and indeed, to architects and engineers in general. The chimney was designed and built by Mr. Robert Corbett, Bellfield Terrace, Duke Street, Glasgow for Mr. Joseph Townsend, Crawford Street Chemical Works, Port Dundas.

No piles were used in the foundation, which is built on "blue till" or clay, which is as solid and compact as rock. The foundation consists of thirty courses of brick on edge, the lowest course being 47ft., and the topmost course 32ft. in diameter. This foundation was commenced on July 30th, 1857, and finished on August 20th of the same year.

The erection of the shaft was continued until November 11th, 1857, (excepting from September 3rd, to October 5th, during this period operations were suspended). This closed the first season. The second season commenced on July

10th, 1858, and closed on October 16th of the same year, the stalk at the latter date being 228ft. in height; the third and last season commenced on July 3rd, 1859, and the coping was laid on October 6th of the same year, but work was suspended from September 15th to October 5th, in consequence of the chimney swaying. During this interval it was restored by twelve cuttings with saws on the opposite side to the inclination, as detailed hereafter. The inside lining or cone is of 9in. fire-brick and about 60ft. in height, built distinct from the chimney proper, with air space between, and covered on top to prevent dust falling in, but built with open work in the upper four courses so as to allow of the air passing into the chimney.

The size of the bricks used in the construction of this chimney was 10in. x 4in. + 3½in., and the number used was as follows:—

Common bricks in chimney	1,142,532
Composition & firebricks in cone	157,468

Total 1,300,000

The bricklayers' time was:—

In 1857, 316 days of 10 hours each.

1858, 431½ " " " " "

1859, 423½ " " " " "

giving a total of 1,171 days' time occupied in building the chimney, which gives on an average 1,110 bricks built per day of ten hours by each bricklayer.

Besides the above number of bricks used in the chimney, there were also 100,000 used in constructing flues, &c. The total number (of bricks laid in chimney and flues,) was 1,400,000, the weight of which at 5 tons per thousand is 7,000 tons.

Iron hoops were built in at a distance from the surface of 9in. at the bottom, and 4½in. from the top, and at intervals of 25 ft. in height.

The thickness of the wall of the chimney varied as follows, commencing of course at the ground level.

1st section	30ft. in height	5ft. 7in. thick
2nd	" 30 "	" 5 " 2 "
3rd	" 30 "	" 4 " 10 "
4th	" 40 "	" 4 " 5 "
5th	" 40 "	" 4 " 0 "
6th	" 40 "	" 3 " 7 "
7th	" 40 "	" 3 " 2 "

8th section	40ft. in height	2ft. 9in. thick
9th	40	2, 4
10th	52	1, 11
11th	52	1, 7
12th	20	1, 2

Total 454ft. from ground level.

The height originally contemplated for the chimney was 450ft., but when about 350ft. up, it was proposed to add about 35ft. to the original height, making the total height 485ft., hence the increased height of the tenth and eleventh sections, but on the completion of the eleventh section this idea was abandoned and therefore only 20ft. of the last thickness were added.

The chimney was not built by contract but by day wages, as Mr. Townsend was not quite certain to what height he would carry it, or what deviation might be made in course of construction from the proposed plan. Three different dimensions were calculated by the builder, those carried out were the greatest of the three. The builder calculated the cost of chimney and cone (exclusive of iron hoops in chimney and flues,) at from £5,500 to £,6000, Mr. Townsend estimates the cost of the whole, including flues, iron hoops, machinery and scaffolding, at £8,000.

On September 9th, 1859, the chimney was struck by a gale from north-east which caused it to sway, but the builder does not attribute the accident to the gale alone, but to the pressure of the whole pile on the scaffolding, which was so constructed as not to yield to any pressure caused by a slight settling down. The additional pressure thrown by the wind to the lee-side of stalk (the mortar of which was not solidified) was consequently too great for the scaffolding to bear, and caused the splice of one of the uprights to give way by abrasion, making the fibres of the wood to work into each other. The builder thinks the deflection commenced at from 100 to 150ft. from the ground, so that the foundation and heaviest portion remained firm. Had not the process of sawing been commenced promptly and continued vigorously in all likelihood the chimney would have fallen. Even during the earlier part of the sawing Mr. Townsend who was on the ground the whole time, observed the deflection increasing, but as the sawing

progressed he observed that the deflection got a check, and the chimney came to gradually. The chimney was 7ft. 9in. off the perpendicular and several feet less in height than before it swayed, but when brought back it gained its original height, at which time it was not complete by 5ft.

Mr. Townsend made his observations during the sawing-back, by taking up his position in a room of the works near by the chimney, where he had a full view of it, and fixing the ends of two pieces of twine to a beam above, he formed them into two plummet lines in a line with the stalk and with these above he directed the adjustment of the colossal mass.

The *sawing back* was performed by Mr. Townsend's own men, ten men working in relays, four at a time sawing and two pouring water upon the saws. This work was done from the inside on the original scaffolding which of course had not been moved. Holes were first punched to admit the saws, which were wrought alternatively in each direction at the same joint on the side opposite to the inclination, so that the chimney was brought back in a slightly oscillating manner.

This was done at twelve different heights from the ground line, viz :- 41ft., 81ft., 121ft., 151ft., 171ft., 189ft., 209ft., 228ft., 240ft., 255ft., 277ft., and 326ft. The men discovered when they were gaining by the saws getting tightened with the superincumbent weight.

Prior to the sawing operations, they had taken out and altered the bolts of the scaffolding so as to relieve the pressure on it. This was done to meet the want of a little square space over the ends of the planks built into the chimney as before stated.

## AN OLD, OLD STORY.

### CHAPTER III.

"Never forgotten, oh, never!  
I think I listen still  
To those ringing tones for ever,  
As they float o'er vale or hill,"

—LAS MEMORIAS.

It is sometimes amusing to a bystander to note the change that comes o'er the "spirit" of a little party of gregarious bipeds by the arrival of an unexpected

addition to the number. I have observed sometimes the most wonderful alterations produced, as it were by magic, in a pleasant gathering, by the intrusion of an incongruous "confre and consœur" by the advent of, (for some reason,) an "uncongenial element;" and so there appeared for some undefinable reason a shade of quasi embarrassment to pass over alike the general gaiety of the group and the individual ease of that pleasant circle I have attempted to sketch. Not that there was any right reason for it, or true cause, for no cheerier comrade ever stood in front or rear rank than Allan Mackintosh; but for some reason at present not clear, or at any rate not explicit, the arrival of No. 5 for the moment stopped alike the flow of conversation and the easy familiarity of those so happily assembled. It might be, indeed, that there was something in the good old soldier's love of order and discipline, and what he used to call "steady goings on," which jarred a little with the freer and easier views of Mr. Mainwaring, or it might well be that Mr. Williams distrusted a little the friendly "accueil" of the veteran, who hated, as he said "making acquaintance too hastily" or "at first sight."

Miss Margerison might have her secret motives for finding her good old friend a little "de trop;" but be that as it may, Lucy, who was the only one apparently not affected by her Godfather's arrival, at once sought to re-animate the evident hesitation of all, and to break the awkward silence, by a vigorous attack on the old campaigner.

How clever women often are in such emergencies. They are like soldiers—they march straight on, their point, and generally their line of march is most true and steady!

Lucy, whose playfulness was always encouraged, and whose presence was always pleasant to the stout-hearted old boy, began by complimenting him on his looks, on the smartness of the flower in his buttonhole, (he always had a flower in his coat), and lastly declared that he had had his hair cut!

To all these charges the old soldier pleaded guilty, but with that smile of approval and that cheerful acquiescence which invariably marked the intercourse of Colonel Mackintosh with the daughter

of his oldest comrade and dearest friend. For he and Captain Longhurst had been boys together in a Lancers' regiment, had lived together, and fought together through many a hard campaign, and the friendship and love he had had for her gallant father, he had even kept warm and true to his orphan child.

But though the old soldier gaily laughed at Lucy's diversion, or as he would have termed it himself, a "flank movement"—there was an expression on the good old fellow's face, as if he thought young ladies were a little more personal than they used to be in his boyish days. Who can say what was passing through his mind? The history of the human heart is the queerest of all histories, and one about which a great deal might be written which never will see the light. If even the memory could be true, "sentiment" would object, for who could bear to have the "inner shrine" of years exposed to the public gaze, and all the imperishable associations of tenderness and truth vulgarized and profaned by the heartless criticism of the coxcomb or the careless. We all of us preserve many cherished souvenirs—like household gods by our innermost hearths, they are for ever most dear to ourselves, the most solemn and the most sacred of all our earthly possessions.

And even on that day there might rise up before the stately old man, the picture of a woman of a sweet face and clustering hair, and silvery voice, who once had been very dear to him indeed; but whom, alas, the "fortune of war," as he was fond of saying, had given to another, while he was toiling a hardworked subaltern with his regiment far away.

We need not suppose that only those people have "sentiment" who talk of sentiment—it is a very vulgar error. They often have the most who to the outward eye appear the most unsentimental of human beings.

Miss Margerison, who had for some reason kept silence, began here an animated conversation with the curate, about a picnic which was in contemplation, while Lucy, who for some reason did not seem to take the vivid interest in it which her aunt did, drew her garden chair nearer to her godfather, as if to sever herself from any sup-



posed interest in the proceedings of the amiable and beaming curate.

At this moment the hour of afternoon tea arrived, that noble institution of Britons and Britonesses, and soon after appeared Mr. Walters with a well-covered tray, which he placed on a rustic table. The fair Lucy at once proceeded, with her usual charm of manner, to dispense the fragrant compound, in which laborious duty she was aided by the zeal and activity of Mr. Mainwaring, who gracefully handed round the bread and butter, and who had apparently constituted himself her "aide de camp," in military parlance, for the occasion.

It was quite clear by this time that the Colonel did not like Mr. Williams, and did not quite understand why he found him, a comparative stranger, on such terms of familiarity, apparently, with his old friend. Mr. Mainwaring, he was accustomed to, and as he knew him to be a gentleman, and did not at all disapprove of his attention to Lucy Longhurst, all that seemed to him the most natural of things. But as he did not quite understand who Mr. Williams was, and why he was there, and began perhaps to suspect that he was "making up," as he called it, to the "old gal," he endeavoured like a skilful soldier as he was, to find out the lay of the ground, the "carte du pays," and so began to join in the conversation, which, however, was all Hebrew to him. Mr. Williams, who was getting most animated in his interesting explanations to Miss Margerison at last observed, that the old Colonel was eyeing him closely and scrutinizingly, and as he was, as he said, always ready at expedients, he turned to the Colonel, and with infinite suavity addressed him:—"As a friend of our esteemed hostess, perhaps Colonel Mackintosh," he said, "you will like to accompany the ladies to our little picnic, which I venture to add, and here he bowed to the ladies, will be a most agreeable excursion."

You will note, gentle reader, that Mr. Williams said nothing about Mr. Mainwaring. Astute Mr. Williams! Now the Colonel did not like the patronizing tone of this young man—young "interloper" as he thought him—and without immediately answering Mr. Williams, (for he was a wary old boy), he turned to Mr. Mainwaring and asked him, "Are you going, Mainwaring, to take care of these ladies?" This was the un-

kindest cut of all; but it was a remark, which for some reason, brought a gleam into the eyes of Lucy, who spoke, as some charming girls do, often as much with her eyes, as with the prettiest of mouths.

"Yes," said Mainwaring, carelessly, "I have already offered my humble services, as 'Gentleman in waiting,' to the two ladies." Another short silence, and poor Mr. Williams looked unutterable things.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel slowly, speaking at last to the curate, (he was very particular and emphatic in his remarks), "I do not often indulge in gadding about, and old chaps like me are generally very much in the way at the picnic. I object moreover to the damp grass and the earwigs. But as the ladies are going, I will help my friend Mainwaring to take care of them."

Poor Mr. Williams! what could he say? Well, he did what thousands of persons have done before, and what thousands of persons will do again in like circumstances, such is the hypocrisy of life. He professed himself "delighted with the intelligence;" and soon after getting up and pleading "Parish work," having shaken hands with the ladies, and bowed a little distantly to the gentlemen, (as the Irishman said), "he got himself away."

"Excellent young man," said Miss Margerison, warmly as the figure of Mr. Williams disappeared in the dim distance; "Very rising young clergyman."

Why Lucy and Mr. Mainwaring, however, should exchange a sly glance, and why an arch smile should play on the radiant cheek of the young lady, I leave my readers to discover. At present I do not profess to be able to explain it. I may have my suspicions; but "suspicion," as a detective said, "is not proof, sir; no sir, a long way short of it."

"Well," said the Colonel, who was always blunt and outspoken; "I have never met him before, though you seem to know him very well—he seems able to take care of himself."

"Oh," said Miss Margerison eagerly; "he is a very hard-working young man, is not he, Lucy? Whereupon the young lady replied, "Oh, yes, he is always about, and has always a good deal to say for himself."

Miss Margerison's little cough seemed to intimate that she was not quite satisfied with Lucy's somewhat dubious praise

when Mr. Mainwaring chimed in by observing—"He's a bustling little fellow; but I do wish he'd be a little more independent. He does not seem to have an opinion of his own, and if you ask him a question, he never knows what to say."

"Ah," said the Colonel quickly; "I'll tell you what, a little 'straightening' would do him a deal of good. I can't bear to see our young men rambling about as they do, the idle chaps, positively with round shoulders. He wants 'setting up drill' for a few days, and I'm even inclined to think he would profit by the 'goose step.'"

Miss Margerison, who had become a little fidgety during these not altogether complimentary opinions of her model curate, tried to change the conversation by asking Mr. Mainwaring if he would stop and dine with them. "I never," she said, "turn the Colonel out without receiving him as he says himself, 'to bed and board,' and as your residence is so close you have plenty of time to go and dress and return." Miss Margerison was always very particular about people dressing for dinner, and I think she was quite right. So much did the Colonel know and regard his old friend's particularities, that whenever he came, as he often did, from his little London lodgings close to his club, to spend a day in the country, his old soldier servant Johnson, who had been with him many a long year, and had been in his old company from a boy, always came with him, with his well-filled carpet-bag.

And so that party broke up, the ladies returning slowly to the house, Mr. Mainwaring getting into his outrigger which lay chained to the steps, and the Colonel moving alone, sedate and serene, erect and animated, humming his favourite melody, "Why, soldiers, why," as he lit his cigar and took what he called "a constitutional" on the "quarter-deck," a little terrace which overhung the Thames.

Now did I not tell you at the first that my story would be very slow and very prosaic, and am I not right?

Oh ye classic and graceful maidens, who are for ever in ecstatic admiration and awe-struck emotion, at the sensational tales of the day, how dull, how dreary, how stale and flat and unprofitable, must this veracious chronicle appear to you?

Why I hear Belinda crying out, "There is no excitement, nothing horrible! I want my feelings harrowed up; I long for some desperate villainy. I am utterly tired of this humdrum life, and conventional habits. I like the weird, the deplorable, the detestable, the very wicked!"

Fair Belinda, charming as you really are, I do not agree with you. Put away, my dear girl, these monstrosities of modern sensational literature—at once. Cease to be "bizarre." Do not think it clever to ape being fast and knowing, or up to the vice and horrors of a debased society; but remain your own gentler better, truer, self, and be what you really are and can be, the most charming and cultivated, the most refined and amiable, the most tender and beautiful of beings.

If this sensational literature goes on much longer, we shall have all our girls marrying "tickets of leave," and the only people who will get on in the world will be those who defy "Mrs. Grundy," and transgress every law, human and Divine.

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#### MASONIC SERMON.

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Preached by Bro. Rev. CHARLES E TISDALL, D.D., Chancellor of Christ Church Cathedral and rector of St. Dolough's, on the Feast of the Nativity of St. John:—

"He must increase, but I must decrease."—St. John iii. 30.

He said the nativity of St. John the Baptist was commemorated that day by the Church. From seclusion he came forth when the time had arrived for his showing unto Israel. Having from the very first given no pledges to society he owed it nothing but one thing, and that was truth—the truth as he manfully gave it, regardless of the consequences as they might affect himself; rebuking alike the naturally confident, the hypocritically formal, and the openly depraved. As his name signified, he was a gift from Jehovah bestowed upon a people of whose moral condition of unfruitfulness and degeneracy it might be said it was imaged by the wildness of the scene chosen for the exercise of his ministry. One of God's own heroes, he was a valiant soldier in the noble army of those whose blood had so often proved the

seed of the Church. Observe that with that spirit of saintly courage St. John manifested another spirit—the spirit of saintly disinterestedness. Men might be—often have been—very courageous in opposing evil in others, but self-seeking while engaged in that opposition. The courage of St. John was not the courage of one trying to make selfish capital out of personal influence. However disappointed were those of his adherents who informed him that crowds attended the ministry of Him to whom he had borne witness, so far was he from having any share in or sympathy with such a feeling, that he instantly expressed gratification at the receipt of the intelligence. He was not, as he told them, the Bridegroom, but the Bridegroom's friend, who stood and heard him, and rejoiced greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice. "The Sun of Righteousness" had risen mercy's firmament, with healing in His wings, and the Baptist was fully conscious that his own light must pale before the radiance of a luminary whose brightness should become increasingly apparent as He ran His course to enlighten and bless the successive generations of mankind. His thoughts were upon the majesty of the wondrous Being who had publicly appeared, whose ministry was to supersede his own, and in the language not of regret, but of unfeigned joy and unselfish satisfaction he said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Now, with these suggestive words before them, he would first direct attention to a truth, the consideration of which might prove salutary, though it be distasteful. It was quite possible to bring a spirit of self-seeking to the performance of duties which had about them all the aspect of sacredness, while there was manifested no inconsiderable degree of energy in connection with religious movements. The growth of personal influence might be desired, and that from motives which could not for an instant bear the test of that word of which it had been written that it was quick, powerful, stronger than any two-edged sword, and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. In the Baptist his influence fostered no selfish feeling, and when it declined he could resign it, and even feel pleasure in resigning it. He was a man who buried thoughts of self beneath

the adoring contemplation of the greatness of Him from whom he held his commission. But how often had it been far otherwise? The history of the Church had repeatedly furnished proof that men can be far more zealously engaged in the effort to make partisans than win souls; that they can devote more energy to the formation of sects to be called after their own names than to the endeavour to lead others to glorify the Name which is above every other. To be content to be surpassed by agents more gifted, endowed with superior intelligence, animated with ardent zeal to be ready to submit to the Divine will, that personal effort should be outdone by that of others—to be willing to be forgotten if the Saviour be exalted. This was indeed a feeling which reproachfully contrasts with that of the spiritually proud, of those who entertain self-confident opinions of their qualifications for Christian usefulness. Perils follow in the wake of privileges, and even take their character from the nature of those privileges in the wake of which they follow. Public influence for good was an unspeakable privilege, but it brought great danger to those who neglected self-examination. It was of the utmost importance to those exposed to such danger that they should often, in retirement when alone with God, weigh their motives in the unerring balances of His truth. Often should they put to themselves such questions as these—How much is there of self in this act, which has the appearance of being disinterested? How does it look to the Searcher of hearts? Would I be disposed to manifest the same interest in this or that religious movement were my name not to be published upon the lists of its supporters? Am I labouring in the cause of Him by whose name I am called, and to serve whom I am baptismally pledged by obligations which cannot be exceeded in solemnity, labouring with singleness of aim, or false to those obligations? Am I yielding to the promptings of selfishness, neglecting the duty of subordinating my own unruly will to that of Him who "pleased not Himself?" Have I reasonable ground for belief that I am in any degree actuated by a spirit kindred to that of unselfish dedication to his Divine Master's cause, which form its expression in the words of His forerunner

—“He must increase, but I must decrease?” But this utterance of him whom the Church now commemorates may be adapted as descriptive of the progressive experience of a sincere Christian as he may think of the preciousness of Christ, and of the precise adaptation of His work to the every-recurring wants of the soul. In proportion as his spiritual life matured his estimate of that preciousness and that adaptation rose. The vein of treasure which had been disclosed inviting his reverential search appeared to increase in value as he explored it. Although the personal glory of the Redeemer be incapable of increase, being that of One who is “perfect God and perfect man,” that of His ability to save to the uttermost, of His power to supply all spiritual want dilated before the eye of faith as the renewed soul engaged in the contemplation of it, as experience brought the deepening conviction that no created good avails to satisfy the longings of the deathless soul. It brought also the deepening conviction that exhaustless were the springs of true refreshment which were in Him who spoke these gracious words, “If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.” Such experience of the power of Christ to sustain the soul for which He died had become intensified in numerous instances when the time of its departure from the body approached. His power as the remover of the fears of weak humanity seemed marvellously to increase as the descent into the valley of death’s shadow was neared. All the more lustrous, because of the surrounding gloom, appeared the light which He gave the soul when the “earthly house of its tabernacle” was about to be dissolved, as the outward man lay upon the bed of languishing, soon to prove that of death, the inward became so mightily renewed as to rise superior to the influence of physical debility, and to anticipate exultingly its return unto God who gave it. There was a sense in which He who proved the refuge of the soul in life and at the hour of death must increase. Whether they to whom His unsearchable riches were preached would bear, or whether they would forbear in one or other of two ways must come in His revenue of glory. They who refused to yield Him the homage of their hearts must have the tribute of submission wrung from

them when he was revealed to take vengeance on those who obeyed not the Gospel. It was the high and awful prerogative of the truth of that Gospel that when it did not convert it was powerful to convict. Increase the glory of the cause of Christ must, although some of those adversaries with their anti-Scriptural creeds, their infidel theories, their oppositions of science, leagued in presumptuous confederacy to impugn the truths of His Gospel. Increase it must, though other enemies, sound in creed but corrupt in practice, were inflicting year after year by their inconsistency of life deep wounds upon His sacred cause. Increase it must until all enemies be put under His feet. He must reign, and when the utter discomfiture of those enemies had been accomplished—so that evil existed only in defeat and degradation—He must increase, for he must reign over a spotless Church, formed of the living trophies of His conquest of the powers of evil. And in that heavenly consummation might they not reasonably suppose that He ever must increase? Might they not well believe that throughout the measureless hereafter the members of the Church triumphant shall increasingly value as they gratefully contemplate the riches of His grace, that as the saved look upon the splendours of their heavenly portion they shall even deepen in the consciousness that all they enjoyed was due to Him; that their experiences were blissful because His were sorrowful; that their crowns were radiant because upon his brows there once pressed a crown platted of the sharp-pointed emblems of the curse; that they were partakers of unmingled rapture because He as the captain of their salvation in bringing many sons to glory was made perfect through sufferings. It now devolved on him to ask their liberal contributions in aid of these Masonic charities to augment the funds of which both the collection that day and that to be made in that church at evening service the following day would be appropriated. They were asked to give according to their several abilities, that necessitous members of the order might be relieved, that help might be extended to the widows and orphans of those brethren who, although industrious in their respective callings, were unable to

leave provision for their dependents. Part of the sum collected at both offertories would be sent to aid those excellent institutions—the Masonic orphan schools in Dublin. Suitably had that anniversary been chosen as a time for co-operating in the support of such Masonic institutions. Holy Saint John was the title under which Christian lodges were dedicated, to the Baptist and to the Apostle and Evangelist of the same name; and, while they met upon the feast commemorating the former, taught by the Church to pray that, after his example, they might boldly rebuke vice, constantly speaking the truth, and, if need be, patiently suffer for its sake, they might well call to remembrance the teaching of the latter, his exhortations to the cultivation of that loving and lively spirit by which his own character was so much adorned—"Let us love one another, for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Let them not love in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth. Not alone in the remote antiquity of her origin did the beauty of Freemasonry consist, but in the Scriptural character of her ethics, the morally instructive tendency of her ritual, and the unsectarian spirit in which she ever laboured to minister to the good of the fraternity. Well had it been written of her that her "many works of mercy praise her in the gates," and that "the grateful tears of those relieved by her bounty sparkle like jewels in her crown." Through much good report had she persevered in fulfilling the duties of her beneficent mission, lightening the brow of the afflicted, pouring the balm of comfort into wounded and often well-nigh broken hearts. It was true, indeed, that with its misrepresentations evil report had long been busy. So greatly have her members been maligned that they have even been classed with the disloyal, put in the same category with the rebellious disturbers of national peace. Conscious of their integrity of purpose, of the firmness of their allegiance to the Throne, of their cheerful obedience to all duly constituted authority, submitting themselves as they ever did to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, they can bear unmoved the calumnies of their detractors. Freemasonry was a growing power; no

weapon framed against her prospered, no anathema hurled against her availed to check her continuous and rapid spread. Her light, which gleamed through the darkness of early ages, increased as centuries rolled on, and was now shining with a brilliancy that gave earnest of still greater effulgence. In this their large and extending town, in which some of her charitable institutions were so well supported, were many evidences of the development of industrial resources. Let their employments be sanctified by the Christian principle which enobled whatever it touched, consecrate their earthly labours by the habitual cultivation of heavenly virtues.

"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening." If he went and returned in the consciousness that he was always under the Omniscient inspection; that he was accountable to Him who had ordained that he should toil for his sustenance, he would find that secular occupation, so far from being a hindrance, would prove a means of advancement in the Christian life. As upon the one hand a life passed chiefly among holy things must be unspiritual unless there be vigilant resistance of the temptations to absorbing worldliness, so upon the other a life spent in business pursuits must be spiritual if there be prayerful effort to obey the injunction—"Let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God."

Of all who diligently seek Him He was the liberal rewarder, with manifold gifts of His grace, benefits purchased by the death of that Surety, the sight of whom gladdened with joy unspeakable the Baptist's heart as he exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." Can he liberally recompense them in this life and hereafter? He can reward them above all that they could ask or think in that life of which heaven shall be the scene and eternity the duration, when His "tabernacle shall be with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God."

The Services were continued on the evening of the following day.

The Offertory at both Services amounted to £120.

## SONNET.

*(For the Masonic Magazine.)*

BREAKING through darksome clouds which  
gradual flee,  
Bright in th' ærial azure of heav'n's  
hall,  
The sun, at length, escapes from their  
dull thrall ;  
And now, again, shines forth all gloriously.  
So doth our Craft, through clouds of  
obloquy  
And bigots' scowls, assert its light withal.  
'Tis not prosaic, carnal, literal,—  
Like other lights, the light of Masonry.  
Like to Jerusalem above, 'tis free ;  
'Tis figurative all, and spiritual,  
Its voice poetical—prophetical—  
A mystic breath—'tis heav'n's old poësy ;  
Such as the prophets' heav'n-instructed  
lays  
Proclaim'd to Judah's sons in ancient  
days.

Bro. Rev. M. GORDON.

## TAKEN BY BRIGANDS.

THE SCOTCH SAILOR'S YARN.

*(Continued from page 128.)*

## PART II.

THEY traveled weel, my four guards did ;  
but I had been used to the mountains in  
my youth, and I kept up easily enow,  
which seemed to surprise them.

"You walk better than maist people,"  
said one.

"Than maist whom?" I asked.

"Than maist signors whom we catch,"  
he replied.

"Oh, then, you are in the habit of catch-  
ing signors, are you?" I said. "The young  
lady seems to give a great deal of trouble.  
But I amna a signor."

They laughed at this, and said they knew  
all about it ; and I went on, hoping I  
should too, in time.

At last we stopped, and one of them  
whistled ; another whistle replied in front,  
and we went on a few paces further into  
a sort of hollow ground, where there were

embers of a bonfire, by the still flickering  
light of which I could see a lot of figures  
rolled up in cloaks, sleeping.

The men who had brought me joined  
this party at once, leaving me in the hands  
of another lot, who searched me, and took  
away my knife, and what little money I  
had, but left me my pipe and 'bacca when  
I asked them to ; and one of them, who  
seemed to be a leader, said that I needna  
be frightened, as nae harm would happen  
to me, and I shouldna be kept a prisoner  
lang if I would only be reasonable, and do  
what I was told.

And then my ankles were locked to-  
gether by a contrivance like our handcuffs ;  
a capote, or great-coat, made of sheepskin,  
was thrown to me, and I was told I might  
sleep.

The air was cold sae high up on the  
mountain ; but I got as near as I could to  
the fire, wrapped the capote round me,  
and made mysel' pretty comfortable.

I was roused by a kick, which is baith a  
painful and a disgraceful way of being  
called in the morning. Sae I said some-  
thing strong, and jumped up with the  
intention of punishing the kicker, for-  
getting that I was hobbled like a donkey  
on a common ; sae I tumbled down again,  
and they all laughed.

"Keep your temper, Sandy," said I to  
mysel', "or you'll get the worst of it."

Sae I tried to laugh to ; but it was a  
bit of a failure, and took a look round.  
We were in a rocky dell, high up on the  
mountain, with a line view of the sea and  
of Etna—which was smoking a little,  
as usual ; and sea, sky, volcano, smoke,  
were all sorts of brilliant colours—gould,  
orange, purple—for the sun was just  
rising.

All round about me were men in play-  
acting mountaineer dresses, with broad-  
brimmed felt hats, and shawls round their  
waists stuck full of knives and pistols.

Some of them were cleaning their guns ;  
others were cooking ; some were gambling ;  
and there were three on sentry, one over  
me. Presently the leader of the body who  
had received me the night before, came  
up and spoke.

"Good morning, my laird," said he.  
"You must excuse the ways of my men.  
They are a little rough."

"They are," said I.

Now, I do nae wish to imply that I could understand and talk the language pat off like this. I made out conversation slowly, and with difficulty; but still I did get at their meaning, and let them know mine.

"When may I gang back to my ship?"

I asked.

"Directly we have received your ransom," he replied.

"Ransom?" cried I, bewildered.

"Yes; I suppose you know who we are?"

"Not a bit of it!" I answered.

"Have you ever heard of Il Corbino?" he inquired.

"What! the mountain thief—the brigand, as they call him?" cried I. "Yes, to be sure. Are you him?"

"No; I am only his lieutenant," he said; "but Il Corbino himself will come back to-day, maist likely."

"And do you mean to say you have ta'en the trouble to set a trap for me, and carry me off for the sake of getting a ransom?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied the other.

"Well, that is the best joke I ever heard in a' my life!" cried I, laughing, and slapping my thigh. "You are a rum sort of thieves, you are! Why, you didna know the rudiments of your ain trade! you canna draw blood out of a stane, mon!"

"We maun try," said he. "We know what money you have in the Palermo Bank, and it isna very much, but you could easily raise ony loan you like by signing your name."

"I wish I had known that before," I said. "But are you in your senses, mon? Do you suppose that any one with money at a banker's would serve as a common sailor?"

"Oh! I know why you have disguised yourself in a sailor's dress, so it's no use trying to pass that off," he replied, with a laugh.

Then the truth flashed upon me, and I cried:

"Why I'm blest if you didna take me for Laird Goldfinch himself!"

"Certainly I do," said the lieutenant, and bringing out pens, ink and paper, he told me to write a letter to the banker at Palermo, saying that I should die by tor-

ture unless a certain sum could be raised by a certain date.

The sun and date were left blank for the captain, Il Corbino, to decide upon when he came; but it seemed that he liked all little preliminaries to be got ready for him.

I wrote the letter, but told the lieutenant he was wasting paper, for Laird Goldfinch was safe on board his yacht, and the banker wad pay nae attention to it.

"Hark you!" said he, his manner which had been rather joking, turning to savage earnestness; "Signor Englishman, Il Corbino is a man who doesna like to be trifled with, and that you mauna think it all child's play, I will tell you our custom in the regular course of business. If your letter isna answered at aince, you will write another, more pressing, in which will be enclosed one of your ears, cut off with a pair of scissors. If that doesna bring a satisfactory reply, we sent the other ear, with a couple of nails. You shrink at that, and you are right. I have tried a great variety of torments on different prisoners, and I think that drawing the nails is e'en worse than roasting. But you will be able to judge for yourself gin the ransom isna forthcoming, since we always finish up with fire.

"Then I wish you would put a bullet through my head at once," said I, for my story is quite true; and now you have turned my pockets out, I havena a penny in the world."

"The captain may believe that if he likes," said the other; "I do not."

He was gauging off, when I took the liberty of suggesting that if I died of hunger and thirst there would be nae chance of their getting their money, even if I were to be Laird Goldfinch.

He saw the truth of that, and gave an order whereby I got a lump of black bread, a bit of kid meat, and a pannikin of water. You may well think it strange that I should think of eating with such an awful prospect before me; but it is a curious fact that an empty stomach has the loudest voice of anything in creation, and till its calls are attended to, nae future prospect of pain or danger seems vera threatening.

But when I had satisfied my hunger I had leisure to reflect upon the situation;

and the more I looked at it the less I liked it.

It was true that it would vera soon be discovered that Laird Goldfinch was safe on board his yacht, and that naething was to be got out of me; but it wasna likely the cruel brigands would let me gang free for that. I had often heard of them, and knew it was their rule never to let any one they had taken escape alive out of their hands except for money down.

All I could hope for was to be shot, or have my throat cut, instead of dying a lingering death, to make sport for them.

I dinna think I am a greater coward than other men, for I have been in peril oft enow without losing my presence of mind; but I confess that I was rarely frightened then. I felt sae helpless, and lonely, and deserted, that if I had had a pistol I should certainly ha'e put the muzzle to my temple and ta'en the top of my head off.

I sat on the ground, brooding, till mid-day, when there was a stir, and a cry that the captain was coming; and, sure enow he stalked presently into the midst of his band, and a rare passion he seemed to be in.

"What is this?" he cried. You sent me word you had ta'en the English laird, and caused me to go on a fool's errand to the town, where I found the man was lame, and had not left his vessel for twenty-four hours! Who have you captured in his place, you blundering idiots? What! my auld shipmate, the Scotchman!"

To my great relief, I recognised in Il Corbino, the brigand chief, the mate Giacomo, who had sailed with me on board the Cretan blockade runner.

We had always been very good friends, and he did not seem inclined to forget it now, for he shook me by the hand, and had the irons taken at once off my legs.

He asked me about my capture; and when I told him the details, he was in a better humour with the men; no reasonable being could possibly have blamed them for such an extraordinary accident as my being in Laird Goldfinch's place.

And then he told me how he came to be a robber chief. It seemed that when the cruiser was paid off, and he went back to his native village, he found that the same misfortune which first made me a

wanderer had happened to him; his lassie had ta'en on with somebody else. But, being a Sicilian instead of a Scotchman, and short of temper to boot, he didna take it sae quietly as I did, but whipped out his knife and stabbed the pair of them.

A young mon in those parts takes to the mountains, as a matter of course, when the law is after him; so Giacomo followed the fashion, and joined a band of brigands who were out of luck; and since he was a mon of great enterprise and resource with a strong will; and, as beside, he contrived to establish a spy system in Palermo, the information obtained by which brought the gang some good prizes, he soon became their captain.

He was so friendly and polite, I began to hope that I should get awa without difficulty; but that wasna the case.

"Business is business, Sandy," said he. "If you returned, you would warn this English laird; beside, when we have caught him, you will be useful to take messages to and fro about his ransom. Sae you must e'en consent to be my guest for awhile. There is a nice cave not many miles off, where you will ha'e plenty of food, wine, and tobacco, if you will excuse the want of liberty."

"I am glad to breathe the mountain air aince more, as well as to see an auld shipmate," said I, thinking it best to put a good face on. "The worst of it is, I fear I may lose my passage, and that you will be disappointed, for Laird Goldfinch sails to-morrow."

"Not he," said Giacomo. "He went ashore to the hotel this morning, and the yacht is to go to fetch his friend without him. Do not try to escape, for you will certainly be shot, and I should be sorry for the accident."

And he left me wondering how he managed to obtain such accurate information.

In the evening I was marched some distance deeper among the mountains to the cave he spoke of; and there I remained, vera comfortable, for twa days, not seeing Giacomo again till daybreak on the third, when he told me that he wanted me to accompany an expedition. Laird Goldfinch, he informed me, was anxious about my disappearance, which he didna like to make a fuss about, as he thought I was



detained by the father of the lady, and feared a scandal. So he meant to ride over boldly, that vera day, to call at the house and make inquiries, and the brigands meant to take him on his way. But as he was still rather lame, and would not be able to march up into the mountains sae fast as could be wished, it was intended that he should write his letter for ransom soon after his capture, and before the climbing began, sae as no to lose time, and as I was to take the letter to Palermo at aince, it was necessary that I should gang with them.

I canna tell you how vexed I felt during that walk down fra the mountain. It seemed so traitorous to make one of an ambush against the mon whose pay I was taking, and who had treated me with confidence.

I thought and thought how I could give him warning. Perhaps I might have a chance of breaking away, and running along the high road, when we came to it. I didna know whether my countenance betrayed what was passing in my mind, but when we came to a rock, which looked sheer down upon the road, I was stopped, and had to remain there with two men, who drew and cocked their pistols.

The remainder dived into the brushwood, and lay concealed and still.

After a long waiting, I saw a hired carriage coming along the road, and as it got nearer, I recognized Laird Goldfinch alane inside it. A low whistle was responded to, and then, in a moment, the brigands had stopped the carriage, the driver of which rolled off his box and darted into the bushes.

I saw Laird Goldfinch crouch down at the bottom of the carriage, over the side of which spirted two little jets of flame and one of the brigands fell over.

A gun was fired, and replied by more shots from a revolver. Then a volley was poured into the carriage, and all was still.

Whether my guards slipped off when the shooting began, I dinna ken, nor how I got down into the road; but there I found mysel', while the smoke still floated in the air. As for the brigands they had vanished.

## PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THERE jumps on grassy lawn the thrush,  
With prying eye, intent on worm,  
Whilst on the bough of an adjacent bush  
Another thrush is seen of lighter form.  
A gentle shower had just distill'd  
A balmy fragrance from shrub and flower,  
The air was still, by softest zephyr fill'd;  
No leaf was mov'd on tree or bower;  
'Twas just the thrush's dining time;  
Oh! God of nature, how sublime!

The parent bird went hopping on  
(For, surely, they were mother and son)  
In quest of food for dinner:  
The luckless, helpless worm, poor sinner!  
Was ready prey; and, truly, the moral  
taught  
Is one that should not be forgot;  
For many a worm did the parent thrush  
Convey to its offspring on the adjacent  
bush.

Sweet bird of song! I love thy notes right  
well,  
So musical, so gladsome, and so thrilling,  
When perched on some high tree, and  
trilling  
Thy Heavenly Maker's praise. Ah! who  
can tell

How much do Heaven's symphonies  
combine,  
Mellifluous melodies such as thine!

B. S.

Heugh Folds, Grasmere, Aug. 9, 1876.

## Our Archaeological Corner.

WE have taken the liberty to collect these little "strata" of information from our contemporary "Hand and Heart."

A book has just been published, entitled "Old Words and Modern Meanings," which is worth reading and criticising. Its author is dead, its editor is Mr. T. Whitcombe Greene, and its publishers are Messrs. Longmans. Archbishop Trench, Mr. Washington Moon, or the late Dean of Canterbury might be the author, but that it was a lady. By "whiskers" Addison meant "moustache" when speaking of a certain "Sir Roger's head"—not any ancestor of the "Sir Roger" be it noted; the Saxon

word "weeds" meant clothing, as is the case with "widow's weeds" now-a-days; "tide" was "time," and so it is now, as witness Whitsuntide; but it used to mean the *times* at which the sea ebbed and flowed rather than the waters which so ebbed and flowed; "edify" used to mean to build, so it does now in a sermon, and "edifice" still means a building. The book is not very original, but it is suggestive, and inclines one more and more to think about such words as have shifted their meaning. There are still rustics who don't know the antithesis of "quick and dead," nor the legitimate meaning of the word "prevent," the common proverb "Prevention is better than cure" having helped to divert the meaning.

"The Dunmow Flicht." contended for now with revived form and ceremony, like a good many other ancient customs that had begun to go out with the going out of village fairs, finds claimants in all parts; and this year the Isle of Wight has gained the prize. A clergyman and his wife who had sent in their names did not appear, so Ventnor, Isle of Wight, carried off the flicht and the credit. Did the clergyman quarrel with his wife after he sent in his name? Of course not; but he shunned to tell in the world's market-place that he could live, as if it were a wonderful thing, for a year and a day in domestic peace. This Dunmow Flicht celebration is a good thing one way; it must smite the consciences of many married people after their first quarrel. Ah, that first quarrel! How many are there that never had a first quarrel. If they never had a first they never had a second.

"Homely wisdom." Yes, sir, and so intended Solomon and Solon, to say nothing of Socrates (whose wife was a tartar, you remember), might have penned something harder and wiser, but they would not find upon homely sayings.

"The custom was founded by Juga, a noble lady, in 1111, and restored by Robert de Fitzwalter in 1244; and this custom was that any person, from any part of England [poor Scotland and poor Ireland!] going to Dunmow, in Essex, and humbly kneeling on two stones at the church-door, may claim a gammon of bacon

if he can swear that for twelve months and a day he has never had a household brawl or wished himself unmarried."

The oldest of all newspapers is the *Pekin Gazette*, which was a newspaper before William the Conqueror was a king. It has a yellow cover, ten pages of matter, but no pictures, stories, advertisements ("ads" they're too often called in these abbreviating days), marriages, or—

Subscribers! It is simply a Government paper of notices and an official chronicle.

#### NOUNS OF MULTITUDE: RATHER PUZZLING.

A little girl was near the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See what a *flock* of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a *fleet*, and a fleet of sheep was called a *flock*. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect of nouns of multitude, that a flock of wolves is called a *pack*, and a pack of thieves is called a *gang*, and a gang of angels is called a *host*, and a host of porpoises is called a *shoal*, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a *troop*, and a troop of partridges is called a *covey*, and a covey of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a horde of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a heap of oxen is called a *drove*, and a drove of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a mob of worshippers is called a *congregation*, and a congregation of engineers is called a *corps*, and a corps of robbers is called a *band*, and a band of locusts is called a *swarm*, and a swarm of people is called a *crowd*, and a crowd of gentlefolk is called the *élite*, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folk is called the *community* or the *public*.

ADDRESS OF P.G.M. BRO. HON-  
RICHARD VAUX, AT CEN-  
TENNIAL OF AMERICAN UNION  
LODGE.

(Continued from page 141.)

When God spoke to Noah and taught him the Truth he was to learn, and all the generations after him, the testimony and

the revelation of omnipotence, this attribute of God, declaring a covenant with man, sealed with the "Yea and Amen for ever," the promise and its receiving affirmance, were manifested under a sign. "I do set my bow in the cloud and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." "And God said unto Noah, this is the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth." And now in this joyous summer solstice, when nature, clothed in gladness, has come up out of the tomb of winter, a resurrection which teaches by its symbolism that death is but a final preparation for another life, on this bright and glowing, beautiful and happy summer morning, a cloud, perchance, no longer than a man's hand is seen in the horizon gathering darkness, to end in storm. But as the clouds go, as the wind goes, we know not whither or from whence, and the sun reasserting its dominion over the day, lights up on the lagging cloud that bow of promise, that sign to us, as to Noah, of the eternal covenant made with all mankind, the truth is taught, that all who see may understand.

In that epoch of doubt and despair when the "chosen people" were in sore distress, when faith was well nigh lost, and hope was fading as the daylight mingles in the darkness of the coming night, the Red Sea before them and Pharaoh's hosts behind them, the hearts of the Israelites were covered as with a cloud. Their emotions and their thoughts were dead within them, and their minds had become barren except in the growth of a rebellious spirit. On them reason then had no influence. The exhortations of their leader fell on ears that would not hear. Distrust and despondency were overwhelming them as the great ground swell of the ocean submerges the last remaining peninsular of its shoal bound shore. And so it was from Succoth to Ethan.

Surely, then, to have taught a truth to this fleeing, doubting, desponding people, by the process of didactic teaching would have been utterly in vain. Ears they had, but they would not have listened. Yet the truth was—and it must be known. And so it came to pass that under a sign it was communicated, subjective truth objectively imparted—for we read, "And the Lord went before them by day, in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way and by night in

a pillar of fire to give them light, to go by day and by night."

Even now as one seeks to penetrate the thick darkness of the limitless past, when even the sight of the seer is powerless to discern objects which are yet in the confines of the latter days, hid from human ken in the mists which gather by some unseen attraction into the shades which constitute the atmosphere in which past ages live in a solemn silence, that pillar of fire yet stands as it did between the camp of the Egyptians and the Children of Israel, to teach by its symbolism, glowing now in the darkness, like a light in the remoteness of a vast cavern, that eternal truth, which has its abiding place in the mind of God.

As the "province of faith is not to be invaded by reason" and as Truth is eternal and to be known of all men, the process by which it is imparted depends on the perceptive process of those to whom it is presented. Divine wisdom has consecrated the sign, or symbolic teaching, as the earliest method established for human instruction.

Written history, as well as that equally authoritative teacher, tradition, enables us to comprehend the vast stores of knowledge and wisdom which were gathered and garnered by the philosophers of the pre-Christian era. It is now the subject of our wonder how the few, the very few, attained this learning, while the masses of the peoples neither appreciated its possession, nor stimulated its acquirement by any earnest demonstration of their approval. It was the love of wisdom, the desire for knowledge, or light, that animated those who devoted their lives to the highest intellectual culture. We are forced to consider only as representatives of schools, Moses, Solomon, Zadok, Hillel, Shammai, Antigonus of Socho, Hyreanus, Plato, Socrates, Proclus, Origen, Pythagoras, and Aristotle, men who taught the chosen people, or to a select few, who as disciples, sought wisdom or light, from oral communications.

It is not possible to do more now than glance at the pre-Christian teachings, or these memorable men who inspired by divine authority, interpreted, or from the innate love of knowledge and wisdom were recognized instructors.

But as our line of thought requires, reference must be made to the Pharisees,

and Sadducees, two of the prominent pre-Christian schools of religious knowledge or doctrine, which exercised a large influence, long before the coming of our blessed Saviour. These schools differed essentially in their respective tenets. The Sadducees maintained that the Pentateuch contained the 613 divine laws, and that there was no oral Mosaic Law. If any such tradition was claimed ever to have been given to the Israelites, it was heterodox. They further asserted that there was no resurrection or immortality. The Sadducees were restricted in their faith to the doctrines of the inspired books, and they opposed all interpretations on the text.

The Pharisees maintained that oral traditions had their origin contemporaneously with, and were incident to the concise statements of the Pentateuch, both as explanatory of, and adjunctive to the law of Moses.

Among these oral teachings they asserted was the doctrine of the resurrection and immortality, which though not positively declared in the divine books were undoubtedly orally communicated as a necessity to the completeness of the Abrahamic faith. It is this acceptance of oral teachings that was one of the distinctive features of the faith of the Pharisees, and it involves the conclusion that some at least of these doctrines were the outcomes from the cults of the Egyptian, Persian and Grecian mythologies.

*(To be continued.)*

#### NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

*Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.*

HOWEVER much we may differ in our theological opinions—and the Jew and the Mahometan have equal interest in genuine Freemasonry with the Christian—no sincere Craftsman can fail to feel glad when any of those noble fabrics erected by our ancient operative brethren are rescued from destruction. Thus I am

pleased to see that the inhabitants of Bridlington are making strenuous efforts to preserve and restore their fine old parish church, once the Augustine Priory of St. Mary, founded by Walter de Gant and his vassals, early in the reign of Henry the First. When societies like the "Bridlington Foresters' Club" figure in the subscription list, surely that of the Craft should not be wanting on this or on any similar occasion. "The Bridlington and Quay Gazette," of August 5th, 1876, remarks:—

"The holding of the Bazaar during next week, in aid of the fund now being raised to preserve and restore the parish church at Bridlington, forms a fitting opportunity to make an appeal on its behalf to all who love these 'old grey churches of our native land,' especially to the hundreds who are now amongst us in search of health, or enjoyment. We do not appeal to the latter upon selfish grounds, hoping to escape the responsibility of keeping up the old pile, around which are clustered the remains of ten generations of honoured dead—to shift our duty on the shoulders of others. The majority of the townspeople have done, for some time past, and still are doing, their utmost to repair the ruin wrought on the ancient structure by the decaying hand of time, and the more ruthless hand of man. Within a few years something like £15,000 has been spent upon and around the church, and yet, unless we get help from those outside, one of the finest historic monuments of the Kingdom must remain little better than a wreck, and a reproach to the age. Therefore we earnestly ask all—and there are very few who cannot do something—to give a helping hand in our great work. The present effort, which was inaugurated at a public meeting held in February last, presided over by His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, is directed towards raising the sum of £13,000 to restore the two south clerestory windows, the whole of the western front, (which is absolutely in a dangerous state,) and the erection of two towers. The committee appointed to carry out the work have called in the services of Sir GILBERT SCOTT, who has prepared the necessary plans, and as visitors to the church will have seen, the restoration of the clerestory windows is now proceeding. Towards the large sum required, £5,850

has been subscribed, and an earnest appeal is now made for further help. The work is one that has claims upon all, in some way or other. To churchmen it appeals, of course, most strongly, but as a national monument its preservation should be an object of universal concern, therefore we trust that the many visitors at present in the town will co-operate with the inhabitants in this movement, and that either by subscriptions or by visiting the forthcoming bazaar, the work may be speedily forwarded, and the proportions of the Priory may be preserved, restored, and beautified in a manner befitting the grand old building."

And Mr. Thomas Waller, a gentleman of considerable love for antiquities, writing in the same paper, after a casual allusion to "the restoration of this grand old Priory Church, under the late vicar, the Rev. H. F. Barnes," says:—

"When this Church was standing in all its glory, it exceeded somewhat the dimensions of Beverley Minster, and no Cathedral in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales equalled it in size. The total length was 360 feet; was composed of ten bays, and an early English choir of seven bays, which, with the transept of the same period, had a considerable northerly deflection. At the crossing stood a large central tower of great elevation, in which were placed seven bells. It is said the western towers were begun, but never completed. I rather doubt this, for they were in a transition state when the Reformation began. The nave, which is 180 feet by 68 feet, and 69 feet in height, alone remains; it is of the best period of Geometrical Decorated. The north side was completed before the south, in which the triforium is omitted; and the clerestory is brought down in its place, with a gallery having double mullions, which cross it below. The porch is of the 14th century, is very fine, and should be restored, with a road leading into Sewerby Street. The restoration of the clerestory windows alone would be a grand feature in the old building, but if the complete restoration of the west front, with the addition of the two towers, can be accomplished, it will present an aspect most imposing. The north-west tower is good, but it is in the south-west tower where our great architect displays

his wonderful skill, and here we shall have a tower equalling the Driffeld tower, unanimously considered the very best in this part of England, nay, if it does not surpass it. I find £5,840 has already been raised to meet the £13,000 required to complete the proposed restoration. All honour to those who have so lovingly joined in their effort to restore the house of their fathers' God. Might I urge upon those who have not yet done anything, to to make an effort, however small, to help it forward."

Having, in the May number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, briefly glanced at the ancient history of Pottery, in noticing Mr. Arnoux's interesting paper in "British Manufacturing Industries"; and having then stated that "the revival of the art of Pottery in Europe will afford us matter sufficient for a future Note," we will now resume our remarks. "The precise date of the revival," says Mr. Arnoux, "is not positively ascertained; but it was probably contemporary with the establishment of Islamism amongst the Arabs. The energy displayed by this people in improving and adapting the different fabrics to the requirements of their new religion, was no doubt beneficial to the art of Pottery; and with their fanaticism and spirit of proselytism, they carried their new ideas to every country which they conquered. Syria became a great industrial centre, and some of its towns, such as Damascus, were soon famous for the perfection of their wares. To reach Europe, however, this new movement did not take its course through Greece and Italy, as in the first instance; it was through Egypt and the North of Africa that, at the beginning of the eight century, it made its way to Spain, where it became firmly established. As regards Pottery, nowhere were better specimens produced than in the towns of Malaga, Grenada, Cardova, and others, going northwards as far as Valencia and Toledo. The newest feature of the Arabian or Saracenic Pottery (called Hispano Moresco ware, when made in Spain), was the introduction of the oxide of tin in the glaze, to render it opaque. Previous to this innovation, when white was required for a design executed on a clay which did not take that colour in firing, these parts had to be covered with a silicious mixture,

and subsequently coated over with a transparent glaze. This was the Assyrian and Persian process. To find a white opaque enamel, which could be applied direct on a coloured clay and adhere firmly to it, was a great discovery."

By using this tin enamel judiciously all over the Pottery-ware, so as to make it more or less opaque as he wished, Lucca Della Robia produced his famous Majolica, so called from its exportation from the island of Majorca (the Spanish *Mallorca*) to Italy, early in the fifteenth century. But it was in Italy itself that the manufacture of Majolica attained its highest perfection, so that even Perugino, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, are said to have painted this peculiar Pottery. But keen competition, whilst it destroys monopolies, also engenders innumerable knaveries; and as our English manufacturers now are seeking only to make the best imitation of good articles, instead of the best manufactures, so did the Potters of the seventeenth century, in Italy, France, Holland, and elsewhere. At Delft, in South Holland, some nine miles from Rotterdam, a blue and white imitation of Chinese Pottery was successfully manufactured, which supplied this and other countries, until our own Wedgwood produced a superior ware at home, which supplanted it in the markets of Europe; but "common Delf" is still the English name for ordinary plates, cups and saucers, etc., as "China" is for the best porcelain.

"At Rouen," says Mr. Arnoux, "the blue ornamentation was relieved with touches of red, green, and yellow; at Monstiers the monochrome designs were light and uncommonly elegant; at Paris, Marseilles, and many other places, the flower decoration of the old Sevres and Dresden ware was imitated with a freedom of touch and a freshness of colour which is really charming." But the high price of tin rendered the best glazes costly, as that of lead in our own day would have done common Pottery: the mixture of silicate of soda, powdered quartz, Mendon chalk, and borax, not having been hit upon as a substitute for the poisonous lead glazing until very recently.

Stoneware was produced in Germany, "at Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Bayreuth, and Mansfield, and other places; but the best

were made in the neighbourhood of the Lower Rhine, where the clays most fitted for that class of pottery were easily to be found. Here we find, for the first time in Europe, the body of the ware partly vitrified by the high temperature to which it was submitted, and also the remarkable peculiarity that it was glazed by the volatilization of common salt, thrown into the oven when the temperature had reached its climax. The combination of these two processes had never been effected before, and it would be difficult on that account to find any connection between stoneware and some of the Egyptian potteries. For this stoneware, which was of various colours, T. Hopper designed many of the embossed ornamentations. It began to decline towards the close of the seventeenth century, and has only been revived of late by Doulton & Co., of Lambeth.

How very low the potter's art had sunk in France, those who have read John Morley's most interesting life of "Bernard Palissy," will have a vivid recollection: for it is as interesting as any romance. And France produced only one Palissy. What a truly worshipful man he was, compared with numbers to whom she has shown much higher honour! But the world, when wiser will, rank him among her greatest heroes, as he most undoubtedly was.

Of the rise and progress of English pottery, I must speak in another note.

Mr. J. C. Cox has in the press the second volume of his able and interesting work on the Churches of Derbyshire, which is anxiously looked for.

Resin melted with half its weight of paraffin, at a temperature not exceeding 230 degrees Fah., is said to produce artificial wax; so is rosin with one-third tallow.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

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## THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

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BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.  
From "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY."

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A MIGHTY hand, an exhaustless urn,  
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years  
Among the nations. How the rushing  
waves

Bear all before them! On their foremost  
 edge,  
 And there alone, is Life; the Present there  
 Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar  
 Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,  
 And they who strive, and they who feast,  
 and they  
 Who hurry too and fro. The sturdy hind—  
 Woodman and delver with the spade—are  
 there,  
 And busy artisan beside his bench,  
 And pallid student with his written roll.  
 A moment on the mounting billow seen—  
 The flood sweeps over them and they are  
 gone.  
 There groups of revellers, whose brows are  
 twined  
 With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,  
 And as they raise their flowing cups to  
 touch  
 The clinking brim to brim, are whirled  
 beneath  
 The waves and disappear. I hear the jar  
 Of beaten drums, and thunders that break  
 forth  
 From canon where the advancing billow  
 sends  
 Up to the sight long files of armed men,  
 That hurry to the charge through flame  
 and smoke.  
 The torrent bear them under, whelmed  
 and hid,  
 Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam  
 Down go the steed and rider; the plumed  
 chief  
 Sinks with his followers; the head that  
 wears  
 The imperial diadem goes down beside  
 The felon's with cropped ear and branded  
 cheek.  
 A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away  
 Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed  
 Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,  
 And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;  
 The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group  
 Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden  
 shout—  
 The cry of an applauding multitude  
 Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who  
 wields  
 The living mass, as if it were its soul.  
 The waters choak the shout and all is still.  
 Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who  
 spreads  
 The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave  
 o'ertakes

And swallows them and him. A sculptor  
 wields  
 The chisel, and the stricken marble grows  
 To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,  
 A painter stands, and sunshine, at his  
 touch  
 Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;  
 A poet as he paces to and fro,  
 Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they  
 ride  
 The advancing billow, till its tossing crest  
 Strikes them and flings them under while  
 their tasks  
 Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile  
 On her young babe that smiles to her  
 again—  
 The torrent wrests it from her arms; she  
 shrieks,  
 And weeps, and midst her tears is carried  
 down.  
 A beam like that of moonlight turns the  
 spray  
 To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in  
 hand,  
 Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look  
 Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood  
 Flings them apart; the youth goes down;  
 the maid,  
 With hands out-stretched in vain and  
 streaming eyes,  
 Waits for the next high wave to follow  
 him.  
 An aged man succeeds; his bending form  
 Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen  
 stream  
 Gleam the white locks and then are seen  
 no more.  
 Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like  
 flood  
 Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces  
 Crumble before it; fortresses and towers  
 Dissolve in the swift waters; populous  
 realms  
 Swept by the torrent, see their ancient  
 tribes  
 Engulfed and lost, their very languages  
 Stifled and never to be uttered more.  
 I pause and turn my eyes and, looking  
 back,  
 Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I  
 see  
 The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste  
 Of waters weltering over graves, its shores  
 Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast  
 and hull  
 Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls

Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand  
 Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipers.  
 There lie memorial stones whence time has gnawed  
 The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,  
 The broken altars of forgotten gods,  
 Foundations of old cities and long streets  
 Where never fall of human foot is heard  
 Upon the desolate pavement. I behold  
 Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within  
 The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,  
 Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,  
 Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows  
 That long ago were dust; and all around,  
 Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,  
 Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks  
 Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls  
 O'erwritten,—haply with foud words of love  
 And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung  
 Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie  
 A moment and then they sink away from sight.  
 I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,  
 For I behold, in every one of these,  
 A blighted hope, a separate history  
 Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties  
 Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness  
 Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief,  
 That sorrowfully ended, and I think  
 How painfully must the poor heart have beat  
 In bosoms without number, as the blow  
 Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.  
 Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet  
 The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist  
 Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,  
 Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers  
 Or wander among rainbows, fading soon  
 And re-appearing, haply giving place  
 To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear  
 Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift  
 The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth

The bony arm in menace. Further on  
 A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,  
 Long, low and distant, where the Life that  
 Is  
 Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of  
 Years  
 Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must  
 pass  
 That dismal barrier. What is there  
 beyond?  
 Hear what the wise and good have said.  
 Beyond  
 That belt of darkness still the years roll on  
 More gently, but with not less mighty  
 sweep.  
 They gather up again and softly bear  
 All the sweet lives that late were over-  
 whelmed  
 And lost to sight—all that in them was  
 good,  
 Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—  
 The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,  
 Sages and saintly women who have made  
 Their households happy—all are raised and  
 borne  
 By that great current in its onward sweep,  
 Wandering and rippling with caressing  
 waves  
 Around green islands, fragrant with the  
 breath  
 Of flowers that never wither. So they  
 pass,  
 From stage to stage, along the shining  
 course  
 Of that fair river broadening like a sea.  
 As its smooth eddies curl along their way,  
 They bring old friends together; hands are  
 clasped  
 In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms  
 Again are folded round the child she loved  
 And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten  
 now,  
 Or but remembered to make sweet the  
 hour  
 That overpays them; wounded hearts that  
 bled  
 Or broke are healed for ever. In the room  
 Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be  
 A Present in whose reign no grief shall  
 gnaw  
 The heart, and never shall a tender tie  
 Be broken—in whose reign the eternal  
 Change  
 That waits on growth and action shall  
 proceed  
 With everlasting Concord hand in hand.