



See "Early Indicia of Freemasonry," Page 50.

THE SCOTTISH IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

and it is very little to expect this result. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way.

The social character of our social life is very different from that of the ordinary mind. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way.

It is, as has been often said, a "little world of its own" individually, and so the books in this collection find

themselves in a peculiarly and popularly interesting and readable way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way.

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A more serious and thoughtful book is the "Scottish in American Literature" by the author. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way. It is a very old habit of the ordinary mind to do it in a hazy way.

THE SCOTTISH IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE SCOTTISH IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

MINISTRY WANTS THE BIBLE
 Yellow Springs's best volume here;
 It ends the book, and comes to pass—
 I came to write a show.

The Snowdrop may have passed away,
 And its fair place be still,
 Like homely gold, and I am content
 The flowering of the field.

Short is its ray, but on it lies
 Each flower's voice with its own,
 Such is the passion takes to show
 The glorious Sun at its light.

Fit symbols of our transient day
 To this brief world of ours;
 We bloom, an' die, then rise to rest
 In the Summer's "Garden of rest."

Such joy as flowers, so we may
 If we are able to give,
 To those who would their path with us
 Then not in vain we live.

New College, Michigan.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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AUGUST, 1876.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have very little to report this month, except the onward advance of Freemasonry as well abroad as at home.

It would almost seem as if recent foolish charges and minatory denunciations had done Freemasonry generally good, and tended to raise it even in public opinion. Such is the effect always of unwise persecution and bombastic anathemata, they bring about an inevitable reaction in the minds of the serious, the thoughtful, the tolerant, and the fair. The one great danger which Freemasonry has to contend with just now, is its own material prosperity, the increase of its members, the too easy admission of aspirants.

There is, as has been often said, a "tide in the affairs of men" individually, and so there is also in that of nations and institutions.

Prosperity and popularity are two main ingredients of earthly success; and, as often happens, Freemasonry just now, being both popular and prosperous, finds that many "waiters on Providence," who look at all things from a pure worldly point of view, are very anxious to partake of its prestige, and to claim its privileges. Hence, we have on all sides a great pressure of new members, and all Lodges require to be guided both by care and circumspection, in the admission of those who are knocking at the door of Masonry.

We should look a little further than social position, present well-being, and the claims of good fellowship. A "Buon Camarado" is a good thing, but it is not everything, and Freemasonry, to be really strong, to hold its own, to make its way, must depend upon the moral character of its "Alumni," as well as on its own inherent claims to consideration and respect.

The controversy in regard of Bro. Havers's proposal is not ended. So far, all the preponderance of argument is on our distinguished brother's side.

A new element in Masonic life is the libellous pamphlet. It is certainly novel, but not likely to prove successful. We deem it alike un-Masonic and unworthy of Freemasonry. In one province, which shall be nameless, this pamphlet system has been for the last twelve months apparently the O.K. thing. Let us hope we have seen the last of these foolish ebullitions. Angry and personal pamphlets generally proceed from a morbid vanity, from a little mind, from inflated egotism, or crazy perversity.

THE DAFFODIL.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

Authoress of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," &c.

MERRILY waves the Daffodil,
When Spring's fresh breezes blow;
It nods its head, and seems to say—
I come to make a show.

The Snowdrop now has pass'd away,
And its fair place to fill,
Like burnish'd gold, now blossometh
The flaunting Daffodil.

Short is its stay, but ere it dies
Fresh flowers come forth to view;
Each in succession takes its place
The glorious Summer through.

Fit symbols of our transient stay
In this brief world of ours;
We bloom awhile, then sink to rest
Like Summer's fairest flowers.

Such joy as flowers on us confer,
If we but strive to give,
To those who tread life's path with us,
Then not in vain we live.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE EARLY INDICIAE OF
FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. 1.

THOUGH I do not profess or propose to be strictly chronological in my series of articles and illustrations, I think the idea a good one per se of calling the notice of the Craft to early evidences, or proofs, of the existence of Freemasonry. If so be that my papers are received with favour by my Brethren, any question of consecutive chronology can then be satisfactorily adjusted. Indeed, the subject will probably grow under my hands, so to say, and many early and unsuspected illustrations will probably turn up when our attention generally is turned to the subject.

I take up a book to-day, a reprint of Veldener's *Erschiedenis van het heylighe Cruys, or History of the Holy Cross*, printed by him in 1483, in which we find some curious points and tokens, as I think, of Masonic lore. This has been edited by J. Ph. Berjeau, and was published by C. J. Stewart, 11, King William-street, Strand, in 1863. It is a most interesting book, and deserves perusal and study. It has been most admirably edited and printed. Some of our readers may have heard of the ancient and curious History of the Cross, which is said to have been written by Rufinus, first a friend, afterwards an opponent, of Jerome the great early father.

The Empress Helena is said to have discovered the true Cross, the wood of which was said to have been in the Temple at Jerusalem. This history is the legend of this wood from its first growth to its subsequent use, and its alleged discovery. The present history, rhymed by an unknown German author, is, without doubt, the translation of a Latin one, and is in all probability built up on Rufinus's original ecclesiastical history, "The Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine," and probably later MSS. in Latin and French. Two of the latter exist in the British Museum, and a specimen of one of these will be given.

There are only three known copies of the work—one in Lord Spencer's library, one in the Royal Library at Brussels, and one in the library of Mr. Schinkel, at the Hague.

Veldener, who was born at Wurzburg, is well-known in the typographical history of Holland, and it has been suggested by Mr. Berjeau, in his extremely well-written preface, that he obtained the "blocks" from the "Brothers of the Common Life," whether in Holland or in Germany.

Mr. Berjeau says, "A most interesting feature of the History of the Cross, as it has been transmitted to us by Veldener, is the close relation of this work to the secret societies of the middle ages, and particularly to the early Rosicrucians. Although we cannot here properly enter into extensive disquisitions on this subject, we may at least designate the present book as the most ancient printed monument relative to the mysteries of philosophical Freemasonry. The numerous persons who are still in our times initiated in such mysteries, and are curious to trace back their origin and their mode of transmission, cannot fail to be struck by many engravings in Veldener's book. The very number (thirty-three) of the leaves on which it is printed—which is a puzzle for common biographers—will be particularly suggestive to "Roseæ crucis equitibus." The lovers of Egyptian mysteries, in their descent through the Dark Ages, will easily follow in Plates 3, reverse of A ii., 21, reverse of 61, 25 reverse of B iii., and 37 recto of C i., the four emblematic trials of earth, fire, water, and air. The two plates 52, reverse of C viii., and 55 reverse of D ii., will be at once recognised by the humblest member of the Craft as a representation familiar to him, while plates 52 and 53, D i., will be sufficiently significant to more advanced adepts in Scottish Freemasonry. No less interesting is the composition of the Cross, formed of four different species of wood, in which a mediæval Rosicrucian saw most certainly the emblems of the four elements as he saw them in the inscription:

"Iammin. Nour. Rouah. Iabeshah.
Water. Fire. Air. Earth."

This extract, of course, attracted my attention, and I looked carefully at the plates; but, to say the truth, though I note some familiar emblems as the Sun and Moon, I do not feel quite so certain as Mr. Berjeau seems to be on the subject; but I recommend our Masonic students to study the plates for themselves.

But while I was carefully studying the old

block prints, one print struck me however as very Masonic; and, though I may also be mistaken, I leave it to the appreciation of all Craftsmen and Master Masons. It appears before the title-page.

We give the verse of the legend which refers to the scene itself, in the Dutch, French, and English:—

Hier doet David ter seluer vren
Sijn hof vaste ende wel bemueren
Oeck suldi dat claerliken verstaen
Dat hi hier sijn ghebet heeft ghedaen.

Ici David d'un mur fait entourer sacour,
Contre les indiscrets pour server de
barrière.

Et vous saurey aussi que, chaque jour,
En ce lieu le bon roi recitait sa priere.

King David soon, when this he found,
His garden closed and well walled round,
And you must clearly know that there
He thenceforth after made his prayer.

With this I leave No. 1 to the kind consideration of my readers.

I will only add that the book from which I have taken these extracts and illustrations is well worthy the attention of all Masonic bibliographers and students; like my Bro. W. J. Hughan and my Bro. R. W. Little, and many more. Those who take an interest in such studies, as well as regards the high grades as the Craft—should at once procure a copy of the work, as it is an ornament to any library, and is both interesting, and curious, and valuable for all Masonic archæologists. My Dutch Brethren, if they do not know it, should give it their patronage.

Mr. Stewart was so kind as to lend me his block engraving, which forms the illustration, and I am glad to express my sense of his obliging courtesy.

AN EARLY MASONIC BOOK.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

We take this most interesting paper from our contemporary the "Voice of Masonry" or June.

It has been supposed that the earliest printed book in which Freemasonry is alluded to as an organized institution, is the Constitutions of 1722, of which but a single copy is said to be extant, and which was recently re-published by Bro. Richard

Spencer. Kloss mentions nothing earlier than the Constitutions of 1723, for when he published his Bibliography, the copy of 1722 was unknown.

But there is in the valuable library of Bro. Carson, of Cincinnati, another work of the year 1722, to which I have hitherto seen no reference. A brief account of it will, therefore, I think, be interesting. For an examination of the work I am indebted to Br. Albert Pike, to whom it had been loaned by Bro. Carson.

The work is a small 8vo., of lxiv + 199 pages, and bears the following title:

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: Also how to prepare the Universal Medicine. Most humbly dedicated to the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens, and Brethren of the most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland. By Eugenius Philalethes, F.R.S. Author of the Treatise of the Plague. *Viri Fratres, audite me.* Act. xv. 13. *Diligite Fraternitatem, time 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.

Eugenius Philalethes was the pseudonym of Thomas Vaughan, a Hermetic writer who published in 1652 a translation of the *Fama Fraternitatis*. But it is not probable that he is the same author who, seventy years afterwards, published the work now under review. It is not important, perhaps, to identify this second Philalethes. The only matter of interest to the Masonic student is, that this Hermetic work, written, or at least published, in 1722, one year before the first edition of Anderson's *Constitutions*, contains a Dedication of 60 pages, inscribed with the following heading:

To the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens, and Brethren of the Most Ancient and Most Honorable Fraternity of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland, Br. Eugenius Philalethes Sendeth Greeting.

This long dedication contains very little information on points of Masonic history, but there are a few passages that may be

cited, rather for the implied than for the positive statements that they make.

In the first place, the writer alludes to higher degrees of a Hermetic character, to the attainment of which the primitive Masonic degrees were preparatory. Thus he says, addressing the Freemasons :

I present you with the following sheets as belonging more properly to you than any else. But 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 immovable basis and foundation of all knowledge, peace and happiness. (Page iv.)

This is the first time that we meet in any work, with a reference to a higher and more occult system of Masonry, connected with the Hermetic philosophy. And this it must be remembered, was only five years after the "Revival," and one year anterior to the publication of Anderson's "Constitutions."

In the next paragraph, the author alludes in distinct terms to the revival of Masonry in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He says :

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 endure, and till the general consummation of all things ; for since God, my dearest Brethren, is for us, who can be against us ? (Page iv.)

A few quotations from this early work on Freemasonry—the very earliest now extant—may be deemed of interest. They will show that the writer was fully cognizant of the symbolic, the religious, and the

philosophical character of the Institution, and that he wrote evidently under the impression that at that day others besides himself had connected Freemasonry with Alchemy.

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. (Page v.)

* * * * *

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 tranquillity and everlasting repose must be sown in this life ; and we that glorify and enjoy Sovereign Good then must learn to do it now, and from contemplating the creation 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. (Page vi.)

It seems at that early day, as well as in the present times, adversaries were to be found who charged the Masons with being Atheists. To this accusation, Eugenius Philaethes makes a long reply, concluding in these words :

If to all this [to reject pagan idolatry and modern superstition], 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. (Page *xxi*.)

The next few pages are occupied with a series of instructions to the Craft for their government in the conduct of life, which differ, not at all, from what are contained in the "Old Charges," which were published by Anderson in the succeeding year. Next follows a history of the progress of the true religion, which he claims to be that of Masonry, for the corruption of the antediluvian world, through the patriarchal world, and the times of the Jewish kings, until its final consummation and purification by the coming of Christ, whom he calls :

Our great, our immortal Master, who came into the world to do the will of our Father which is in Heaven and whose brethren we are (as he says himself) if we do so too. (Page *xxxiv*.)

Having thus detailed the progress of religion, which he treats as if it were the same thing as the progress of Masonry, he concludes by telling us what is the true Masonic profession of faith :

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. (Page *xxxv*.)

The theory advanced by Philalethes, that the Universal Religion and Speculative Masonry are identical, and that the history of the progress of the one is that of the other, is the same as that which was advanced a century afterwards by Dr. Oliver in his "*Theocratic Philosophy of Masonry*."

Unlike Anderson and the writers who followed him, Philalethes establishes no connection between Architecture and Masonry. Indeed, it is somewhat singular that although he names both David and Solomon in the course of his narrative, it is with little respect, especially for the latter, and he does not refer, even by a single word, to the Temple of Jerusalem. The Masonry of this writer is not architectural, but altogether theosophic. It is evident that as a Hermetic philosopher he sought rather to identify the Freemasons with the disciples of the Rosicrucian school

than with the Operative Masons of the Middle Ages. This is a point of much interest, considering that the work was published only five years after the "Revival." It goes far to show that at that early period there was a school of Hermetic Masonry, very different in its historic theories from that established at the same time by Desaguliers and Anderson. The following quotations, at near the close of the Dedication, will not, therefore, by its thoroughly Hermetic character, surprise the reader :

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, incorruptible gold, beset with living sapphires : he is fair and ruddy, and feeds among the lilies ; 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 consort 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,) haunt no more the fleet ; let the flying eagle fly unobserved ; busy yourselves no longer with the dancing idiot, 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 may, perhaps, have attained 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 illuminated 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 triumphant pyramid of purple salt more sparkling and radiant than the finest orient ruby, in the centre of which reposes inaccessible light epitomized, 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 Pyropus, 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 foot, and turn again and rent you.

The body of the work which follows this long dedication is of no interest to the Masonic student, as it is merely a treatise on longevity, containing lists of long livers in all ages, interspersed with Hermetic prescriptions for the renewal of youth and the indefinite prolongation of life.

It is the dedication alone that will attract attention, because having been

written, according to the date appended to it, on March 1st, 1721, although not printed till 1722, it gives incontestible proof that at that early period of the revival of Masonry in England, and the establishment of a Grand Lodge, there were some who extended the Masonic system much further than the publicly recognized degrees of the lodge, and connected the Institution with higher degrees, and more exalted knowledge, derived from the Hermetic philosophers or Alchemists.

Neither Anderson nor Desaguliers give the slightest indication that there was in their day a higher Masonry than that described in the Book of Constitutions of 1723. The Hermetic element, it has been hitherto supposed, was not introduced into the Masonic system until, at least, the middle of the 18th century. The fact, therefore, that a book is in existence, printed in 1722, but written in March, 1721, two years before the appearance of Anderson's edition of the Masonic Constitutions, and one year before the publication of the edition of Roberts,—which book contains a dedication to the Grand Master and Officers and Members of the recently organized body of Freemasons, in which Dedication the connection of Masonry with an operative element and with Architecture, is wholly passed over, while there are continual references to its possession of higher degrees, in which the symbolism of the Hermetic philosophy is constantly referred to—all this, so very different from what we might have expected from the tenor of the early English publications on Freemasonry, makes this Dedication a matter of much importance and interest to the investigator of Masonic history.

If, as Eugenius Philalethes plainly indicates, there were, in 1721, higher degrees, or at least a higher degree in which knowledge of a Masonic character was hidden from a great body of the Craft "who were not far illuminated, who stood in the outward place and were not worthy to look behind the veil," by which it is clearly implied that there were at that period, another class, *who were far illuminated, who stood within the inward place, and looked behind the veil*, why is it that neither Anderson, nor Desaguliers, nor any of the writers of that day, nor any of the early

rituals make any allusion to this higher and more illuminated system? The question is worthy of investigation, and hence this book of Philalethes introduces a new element in the historical problem of Masonry. And it is for that reason that I have made such copious extracts from it, as the book itself is, if not unique, certainly very rare.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine)

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

How sweet to breathe the pure transparent
 air
 Of these blue mountains high, that far
 recede
 Into the distant cloudy skies, and lead
 My thoughts to that far loftier mountain,
 where
 The angel did the lov'd disciple bear
 In spirit, and from thence did bid him
 heed
 The heav'n-wall'd city which with golden
 reed,
 He measur'd, and whose structure lies
 foursquare,
 Equal alike in length, and breadth, and
 height,
 By which Paul metes the Architect's
 vast love,
 Which passeth knowledge. O, ye sons of
 light,
 Mark here, then, your instructions from
 above—
 Love's mystic lore, declar'd by Paul and
 John;
 And know the sacred square ye stand upon.

MAY MASON.

(From the Craftsman.)

JEAN GOLD.

"George, where had I better send?"
 "Eh, what?"
 "I do believe you have not heard one
 word I have said."
 "Oh yes my dear, Ginx's baby, to go to

the poor-house is the question before the house."

"Ginx's baby indeed! George, if you will be kind enough to put that everlasting old paper down for a moment, I will be greatly obliged, for there is a question before the house in truth."

"Well, well, my dear do not get excited, there is time enough. There, I am all attention. What is it?"

"I suppose I shall have to tell it all over again. Do you remember about a woman with a baby who came to Mrs. Adams' last fall? She gave her name as Martha Gray, and had a marriage certificate bearing the same. If you ever half-way listened to me, you might have known she is dead and was buried yesterday. Of course Mrs. Adams can not keep the child. She would not have taken the woman in had she not come in a storm and begged so piteously. You have probably forgotten Mrs. Adams, but she is a poor woman mother used to help; she as all she can do to take care of her own family, and something must be done with the child. It seems a shame to send it to an orphan asylum and worse to the poor-house."

"Regular little Ginx," chuckled George, "committee must be appointed immediately to look after it."

"A committee of one will do all the work, as usual," she imposingly said, as she arose from the breakfast table, "as you do not seem to look upon it except as a matter for fun."

"Pardon me," said her brother, a good natured old bachelor, who was a little more apt to see the ridiculous side of things than his younger and more energetic sister. "I hope you do not want me to make it serious, for I really cannot; you certainly do not want me to adopt a six months' baby?"

"I am not a simpleton quite, besides the child is two years old. But you do not seem to have heard, or remembered at least, what I have told you before, that the mother had papers showing her husband to have been a Mason. Mrs. Gray said her husband, when dying, told her to apply to the Masons for help, for they had neither kith nor kin nor friends in this country, and the child has not a relative nearer than a great-aunt or cousin in England. While her husband could

work, they lived well enough, but he had a fever and died leaving her destitute. They lived in Buffalo then, and she received aid from a charitable society; she would not go near the Masons for she had an insane idea that they would take the child from her, and, with a hope of returning to England she clung to her baby, drifting from one place to another, till she came to Mrs. Adams' door, half dead and wholly starved. It was her wish that after she died the child should be given to the Masons, and I asked you at the beginning, where, or to whom, I should send to find out about it."

"Whew," whistled George, opening his eyes comically, "here is a mix! My Anti-Masonic sister writing to a lodge, interceding with them to adopt a baby. What is the child, a boy?"

"No, a girl."

"Oh, you ease your conscience then that she can never be an active member. Why do you not write to Harrison, he will attend to everything for you with pleasure," he added with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"You are determined to be very disagreeable this morning," said his sister, haughtily, leaving the room.

"By jingo, but she will be in a mess if she does not look out. Rica, of all persons in the world to have gotten interested in a Mason's baby; when her Anti-Masonic views nipped in the bud her own happiness. Bah! Harrison was too quick, he is not so used as I am to her impulsively ferocious way of speaking out her mind, and she generally has a mind to speak. If he had let her cool down a little, she would have listened to reason and been won to his side, easy enough. All she needs is a little guiding, she will go just as you want her to if she feels that she holds the reins in her own hands. But it was not a case for my interference, however, it will not be a bad thing for him to know that she is interested in a Mason's baby." After this soliloquy over his cigar, George St. John wrote on a slip of paper, "Mount Zion Lodge, Boston. As good a one as I know of." "It is near and is the one Hugh Harrison belongs to," he reflected as he sent the slip of paper up to his sister, and then walked leisurely down to his office, once there, forgetting the whole affair.

Rica St. John was vexed enough to

have anything to do in the matter. Mrs. Adams had enlisted her sympathies in behalf of the widow and child when they first came, and seeing them often had only made Rica more and more anxious to help them; indeed the little girl, a brown haired pet, had won Rica's heart completely, and its lisping "Auntie" was very dear to her to hear. Martha Gray gave evidence of having belonged to a good English family. The history they gathered from her, little by little, was sad. On a sorrowful life from early childhood, the husband's death fell the crowning sorrow. The mother-love seemed to have been nearly crushed out, in the year of utter desolation and destitution, since he died, and, with a faith she had never had for herself, she gave her baby to Miss St. John, without a struggle, saying simply, "The Lord will provide for her."

"But the Lord leaves the providing for some one else to do," thought Rica a little bit wickedly, remembering the widow's last words, with the letter, she was having so much trouble to get written, in her hand. "I suppose we must be instruments," she added, a little more graciously, "but I wish He had picked out any other creature on the globe, to have been this special instrument. I can only hope Hugh will not hear of it, that is, my part." And the letter was sent.

Ten days passed, in which various communications had been received and answered by Rica from a gentleman, Mr. Gerard, by name. Everything so far was satisfactory, arrangements were all made for the public adoption of the child by the Mount Zion Lodge; its future provided for, nothing remained but to send for the child.

Rica re-read the postscript of the last letter, "Can a suitable nurse be provided at S—, or shall I bring one from Boston, when I come for her on Thursday?"

To this Rica replied, "A girl that the child knows will go with her for a few months, till she gets used to her strange home."

Two weeks from the day Martha Gray was laid to rest, an elderly gentleman knocked at Mrs. Adams' door, and asked for the Masonic baby.

Mrs. Adams a little frustrated by her distinguished early call, and not daring to even show up her valuable baby to a

stranger without Miss St. John's consent, sent covertly for that lady, while she kept her visitor in the front room, very much amused by her various pretexts, of the baby being asleep, etc. When at last she saw Rica coming down the street she said, with a curtsey, "Miss St. John is coming sir, and I think the baby is awake now."

Baby had on her best "bib and tucker," and with rosy cheeks fresh from her morning nap, looked too sweet and innocent to be a Masou, Rica thought. Mr. Gerard's memories were of some little angel faces he had seen on canvass, and one little one, dearest of all hid away under the daisies. He took her kindly in his arms, and she, to give him a good hug, wound her fat arms around his neck, and lisped a very delightful babyish welcome.

"What is her name?" he asked, turning to Rica.

"She has none but Baby. Her mother gave her none; she expressly wished that she should never be called after her, for fear the curse over her life should continue with the name. She did not even wish her to keep the name of Gray. It was her fancy, and I suppose we ought to respect it now."

"Certainly," said Mr. Gerard slowly, "Will you name her then; as her nearest friend, you will be her god-mother I suppose?"

"I, oh no, if you please, I am an Anti-Mason," said Rica with a very deep blush as she met the earnest look he turned upon her.

"Are you, and why?" he asked innocently, playing with the baby in a manner that showed he was evidently accustomed to little ones.

"Oh, I do not know—for various reasons, I am very strong against them,"—answered Rica, hesitating over her words, conscious she was not showing any of the strong points of an enemy. But somehow this elderly, dignified, "lovely" old man, was not one to charge upon with her petty artillery. If it had been Hugh, sitting there instead, she would have felt no hesitation whatever. On the contrary, would have argued till both were exhausted, and then not yielded so much as she had in the first words to this grey-haired enemy.

"I hope you will not be so strong against us, in the future, Miss St. John. I

hardly think you consider us even now quite heathen, or you would not have turned this little one over to our keeping so readily. You are not afraid to trust her to us are you?"

"No, certainly not," she smiled at the question.

"Then you must believe there is some good in us?"

"Yes, *some* good," she said slowly.

"But about baby's name, I have a fancy to have you name her. I want you to keep interested, you see, in the Masons."

"I am very fond of the child, and shall always be interested in her welfare. And if I must suggest a name, what do you say to May Mason? She was born in the month of May. Her mother died, and she is now adopted in May. It is an eventful month for her. It will also carry out her mother's wish in losing the name of Gray."

"May Mason, it is a very good idea and shall be carried out. I see I have only a half-an-hour before the train leaves. Can she be ready?"

Baby was carried out to be made ready, and Mr. Gerard turned to Rica, "I am very glad to have had this meeting with you, Miss St. John, and only wish I had a longer time so that I could convert you to Masonry." She shook her head. "I know I could," he laughed pleasantly, "and whenever you come to the city, if you will let me know, my wife and self will be very happy to call and give you full accounts of baby May."

"I shall be glad to meet you and your wife," said Rica cordially, "and hear of baby, and—I am not afraid of being converted.

He laughed. "Do not be to sure. You have my address?"

"Yes."

Baby, or we may as well call her now, May Mason, came back ready for the journey. She had looked upon the unusual bustle about her, as a sort of holiday fun, and had been very joyous, till it came to going herself. Whether the carriage frightened her, or the by-bying, more serious than usual, made her feel instinctively she was leaving her old and only friends, she sobbed and cried as though her heart would break.

Miss St. John stood it as long as she could, and then taking the child from the

girl's arms, soothed her in a few moments. "There, pet will go with auntie now," and so Miss St. John rode to the depôt and saw them into the car. A little finesse was then used, and Miss St. John went back without any formal leave-taking with baby May.

She had a very amusing note from Mr. Gerard a few days after, with a graphic description of their journey, and of the howling Miss Mason set up when she discovered she had been fooled away from her friends. Evidently her initiation into Masonic arms had not been on the most gentle terms. She had screamed most persistently during the baptismal rite, and had even slapped Mr. Gerard in the face, when he, thinking she might favour him as the oldest friend she had there, had attempted to pacify her. On the whole, Mr. Gerard feared she had inherited all her mother's dislike to the Masons, and imbibed some of her Anti-Masonic "aunt's" opinions, and for such a little rebel, Miss St. John need not have minded being god-mother. He was glad to say at the last, little May was boarded in a *good* Mason's family, and was, all considered, doing well.

Rica was much amused by his account, and yet worried. She missed the little thing greatly. She had found it pleasant to have something to love and care for that loved her back, and had felt several twinges of conscience in that she had given her up so quickly to the Masons,—not that she feared but that they would do well with her, but would the little one get the kind of love she might have given her? She might have kept her. George would not have minded, but it was too late now, and other cares crowded the baby out of her mind for a time. Spring melted into Summer, and Summer was melting into Autumn. Cities were vacated by all who had means to get out of them, but the heat had found its way to country and seashore, and nobody knew where to flee from it. Mr. and Miss St. John were at Newport, when the last mentioned received a letter, forwarded from S—, from Mr. Gerard about May. The child was ill; had been for several weeks; they had taken her into the country where they were staying, hoping the change would be all she needed, but it was not, and he felt he must write Miss St. John without more

delay. The child was grieving herself to death. She kept up, now that she was sick, a constant moan for "Auntie," and the physician said if they had the least idea who the child wanted, to send for her quickly, if they wished to keep her alive. He had Mrs. Adams come for a few days, thinking she might answer, and the first day, May brightened and seemed better, but the second, she went back to her plaintive moan, and he took the liberty of writing, knowing the interest Miss St. John had once in the little girl, and feeling sure she must be the one she cried for, to ask her if she would come to make them a visit for baby's sake, baby, who was now so dear to them all.

This was the sum of the letter Rica read.

"George," she said, a moment after, entering her brother's room, "I must go to Southport immediately. I have just received a letter from Mr. Gerard; the baby is sick and they want me. Will you find out about the trains, quick, please?"

"Southport—Gerard—baby—have you gone crazy Rica?"

"No," she answered, coolly, "you have doubtless forgotten all about the baby I sent to the Masons last Spring. I have not time to repeat the story now, so please act without knowledge, or, rather, I do not need to trouble you." She rang the bell sharply. The hall boy answered in an instant. "Go to the office, and ask when the first train leaves for Southport."

George scarcely had time to collect his wits, when the boy returned and snapped out, "5.15, due Southport, 11.55 p.m."

She had two hours, time enough to pack her trunk. When the express had whizzed out of the depôt with Rica in it, George turned with a prolonged "Whew!" his favourite ejaculation, "I wonder if it was not all a trumped up story. Hugh Harrison is coming here to-morrow."

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard welcomed cordially Miss St. John. Baby May was asleep when she arrived at midnight, but early in the morning Rica heard the little weak voice calling "Auntie," and wondered if it could really be herself the child meant, or if it were not rather the mother, and she had forgotten the mother-name; anyway she would hasten with her dressing and find out.

The child had changed so that Rica at first almost doubted if she was the once fat, rosy-cheeked May. Thin, white, with a sickly pallor, her eyes heavy and sunken, her whole form wasted, too weak even to hold her head up. "She looks like her dead mother," thought Rica, as, with tears in her eyes, she went towards her.

"Where is auntie's pet?" she asked in the old way, as near as she could with the pain she felt in her heart.

May smiled, a weak, sad, satisfied smile, and tried to put out her hands.

Rica took her in her arms, petting and kissing her, while May lay perfectly still and content.

When Mr. Gerard came into the room, she looked up and said prettily, "Auntie come, me kiss you; me good baby now; me naughty no more." And she was not naughty, but she was very, very sick. For days and nights she was not out of Rica's arms. For when little clinging hands are about your neck, and a little life rests on your care, you are not very apt to tear the hands away, or withhold your care, on the selfish plea of being physically tired yourself. Any way, Rica St. John was not one to do so. The perfect trust with which May rested in her love, made that love rise sufficient for all she must endure for her, and she kept her watch faithfully, and was rewarded at last by seeing the child grow a little better.

May was lying asleep on a pillow in Rica's lap one afternoon, when the nurse girl entered with a card in her hand. "Hugh Harrison," Rica read, and whispered, "Where is he?"

"Down stairs," whispered back.

"Tell him I cannot see him. I am with a sick child."

"I told him so, but he says he must see you. If you can not come down, he will come up here."

"Tell him I cannot do the one, and he must not do the other."

"Perhaps we could lay her on the bed. He said he would only keep you a moment, and if you don't go down, I am sure he'll come up, he is awful determined-looking."

They succeeded in getting the child on the bed without awakening her, and then Rica went down stairs. She never stopped to think of herself or realize her tired and exhausted state, till she entered the

parlour to meet Hugh Harrison, the first time after their quarrel, which had broken an engagement between them, if it had not broken their hearts. She had laid her burden out of her arms for a moment, and it was as though everything had gone from her, even strength to hold herself up, to speak or to act.

"Rica, for heaven's sake, how you look!" He started forward and steadied her into a chair. While she, perfectly unnerved, burst into violent weeping. The nerves, strained to their utmost the past weeks, whatever they might have undergone before, were taking their revenge, Hugh's inopportune visit being the last straw. It was some time before she could control herself; she cried from sheer mortification at last, at showing herself so weak to Hugh, of all others in the world.

"How came you here?" she asked, after regaining control of her tongue.

"I came for you," said he quietly, "and it is well. I was detained on the yacht and only reached Newport yesterday. George told me you had gone crazy; had come to this place to nurse a Mason's baby through scarlet or spotted fever, or small pox, for all he knew. And begged me, if I had any Masonic power, to use it here, and take the child from you, if I could not take you from the child, before you had taken the disease yourself and died. I promised to bring you back with me to-morrow, but you must leave this house immediately." He spoke in his old imperative way. It was pleasant to Rica to hear it again, and she lay back in the chair watching him walk up and down the room, thinking how quick he had fallen back to his old natural manner, and how, like "old times," it was.

He turned, caught the amused smile on her face—she looked more natural with it—and colouring slightly, he said, taking her hand in his, "Rica, there is not to be any more foolishness between us, and we will not mind for explanations. I have the right to take you away, for you are worn out and ill. We will have a dozen nurses for the baby, but you must go with me."

"I must not go with you," she answered gently, but she left her hand in his; "the baby needs me—"

"So do I need you ten times more than she."

"Do you? You are looking very well. May moaned and grieved for me day and night, until she was worn to a shadow, and you did not even get sick, said Rica," saucily.

"I did not suppose you would go out as a nurse among the Masons," said he, with a frown.

"I would not, had they all been like you," she retorted, with a pout. "Mr. Gerard converted me," she added, mischievously.

"Thanks to Mr. Gerard," said Hugh, dryly, "and I will take the new convert to my heart."

"You will have to take May, if you take me," said Rica, soberly. "We are not to be separated again."

"We might open an asylum for unfortunate Masonic orphans," said Hugh, with an air of resignation.

"We, indeed! You may consider yourself fortunate if you are taken in as an 'unfortunate,' sir."

"Taken in, I may be, but unfortunate no more; thanks to little May Mason's influence over her 'Anti-Masonic' Auntie."

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

III. TEMPERANCE.*

"God causeth...to grow.. that He may bring forth food and wine that maketh glad the heart of man."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

WHAT says a follower of the Royal Solomon?—"Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately; what life is then to a man that is without wine? for it was made to make men glad. Wine mea-

surably drunk, and in season, bringeth gladness of the heart and cheerfulness of the mind. But wine drunken with excess maketh bitterness of the mind with brawling and quarrelling." In this burning question of the day, then, we must distinguish carefully between use and abuse.

But what, one might say, has this question, however important it may be, to do with social, or in other words the national, prosperity? Surely it is purely a matter for individuals. Granted! but inasmuch as the nation is a body corporate made up of individual units, so whatever affects those individual units affects, in the long run, the corporate body; and, thus, this question of Temperance, inasmuch as it affects the processes of Creation and Recreation, by which our national work is done, by deteriorating the one by an abuse of the other, is of most material importance to the nation at large.

To return for a moment to our old simile of the machine, we know that if it is to prove of lasting use, it must remain in good working order, and to this end every part of it must be of the best quality, and must be carefully preserved in this condition. Now as one—and that a most important part of our machine—is the working classes, and as it is to them that our attention is just now more particularly directed, it is important to see how this question of Temperance affects them, for it is upon them quite as much as upon any other class of the community that our national prosperity depends.

At this present time we know by sad experience that drink is the ruin of thousands in all classes of society, and we shall do well to inquire first, whether the custom of drinking alcoholic liquors is, or is not, beneficial. If it be not, stop it at once, and our subject is at an end! If it be, then let us discover in what way we can control it and prevent its abuse.

Now, it is quite clear that if wine—and under this name we may for our present purpose recognise other forms of consumable alcohol—were not beneficial we should find its use distinctly forbidden in Holy Scripture; but the very reverse is the case, for we find its use as a medicine recommended by St. Paul; we find its use as a food pointed out by the Psalmist;

* We have published this able paper, but we do not go the whole way with Bro. Tebbs. We dislike unnecessary interference, and feel sure that the remedy must be found in increasing education and effective magisterial control. Some of our good brother's positions are a little questionable.

who also, we find, together with other inspired writers, speaks of it as affording life-giving cheerfulness and mirth; nay more, we find our great Teacher not only using it Himself, but even creating it miraculously for His servants' enjoyment. What we find so strongly condemned is its excessive use, which then, as now, brought a man to misery and sorrow.

Were we required to abolish the use of alcohol, we doubt not that it could be done in time, almost, if not quite completely, by forbidding its use by the young, and for this reason: one of the essential constituents of the body of a man, and even of his blood, is alcohol; now it has been found that the human economy will produce as much of this substance as is normally required from other articles of food of itself; hence, if the young are not taught to supply it directly to the system, the system will, in healthy subjects, supply its own want. Alcohol, once more, is a necessary constituent of the body, because it is a heat-giver, and heat is a necessity of the animal functions; but the young are hot-blooded, hence alcohol is, as a rule, utterly unnecessary for them. Possibly as a man advances in years it may become necessary to administer a heat-giving stimulant to the flagging functions of the body by administering alcohol more or less directly. Well then, administer it, but remember that it is in this way reduced to the level of a medicine the administration of which is best left to the medical adviser. Hence, we may see that in the majority of cases alcohol is not a necessary of life. Still, in many cases, it cannot be contradicted that, judiciously partaken of, it assumes the character of food; for we cannot deny that the man who takes a glass of beer with his meal will consume less solid food, and yet be as well fitted for his work as the total abstainer. Nor must we slur over the third aspect of the question, that alcohol taken in moderation is to many a means of enjoyment, and whilst we find even this use of it to be in accordance with God's revealed word, and whilst we reflect that it is a gift of the Almighty Architect Himself, we cannot, with reason, condemn its moderate use even in this respect.

From these considerations, then, we can only come to the conclusion that Temper-

ance means moderate use, and that it is abuse that we must do battle with and overcome. That there are persons who should forbid themselves, or be forbidden by others, any use of the stimulant, we do not for a moment deny; such cases, for instance, as where the use of alcohol in any shape is incompatible with health; or, where men, whether by any bodily or mental predisposition to excess, or by an insatiable craving for strong drink induced by their own intemperate habits, which habits of excess have induced a state of the blood called alcoholization, should never partake of such stimulants at all. These extreme cases having been briefly disposed of by the application of total abstinence, we now propose to consider in what way or ways the immoderate use of alcoholic liquor can be restrained; for it is altogether absurd to attempt to deny to sane and sober men that which is to them a positive nourishment and enjoyment.

Now, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," is a proverb so old, and so universally unquestioned, that it passes as a truism; equally true is its converse; and, if true with respect to things in general, it is no less true with this one thing in particular that we are now considering—alcohol.

There can be no doubt, as we have just seen, that used in moderation alcohol is more or less beneficial to many constitutions, but here and there we find one to which it is absolute poison: to such an one we would say, as we should of other poisons, by all means avoid its use, but avoid also bigotry, and let those to whom nature has given a capacity for its employment, enjoy it. There are certain constitutions to which various kinds of meat, vegetables, and fruits are altogether unsuitable; nay so liable are the bodily functions to change that what, at one time, will do the greatest possible good, will, at another, do the very same person the greatest possible harm; should then all such things be forbidden to all alike? If they were we may rest assured that we should soon all go altogether foodless and drinkless. Nay, even light and air would have to be included in the same category, unsuited as they are to all persons at all times. On the other hand, in certain cases the most deleterious

substances, the most deadly poisons even, in skilful hands will work a cure where all else fails. But, abused, these very substances would entail certain death; are we, therefore, to forbid their use? By no means, for a following out to its legitimate conclusion of such a deterrent principle of forbidding to all that which is hurtful to some, would result in putting an end to life universally. Now, that those poor creatures who are compelled, whether against their will or against their better judgment, to consume alcohol in excessive quantities, should be altogether debarred its use, cannot be for a moment a matter of debate; for not only do they destroy themselves soul and body, but they bring want and desolation upon all around them, casting their belongings for subsistence upon the earnings of their neighbours, many of whom are only just able, even by dint of hard work and self-denying sobriety, to provide for their own families. Restraining such then from their evil propensity is undoubtedly the duty of society, not only to them but to itself. We restrain men from injuring themselves by the abuse of other articles of more or less common use as poisons; or from doing themselves injury by the improper use of weapons or machinery, so we must prevent the same evil from happening by the abuse of alcohol. How? is the great question which has perplexed us for years.

Here, at the outset, let us distinctly understand the nature of the obligation under which we lie to provide any such precautionary measure; for we have seen that some such course of procedure not only would be beneficial, but is, and is rapidly becoming more, imperatively a necessity for the welfare of both society and individual members of society.

Now it is just possible that in adopting any measure of restraint the respective interests of the body corporate and some of its individual members may come into conflict; which interest is to be preferred? Clearly that of an innocent society against that of an individual wrongdoer. If then there be any disagreeable consequences attendant upon the deterrent process that we have in contemplation, they must fall upon such individual offender, and not upon that society against which, as a member, he offends.

Now society requires alcohol in moderation, whilst individual members must, as an act of mercy, if for nothing else, be kept from using it. Which is to be the party under restraint? Clearly the individual. Some men, bereft of reason, would throw themselves beneath the railway train which is a necessity to society at large; how would you remedy this? Would you abolish the train? No, but restrain the lunatic, confining him, if such a course were necessary, to prevent further attempts of a like nature. Just so with the so-called dipsomaniac; he must be restrained, by force if necessary, until cured of his malady, and not society deprived of its benefit, or even enjoyment, by reason of the individual's inability to check a propensity which proves his ruin.

This, then, is the first point gained, that inveterate drunkards must be restrained like other monomaniacs dangerous to themselves and to society at large, whilst society is left to its moderate use of alcohol.

But this will not suffice; we do not destroy a noxious weed by stripping it of its fruit, nor shall we cure drunkenness unless we seek out its root and eradicate it. How then and where are drunkards manufactured?

Rarely (almost never, unless there be some predisposing defect of mind or body,) by partaking of alcoholic liquors in moderation at home; frequently by their immoderate use in company. It is the friend's "one drop more" that usually does the mischief. If there be felt the predisposition of body or mind just mentioned, the best remedy is the kind-hearted medical adviser; if the poor soul wearied with sorrow or trouble be tempted to drown its cares in the temporary oblivion of the wine-cup, then the only remedy is an unswerving trust in the Merciful Physician of souls from whom these troubles have come, and for whose sake they must be manfully borne, and who—never let it be forgotten—will, if asked, give abundant strength to bear them. But these are not the cases with which we are now mainly concerned; it is with those who, for some reason good, bad, or indifferent, are led or driven to neglect their homes for the public-house that we have to deal.

But before considering the inducements

to give way to the vice of drunkenness more immediately connected with the victims themselves, we may here note two or three evil practices of society or sections of society, to which may be attributed at least a portion of the drunkenness of the working-classes. One of these pernicious courses is the paying, or allowing to be paid the workmen's wages in public-houses. The firm pays the overlookers, the overlookers the workmen, and as this last process is carried on in a room in some neighbouring public-house, a certain fixed sum is required to be "spent for the good of the house;" surely all firms could, and ought to, put a stop to this practise by paying the men at their own office.

A similar result accompanies the holding of Benefit Societies at public-houses; if, as we propose later on, Working Men's Clubs are established, the Meetings of all such Benefit Societies can very well be held in the room belonging to the Club.

The third practise, whilst it is, perhaps, the most pernicious of all, is also the most easily remedied, inasmuch as it is introduced and kept alive by persons who, although they do the harm through good nature, are ignorant or heedless of the mischief that they cause: it is the habit of giving drink in an indiscriminate way to people who deliver messages, parcels, goods, and the like. If the case be taken of a man delivering goods to many different places in the course of the day, supposing that at one half only of these, the custom referred to is pursued, it is frightful to contemplate the consequences of the drink daily consumed by the man thus treated. Let a resolute front be shown to all demands for gratuities in the form of drink (indeed, there can be no possible ground for gratuities to such people as porters at all, if their employers pay them fair wage, and such gratuities become a heavy tax upon householders of small means) but where messengers have to be recompensed for services performed, let it be always in the form of money, which, if our suggestions propounded below be carried into effect, it will not be possible to squander in intoxicating liquor. It having been seen in what manner society may prevent such part of the mischief as

is brought about, however unintentionally, by its own means, and the blame of which therefore lies at its own door; let us turn our attention to the things most fraught with mischief amongst the working-classes themselves.

The principal causes which lead or drive men to drink and to the public-house, in a general way, we find to be an insufficiency of nourishing and appetizing food; a miserable, comfortless home; a lack of amusement; and a want of so-called "good" company. Of late years, too, increased wages and lengthened hours of leisure, without the capacity of rationally employing them, have led to an alarming increase of drunkenness; this source of the evil can only be stopped by education, to which, together with the other subjects of food, amusements, comfortable homes, and the like, we hope to have further opportunities of directing our readers' attention at length; meanwhile, and until such can be ameliorated or provided, as the case may be, seeing that our working-classes are led or driven to congregate at the public-house and form habits of drunkenness, let us as a first step see whether those places of public entertainment, so-called, could not be materially improved, so that whilst they should fulfil the purpose for which they were primarily designed, as places of temptation to working-men they should no longer have an existence.

Whilst, then, landlords are providing decent, tidy cottages, worthy the name of home; whilst the wives are endeavouring to keep them so by habits of cleanliness and frugality combined with a cheerful demeanour, so that the husbands can amuse themselves at home, and learn to love to stay there better than to seek entertainment abroad; whilst for the young, not yet advanced to the dignity of householders, there is established the Working Men's Institute or Club—call it what you please—only set it, and keep it, going; whilst all kinds of manly sports are provided for the summer evenings, and harmless games of skill, added to the quiet pleasures of the reading-room for the winter's night, or the rainy, workless day; and whilst refreshments good and cheap are provided on the premises of such establishments for those who, having no home or housekeeper, need them; let us sweep the

public-house as at present existing, with that sink of all iniquity—the tap-room—from the face of the land. For is it not there that the lewd song and indecent jest is heard? Is it not there that the poaching raid is planned? Is it not thence that, maddened with drink, men turn out to fight, and one is carried to the grave, the other to the felon's cell? Is it not there that the stuff is vended that excites, not quenches, the thirst, and drains the hapless victim's pocket? Is it not there, again, that the wage is swallowed up, which spent, the wife and the child go naked and hungry? Is it not there that is born and nurtured vice, want, crime, ruin, madness, and despair?

Places of refreshment and rest, however, for the traveller there must be; so must there also places where alcoholic beverages of tested purity shall be sold to the regular customer. Let vendors of liquor then be of two kinds; the keeper of the house of refreshment for travellers—the true “licensed victualler,” and the simple retailer of beer, wine, &c.

The former houses might be of recognized classes or grades to suit the various social positions and means of customers, just as are the refreshment-rooms at the larger railway-stations. Let these be subject to inspection to insure that none but bona-fide occupants of the house, or travellers, are served—and none of these in excess. In these houses, too, this further rule should be strictly carried out, that no liquor should on any pretence (unless the sudden emergency of illness) be served to any customer who did not at the same time partake of solid food; this rule, it might be urged, would infringe too much on the liberty of the subject, to which we would reply that the restraint, being only of a temporary nature, and being besides as good for the health of the individual (drinking between meals being undoubtedly a most injurious practice) as for the well-being of society at large, might cheerfully be borne.

The latter division of vendors, should possess a license to sell over the counter only, so that all inhabitants of the place should be compelled to carry their purchases home for consumption; to this latter class, too, should be appointed inspectors, who should see this provision carried out, as well

as insure that the liquor sold should be perfectly pure and unadulterated, and of a stated strength.*

The number of vendors in both classes should be strictly regulated in proportion to area and population, care being exercised that this proportion should be so determined that a fair living could be made without resort being had to adulteration, or a so-called “pushing” trade; for it is quite evident that the holders of public-houses in neighbourhoods where they are much in excess of the actual requirements of the people cannot possibly obtain a livelihood unless they break the law, even as it stands at present, either by drugging their liquor which has been previously diminished in strength by being increased in quantity, or by forcing more drink upon their customers than they would otherwise consume.

Congregating for the express purpose of drinking on the premises of those to whose interest it is that the greatest possible amount of liquor should be consumed, and the greatest possible profit made of this quantity, being thus done away; whilst the people have been educated to seek in other and more rational directions for amusement than in mere drinking for drinking's sake; there can be no doubt that, whilst society at large is left to use and enjoy those good gifts with which God has blessed it, the abuse of them would soon be a thing of the past, and that drunkenness, with all its concomitant evils, at least as a national vice, will be heard of and deplored no more.

Lastly, to those who are sufficiently strong-minded, and of course sufficiently blessed with health, to abstain for the sake of example, it need hardly be pointed out that the same Divine Spirit, that prompted the warning against “putting a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in our brother's way,” declared also that “he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death;” and yet further, promised that those who shall “so let their light shine” here as to “turn many to righteousness” shall, in the hereafter “shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

* * Why should not the working man have a right to sit down and drink his beer as well as anybody else?—Ed.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

Old Ocean's tide, late at the full I view'd,
 Until his rippling flow of waves was
 spent,
 And ebbing, then returning elsewhere
 went ;
 On other distant shores again renew'd.
 For his wide arms not sole our shores in-
 clude,
 Nor sole our isle, but each isle, continent,
 And ev'ry strand, throughout earth's
 whole extent ;
 Save arctic shores, where his great multi-
 tude
 Of billows cannot pierce each frozen bay.
 So doth our Craft, like Ocean's arms,
 embrace
 Earth's varied realms ; each creed, and
 differing race,
 All climes, all kingdoms, tongues, love's
 common ray,
 Who own :—but how, alas ! can smile
 its light—
 On bigot souls, more dark than polar
 night ?

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

BY A VERY OLD BOY.

CHAPTER I.

L'Amour et la Fumée ne peuvent pas se cacher.
 —FRENCH PROVERB.

I DO not exactly know whether all those who read this little story in the MASONIC MAGAZINE will feel as I have felt in writing it ; but if their kindly sympathies and personal interest go any distance on the road with me, my purpose will be gained, my labours will be rewarded, and theirs will be as mine has been, I venture to believe, much of genuine gratification.

In life we all of us look at things often from very different points of view, and with many and various coloured spectacles. Some of us assume a genial, or a desponding, or a doubting, or a morbid estimate

of things and persons in general and in particular, and on no one question so much as that which must form the "staple" of the following chapters, do we all of us, for one reason or another, differ so much and differ so widely. But still disagree as we may on abstract principles, whether in respect of its advisability, its seasonableness, its reality, and its importance, it meets us at every turn we take in life ; it confronts us like a "pilgrim grey" at every milestone of our journey ; it greets us in youth ; it addresses us in manhood ; it even overpowers sometimes the prudence and propriety of old age.

"L'amour soumet la terre, assujettit les Cieux,
 Les Rois sont a ses pieds, il gouverne les Dieux,"

sang Corneille of old ; and there is, I apprehend, no valid denial, be we who we may, no possible refutation of this world-wide, life-governing axiom, whether in our general or individual psychology. If, then, in the "Roman d'une heure" I am going to tell you, all may seem very common place indeed and matter of fact, do not disdain the words of the narrator. I admit that it is not a sensational story, and appeals in no sense whatever to our admiration of the grotesque, the horrible, and the impossible. My hero is an ordinary Briton, of good health, good digestion, good position, and good morals. My heroine is given to no flights of fancy, to no aspirations after the marvellous or the weird ! She is a simple, straightforward, honest, English girl, who is not at all likely to fall in love with a "ticket-of-leave," or to forget ever that she is both a woman and a lady. You will see in these truthful chapters no well-dressed ruffians, and no "diabesses en crinoline ;" you will neither be alarmed, nor agitated, nor subdued, nor startled ; even the poetry of imagination will be wanting, the dry and liquid emotions of our moral and spiritual nature will not be aroused. So prepare yourselves for a very prosaic utterance, and—yes ! a very slow ! story. But I must not go on in this way too long. I hear already the prompter's (printer's) bell, and it is time that the curtain was raised, and that I began my Fantoccini Show.

Those of us who know well; he suburbs of London are aware that there are many

very pleasant houses on the banks of the Thames, that great and goodly river which we all so praise, and yet all so abuse in many ways. Some of them are larger, some of them are smaller; you find here the stately mansion, with shady trees and sloping meadows to the Thames; you see there the comfortable villa, or the effective "cottage ornee," nestling amid surrounding foliage, like—what shall I say?—white swans on some shrub-befringed lake. Here, with all the comforts and luxuries always of a well-appointed English house, are the abodes of many well-contented classes of our English civilization. The banker and the peer, the millionaire and the middleman, the professional, and the professor, the large class of persons with "limited incomes," all have sought for a pleasant "gite" somewhere, and have found it on the banks of the Thames. Many are there who have set up their "tent" amid limes and laburnums, amid foliage and flowers, and croquet lawns and gay gardens, while Old Father Thames goes meandering along, bullied every now and then by steamers full of cocknies, or deeply complaining of the noise and inhuman vulgarity of steam launches and of steam yawls. Some of us will recollect to-day perhaps, many a sheltered nest, many a genial homestead, where in summer-time we have taken pleasant counsel with the true, the fair, the merry; where all that softens life, and where all that sweetens life, may often be seen and realised in the most attractive of aspects, and where many weary travellers have found for themselves a veritable "oasis" in this great sandy desert of time, in this weary wilderness—the world. It was in the garden of one of these "cottage ornees," then, with its neat and flower-lined terrace, separated from the Thames by only a pleasant strip of turfy expanse, that four people were sitting in the shade one summer's afternoon a few years ago. Of these two were ladies and two were gentlemen.

Of the ladies one was elderly, the other was young, not, indeed, "sweet sixteen," but "there-arent," and the two gentlemen were young men in the early prime of life, say from twenty-six to thirty.

The elderly lady had so peculiar a countenance, that any one who saw it never forgot it, while her young companion had

an expression so very charming, that you would be tempted to say, "it's a face that Millais would like to paint."

As the antique rule still holds good, "seniores priores," I will begin with my elder friend. A long, thin, careworn, line-marked visage, very white, with two little, stiff frizzed bows of grey hair on each side of a broad, clear forehead, and two dark grey eyes, and thinnish eyelashes, make up the outward appearance of Margaret Margerison," or "Miss Margerison," as her friends liked to call her. Few who ever met the scrutinizing gaze of those deep set eyes, so calm and so intense, ever forgot them. Miss Margerison was an old maid of an older school, now passing away, and dressed with the greatest simplicity, yet care, and was a wonderful exemplification of outward neatness and decorum; no wanton curls, no stray ends of ribbon, but all on that nicely adjusting dress, with its accompaniments and etcetera, told of preciseness and regularity, of character and competence. But as I may say a little more about Miss Margerison later, I turn to her fair companion. And yet when I try to describe her with the best intentions in the world, I find my powers of description fail altogether. In fact I won't try; but this I will say, few people ever saw her without deeply admiring her, or, as her maid said, "falling clean head over heels in love with her at once." Some ardent youth, some fervid hero, may long for a detailed account of "so much grace and beauty, &c.;" but I hurry on, for fear of the consequences to myself and others. I am like the Frenchman, who said, in a moment of great peril, "je m'en sauve, Madame." Yet when I tell you that her eyes were of the bluest, and her lashes of the longest; that her hair was coiled round her head in masses of the richest brown (no chignon); that her figure was faultless, and her expression most striking, what more can I say to recommend Lucy Longhurst to the warm sympathies of my readers? If not the brightest and best" of earth's daughters, she was very bright and very good indeed, and I hardly think that I ever saw a pleasanter face or a sunnier smile than hers, and I am quite sure you, kind reader, will not find a prettier young woman on the "longest day's march."

Of the two gentlemen who formed this

interesting "partie carrée," one was in the usual easy dress of Englishmen to-day, about four o'clock on a summer afternoon in the country, a dress which, with every recommendation, seems always to me, I confess, to be a little too free-and-easy, except for active purposes, of fishing, shooting or farming. For he had on one of those loose fitting suits, of a grey tweed, and one of those convenient "wide-awakes," which even the clergy are now patronizing. Some one has irreverently said that perhaps wearing this head gear may end in making them a little more wide awake, too. But I reject the remark, as clearly proceeding from an ill-regulated mind. And a very good looking young gentleman indeed was Mr. Walter Mainwaring, junior partner in the well-known large city house of Mainwaring and Marlby, and who for some unknown reason, instead of being chained to his desk in Philpot Lane, was here enjoying evidently a "douce far niente," lightened up as his idleness evidently was by the "wreathed smiles" and approving presence of Lucy Longhurst. If any of my readers can explain the reason for this unwarrantable neglect of his business by a British merchant, let them do so to their own satisfaction. The other young gentleman was evidently a clergyman, though not of the more severe type. His dress was not marked by any of those peculiarities of mystic attire which some of our younger clergy much affect, and which sometimes startle plain-going folks very much. Indeed, if dress is to be a criterion of doctrine, the Rev. William Williams was probably what is often termed "broad," though what that is we hardly know. I find no fault with his dress, which was simple and straightforward, and well fitting, and well made, and set off the figure of a neat, compact young man of twenty-seven, inclined to be square-built, as they say. But here I must stop to-day. Before I leave this portion of my tale, I will just repeat a scrap or two of conversation in the housekeeper's room, though how I heard it matters nothing, as it may, perhaps, throw a little light on the real state of affairs. I do not know or say that it will; but it may. "Now you see Mrs. Murray," Mr. Walters, the stately but bachelor butler, was saying to Miss Longhurst's good looking maid :

"I don't think much of that parson. For the matter of that I don't think much of parsons generally, except for their proper duties on Sundays and other days, and for splicing two foud hearts," and here the butler's voice became very soft and his appearance very sentimental. "And for my part," he went on to say, "I wish good luck to Mr. Mainwaring." "I am quite certain," was Mrs. Murray's answer to the butler's fervid address, "my young missis knows what's what as any young lady in London; and I do know that she has a high opinion of Mr. Mainwaring. And between you and me, she does not, I may confidentially tell you, think much of the reverend gent." What a deal of the life of society goes on in the "lower regions," as we term them. Those servants of ours, of whom we know so little all the while, are perfectly familiar with our most private affairs, are conversant with our views and feelings, our dearest hopes, our innermost longings; and discuss them one and all, and settle them for us one and all, most distinctly and dogmatically, clearly and contentedly, without hesitation, and without misgiving, without a doubt, and without a difficulty.

(To be continued.)

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

ECCENTRIC YOUNG LADIES.

I WAS rather nervous about writing the last article, I am very nervous about writing this, as I approach a subject as difficult as well can be for a man to write about. And yet I do not see that I can well avoid it if I wish to write honestly, truly—not merely for the sake of scribbling—but with an earnest desire to improve and to do good. Well, the truth must be told; the present age, which seems, so to say, satiated with the humdrum course of events and habits, is looking out eagerly for something queer, "bizarre," startling, sensational. We notice it in everything around us just now—literature, art, society, habits, words, acts. And the

mania has reached our young ladies, no doubt through others who began it; but still it has reached them. And we observe that "position of affairs" in countless forms and ways before us, hour by hour among them to some extent.

The adoption of paint, the use of stibium, the various cosmetics and dyes, which makes some charlatan's fortune, the washes and the powders, the false hair, and the false everything else, are all tokens sure and sad enough to the thoughtful and observant, that a detrimental change has taken place in the habits and feelings of our youthful and domestic angels on this particular point. I remember a time, although long ago, when such an idea would have been laughed to scorn by our young ladies themselves, when paint and enamel would have been looked upon as a disgrace to a young woman, and all these outward manifestations of a most vitiated taste in dress, &c., would have been at once repudiated and put down. But times change, and we change with them. You see to-day—and it is a sad sight to see, a very pretty girl "painted-up," as they say, "to the eyes"—the eyebrows are darkened, the under lids are stained, and everything seems fictitious about them. What can they do it for? Whom do they please? Whose admiration do they seek to gain? I confess I cannot, and do not, understand it, except upon the hypothesis originally suggested—that a love of "bizarrie" has over-mastered their good sense and their true hearts! All these outré fashions, and all these questionable transformations, all hail from a bad school, and seem to point to lower circles alike in morals and manners; not, I mean, as to society generally, but to a questionable layer of earthly formation, which is equally hurtful to those above it and those beneath it. I have often said to myself when I have beheld the "Persian bloom," or the exuberant "Pearl Powder," an evident sign of "pink and white," carefully put on, "my dear girl if you only knew how you disfigure yourself, how you take from your many charms, you would at once desist from so foolish and so pernicious a habit. All such "getting-up" is hurtful to you, alike in "hygiene" and "morale," and will take from your youth and add to your age many years. A few years hence you will be an old woman, dried up if

"decoltee," with a seared and withered face, and you will have thrown away that grace which would have lasted your life, and that freshness of youthful beauty which would have outlived many a storm. How can you be so reckless and so perverse?" I do not suppose that my grumble and my complaint will much affect the laughing Constance, or the merry Muriel, the fashionable Alethea, or the advanced Julia; but still I cannot forbear to impart alike my confidence and my regrets to a confiding and patient public, and to them. I do not enter here to-day on the wider question of "les mœurs." I, for one, do not believe that in this respect our young ladies are worse than their elders; and, indeed, I am quite sure they are not. Neither do I, for one, at all endorse the often grovelling complaints of men as regards our young married women and our young ladies. For the men are a great deal to blame for the present state of things, in my humble opinion.

The ingenious and ingenuous defender of "Our Boys" talks of club life being a reality and pleasure. Well, I have lived at one time a good deal in clubs, and I, for one, utterly deny such a proposition. Club life, though pleasant and amusing, and agreeable enough, is not a reality at all, except as it conduces to the convenience and comfort of gentlemen. That it certainly does, and, no doubt, is a very good thing in its way. But, if I were a young man, I should prefer a comfortable home with a good little wife to all the clubs in the world!

At present the men will lead bachelor lives, though they are married, and the women are often left to their "own devices" all the day. The husband walks off with his cigar after breakfast; he's going to the City, or the Club, or Tattersall's, or fifty other places, he says, partly truly, partly falsely, and the women have to get on as well as they can by themselves. But the woman did not marry for this! When the husband returns for a late dinner he's bored, or blasé, he's lost his money at pool or whist (afternoon whist), something's gone wrong in the City, he says, and the wife suffers. Or, perhaps, they eat a hurried dinner before going to the play, during which "cher sposo" says, "Capital good cook at our Club. What a deuced

bad cook you've got, Maria!" and evidently votes home slow, and openly announces that he should have preferred a dinner elsewhere. Do not let us probe too deeply where that elsewhere would be! What can women do? Very often they become reckless, very often they go their own way, as "Monsieur" goes his; and if, like the "Devil on Two Sticks," we could look into the houses and homes in London, how very many sad and severed hearts should we behold? Have any of my readers ever read Octave Feuillet's "Pour et Contre?" If they have, they will remember how well he portrays the injured, suffering, magnanimous young wife, full of charms and cleverness, well educated, a delightful companion, whom her husband deserts for his club, and—well, never mind. It's not a good thing to be too inquisitive in this life, and the next worse thing to knowing too little is knowing too much!

I hope, for one, that all this effervescence and exuberance of our "eccentric young ladies" is passing away, and is already on the wane. I have seen lately some of the most charming girls I ever saw, and some of the best dressed young women I have ever looked upon. On their pleasant faces you find no traces of rouge or paint, or purple, or white. I saw no meretricious ornamentation, and no eccentric attire! We must not lay too much stress upon dress. The dresses of one generation are not the dresses of another, and though our grandmothers liked low waists for instance, we do not. Much of this extravagance of the "outward adorning" arises from the mistaken theory that thus it is necessary to attract and please the men!

And so I end this paper as I began it, not denying the fact, but believing it to be greatly exaggerated. In my opinion our "eccentric young ladies" are the few among the many, and I trust that, even in their eccentricity, they will never forget that they are "ladies," and will, as Mrs. Gamp says so properly, "always endeavour to behave as sich."

MASONIC AMATEUR
PERFORMANCES AT PLYMOUTH.

Two Amateur Performances were given at the Plymouth Theatre on the 14th and

16th instant, by some Members of the Craft, in aid of two most deserving charities namely:—The Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, and the Royal British Female Orphan Asylum at Devonport. These affairs were most successful, and gave the greatest satisfaction, at least if we may judge by the repeated and long sustained applause of a well filled house on both occasions.

The entertainment on the 14th commenced with the following appropriate prologue, written and spoken by Bro. Major Shanks, K.M., F.R.G.S., Royal Marines Light Infantry:—

PROLOGUE "A."

Ladies and gentlemen, by fate's command
I now before these footlights take my
stand

As spokesman for our histrionic band;
Herein I sent just briefly to foreshow
Unto the crowds I see above, below,
(Who no doubt wonder much, and well
they may,

What on th' occasion there can be to say,)
Why—especially in such fine weather—
In this playhouse we are met together.
Ours is the task to tread this honoured
stage,

And yours to give both cash and patronage,
For meagre penury once more demands
An ample tribute from all lib'ral hands:
In aid of orphans' homes we play to-night,
Expecting to afford you great delight,
And earn some money for the noble pair
Of Institutes named in our bill of fare.
There can be none here now but will admit
The two Asylums for whose benefit
We tread these boards, most richly do
deserve

That we their interests should warmly
serve.

Your cash, you may be sure, will help to save
Some wretched children from a pauper's
grave;

Long might those orphans mourn their
fate in vain,

Of bitter want, and piercing cold complain;
Long might those poor ones beg their scanty
meal,

And still unpitied make their sad appeal;
But true benevolence with godlike power,
As guardian angel, stays the evil hour;
Imparts to poverty a prompt relief,
And pours the balm of joy o'er every grief.

What happiness 'twould be if all could
feel

For pangs that simple kindness oft might
heal ;

If all could comprehend the gen'rous
flame,

And be led on by philanthropic aim
To win, by deeds of charity, true fame ;

To show as much desire for public weal
As for each selfish end we all reveal ;

Then many poor weak hearts would live
and hope,

That now in bitterness and sorrow mope ;
Many who now give way to sad despair,

Would happiness and sweet contentment
share !

To you my brethren of the *mystic tie*
I need not say, " pass not affliction by,"

Your duty and your glory is to try
To give relief, and dry each tearful eye :

May Masonry throughout the world extend,
Then man of man will be the certain friend !

Ladies, I need make no appeal to you,
For, in your hearts, you all are Masons
true ;

Although, no doubt, you think we're very
rude

The fair sex from our Lodges to exclude.
But to the outer world I may appeal

And boldly say, you will most surely feel
Still closer drawn to Him who reigns
above

By every deed of charity and love.
Then give your utmost ; ne'er put out the
flame

Of charity within you, for its fire
Is so ethereal that its passing gleam

Conveys the joy mere gold cannot inspire.
We hope that your dramatic appetite

Will be but whetted by the plays to-night ;
And that you'll come on Friday :—but be
blind

To all our faults ; to all our merits kind.

The favourite play " Colleen Bawn,"
was then produced, and with scarcely more
than an exception, the characters could
not have been in better hands. The part
of Eily O'Conner was taken by Miss Maud
Randford, who showed throughout a deep
sense of the confiding and true affection
for her secret husband which the author
evidently intended, Miss Masson played
the part of Ann Chute to perfection ;
while " Sheelah " found a most admirable
representative in Miss Louisa Dalby ; and
Miss Harvey was a very good Mrs. Cregan ;

these ladies are professional actresses, and
came down from London expressly for this
occasion. The gentlemen played the parts
entrusted to them with very great success,
and where all did so well it is almost
invidious to particularise any, but we
must mention Bro. Pike, who, as Myles-na-
Coppaleen brought out all the best points
of the part, showing a noble regard for
the Colleen Bawn combined with true
Irish generosity. Danny Man found an
equally good representative in Bro. Lucas,
who is a first-rate actor and whenever he
appeared he kept up all the exciting
interest of the play until it culminated
in that splendid sensation scene, of the
attempt to drown Eily O'Conner ; these
two impersonations were undoubtedly most
successful. Hardress Cregan met with a
good interpreter in Bro. Curteis ; Bro. R.
Franklin (1st Lodge of Ireland), sustained
the character of Mr. Corrigan with all the
requisite assurance which belongs to the
part, whilst Bro. Rendel and Bro. Twose
were very effective as Kyrle Daly and
Father Tom respectively.

On the 16th the evening's amusement
again commenced with a Prologue also
written by Bro. Shanks, but spoken on this
occasion by Bro. Curteis, and which was
very well received by a densely crowded
house :—

PROLOGUE " B."

Ladies and gentlemen now gathered here,
Lend for a moment an attentive ear
To what I have to say about our aim,
Before you greet the actors with acclaim—
Before the merry laughter moves you all
From box to pit—from gallery to stall.

Blest be our work to night, we seek to
gain
Assistance for the helpless, and we fain
Would minister to those who now are left
To poverty's neglect—of care bereft :

Would soothe the *orphan boy's* pathetic
woe,
And guard the *maiden* from each hurtful
foe.

Friends of the widow and the fatherless,
(As you desire that God should aid or
bless,)

Do you, in deeds of charity and love,
With gen'rous rivalry, unwearied prove ;
Be 't yours to dry the widow's burning tear,
The wretched orphan's poverty to cheer ;

To soothe the bed of sickness, to impart
Hope to the hopeless, heal the breaking
heart.

Such deeds are worth the doing—they, at
least,

Can give true pleasure to the human
breast.

For thus we amateurs now tread the stage,
You, too, who hear me, in this cause
engage ;

We do not wish to-night to use our power
Merely to frisk away an idle hour ;
We seek to aid in charity's design,
And all true hearts in this good work
combine.

With true delight our histrionic crew
Exert themselves to win applause from
you ;

And feel supremely gratified to be
The humble instruments of charity.

For thus supporting our design so well
We thank you all ; but words would fail
to tell

The fervent gratitude we all must feel. }
In such a cause I know I ought to speak
In terms as strong as these poor words are
weak.

(Prompter's bell heard.)

But words are useless. Besides, 'tis certain
The prompter wishes now to raise the
curtain.

Yet listen while a few more words I say
Ere we begin to represent our play ;
Conspicuous though our many faults may
be,

Mild be your judgment, gentle your decree.
Let your applause our timid hearts in-
flame,

Pleasant to actor is the glad acclaim. }
And the enchantment of your warm
esteem

Will banish fear and give us joy su-
preme.

Now, feeling sure you'll praise, if praise
be due,

We'll do our best and leave the rest to
you.

This was followed by the Ticket-of-
Leave-Man, and we have seldom or never
seen the piece better acted either by
amateurs or professionals ; the repeated
calls for all the performers at the close of
each act proved only well the audience was
pleased. At the end of the 3rd act,
Hawkshaw (Bro. Shanks)—who, as he was
then changing his dress for the next act

could not present himself—was so vociferously called for, that the manager had to go in front of the curtain and explain the cause of his non-appearance, but even then it was some time ere the call ceased. The character of Bob Brierly was splendidly acted by Bro. Hussey, who is a well-known and much admired amateur, but he even excelled himself, and his delineation of mental anguish when all hope of getting an honest living appears gone, fairly brought down the house. Hawkshaw (Bro. Shanks) was first-rate acting throughout, and the cool but quick-sighted detective was admirably portrayed by him, he seemed to have grasped the character and acted it to the life. Jem Dalton was undertaken by Bro. Lucas, whose ability is well-known, his disguises were capitally got up, and when he outwitted the detective in the office scene his acting was simply faultless. Moss (Bro. Mutton) was the most perfectly gotten up old rascal we ever saw, and the manner in which the impersonation was rendered was beyond all praise. The rôle of Mr. Gibson was well played by Bro. Bond ; and that of Green Jones by Bro. Pike, who acted with great life and spirit and afforded much fun by his eccentricities ; Bro. Dyer made a capital landlord, and Bro. Moore did duty as second detective most satisfactorily ; Miss Masson as May Edwards was extremely touching, and her fine acting was throughout appreciated by the audience. Miss Randford made a very lively and amusing Sam ; his Granny, Mrs. Willoughby (Miss Harvey), notwithstanding her good acting, seemed to have as much as she could do to keep Master Sam in order, Emily St. Evremond, with her ups and downs in life, is a very difficult character to deal with, but it was very fairly portrayed by Miss Dalby.

The farce on both occasions was "Raising the Wind," in which Bro. Newcombe took his favourite rôle of Jeremy Diddler, and was, as he ever is, most energetic and amusing ; he was ably supported by Bro. Holmes as Plainway, Bro. Avery as Fainwoud, and Bro. Kennedy as Sam, who all made the most of their respective characters. We believe a considerable sum will be handed over to the charities already named as the result of these entertainments.

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTES
OF BRITISH UNION LODGE,
IPSWICH.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

I HAVE read the notes on the old Records of the British Union Lodge, No. 114, Ipswich, with much pleasure, and am glad that they have been so efficiently made by our Brother Emra Holmes (the numerous titles are omitted which follow his name, for which I ask forgiveness).

The history of the old Lodge is well worth preservation, and to complete as far as possible the information on the subject, I have answered Brother Holmes' questions which he has fraternally addressed to me through the medium of the Masonic Magazine.

The transcript of warrant of the Lodge should have been given if the original is to be obtained, and also date of its constitution. By reference to some of my lists it appears that the Lodge was warranted January 21st, 1762, as No. "270, Green Man, Ipswich, Suffolk." Subsequently it became "214, Philby's Coffee House, Ipswich," and its name is correctly given as British Union Lodge in my lists of 1777 and 1779. In consequence of the alteration in numbers in A.D. 1781, it became 173; in A.D. 1792, 147; at the union of December, 1813 (1814 list), 180; in A.D. 1832, 131; and in A.D. 1863, 114, at which it still remains. The Lodge is well entitled to its centenary warrant, which the members thereof are doubtless proud in possessing.

The "Royal Alfred Lodge," mentioned in the Records September, 1770, was held at Diss, Norfolk, No. 404, and was struck off the roll of Lodges A.D. 1790.

The history of Masonry noticed in the minutes of 21st December, 1777, was in all probability the noted "Illustrations of Masonry," by William Preston, the best work of its kind issued in this country during the last century. Published originally in 1772, and a second edition in 1775, with many additions and editions subsequently. For years it was dedicated to the M.W.G.M. Lord Petre, and well deserved the extensive support it received, as did also a less pretentious work, the

fact. We are open to prove that there are "Spirit of Masonry," by Brother Hutchinson, which first saw the light in 1775.

Bro. Holmes cannot evidently be aware of the character of the Book of Constitutions bought by the Lodge on the 6th January, 1778, or he would not have said, "10s. 6d. rather a high figure for the work." It is a large volume, with frontispiece, quarto size, first title being of date 1767, with pages, and an appendix of pages. It is a very scarce work now, and a clean good copy is worth many half guineas, which our Brother would discover if he found a copy for sale anywhere. The Constitutions of last century contained a long traditional account of the Society, and a valuable history of the Grand Lodge from 1717, which added much to the bulk and real worth of the volume, and have rendered the various editions from 1723 to 1784 prizes much sought after and highly appreciated by Masonic Bibliographers.

We most heartily endorse Bro. Holmes' remarks as to *Masonic Banquets*, and especially so when he says, "We are strongly of opinion that the Lodge funds should never be trenched upon, except in exercise of hospitality to strangers, and the members who stay to supper, or dinner, or whatever name it goes by, should be content to pay for it."

Though we do not expect to live many years in this beautiful world, we yet hope to see the day when the Grand Lodge will require Lodges to keep a separate and independent Fund for Refreshments, or pass a law that no portion of the funds shall be devoted to any purposes but those strictly in accordance with the demands of the Society and charity generally.

On the 5th June, 1781, I see it was decided to subscribe for a copy of the official Grand Lodge Calendar. They were issued in 1777; but prior to that date their place was filled by the authorized Lists of Lodges by Pine or Cole from 1723.

We cannot understand Lodges in the present day being without such useful publications as our Masonic Calendars.

The visitor at the Lodge held in June, 1782, was from the "United Traders' Lodge," held at Cross Street, Hatton Garden, at the sign of the "*Pewter Platter*;" and why its name cannot be found in the "Cosmopolitan Masonic Ca-

alendar," is because of the simple fact that it ceased to exist in 1800. It was No. 16 in 1782, and was warranted December 24th, 1723. When the Lodge was cashiered its number was 15.

The present calendars are little, if any, guide whereby to trace the old Lodges, as so frequently their names (if they had any) are not given, but only the houses in which they met. Owing to this reason, "ye Twins' Lodge, Norwich," noticed in the Records, March 4th, 1783, I cannot trace, for all the Lodges meeting in that neighbourhood (twice as many as now) are all called by the signs of the houses in which they assembled. If the *number of the "Twins"* is given I could easily trace it!

"*To pass ye chair*," so often mentioned in early records of Lodges, was necessary as a preliminary for the *Royal Arch*, under the "Modern" and "*Ancient*" Lodges.

The Provincial Grand Master selected from the nominations of the Lodge was William Middleton, Esq.

No. 426 Lodge, which sent a deputation to the annual festival of the Lodge on St. John the Evangelist, 1784, was called the Lodge of St. George, and became 342 A.D. 1792. It was struck off at the *Union* of December, 1813. It is a singular fact that all the visiting Lodges mentioned by Brother Holmes in his interesting sketch of the "British Union, No. 114, have ceased to work long ere this, and the old Lodge at Ipswich alone left to keep the light of Masonry burning brightly. Long may the members thereof continue so to do, and prove worthy of their privileges.

ADDENDA.

The "Philanthropic Lodge," Long Melford, Suffolk, mentioned by Bro. Holmes, in the "*Masonic Magazine*" for July, was held in Long Melford for many years after 1790. The Lodge was constituted in 1788, and on April 18th, 1792, its number was changed to 437. At the "*Union*" it became No. 501, and finally No. 331; it ceased to exist between 1851 and 1859, but exactly when we cannot say.

We cannot agree with the statement by Bro. Holmes that "*in the United States a great parade is made of Masonry—not so, however, in England*," as it is contrary to more public Masonic Processions in England

in a year than in all the Grand Lodges of the United States in the same time; and as there are only about one-fifth the membership in this country, we fail to see that a great parade is made of the craft "*across the big pond*."

We cordially agree with the suggestion of Brother Holmes, that Provincial Grand Masters should visit their Lodges as often as possible, and we have often advocated the appointment of Provincial Grand or Grand Lodge Lectures as in the United States. We should do well to imitate our American Brethren in that respect, and many Grand Lodges in the United States should take as models our Royal Masonic Benevolent Institutions.

AMERICAN KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

We take this interesting paper from "The Times," as we think that it deserves noting and perusal, being the view of an "Outsider," as regards the Templar organisation in the United States, and valuable in its facts:—

As I mentioned in a former letter, Philadelphia is likely this year to be made, on account of the Exhibition, the scene of many gatherings, more American, and therefore, so far, to foreigners more interesting than even the Exhibition itself. We have just had a gathering of Knights Templars on so grand a scale that it has eclipsed, even in the eyes of patriotic Philadelphians, the "greatest of World's Fairs." Happily there is no real rivalry between the old love and the new, but, on the contrary, they play into each other's hands. The Exhibition imparts exceptional lustre to the visit of the Templars, causing them to be welcomed with even more than the usual courtesy and cordiality, while they in their turn give to the average number of visitors to the Exhibition a very marked addition, which it sorely needs. Up to the moment of their arrival the number of paying admissions had never, I believe, reached 20,000, except, of course, on the opening day. But early this week it suddenly rose to over 40,000, and though this high rate has not been steadily maintained, the attendance has been far better than in any previous week. If the other lions of the season do half as much for the Exhibition as the Templars have

done, that famous virtue of the Philadelphians—their hospitality—will not be entirely its own reward.

It is just possible that some of your readers, though they may happen to know what a Knight Templar usually is in England, may wonder all the more by what mystic process he can have developed leonine proportions in America. In England he can scarcely be considered to have much of the lion about him. Some of his countrymen are, I fear, ignorant enough to associate him with cheap vans, brass bands, banners, and holyday excursions, like those of the Odd Fellows to the Crystal Palace, or even to confound him with that still more misunderstood or unappreciated sect the Temperance men or waterdrinkers. His warmest admirers would find it hard to realize the possibility of a great town, containing something like 800,000 inhabitants, devoting itself for nearly a week to his happiness and glorification, cheerfully submitting to such varieties of torture as overcrowding in summer weather, interrupted traffic, endless speechifying, and nocturnal serenades, in order that he might enjoy and confer the pleasure of showing himself in full uniform on a grand parade. Nor is it only on parade that the uniform is displayed. It is very becoming, and the "soldiers of the cross" have been good enough to gladden the eyes of Philadelphians with it every day from morning till night. The sword, especially as worn by civilians, is naturally the most striking feature, its handsome scabbard of white, emblem of purity, being stamped with the emblem of fervent piety, a red cross. The uniform consists of a dark blue coat and trousers, a cocked hat, with white and black plumes—the mixed colours denoting that the heads of even Knights Templars are not without some alloy of human infirmity, however sound their hearts—a white baldrick, sword belt, and yellow gauntlets, on which again figures the cross. The warrior's breast is often covered with strange devices worn on the left side, like the decorations of carnal warfare, but intelligible only to the initiated. It is calculated that no less than six thousand Knights have come to Philadelphia, and as they go about everywhere in their uniforms, sword and all, giving a martial aspect to

hitherto peaceful *tables d'hôte*, pastry-cooks' shops, and street-cars, the town has looked much as if it had just been relieved and revictualled by a victorious force, and the rescued citizens were showing their gratitude in the usual human way by asking each of the deliverers "what he will drink." For not the least striking part of the story is that all these 6,000 warriors, the majority of whom are fine men who ought to have fine appetites, are Philadelphia's guests. They bring with them, too, about 3,000 ladies, not exactly members of the Order, into the deeper mysteries of which nothing female can be initiated, but associates or lay sisters, as it were, freely permitted such simpler exoteric rites as eating and drinking. They are, further, allowed to dance with the Knights, and even to wear some of the less unintelligible badges, a privilege, seemingly, extended to others than the actual companions-in-arms of the knights, for half the ladies one now meets in the streets have some sort of Templar decoration. Philadelphia has thus an unexampled opportunity of showing her hospitality to some ten thousand mouths. She, in fact, practically invites the whole Templar world to her feast. One guest—an Englishman, representing the "Preceptory" known by the euphonious and romantic title of the "Diamond of the Desert"—has come all the way from the Cape of Good Hope. Two others from distant American States had to travel 500 miles by stage before they could reach a railway. Up to the last moment there was reason to hope that representatives would be present from Hongkong and New Zealand. A few came from Canada, wearing the white cloaks which form a part of the uniform of Knights Templars in England. But the majority came from various parts of the United States. They generally arranged to come in parties by specified trains, and in that case found at the railway station, no matter at what hour they arrived, a deputation from their Philadelphia brethren, and a full band to receive them with all the honours due to warrior pilgrims on the march, and escort them in triumph to their respective hotels. Sometimes, not content even with this homage, the Philadelphians went part of the way to meet their brethren. A special engine carried the Grand Recorder, Sir

Charles Meyer, and the Grand Treasurer, Sir Richard Mark Mucklé, some sixty miles to meet one party, and though the return train was two hours late, and did not reach Philadelphia till 2 a.m., there at the station were found the faithful députation and band, ready to sacrifice their own sleep and murder that of all citizens within earshot of their serenade rather than be the least wanting in respect to their illustrious guests. The guests are permitted to pay for their rooms and for anything they may choose to order in their hotels. But if they like to stroll down to the nearest "commandry," they can, from morn to midnight, get some sort of light meal, taken standing, without ceremony, as if on the march. They must be content, however, to "wash it down" with some liquor that does not intoxicate, unless, indeed, claret punch is to be considered an exception to this rule. It is excepted, perhaps, partly as a drink too harmless to have any effect on the stout Templar head, and partly, it may be, to prevent any undesirable confusion in the popular mind between Templars and Temperance men.

This proud privilege of thus keeping open house for the whole Templar world belongs specially to the Philadelphians, but the other expenses are shared by their brethren of Pennsylvania. The theory of the entertainment is that the Templars of Pennsylvania are the hosts, and all other Templars, no matter whence they come, the guests. These gatherings are yearly, each State playing host in its turn to all the world, and once every three years the Templars of all the States unite for what is called a grand camp. There are, I am told, 50,000 Templars, in round numbers, in the United States, from 5,000 to 6,000 in Pennsylvania, and about 2,000 in Philadelphia. These last divide themselves into seven "Commanderies," some of which, not satisfied with the honour of providing perpetual refreshments to all comers, give in addition evening receptions and balls. On Thursday evening the "Grand Commandery," or Governing Body, of all Pennsylvania gave a reception, to which, I am told, nearly 10,000 tickets of invitation were issued. Two fine buildings were converted into one by a connecting bridge; still, as it was well known before-

hand that they would not hold half the number of invited guests, the majority wisely contented themselves with walking in at one door and out at the other, thus securing the double advantage of making room for their successors, and themselves escaping to some less crowded entertainment or getting early to bed. Many must have been utterly worn out, for Thursday was the chief and culminating day of the festival, and on it were held the installation and the grand parade. The object of the installation, at which the new officers for the current year have to be sworn in, is obvious enough, but that of the parade, which consists in marching under a hot sun up one set of streets and down another, is, to an outsider, not quite so clear. One may conjecture that the Knights sacrificed themselves in order to impress the Philadelphians with a just notion of their military strength and discipline and to gratify a peaceful population with a martial display. They certainly had a hard day of it. At 8.30 a.m. they mustered some 8,000 strong, and paraded till nearly 1 o'clock. A few of their very great dignitaries were in carriages, and small bodies of cavalry protected the van and rear. But the great majority, among them some veterans of considerable age, were on foot. They are a fine body of men and their marching past and saluting were surprisingly good, considering what few opportunities their every-day avocations as merchants, shopkeepers, or mechanics allow them for the exercise of their military duties at Knights. The installation of officers was held an hour or two later, and was largely patronized by ladies, who, in America, seem to take far more interest in the Templars than is taken by their sisters in England. But this difference is, of course, only in accordance with the very different degrees of estimation in which they are in England and America respectively held.

Why the Templars are made so much more of in America it is not altogether easy to see. They have long ceased to claim any special interest in the Holy Sepulchre, and the primary objects for which they now exist are, I am told, the "protection of innocent maidens, helpless orphans, and the Christian religion." But the maidens and orphans are, to say

the least, quite as able to take care of themselves as those of England, and the same may, perhaps, be said of the Christian religion. For the eating and drinking, which may be considered, as it were, the subsidiary duties of the Order, the aptitude is, in either country, about the same. It is possible that in England the growth of the Order is checked by our old world prejudices and institutions, and has not the free air and open space to develop itself which it finds in a new country. It is hard, for instance, to imagine our leading men induced even by the prospect of wearing *quasi* military uniforms and swords to parade through the streets side by side with our working men, even if they could get the whole population to turn out as they do in Philadelphia, and admire them. But here the very first men of State and City—such as the Governor of Pennsylvania and the Lieutenant-Governor and the Mayor of Philadelphia—are Knight Templars, no less than the humblest mechanics. The grand reception on Thursday evening, to which the Knights brought their wives and families, presented a marvellous variety of costumes. On the other hand, if in England the Templars have to contend against aristocratic prejudice, one might expect that in America they would find a scarcely less formidable foe in that Republican simplicity, the essence of which is supposed to consist in a lofty disdain for titles and parade. The chief officers among the "Sir Knights," as they are quaintly styled, enjoy appellations high-sounding enough for a German Chapter. It might be thought, too, that another obstacle to so elaborate a holiday would present itself in the American passion for business, or, as their detractors put it, for dollar-hunting. The prominent citizens of Philadelphia are with scarcely an exception, engaged in pursuits which would seem to leave very little leisure even for duties so sacred and important as those of a Knight Templar, or which might, at least, suggest that the best way in these degenerate days to protect maidens and orphans was to draw, not a sword, but a check. However, there must be something in the American character or soil which has enabled the Order to triumph completely over these and other obstacles, and to conduct their pageant on a scale which, in its way, has no parallel in the Old World.

ZOROASTRIANISM AND FREE-MASONRY.

(Continued from page 26.)

PART II.

It must be observed, and it cannot be too often repeated, that in Freemasonry the recompense promised is to be, not according to any particular belief, but emphatically according to the actual deeds done in this world. Just this is the Zoroastrian doctrine of rewards and punishments. These are promised in Zoroastrianism strictly, literally, and unquestionably according to deeds done in the flesh, without any extraneous help of any kind whatsoever. No intercession will help a Zoroastrian, no amount of sacrifices will carry him on to paradise, no belief in any particular set of dogmas will open to him the gates of heaven. No; he must rely on his own righteousness, whatever that may be. He must stand or fall on his own merits. He must have thought well, spoken well, and done well; and, carrying with him these passports, no barriers will intercept his passage to the highest of Beheshts. But we are sinful mortals, and what man born of woman can say that he is all righteous? Ahura Mazda knows this human weakness, and he has provided remission of sins of commissions and omissions, if one with a contrite heart opens his mouth in a spirit of remorse and repentance. The strict Judge is not wanting in mercy, as can be evidenced from the contexts of the different Patels that are recited. But a persistent, deliberate course of sin and pollution has no chance whatever of being ever forgiven. Zoroastrians are rewarded and punished literally in the measure of their thoughts, words, and deeds. One may practise the virtue of benevolence, and has not the other virtues fructifying benevolence into palpable good. His reward is of the lowest degree; the lowest paradise is the residence of his soul, after it has fled from the mortal coil into which it was confined in this life. Another is, in addition to being benevolent, "benevolent" also—if I may be allowed to coin such a word in the English language—but has not attained to the highest virtue. His

reward is indeed one step higher to that of the former, but inferior to that of one who has culminated his good intentions and speeches in this life by realising them into action. The man who is beneficent proclaims his supremacy over all. The grandest of virtues, and the crown over them all, is active universal beneficence; and he who practises that virtue attains to the highest of heavens, the Garothman itself, where Yazads and Ameshaspands all vie to sing the praises of the living Omniscient, Ahura Mazda himself. Thus a Zoroastrian must naturally find utmost pleasure in meeting with a Freemason brother, because he knows the brother has the same common belief with himself as regards the rewards in the next world. In what other system can he find believers whose notions of the principle of recompense in after-life can come so close to his? In meeting a Freemason, a Zoroastrian meets one who is in accord with him on the two main most important principles of his religion, viz., a belief in one God, and in rewards and punishments in after-life in the measure of one's deeds here below. The more we contemplate, the more we are convinced that Zoroastrians should flock into Freemasonry rather than shun it, if they desire to meet and associate with men of a like belief with them. But an objection might be raised that, as, according to the extract given above from the 12th Ha of the Yacna, a Zoroastrian binds himself to relieve distress and affliction if found in Zoroastrian homes and among the Zoroastrian clan, and since a Zoroastrian Freemason will have to go beyond his Zoroastrian circle and offer the same relief and assistance to other homes and clans which he would to those of his co-religionists, after he has joined a Masonic Lodge in which he boundedly recognises no caste distinctions, and where all are equally claimants to his assistance and help, the Zoroastrian Freemason will put himself under an embarrassment. As a Freemason, it is acknowledged that a Zoroastrian is bound to extend brotherly love, relief, and truth to his brethren of the Craft, be they of any caste, colour or clime. His sympathies ought not to be confined to his own people. His charity ought not to know any bounds, save those

of prudence and justice, and his obligations towards his family. To him all the world should be an extensive brotherhood. Granted all this as perfectly true, and as what ought to be, and yet nothing that has appeared in the 12th Ha can possibly prevent a Zoroastrian Freemason from helping a Christian, Mahomedan, or Hindoo Freemason. In Freemasonry our principle is that, though our sympathies should be universal, they are to be regulated and adjudged according to the means at our command. If our ability is only limited, our practical sympathy should be limited also and displayed, confining ourselves prominently and immediately only to the household of the faith. Again, though we are bound to succour those of the household of the faith, our first and direct duties are towards our own family. We are not to seek, with our limited means to benefit Masonic brethren to the detriment and privation of our own families. But, if our means allow commensurate to it, our sympathies should expand. So on this principle, though immediate claims can be preferentially made first by our own families, then by the household of the faith, that need not necessarily dry up the fountain of benevolence, benevolence, and beneficence against all other claimants. Though Zoroastrianism is held to be *the* religion, others based on the same principles are not to be disregarded, since they are in the Avesta, honourably mentioned and respected. There is no intolerance towards the rest of the world. It is not maintained that the good and the pious can be found only in that religion. On the contrary, it is plainly stated that, beyond the pale of Zoroastrianism, piety does exist, and is to be respected and revered. The Farvardin Yasht abounds with the names of the virtuous and the pious that have existed in the land of its composition. There spirits are invoked with a view to following their good examples. In this Yasht, the pious of other countries and religion are not ignored, as will be seen by the following extract: "We call upon the spirits of the pious men and women of our own country, of those strange to us, of Iran, Turan, Salem, China," &c.—in fact, of all the countries of the then known world. "We call upon the spirits

of the pious men and women, whenever born, of those who have in the past, of those who do now in the present, and of those who shall hereafter in the future, follow the good religions." Whilst the Zoroastrian recognises his own as the best religion in the superlative, other religions recognised in the Avesta are called better religions in the comparative degree. Whilst the Zoroastrian religion is always mentioned in the singular, the next best ones are always in the plural, indicating that to one to be followed there were several to be respected and esteemed. It can be reasonably maintained, then, that the followers of the other next best religions were certainly to be respected, honoured, and fraternised with; and to them, out of the abundance of our means, we should contribute our surplus to allay and mitigate their misery and helplessness. If good thoughts, good words, good deeds gain heaven to a Zoroastrian, irrespective of any sectarian doctrines and dogmas, why should we imagine that it can be closed to those possessing these very virtues in the same degree, merely because they have their own different dogmas? And are not the inheritors of heaven worthy to be associated, sympathized, and fraternised with? But what are these next best religions? it might be asked. Surely they are not those which do not require a belief in *one God*, or in a state of reward and punishment in after-life according to deeds done in the flesh? If we are asked which of the present existing faiths were in mind when the next best religions were referred to in the Avesta, we must confess to our inability in indicating any one—for the best of reasons, that they were not then known. But this much we could say, that any religion meant by the term better religions must have been monotheistic, with a belief in a state of reward and punishment according to deeds done in the flesh. Guiding ourselves upon that assumption, we could safely include all existing monotheistic religions, within the area of the better religions, excluding all polytheistic, and such other religions as are disbelieving in rewards and punishments in after life in the measure of our deeds. Now, we know for a certainty that none are admitted into Freemasonry who believe in polytheism,

in transmigration of souls, &c., and hence, once being assured that one is a Freemason, a Zoroastrian can freely fraternise with him without waiting to inquire to what faith he belongs. True, Zoroastrians are enjoined not to associate with Darvands, and unfortunately, in common parlance, a Darvand is one who is not a Zoroastrian; and at once a bigotted member of that community exclaims against his co-religionist Freemasons for associating with what are called Darvands, i.e., Freemasons of alien religions. But a Darvand in the Avesta, let me tell you, is not necessarily a follower of other religions; he is and can also be a Zoroastrian himself. In the Avestaic language, a sinner is a Darvand, and a virtuous man is an Ashavan, Asho. Those Zoroastrian sinners whose due is infernal punishments are ever called Darvands; those, on the contrary, whose claim is for heavenly rewards are called Asho. In all the relations in the Avesta, the good and the bad are in general terms called Asho and Darvand. Of course, through bigotry people do come to call all opprobrious names to the followers of other religions, and in this way in the popular mind a non-Zoroastrian is assumed to be a Darvand. But whatever is mentioned against Darvands in the Avesta is no to be supposed to be intended to be all applied to every non-Zoroastrian; on the contrary, the references are in great part to bad, sinful Zoroastrians. The particular non-Zoroastrians who are disacknowledged in the Avesta are called the Devyaenas, believers in Devas, in polytheism, &c. They are not, of course, within the fold of Mazdayaenas; and all Deveyaenas, irrespective of what their other qualities may be, are not to be associated with. Do the Masons associate with disbelievers in one God and in the resurrection of the body? But Darvands are to be found in every religious community in Freemasonry too. Sometimes, I am ashamed to acknowledge, they are actual sinners, and they unquestionably are to be found in numbers among Zoroastrians.

When it is said that a Zoroastrian should shun a Darvand, it properly means that he is required to shun a sinner, whether he be of his own religion or of any other.

(To be continued.)

THE FALLING SNOW.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I WATCH to see the dim procession pass—
 The struggling, shadowy shapes that
 come and go ;
 I sit and watch, through clouded panes of
 glass,
 Through gauzy curtains of the falling
 snow.

The fairy phantoms of the peopled air
 Come softly gliding to the earth below ;
 I sit and list, I list in vain to hear
 The feathery foot-fall of the falling snow.

No sound, save now and then a muffled
 hoof,
 And muffled wheel, and in the silence, lo !
 I sit and worship 'neath my whitening
 roof—
 The world keeps Sabbath for the falling
 snow.

White wings are fluttering all around
 to-day,
 Unseen, unheard—the loved of long ago
 Alas ! why miss and mourn I, more than
 they,
 The forms that rest beneath the falling
 snow ?

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE
NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

NO. IV.—JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

WHO does not remember " Jack and the Beanstalk ?" and once we believed in him, did we not ? How we admired his courage and his adroitness ? his brave heart and unconquerable will ? Well, time has passed from us since then, and probably has laid its heavy hand upon us. We have seen cares and crosses not a few ; we have stumbled on through trials and difficulties very many, and here we are to-day very foot-sore, a good deal dispirited, hopes have turned out to be illusions, and fond dreams have faded never to reappear. What has Life taught us and brought us ? Are not

our memories to-day full of vivid associations of the shadows which have fled, and the friends who are no more ? Well, if the ardent aspirations and warm yearnings of youth are over, have we nothing left us ? Surely we have. Have we not all gained that experience of the world and of man which is always so important, and everywhere so valuable ? Experience of the world, did I say ? Why, the longer we live in it the less we understand it, the more we cling to it, the more disappointing it becomes to us ! If we have obtained nothing from the world but its experience, that will, believe me, profit us nothing. For, after all the world's experience, what is it ? Whether we have lived a longer or a shorter time, whether our way has been prosperous or clouded over ; whether, for us, all has gone bravely and well, or ours have been the penalties and the vicissitudes of this sublunary scene ; whether we have lived largely with our kind, or looked on the world from a philosopher's sanctum, matters but little, our greatest experience is but comparative ignorance at the very best, so to say, our highest knowledge of the world, but a passing possession.

It has been said that all worldly persons—all persons experienced in the ways and habits, and feelings of the world—are heartless. I do not say so much ; but, at any rate, they are often, as it seems to me, rather callous, and not a little cynical ! For the world has thrown over them its blinding " mirage," and imparted to them its deceiving lore. The world has made them in the world, and of the world, enthralled by its pleasures, devoted to its pursuits, absorbed in its cares, and proud of its citizenship ! Their ideas are bounded by its horizon ; all else appears excitement, or fanaticism, or folly, or madness. They have risen in it, and they have prospered in it, and have made themselves a tenement and a name in it ; and, as for it, they only care to live, so beyond it they do not care to look. How changed they are from what they once were, and yet they hardly knew it, or perhaps suspected it themselves. Once they were full of courage, and energy, and hope, and trust, like the resolute " Jack," now exertion is a bore, and thought a labour. The world goes on very well, and they are very well to do in it. They can buy the current coin of

civility, comfort, convenience, adulation ; the world is a very good world, after all, why not leave it alone ? Why bother our heads with plans and proposals for alteration, and for amelioration, which seem very doubtful, and are certainly not needed ! And so we float on with the tide down that great River which is always carrying on to the Eternal Sea the drifting boats, great and small, of men ! If some one has sung, with some truth, each one can and must "paddle his own canoe," so be it ; but let the skilful oarsman in "Rob Roy" remember that there are dangerous quicksands and treacherous currents, and fatal maelstroms in that broad expanse of water, and that too often the cranky outrigger is submerged, and the ill-directed skiff goes down ! I never like then to hear people talking to-day, as you may often hear them, in disparagement even of the inexperienced fervour of the unworldly faith, and the living trust of youth. There is just now a cold scepticism, which, like the famous "Upas Tree," of Gladstonian simile, poisons all on whom it casts its berries or its shade.

Youth has many errors, and not a few shortcomings, but it has a fine instinct often, a love of the beautiful, a reverence for the true ! Youth cannot believe in the colder counsels and calmer appreciation of age. The world is before it gay, smiling, inviting—it believes in it. It has not proved that it is full of deception and tricks, and lures ! yea, and lies ! It does not know how soon its blue sky is overcast, and the hurrying clouds tell of the impending tempest, of the destroying tornado. Youth often laughs at you when you tell it these green meadows will not be always green, these flowers will not always bloom, these songs will not always sound pleasant to the ear, Circe's draught will not always appear agreeable to the taste, or that blight and decay, and grief and desolation will one day make the scene before you grievous to the sight. Youth laughs on ! It has promises and hopes, and dreams and fancies, and trust and sympathy of its own ; why should it mind the gloomy vaticinations of some prophet of ill ? If dark days will come they will come, none can stop them, or avert them ; and when they come each will be prepared for them ! And here is just the mistake of youth. Those years do come,

and those changes do come, and foreboding fears and punishing memories do come ; but we are not prepared for them when they do come. No, Life and the world have surrounded us with their illusions and deceits, and we have forgotten both the past and the future in the present !

But if, like as with Jack, the progress of years has destroyed our fairy ladder, our higher hopes, our heavenward aspirations, his mythic tale still whispers to us all of courage, perseverance, and trust.

Life may leave us, as life does leave us all ; but life, happily, is not everything. The world deceives and deserts us, but the world is not our all in all.

Time and the world, life and humanity itself must one day pass away, but beyond the dull, sad plains of earth lie the "everlasting hills ;" and once we have gained the ascent, once we have crossed the dark intervening river, earth and the world will look like specks in the distance. We have left folly, deceit, baseness, and sorrow all far behind ; the fog has lifted, and all is clear in the brilliancy of God's own unfading light, to those who at last have reached the better country far away.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(Continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER X.

THE REFERENCE TO A LAWGIVER.

"The crowd with silent admiration stand
And heard him as they heard their god's command ;
While he discoursed of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original and Nature's cause ;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose ;
What shook the steadfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun."
* * * * *

O happy monarch, sent by heaven, to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace.
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain."

DRYDEN'S OVID.

IN every religious institution, whether true or false, the covenant between the creature and the Creator has uniformly

been said to have emanated from a power superior to ourselves. The Lawgiver, as the reputed medium by whom the code was promulgated, was aware that no system would be received and adopted with implicit faith, if it were considered to be an invention of his own. And as the Jewish law was assuredly delivered to Moses by the Almighty himself from the summit of Mount Sinai, written by the finger of God on two Tables of Stone, and accompanied by the most awful sanctions to convince the people of its divine origin, so every bold imposter in the heathen world, who made innovations in the simplicity of the patriarch mode of worship, in like manner feigned to have received his instructions from on high.

The pretext was plausible, and generally attended with complete success. The pseudo prophet, having taken the precaution to ensure by austerity and self denial, accompanied by acts of severe devotion, the previous affections and goodwill of the people, found little difficulty in persuading them to receive his code as a divine present which could not fail to operate for the benefit of the community. And the people, being rude and uninstructed, would entertain no suspicion of imposture, particularly if the promulgation of the gift were accompanied, as it generally was, by a miraculous attestation.

A few instances will suffice to show that this was really the case.

To begin with India, which is one of the most ancient nations on the globe, it is believed by that people, who still remain under the influence of the religion of their remote ancestors, that Brahus, the creator of all things, having in his hand certain sacred books containing a code of laws and institutes which he intended to reveal to mankind for their observance, that they might be happy both here and hereafter, when he was on the point of communicating them to his creatures, fell into a slumber from the fatigue consequent on the government of the world during the continuance of which the books were surreptitiously abstracted by an evil being called Hyagriva, who was envious lest man should enjoy the proposed happiness, and hoped to destroy it by the annihilation of the holy Law intended by the divinity for his sanctification. To effect this purpose

with impunity, the giant swallowed them, and hid himself in the lowest depths of the abyss.

In alarm, lest this invaluable treasure should be lost, Brama depicted Vishnu, the second person of the Trimurti, or sacred triad of deity, to seek out the delinquent and recover it. Having ascertained that the evil being lay at the bottom of the ocean, Vishnu assumed the form of a gigantic fish, "a million of leagues in length, and blazing like gold," and, plunging into the waters, found the monster lurking in his hiding-place. A furious combat ensued, which ended in the death of Hyagriva and the recovery of the sacred Books of the Law, which, being placed in the hands of the Creator, were communicated to man for his guidance and direction in every transaction of life.

Here we have a distinct account of the revelation of God's law, combined with a divine incarnation, to prevent the evils arising out of an ignorance of the will and pleasure of the Deity. It was universally felt and understood that the absence of such a code, while man remained in a state of nature, would leave him exposed to errors and practices which would be fatal to his happiness both here and hereafter.

A still more striking imitation of the delivery of the Law to Moses, was exhibited in the revelations of the Magian pseudo prophet Zoroaster. For as the former was lost sight of for forty years by his countrymen, before he was commissioned to deliver them from their bondage, and at length received the Law from God himself out of the midst of thunder, and lightning, and fire on the summit of Mount Sinai, so the latter secluded himself from public observation for a considerable space of time in a cave; and when he came forth feigned that he had been admitted into the highest heavens, and there received from the Deity seated in the centre of a bright and burning flame of fire, those laws and institutes of religion which are contained in the Zendavesta, and still constitute the sacred code of Persia; and appointed select portions of it to be read periodically in public by the priests for the edification and instruction of the people.

This is too evident a coincidence with the most striking events in the history of Moses to be accidental; for here we have

the appearance of the Divinity in a burning flame, as he actually appeared to Moses at the Bush, as well as the delivery of the law from the burning mountain. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that this accomplished impostor had studied the Jewish Scriptures with attention, and applied the miraculous information which he found there to the furtherance of his own personal schemes as a reformer of the national religion of Persia. And by infusing a portion of the Jewish system, which was really of Divine authority, he succeeded in placing it on a more liberal and permanent footing.

This appears still more probable from the nature of the doctrines which he promulgated, and which were the counterpart of the Mosaic system. He taught that there was one Supreme Being, independent and self-existing from all eternity. That under him there were two angels; one—the angel of light, who is the author and director of all good, and the other the angel of darkness, who is the author and director of all evil; and that these two, out of the mixture of light and darkness, made all things that are. That they are in a perpetual struggle with each other, and that where the Angel of Light prevails there the most is good; and where the Angel of Darkness prevails, there the most is evil. That this struggle shall continue to the end of the world, when there shall be a general resurrection and a day of judgment, wherein just retribution shall be rendered to all mankind according to their works. After which the Angel of Darkness and his disciples shall go into a world of their own, where they shall suffer, in everlasting darkness, the punishment of their evil deeds. And the Angel of Light and his disciples shall also go into a world of their own, where they shall receive, in everlasting light, the reward due unto their own good deeds; and that after this they shall remain separated for ever, and light and darkness be no more mixed together through all eternity.*

In like manner Pythagoras retired to a cave at Crotona, and remained there in fasting and mortification until his body was reduced to a skeleton; when he came forth and declared that he had been admitted into Hades, and received instruc-

tion from the gods. These divine communications he propagated in his schools or lodges, through the medium of rhymes, which were called his Golden Verses; and his instruction was so sublime that he was respected as a person who had been consecrated by the Deity himself. He taught the unity of the godhead, which he defined to be a complete circle, whose body is Light and his soul Truth; that he was neither sensible nor passable, but invisible and intelligible. His next class of deities consisted of three kinds—gods, demons, and heroes; after which he said that all the air is full of souls, which induce dreams and presages of sickness and health, with divinations and foretelling future events.

He pretended to confirm his sacred mission by a series of miracles, which are gravely related by Porphyry, Iamblichus, Laertius and others who have given the particulars of his life. I subjoin an instance of this reputed power:—"A ship coming into the harbour, and his friends anticipating that it contained some of their merchandize, Pythagoras said that it contained a dead body; and when the ship came in it was found that he had prophesied correctly." It was affirmed that whatever he foretold always came to pass; and therefore Aristippus said he was named Pythagoras, from speaking things which were as true as if they had been uttered by the Pythian Apollo. He was reputed to possess the attribute of ubiquity; and Porphyry gravely asserts that in one and the same day he was present at Metapouturn in Italy and Tauromerium in Sicily, with his friends in both places, and conversed with them in the presence of a number of people at the same hour; although these two places are many days journey asunder.

The image of Diana which the Ephesians worshipped, was esteemed sacred, because it was reputed to have been given to the city by the celestial deities.* It could certainly have no other claim upon their sympathy; for this celestial present appears to have differed materially from the Diana of Greece and Rome, and is represented as an ugly little statue, with several tiers or rows of breasts—intimating that she was at Ephesus regarded as universal nature—the mother of mankind. The image was

* Frid. Con. vol. i. p. 215, with authorities.

* Acts xix. 35.

attired in close fitting garments covered all over with cherubic figures, amongst which we find the human form with that of lions, oxen, eagles, and winged quadrupeds. Her arms from the elbows are extended horizontally, each bearing a lion couchant; she had a heavy necklace suspended from her neck, inclosing a crab-fish, and is crowned with two towers one upon the other. The same may be said of the sacred shield of the Romans; the image of Rehea which fell from heaven in a field in Phrygia; the palladium of Troy, &c., which were imitated the fictions of other nations.

The history of China affords another instance of the universality of the belief that the laws and duties of religion, in order to be entitled to implicit credence, must necessarily be derived from heaven. of spirits, and other magical practices, A philosopher called Lao-Kium, who is represented as being versed in the arts of divination, invocation conceived the design of reforming the national religion. For this purpose he erected sundry temples, and consecrated them to the ideal spirits, by whose assistance, as he asserted, his miracles were performed.

These proceedings contributed to increase his popularity, but failed to enlist the leading people of the country in his scheme. He therefore resorted to the pretext of a divine revelation, and secretly affixed to the gate of the royal palace a Tablet or book full of hieroglyphical characters and symbols, and propagated the belief by means of his numerous followers that it had been sent by the gods as a rule of faith and practice for the observance of the Chinese people. The leading principles of this book inculcated an obscure notion of a trinity. Thus it was said that the fountain of true wisdom was TAO, or eternal reason; which was ONE; One produced Two; Two produced THREE; and Three produced all things. This proceeding was decisive. The king was converted, and the sacred Tablet was borne in solemn procession to the palace and enclosed in a shrine of gold.

This tablet was subsequently translated into the Chinese language by Lao-Kium himself, and contained the following characteristic legend:—"A virgin, inspired by heaven, wandered into the wilderness,

became pregnant by a sunbeam, and, although a maid, brought forth a son. Being unable to give suck, a Lotus flower came to her floating upon the water, opened itself, received the tender child and suckled it. The mother, absorbed in meditation, was conducted by angels to heaven. A holy hermit took the child from the bosom of the flower, and fled with it to Camboya, where it obtained the name of Godama. At twelve years of age Godama performed miracles, returned to Siam, preached a new doctrine, and was called or regarded as an incarnation of Buddha."*

In the north of Europe similar pretensions were worked out by a similar process. The reformer, whose name was Sigge Fridulfson, having penetrated from the East into the wilds of Scandinavia, assumed the character of a prophet, and took the name Odin, the chief deity of the country, who was the same as the Phenician Thoth, the Puddha of India, the Fo of China, the Mercury of Greece and Rome, and the Hermes of Egypt; for in fact the religion of every country under the sun, was nothing more than a modification of the patriarchal scheme, adapted to the circumstance or private views of the individual who first introduced it.

Our Archæological Corner.

To the Editor of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

I think your proposition of "keep ing two or three pages, in future, purely for Masonic Archæology," an excellent idea, and hope it will receive hearty support at the hands of the brethren. As "example is better than precept," I have much pleasure in offering as a contribution an exact copy of an Extraordinary Warrant in the possession of the Britannia Lodge, No. 139, Sheffield, (constituted in 1765, and numbered 189 under the "Moderns" in 1813), which, I venture to think, is worthy of finding a place therein.

Grand Lodge to delegate to a subordi-

* Theog. of the Hindoos. p. 92.

nate or Provincial Grand Lodge the power to *grant Warrants, form Lodges, &c.*, also the power, to such Provincial Grand Lodge, to elect (annually) its own officers or successors is, to say the least, unique

It is extremely desirable that copies of such, or similar documents, should be published.

Primarily, because the originals run great risks from fire, or of being otherwise destroyed, or lost.

Secondly, by the incalculable advantages of such being brought prominently before all Masonic students, and,

Thirdly, it is by the un-earthing and publication of such treasures that our history may be written.

I am, fraternally yours,
S. B. ELLIS.

[COPY.]

Atholl, GRAND MASTER.

Jas. Jones, S.G.W. ; Wm. Dickey,, D.G.M. ;
James Read, J.G.W.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WE, THE GRAND LODGE of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, (according to the Old Constitutions granted by His Royal Highness Prince Edwin, at York, Anno Domini Nine Hundred Twenty and Six, and in the year of Masonry Four Thousand, Nine Hundred, Twenty and Six), in ample Form assembled, viz., The Right Honourable and Most Noble Prince John the Third, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Atholl, Marquis and Earl of Tullibardine, Earl of Strathtay and Strathardle, Viscount of Balquider, Glenalmond, and Glenlyon, Lord Murray, Belveny, and Gask, Heretable Captain and Constable of the Castle and Constabulary of Kinclaven, Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Falkland, one of the Sixteen Peers of Scotland, and in that part of Great Britain called England, and Masonical Jurisdiction thereunto belonging, Grand Master of Masons ; the Right Worshipful William Dickey, Esquire, Deputy Grand Master ; the Right Worshipful James Jones, Esquire, Senior Grand Warden ; and the Right Worshipful James Read, Esquire, Junior Grand Warden ; with the Approbation and Consent of the Warranted Lodges held within the Cities and Suburbs

of London and Westminster ; do by these Presents, authorize and empower our Trusty and Well-beloved Brethren, Free and Accepted Masons, who at the time of this present Writing are or hereafter shall become inhabitants of the *Counties of York, Chester, and Lancaster* to congregate, form and hold a Provincial Grand Lodge in the *Town of Sheffield and County of York* aforesaid, independent of any former Dispensation, Warrant, or Constitution, ordered, given or granted by US, or any of our Predecessors, Grand Masters of England, to any Mason or Masons residing within the Masonical Jurisdiction aforesaid ; such Provincial Grand Lodge, when duly constituted, to be held Annually, Half-yearly, Quarterly, Monthly, or at any seasonable Time, or Times as Occasion shall require. And we do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Brother *Hugh Cheney of the Town of Sheffield aforesaid, Esq.* to be Our Provincial GRAND MASTER ; Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Brother *Daniel Plowmann of Sheffield, Gentⁿ* to be Our Provincial Senior Grand Warden ; and Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Brother *William Trickitt of Sheffield, Cutler* to be Our Provincial Junior Grand Warden within the Masonical Jurisdiction aforesaid ; who, together with the aforesaid Provincial Grand Master, and his Deputy when appointed and installed, and Provincial Grand Wardens shall be addressed by the Stile and Title of The Right Worshipful Grand Master, Grand Wardens &c. And we do hereby further authorize and empower our said Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master *Hugh Cheney, Esq.*, his Deputy, and Grand Wardens *Daniel Plowmann* and *William Trickitt* with the Approbation and Advice of their Grand Lodge, to grant Dispensations, Warrants, and Constitutions, for the congregating and making FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, forming and holding of Lodges within the Jurisdiction aforesaid, according to the most Ancient and Honourable custom of the Royal Craft, in all ages and Nations throughout the known World. And We do, by these Presents, further authorize and empower our said Trusty and Right Worshipful Brethren, the Provincial Grand Master, Grand Wardens, and their legal

Successors, when in regular Grand Lodge formed, to hear, adjust, and impartially determine all and singular Matters of Complaint, Dispute, Debate, or Controversy, relative to the Craft within the Jurisdiction aforesaid; strictly requiring all and every of our Worthy and Loving Brethren within the Jurisdiction aforesaid to be Conformable to all and every of the good Rules, Orders, Issues and Decrees, which shall from Time to Time be ordered, issued or decreed by the said Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Lodge; herein reserving to ourselves our ancient Prerogative of hearing Appeals; and Administration of such Things as shall (*bond fide**) appear absolutely necessary for the Honour and Benefit of the Craft in general. And, lastly, We do hereby authorize and empower our said Trusty and Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, and Grand Wardens, together with their lawful Associates being the installed Masters, Wardens and Past Masters of the Regular Lodges within the Jurisdiction aforesaid in Grand Lodge assembled to nominate, chuse and instal their successors to whom they shall deliver this Warrant, and invest them with their particular Jewels and Masonical Powers and Dignities as Provincial Grand Officers, &c., &c., &c. And such Successors shall in like Manner nominate, chuse and instal, &c. their successors, &c., &c., such Installation to be upon or near every Saint John's Day, the Twenty fourth of June, during the continuance of the said Provincial Grand Lodge for ever.

Providing the said Right Worshipful *Hugh Cheney, Daniel Plovmann, William Trickitt* and all the successors, Grand Officers of the said Provincial Grand Lodge do continually pay due respect to the Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, by whom this Warrant is granted, otherwise this Warrant and Constitution to be of no Force, nor Virtue. Given under our Hands and Seal of the Grand Lodge in London, the *Fifth* day of *September* in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred Eighty and *One*, in the Year of Masonry Five Thousand Seven Hundred Eighty and *One*, and in the *Seventh* year of the Grand Mastership

* Printed in italics.

of His Grace the Duke of Atholl, &c. &c. &c.

Charles Bearblock, Grand Secretary

This Warrant is on parchment, measuring 20 in. by 16 in. I have indicated by *italics* the actual signatures and other portions written, all the rest of the Warrant being printed. There is a broad margin on the left hand, wherein appears "No. 217," under this number is a red seal, to which is attached a ribbon $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide of two colours, viz. light blue and light yellow, in equal proportions. At the foot of the margin is written as follows: "Note—This Warrant is registered in the Grand Lodge "Vol. 8, Letter H." Another bit of ribbon of same colours, but only $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide, is thread through the parchment at the bottom of the margin, and another piece is in the top right-hand corner of the Warrant. The fact of this Warrant being printed suggests that if others were not actually issued, they were contemplated, and it is just possible the publication of this one may lead to others being discovered.

N.B.—Bro. Cheney's and Bro. Trickitt's names are in the list of members of the Royal Arch Chapter (Paradise) prior to 1783. I hope to be able to resume the publication of those extracts next month.

S. B. ELLIS.

Sheffield, 1st July, 1876.

MASONIC ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

SIR AND BROTHER,—In looking through Dr. Birch's interesting Court and Times of Charles I., I noted the following references to the Rosicrucians, which I think will prove of interest to your readers. I venture to suggest that if all our reading brethren would jot down the stray notes they come across, respecting this interesting body, it would prove a valuable addition to our knowledge of the brethren of the Rosy Cross.

Yours fraternally,

EMRA HOLMES.

P.S.—The brethren of the Rosy Cross degree (which many think an emanation from the Alchemical Secret Society), the

Knights of the Rosy Cross, or Royal Order of Scotland, and the Rosicrucian Society, composed as it is of Masons, must all have an interest, near or remote, in their reputed ancestors, and I think that your proposed archæological notes in the MAGAZINE may well contain references to matters connected with the high degrees as well as those that appertain strictly to the craft.—E.H.

THE COURT AND TIMES OF CHARLES I.,
BY DR. BIRCH. PAGE 173.

Extract of a letter of the Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville:—

“But the sweetest news, like march-pane, I keep for the banquet. Now the French Ambassador is departed, a certain heterochta is coming upon the stage. A youth he is, I hear, with never a hair on his face; and the principals by whom he is sent, and whom he is to represent, lies concealed in this town: and in one word, to solve this riddle, is the president of the Society of the Rosy Cross;* whose said ambassador, on Sunday afternoon, hath appointed to come to Court, with thirteen coaches. The proffers he is to make his Majesty are no small ones; to wit—if his Majesty will follow his advice, he will presently put three millions (viz. 3,000,000 pounds) into his coffers, and will teach him a way how to suppress the Pope; how to bring the Catholic King on his knees; how to advance his own religion all over Christendom; and lastly, how to convert Turks and Jews to Christianity; than which you can desire no more in this world.”

The above is an extract from a letter of a Mr. Pory, quoted by Mr. Mead, who adds:—

“Thus he; and promises me a letter this night. What think you? for I know not. Is it a game or a verity?”

Following close upon this is the letter from Mr. Pory to the Rev. Joseph Mead, which is dated from London, 26 Nov., 1626:—

“The young ambassador of our President of the Rosy Cross did not appear this afternoon at Whitehall; but they say he proffereth his 3,000,000 to be paid in May next. We all fear he will prove but

a mountebank, and his project but a second part of England's joy. He sent a letter unto the king, the copy whereof is this:—

‘Glorioso et dilecto Filio Dei, et nostro Domino Carolo, Imperatori Britannico, &c.

ORIGINES.

Indicatur hisce, presentibus regie tue majestati proditionem summam adversus tuam et meam personam a me detectam esse: ideoque velim mihi dari satellites regios, qui comprehensos pro-ditores deducant.

M. PHILLIPUS.’

His name they say is Phillipus Ishbertus; and his ambassador's or messenger's name (which is but a youth) Origines.”

Following this is an extract from another letter from London, November 27th, which runs as follows:—

“There is a stranger hath been two years in London, and some say is the same, who, as hath been heretofore reported, told the Prince Palatine, at the beginning of his election to the Crown of Bohemia, of all the misfortunes and calamities which have befallen him since that time, and nevertheless advised him to accept it. Whosoever he be, he yesterday sent a letter to our King, by David Ramsay, a copy whereof we took from the original immediately after he had been with the King.

He gave Mr. Ramsay further instructions, as to tell his Majesty that, if he pleased to grant him allowance, he would send this next Sunday and impart many things unto his Majesty, of moment and secrecy; and that he would perform it by the mouth of a young child, whom he had already anointed and such like. I tell it you for news; but for my part I have but a small faith in the business, supposing it is either some fantastical folly; or, if more, that it will tend to imposture.”

A further letter from the Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, dated from Christ College (Cambridge), 2nd Dec., 1626, contains the following:—

“For the Rosy Cross president you shall see his ambassador appeared not at the time appointed by the enclosed of Mr. Pory, dated on Sunday afternoon. It seems his Majesty would not give him audience. You shall see here his letter to the King. The contents methinks argue

* The Rosicrucians or Alchemists.

it comes from some whose brains croak. It is said here that the King should say, if he could tell where to find him, unless he made good presently his proffer of gold, he would hang him up at the Court gates; whereby it seems he is latent and undiscovered, and meant so to be; but use a child for his minister and messenger, whose innocency and age might secure him from his usage, as himself the principal was like to find. Some think it is somebody whose brains are cracked; others a plot to have got access unto the King in private for discovery of some matter against the duke; others otherwise as fancies lead them.*

SERMON

Preached by Dr. COSENS, P.G.C. for Worcestershire, before the P. G. Lodge at St. Thomas's Church, Dudley, June 10th, 1876.

ST. MATTHEW xxii. 36—40 verses, :—
“Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

A great father of the ancient Christian Church laid down this rule:—“In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity.” This is, in truth, a general maxim, and each will be using it in a different way. A certain class of people make so many things necessary that there is no room left for liberty; another class makes so many things doubtful that no room is left for unity. But in one point in this saying there can be no misinterpretation; no room for cavil—“in all things charity.” It seems to imply this—See the best of your neighbour in all

* This was one of the several attempts made about this period to draw the King's attention to the mischievous influence of the Duke of Buckingham; but Charles had too completely given himself up to the fascinations of the favourite to heed such manoeuvres.—E. H.

[Too much stress must not be laid on the popular impression of the Duke of Buckingham's influence over Charles I. This Rosierucian attempt was clearly an essay of Charlatanism. All contemporary gossip has to be carefully sifted.—ED.]

things, and try to imitate it. See what is good, and just, and true, and beautiful in others; and though firm in your own opinion, and strong in your own faith, yet admit all that charity ought to admit for others; they have their rays of light perhaps not as bright and pure as their own, but light for all that. When the Great Teacher spake the parable of the Good Samaritan, He did not say that the Jew should cease to be a Jew and become a Samaritan; nor that the Apostles should leave Jerusalem and join Samaria, because there was a good Samaritan. But what he *did* say was, that the Jew should feel that the Samaritan was his neighbour, and might be his example. The great principle of charity is, in fact, the only abiding reality amid all the transient and evanescent creations of this changeable world. Charity belongs to the immaterial part of our nature, and when we fail in it, it is because the material part of our nature has the preponderance. “For the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth.” Our material nature, our intellectual powers, our mere moral powers may be enviable; they may exalt us far above all other men: just as the lofty peaks of the Alps far transcend the broad valleys stretching at their base. Men look up and wonder at their height, but they think not that they must bear the rude blasts of the elements upon their snow-crowned heads, and their sides be furrowed with the storm. They are of an amazing loftiness, but they are removed far away in an atmosphere of their own, where all is chilly and cold; while in the lowly valleys and upon the mountain slopes the grass grows green, and all seems bright, and lovely, and gay. The mind is great and noble; truth and justice are sublime; wealth confers comfort, and sometimes satisfaction; but love is dearer than them all, more transcendent, more omnipotent. Now, the injunction of the Great Master in my text, is one without reservation or qualification. It is not a command for any country, or people, or creed. To love one another, as Christ gave the commandment, was new, in that it became a moral obligation laid upon the nations of the world. It was a stumbling block to the Jew in the exclusiveness of

his faith. Roman and Greek knew of no such doctrine; the military ardour of the one and the refined philosophy of the other recognised no such fellowship with the people of other kindreds and tongues. This great commandment is one given to us directly by the great God Himself; it belongs to no subtle theism, it is the result of no Judaic derivation. Love began with man when he lay a babe upon his mother's lap, and as he has journeyed onward through life, at evening tide, when the day's toil has been done, in gratitude and in love he has pitched his tent a day's march nearer God. Now, I greatly fear, that one of the worst deformities of the world in which we live is its want of charity. Not, I mean, in any remissness in blazing abroad what it does in the form of subscription lists; or in letting the left hand know what the right hand does; but there is a want of charity of heart, there is a lack of the hearty sympathy of men tenderly affectioned for all estates, conditions, and qualities of their fellow men who cry to them for succour; sympathy, which is thoroughly in harmony with the words of my text, and which knows no reservations or qualifications. When a fellow man stands before us needy and destitute, my text teaches us that he puts forth as a man the holiest claim to our consideration which human language can express. He stands before us, our brother; we see him, our brother, and if we love him not, if we have no bowels of compassion for him, though we make great professions that we love God and offer up long prayers, we are liars; for if we love not this brother whom we do see, how can we love God whom we have not seen? The fundamental principle of all true religion, as is also the foundation stone on which the fair temple of the Craft has been erected is charity. For ever lovely in itself, it is one of the brightest gems that can adorn our Masonic profession. It is the best test and sweetest proof of the sincerity of our religion. Benevolence, attended by Heaven-born charity, is an honour to a nation whence it springs, is nourished and cherished. Happy is the man who has sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence, he envieth not his neighbour, he believes not a tale when told by a slanderer. And as we are brethren, let us

be ever ready to listen to him that craveth our assistance, and from him who is in want let us not withhold a liberal hand. The commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," sounds in our ears the holiest strain which can touch mortal ears, than which not all the choir of heaven can tune their golden harps to more exalted accents; that neighbour is a man, thy brother. In ancient Rome a being stood helpless and alone in the midst of the great amphitheatre, surrounded by the Senate, the patricians, the flower of the Roman youth, the heroes, and the orators of the eternal city. Appeal he had none, but he raised his hand aloft and cried, "I am a Roman citizen," and straightway the assembled multitude rose as one man and the blue vault above echoed the shout of sympathy, which like a nation's anthem, rose to heaven. So shall it be with us. The stranger, naked, hungry, and destitute, may have no appeal to make to us while he stands in the midst of the great theatre of life, but when he lifts his helpless and beseeching hands to us, he is a liar who says, "I love God, but love not thee as my brother also." And let me also point out to you that the Great Apostle lays down a rule for our exercise of Christian sympathy, when He takes that broad line of charity, "Let us do good unto all men, and especially unto them that are of the household of faith." The principle here involved is just that which lies at the door of our entrance into Lodge, and which is of the very essence of masonic ethics. We do not allow our charity to be circumscribed or cut off by religious prejudice. No doubt it costs a conscientious man a hard struggle to triumph over such feelings, to conquer them, to crush them, and whatever be his own convictions, to compel himself to look with kindness upon others; no matter what their religious professions or beliefs may be. But when I see so much narrowness among those who profess the purest religion, I remember that Jesus Christ, the greatest ethical Teacher, claimed the love of brotherhood, even for a stranger; and the stranger, the outcast, and the man who had denied God His due, is our brother still; his claim is still holy, still to be allowed. Jeremy Taylor quotes a traditional story respecting the patriarch Abraham, which very strongly enforces the

great truth before us to day, "When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel coming towards him, who was 100 years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down, but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured Me and couldest not thou endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. The moral is, go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

In conclusion, my brethren, let me say that it will be well for us ever to strive to carry into our daily life those great principles of brotherly love taught us in the Word of our Almighty God, and prescribed to us by the precepts of our Masonic rule. Addressing you as a minister of the Church of the Gospel I may be permitted to state that Masonry rightly used will adorn Christianity, while Christianity, though younger than Masonry, lends an additional glow to the beauty of that law of love which came forth from the hand of the Great Architect of the Universe in the very hour of Creation. Let us study to acquire that simple love, that simple confidence, that simple self-forgetfulness, that generosity which beams from the good man's eye, so that all the world may read in his sunny smile that he would do good. If ever the Voice of God is heard on earth, it is when the heart of abundant goodness, and benevolence, and mercy speaks comfort to the

weary and heavy laden. There is no morbid sentimentality about this, no loud profession, no canting parade of religion, but true charity proves the deep, honest, solid earnestness of the man, conscious that he is a responsible being, and that "he who loveth God must love his brother also." I draw a glowing picture of the truly loving man, in the touching words of one of our great poets:—

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed, and felt
for all.

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way,
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns
dismayed

The rev'rend champion stood. At his
control

Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch
to raise,

And his last falt'ring accents whispered
praise."

Brethren to be such an one as this, who would not lay aside the brightest of earth's jewelled crowns that thus he might win the unfading coronet which the fair hand of love alone can weave. May we, each one, live a life of such true love here below that we may thus be fitted for that land of love in the presence of our God, where "eternal sunshine settles" on each loved and loving head.

REVIEW.

Links in the Chain of Evidence connecting Israel and England. By J. Leyland Feilden. (London: W. H. Guest.)

THIS is a book which we confess, though we have read, we do not profess either to realize or understand. Others may be more fortunate. We have no doubt that there is a good deal in it, if only we could fathom it, but we cannot. The object is to prove practically the descent of England,

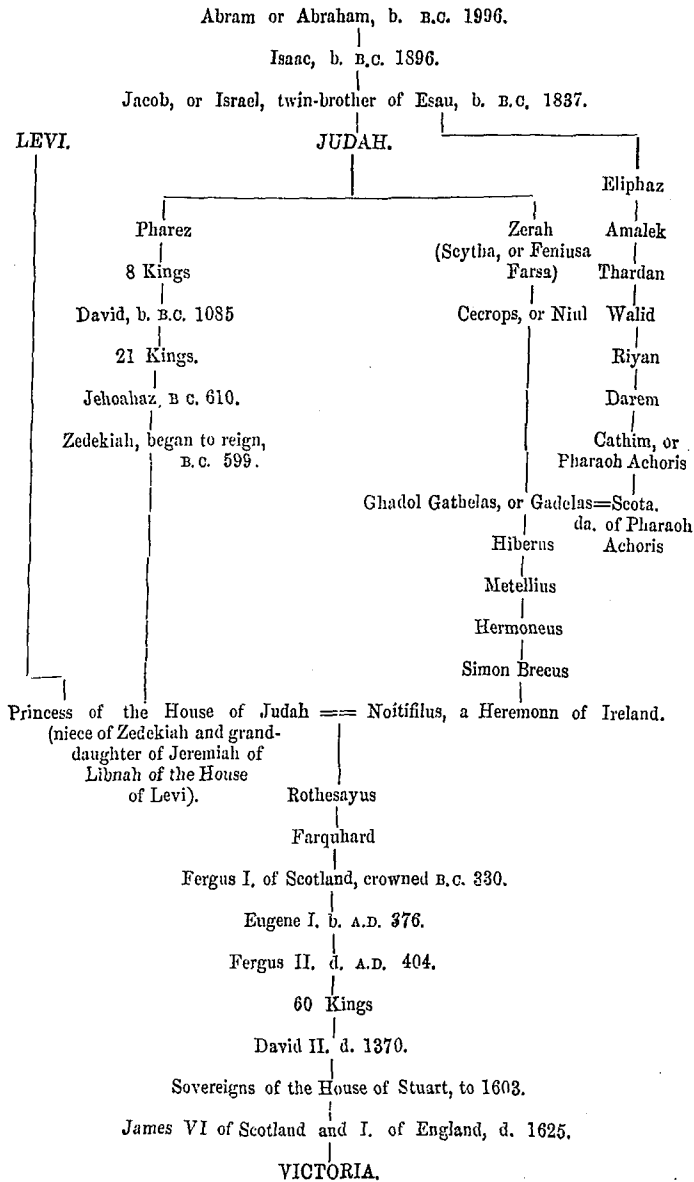
including Scotland, from the Hebrews. But we confess that we feel a little startled at the various propositions of the writer, and the manner in which he deals with philology, ethnology, &c., and bridges over the dubious periods of history. We can

neither accept his promises nor his conclusions, and we doubt very much whether such a theory as his can be taken really out of the domain of *μυθος* altogether.

For instance let us take the abridged pedigree—

ABRIDGED PEDIGREE.

(According to this Book.)



The reader will see that a princess of the House of Judah is made a granddaughter of Jeremiah of the House of Levi. But could a Levite marry out of the tribe of Levi? It is more than doubtful.

Then, again, who was this niece of Zedekiah, granddaughter of Jeremiah of Libnah? What is her name? Where is any mention made of her? And how could she be at the same time niece of Zedekiah and grand-daughter of Jeremiah, of Libnah? While, then, for some who seem to harp on this, in our opinion, an unreal and unreliable hypothesis, the book may have interest, we confess that to us it appears utterly irreconcilable with and antagonistic to all that we ourselves so far have mastered, whether in history, philology, or ethnology. We cannot accept Bro. Feilden's conclusion (we believe he is a brother of our order), though we are quite free to admit that the writer is evidently a believer in his own words (which in these days is something), and that he has put forth his book fully persuaded of the importance of his discovery, and the validity of his argument. And while we seek to do full justice to the evident serious sincerity of his views, we regret to have to reject them absolutely as in utter and startling disagreement with every known canon of historical accuracy or ethnological research.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

(From the N. Y. Despatch.)

LIFE has a burden for every one's shoulder—
 None may escape from its trouble and care ;
 Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we are older,
 And fit us as close as the garments we wear.
 Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
 Robbing our heart of its treasure of song ;
 Lovers grow cold, and our friendships are slighted,
 Yet somehow or other we worry along.
 Every-day toil is an every-day blessing,
 Though poverty's cottage and crusts we may share ;

Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
 But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
 Just when we mourn there is none to befriend ;
 Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
 And somehow or other we get to the end.

ANON.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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 Whitley Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

THE "Engineer" remarks, that "an experiment, which seems likely to give good results, is now being made on a large scale in Holland, having already been tried to a small extent at Terschelling, near the entrance to the Zuyder Zee. From a communication made by Mr. V. H. Termoulen to the journal of the Holland Royal Institution of Engineers, it appears that piles, 4in. in diameter, are driven into the sand in a row about a foot from centre to centre, so as to leave a height of 16in. projecting above the bottom. The water, though but of slight depth, scours away the sand at the foot of each pile, so that in a short time they would be completely laid bare and washed away were they not kept in position by a chain, which prevents them from floating. The whole row of piles thus gradually sinks just in proportion as the bottom is washed away ; and, if the direction of the row be at right angles to the bar, the latter will be divided by an artificial channel on one side of the chain. It also sometimes happens, when the current is subject to changes of direction, that a channel is formed on both sides of the chain."

Several letters and other papers of Robert Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," and other poems, have been added to the manuscripts in the British Museum.

The "New York Mercury" states that "the prairie sections of Southern Minnesota are fast being covered with a forest growth since the stoppage of prairie fires. Willow, wild apple, hazel, oak, and aspen trees spring up spontaneously. The farmers, too, have taken pains to cultivate trees, and groves have become so numerous that they are never lost sight of in travelling."

Resuming our glance at "Las Memorias and other Poems," from which I gave a few beautiful extracts in the January number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, we find, in the poem entitled "Life's Regrets," the following moralising in the true spirit of the Craft, which teaches us how to live and how to die :—

"How short at best this life of ours,
When e'en its longest years are told ;
'Twas youth for us but yesterday,
To-day we're growing very old !

Amid the hurrying scenes of Time,
Amid the rapid rush of years,
Amid the vanish'd dreams of youth,
Amid all human smiles and tears ;

Amid each care, amid each cross,
Amid the grief we all must bear,
Amid the burdens of our lot,
Amid the toils we all must share ;

We see, as day succeeds to day,
And years are fading one by one,
How many are our heart's regrets,
Before the sands of life be run.

* * * *

Whate'er our place in life has been,
With it we may be well content,
Taking alike in faith and trust
Whatever God has sent.

Yet better far we might have been,
And wiser far in every way,
How greatly have improved the hours,
Those golden hours now past away.

How little, after all, of good
Has this our buried past to show ;
How idly have we sought to do
Life's daily duties here below !

Oh, yes ! when memory to-day
Recalls each scene of peace and strife,
We see, and say, how better far
We might have spent our earthly life."

Passing by "Fragrant Recollections" and "Vitæ Vicissitudines" (the latter a

good English poem with one of those foreign titles, with which the author is, as I think, mistakenly enamoured), we come to a Keat's-like piece on "Sympathy," which, being short as well as sweet, I give entire :—

"How wondrous are our Sympathies to-day
For others. How oft there meets us in
the way

Some pleasant face, or form, which lingers
still

With us, amid all hourly good and ill.
And yet we strangers are, and ever will
remain

In earthly life, nor evermore again
Shall we behold that bright and sunny face,
Or watch, admiring, all that pleasant grace.

Yet, still the smile we see again to-day,
Though we ourselves are loitering far away ;
That happy face is gleaming like a star
Upon us now, though distant leagues afar.
Who can explain that strange mysterious
law,

By which some word we heard, some face
we saw,

Exerts its empire o'er our musing mind,
Filling our thoughts with visions soft and
kind ?

Oh, who can venture now to seek to trace
That solemn mystery of our mortal race ?
By which some gentle smile, a kindly voice,
Can bid our inmost heart and trust rejoice,
And still can charm, can soften, can subdue
Our wayward hearts, though absent from
our view.

All we can say, and all that Time reveals,
In what the lips may tell, or heart conceals,
Is, that there is a golden chain of Love
Which links this earth to happier realms
above ;

And still o'er us that gentle influence
reigns,
To soothe our pressing griefs and weary
pains ;

Binding us still to one another here,
With sympathies undying, true and dear,
And joins us still—parts of a mighty
whole—

Alike both heart to heart and soul to soul,
Until we find that God to man below,
To lessen sorrow, lighten the weight of woe,
Has given us Sympathies which never cease
To bless us here, and still with years
increase,

Witnessing ever that Life's all-fleeting way
Is but the shadow of a better day."

The New Year pieces breathe a healthy atmosphere ; and the remark of our author may be made on *any* New Year's Day :—

“ For now another year has faded from the rolls of Time ;
Another year is buried in the grave of ages !
Another year is number'd with the great old dead,
And we are standing on the threshold of a new one,
A young, fresh year, with all its hidden future.”

And when called upon to “ part in pain from some we cherish,” as most of us have been forced to do, all of us who cherish the comfortable doctrine of the immortality of the soul, will—

————— “ trust to meet them once again
In that bright land, where Time has ceased to be,
And where Eternity has usher'd in
The radiant hours of joy, and love, and rest.”

And every true Freemason will remember to do his duty to his fellow-men when he has it in his power :—

“ For life has still some work for us,
Some duties yet to do,
Some hearts to soothe, some hopes to cheer
Some labours kind and true ;
Not idle, careless loiterers now,—
Ours is the ‘ better part,’
To help on those who falter here,
With true and loving heart.

* * * * *

So let the message of to-day
Fall on our listening ears ;
Let's look in loving heart to God
'Mid earthly doubts and fears ;
And whether long, or whether short,
Life keeps for us its span,
Let's seek in this all-glad New Year
To help our Brother Man.”

These are true Masonic sentiments, enunciated with the beautiful simplicity of genuine poetry ; and if all who have been initiated into our glorious Craft, taught them by both precept and practice, like our gifted brother, what a different world this would soon become !

Passing over a few choice little poems, with such good English titles as “ Never

Forgotten,” “ Doubt,” and “ Happiness,” we come to “ The Picture.” Every reader of our glorious English bards will remember Cowper's touching verses on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk ; and Campbell's classic “ Stanzas to Painting,” and I am very sorry that want of space will only allow me to quote one-third of our author's companion poem, for such it may be considered, to the above :—

“ For that picture in its truthfulness,
As it hangs up there above,
Tells of a heart all simple,
Yet full of tender love ;
And in its sacred sympathies,
And in its mystic power,
That picture throws a soft'ning ray
On every passing hour.

* * * * *

Oh ! wondrous spell of painting,
Oh ! great and gracious art,
Which oft, to us who linger here,
Can'st the happiness impart
Of feeling and believing
That those we love are near,—
That the truest and the dearest
Are ever with us here.”

I could like to give many more extracts of beautiful passages that have pleased me. The quotations now given are all from the 81st to the 124th pages, and the neatly printed volume consists of 250 pages, all of which I have read with great pleasure—not merely waded through, as one has to do with some books. Our author's great strength is evidently in the pure sentiments and genuine pathos of his own soul. Many of the poems must be read entire to be appreciated, as, to borrow an expression of Dr. Johnson's, “ he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.” Nevertheless, I hope the “ select quotations ” I have given from the book under notice may induce some of my readers to possess themselves of the whole volume.

There are various places in England named Burton, the word being a contraction of “ borough-town.” Thus we have the township of that name in Tarvin parish, near Tarporley, in Cheshire ; the

decayed market-down of that name, on the river Dee, in the same county, once the property of the bishops of Lichfield and Coventry, to which Bishop Langton granted a charter for market and fairs in 1298, and where the pious Bishop Wilson, of Sodor and Man, was born in 1663, and founded a free school in 1724. Burton, in Salop, with its fine Roman camp; Burton, in Sussex, with its monumental brasses of the Gorings; Burton, in Warcop, Westmoreland, the birthplace of Archbishop Bainbridge, who was poisoned at Rome, in 1511, after having been made a cardinal; and Burtons in all parts of England, of which we have a dozen at least in Yorkshire alone; but of all the Burtons I know of—numerous as they are—Burton-on-Trent is better known than all the rest put together. Known to the student of English history for the battle on the old bridge, in the second Edward's reign, as well as by antiquaries for St. Modwena's chapel, and the abbey founded by Ulfic, Earl of Mercia, before the Norman Conquest, Burton-on-Trent has long been famous for its beer, although many thousands of gallons are annually sold as such that have been brewed far away from either Burton or the Trent. Had I not been reluctantly compelled to listen to much common-place iteration of what had been better expressed by other speakers, the week I spent there as delegate to the A. M. C. of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows would have been one of unalloyed pleasure; and it was refreshing to saunter of an evening by the banks of the river and, to listen to these sweet chimes from the steeple of the parish church, which I only wish were more common throughout the country. How placid did the Trent look then! And yet there are times when this gentle river bursts its banks and inundates the houses of peaceable people who have given it no provocation: the most notable floods being those of February, 1795; of November, 1852; and of July and October, 1875. To propose works for the preservation of the town from future inundations, Mr. William Molyneux, a Fellow of the Geological and Royal Historical Societies, and the author of a "History of Burton-on-Trent," which I have not seen, has issued an excellent sixpenny pamphlet, entitled, "The Old River Courses, and the Recent Floods of

the Trent Valley at Burton," which is full of geological information, independent of the engineering skill, which it is principally intended to make known to the Burtonians. Of "that portion of the valley which lies between the junctions of the Trent and Tame at Wichnor, and the Trent and Dove at Stretton, and in which is included the area occupied by the town, and the whole of the valley portion of the parish of Burton-on-Trent," Mr. Molyneux remarks:—

"The rocks which form the substrata of the Trent Valley within the district named, and out of which it has, of course, been excavated, consist, on the western side exclusively, and on the eastern margin also, as far as Stapenhill, of red marls; but from hence, running northwards up to Bladon Hill, these give place to naturally succeeding Keuper sandstones and Bunter conglomerates, the latter series being brought in and confined to the eastern side of the Valley. These faults have produced an aggregate vertical displacement of at least 1,500 feet of strata, and there is no doubt that it is to these dislocations that the line or direction taken by the Valley at this point owes its origin." He then points out "that after its original excavation had been accomplished, it, with the whole of the land in this part of the country, was re-submerged to a depth of at least 600 feet below the present sea-level, and that while in this condition it became, by the combined agency of ice, snow, and marine currents, infilled by clay and sand, and a remarkable assortment of travelled gravel and boulders, the presence and condition of which show most conclusively the enormous amount of denudation to which the rocks of the Valley area had been subjected before this infilling began, and the wonderful nature of the operation, and the variety of the material by which that infilling had been effected"; and how "in the course of time the permanent re-elevation of the land commenced; the hills or higher tracts of country gradually reappeared above the sea, to become, as they rose, covered by thick sheets of ice and snow—conditions incidental to the arctic severity of the climate which then prevailed throughout Great Britain—until by degrees the present modified marginal lines of the original Valley were laid down,

and the foundations, so to speak, of the river systems of the country were fairly inaugurated. For a considerable time the Trent Valley of this period was, even far south of the district under consideration, subjected to tidal action; and its estuarine conditions, in common with those of the other great river-valleys of the country, extended many miles further inland than at present. Consequent, however, upon the continued elevation of the land, accompanied by an increase in the rate of temperature, the sea gradually retreated, and the Valley became the bed of one broad river, between whose banks rolled its waters—fed largely by periodically melting ice and snow—riddling, washing, and carrying away to sea by far the greater portion of the clay and other finer material, and by this means allowing to settle down, upon the red marls beneath and between its two banks, to the reduced thickness of from fifteen to thirty-five feet, the sand, gravel, and boulders which composed the remaining portion of the deposits with which the Valley was originally infilled. A yet further change took place. The river, by the continued elevation of the land, became gradually contracted in its dimensions, and by degrees small tracts of gravel-beds appeared at the surface; and as they rose the lessening waters worked out therefrom new channels, and they lay in the broad river a series of small islands, which, in the course of time, become covered with vegetation. The outlines of the islands of this period, which are generally oval, and do not exceed six feet above the present level of the Trent, are easily traceable, and it is upon one of these that the town of Burton-on-Trent was originally founded. A further elevation and silting up of about two feet, however, brought about a considerable change, and converted the area between the two banks from an island-dotted river into a Valley cut up and about equally apportioned between land and water. In the course of time a yet further increase in the land-area of the Valley took place—possibly the result, to a certain extent, of its elevation, but principally of silting—by which means its condition, as presented under the aspect of an ordinary flood, was established. The last change represents the present aspect of the Valley under ordinary circumstances. There have, there-

fore, been no less than four different levels of river-action in the Valley, each represented by a distinctive series of deposits, and occupying definite and well-defined areas. The first is, of course, when the whole of the Valley was under water, and the terrace-gravels of Drakelow, Stapenhill, on the one side, and of Horninglow and Stretton on the other, formed the river banks; the second when the first range of gravel-islands or banks appeared. Of these, the largest commences about 200 yards north of Branstone Cottage, [the author's residence,] and extends to the bottom of Anderstaff-lane, being thus occupied by the High-street, and all the old parts of the town of Burton." And in an equally plain manner does Mr. Molyneux point out to his neighbours the gradual formation of the land they live on, and the materials of which it is composed, as well as the best means of preventing inundations for the future.

If Mr. Molyneux's larger work be half as interesting as his sixpenny pamphlet—and it ought to be more so—it must be most agreeable reading; anyhow, he deserves high praise for the able treatise he has published on "The Old River Courses and the Recent Floods of the Trent Valley at Burton-on-Trent."

On the 11th of May last, Lady Smith, of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, completed her *hundred and third* year, on which occasion she received by post the following beautiful verses by Eta Mawr, with the writer's photograph:—

"Take—honour'd Lady—paid with joy
and pride,
This cordial tribute, on your natal day!
To kindred minds, though space and time
divide,
'Th' electric spark of friendship finds its
way.
Accept the humble offering which I send;
Your portrait I possess — enclosed is
mine;
A *feeling*, though a somewhat *failing*,
friend—
For I too have arrived at life's decline!
And life seems but a dream, though full of
years,
When back we look upon the lapse of
time;

And youth a thing of yesterday appears
When far behind us we have left our
prime.

But youth of soul some carry to the end—
And this, in *you*, we honour and admire ;
May it be hers who claims to call you friend,
And in *her* ashes 'live their wonted fire!'

Like *you*, not all absorbed in byegone days,
This changing world can interest *me* still ;
Still, merit wins my love, and claims my
praise,
I still can trust the *good* outweighs
the *ill*.

But not of *me* but *you* I now would speak ;
Of whom but *you*—on this sweet tenth
of May ?

To-morrow this will reach you—warm
though weak,
My heart's best wishes greet your natal
day !

Lady ! the happy-omen'd name you bear
Holds in itself a talisman of sound ;*
A name whose owner ne'er should know a
care,
But all things *pleasant* evermore sur-
round !

May it still *be* so ! and your onward way
Be smooth and pleasant in the coming
year.

May calm repose succeed each cheerful day—
The frame as vigorous, and the mind as
clear !

And many a wish, no doubt, with mine will
blend—

And many a greeting hail you, as before ;
But none more warm than hers these lines
who penn'd—

None more sincere than those of
ETA MAWR."

Eta Mawr is emphatically the laureate of the aged, although her verses in the decline of life have all the freshness of Spring on the banks of her native Tees ; for four-and-twenty years ago she published a ballad in Bentley's Miscellany, on an old woman named Mary Benton, whom she had visited at the age of *one hundred and twenty* years, and found then possessing a sound mind in a sound body ! The ballad has since been reprinted, by the writer's permission, as one of the penny North of England Tractates. Eta Mawr has had many personal friends and correspondents whose

names will live long after their bodies are dust—poets, philosophers, artists, and such-like ; but surely "The Old, Old Woman of Elton," and Lady Smith, are equally remarkable for their longevity.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

HYMN.

Written for the Opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER, in *June Atlantic*.

OUR fathers' God from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun :
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.
For art and labour met in truce,

For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee ; but withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honour proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold !

Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law ;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old !

* Lady Smith's Christian name is *Pleasance*.

111. **TERRA EP̄I LVNDONLENSIS**

In Osulueftan hida tenet ep̄s lundonensis
Sisenhede. xxx. u. hid. Tra. e. xxv. car. ad
dñm' gan' xxij. hid. 7 ibi lunt. iii. car. 7 uill' qz. xxij.
car. lbi. xl. uij. uill. qsq' de s. uij. 7 vii. uill. qsq'
de dñm' hida. 7 x. uill. qsq' de dñm' car. 7 xl. vi. car.
de. i. hida. redd' p' ann. xxx. solid. lbi. iiii. molin
de. iiii. lib. 7 xv. i. sol. iij. den. min. p'ci. xxv. car.
pasta ad pecun' uill. 7 xxv. solid. Silua qngent' porc'
7 xl. sol. In tota ualena ualec xl. viii. lib. 7 qdo
recep' simla. T. h. t. l. lib. Hoc an fuit 7 e de ex'ato

In ead' uilla tenet hugo de berners sub ep̄o. v. hid
7 i. uij. sig. Tra. e. iij. car. In dño. i. car. 7 uill. iij. car.
lbi. i. uill. de dñm' hida. 7 vi. uill. de. iij. uij. 7 ii. bord
de dñm' uill. 7 iii. car. de. ii. acris 7 dñm' 7 i. molin
de. lx. vi. sol. 7 viij. den. p'ci. iij. car. Silua. c. l. p' x
7 iii. sol. 7 dñm'. In tota ualca. vi. lib. qdo recep' sim
la. T. h. t. vii. lib. De hoc an ten' Suid. ii. hid 7 dñm'.
canonic' fuit s' pauli. potuit dare 7 uendere cu uoluit
absq' licentia ep̄i. T. h. t. Canonici s' pauli tenuer'
ii. hid 7 dñm'. de deuico uetu suo. 7 Doding' ten. i. uij
7 i. molin de xpo manq'io ep̄i. n' potuit dare uel uen
dere p'ci' e' licentia.

In ead' uilla tenet yxor brien. v. hid de ep̄o. Tra. e.
ii. car 7 dñm'. In dño. e. i. car. 7 i. car' potest fieri uill.
lbi. i. uill. de dñm' hida. redd' p' ann. iiii. sol. de domo
sua. 7 ab' uill. de dñm' hida. redd' viii. sol. Rogeri
ten' dñm' hid. 7 xv. bord de. x. acris. redd'. ix. solid.
Silua. lx. porc'. pasta ad pecun' uill. 7 v. solid. In
tota ualca. lx. sol. qdo recep' simla. T. h. t. c. solid.
hanc q' ten' Will' ep̄s in dño. die q' r'x. t. fuit uiuus
7 mortuus. in an de Sabenhede

In ead' uilla tenet Rannulf' de ep̄o. iii. hid 7 dñm'

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE,

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE

FRATERNITY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Published by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, at No. 111, Nassau Street, New York, N. Y., Vol. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1876. Price 50 Cts.

Grand Masonic Summary.

THE following facts to note for the past year are among the branches of Lodges and Chapters, which is very marked, and which the rapid advance numerically of the English Freemasonry is a very interesting feature.

It is a fact that it will be for good, if the Grand Lodge cannot fail to be sensible of the fact that "Indians" are prevailing, and that a little caution is exercised in the selection of candidates has our

Grand Lodge taken one step, and that is only a step, towards the evil—namely, the admission fee, which for some time we cannot at all arrest, if it can, the admission of new members. Many of our Lodges have for too low a scale of initiation fees, in our opinion, they require a little increase. One new Lodge has been organized that we know of has increased its fee to \$10 to \$15. We are quite sure that it is a step in the right direction. It seems to me that the Grand Lodge "caution" the candidates. They will not be so numerous as a large number of our Order are infected with the heresy that if a man can be made a Mason, that is all that needs to be said. Serious mistake! and a mistake that is to every true brother's regret. The Freemasons can do no other, "video meliora proboque, non habeo." "I see a better way, but I have not the strength to do it."

It is a fact that we have seen the Grand Lodge of the Province of Hampshire, and the Province of Devon—has fraternally and amicably with the writer of certain principles, and in France we have

that he will be good enough and Masonic enough to control the "secretas verbendi" and keep within due bounds his sensible and undeniable tendency for 3000 personalities and "hellous accidents." It's a queer world, my boy, but it is a queer world, my boy. But our old Pope, is still backing up the speculative and contemplative "Masons" in his disobedience to the laws of his country, and in his suspicious persecution of the "Practical Freemasons," has received my best wishes to curse all Freemasons everywhere! This is a "stealy" job, and we are glad that it takes a good deal of stomach it. But we will, as good Masons, make kindly allowances for the genial old gentleman, and believe that it all arises from the "Practical Masons," and that would be the Roman Curia, then from the Pope himself. He is a good old fellow, to be deliriously ill-natured to any one. But it is the same old story, a very curious system it is turning a friendly and pleasant, and untroubled old boy into a dog, paragon, and an able and liberal, to be despised and misanthropic person. As a fact, the whole affair is too ridiculous to comment upon. Indeed, it is beneath us to be so Freemasons.

We understand that the V. A. M. Woodwell is preparing the forthcoming Tales, Poems and Masonic Recipes by John Wilson, with a French and English. Bro. Holmes is still known as a public reader and a contributor to the Metropolitan and Provincial Masons. And as he kindly proposes to present any pecuniary matter that may be required for the publication of his volume.