



CAPT. NATHANIEL G. PHILIPS, S.G.D.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 54.—VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1877.

PRICE 1S.

A Christmas Greeting.

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WE greet our kind readers to-day, with heartfelt sincerity and pleasure. We wish them one and all, old and young, "A Merry Christmas, and Many of Them!" We come before them this month in unwonted brilliancy, and in somewhat novel form; and we trust that neither the one nor the other will be unwelcome to our numerous friends.

On the contrary, we feel persuaded that they will gladly hail this fresh proof—if further proof be needed—of the zealous and unselfish efforts of our Publisher, to gratify their tastes, and to retain their patronage!

When, then, with this Christmas Number for 1877, (our last greeting to our friendly "clientèle" for 1877), we seem to appeal with fresh energy and artistic ornamentations, let us hope and trust that our motives will be appreciated, and our efforts rewarded with the ready patronage of the indulgent and the sympathetic. Literature, like everything else, to be good for anything, must live in the sunshine; and we can confidently look forward in the time to come, as in the years that are gone, to warm hearts and sunny smiles, applauding our labours and cheering our sacrifices.

To all to whom these pages may appeal, with pleasure and—we would fain believe—with improvement, with kindly voice and hearty greeting, we do wish most earnestly, as we write to-day, a very happy Christmas amid dear friends and loving hearts!

As the Old Year speeds on to its rest, let the lively voice of youth, and the pleasant utterances of maturity, the tender and whispered syllables of old age, all unite to echo—as if the angel strain still lingered and resounded over this suffering earth of ours—

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN!

BRO. CAPTAIN JOHN N. PHILIPS.

WE give to-day a short sketch of the active Masonic life of our worthy Brother, an admirable Photograph of whom ornaments our pages. Brother Captain Philips was "raised" in the St. George's, Liverpool, in 1855, and soon after joining the Lodge 311, Irish Constitution, Templemore, was elected ere long W. M. He joined the Mark Degree, and was elevated to the R. A. Degree in Limerick, and also became a Templar in 1858. In Encampment No. 13 he became a Principal and Commander and Prince Mason. At Malta he joined the Zetland Lodge 756, which he more or less resuscitated. He became S.W. and W.M. He established a Mark Lodge at Malta, revived the Orders of the Temple and St. John, and became E. Commander of the Malta Encampment. He is, however, perhaps principally known by his zealous services with the A. and A. S. Rite. He has served the offices of G. Treasurer, Secretary, and Lieut. Grand Commander, and on the retirement of Bro. C. J. Vigne, became Sen. G. Commander. He however resigned that office in favour of Lord Carnarvon, and is now Lt. Grand Commander.

Under the influence of Bro. Captain Philips the G. Council has collected an admirable Masonic Library at 33, Golden-square, particularly rich in scarce books and interesting MSS. He was one of the founders of the Friends in Council Lodge, 1383, and is S.G.D. and G.S.N. of England. He is high up among the dignitaries of the Priory of the Temple, and is representative for very many Grand Councils in the English G. Council of the A. and A. S. Rite.

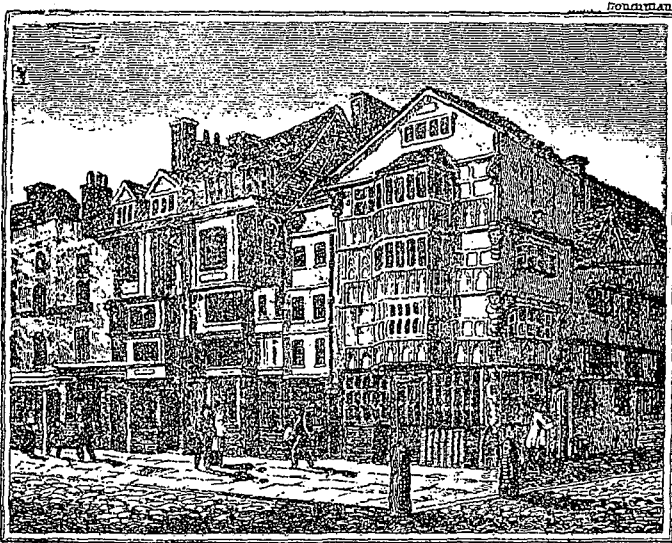
As some of our readers know, our excellent Brother is Gentleman Usher to Her Majesty, and is equally celebrated for his kindness and geniality, and many Masonic and social virtues. We know of no more active, zealous, hard-working Masonic life amongst us, and we are glad to have his photograph and name to grace our pages.

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

Now hills, plains, frozen streams are all in white,
 Snow-clad—o'er which the moon, night's beauteous dame,
 Shines, while group'd stars of less or greater name
 Twinkle ;—as gazing upward at their light,
 My soul thinks how not only infinite
 And boundless, from Creation's dawn, the frame
 Of things, but brotherly in mingled flame
 Of universal love how all unite
 With each, in one sublime fraternity—
 Twining in one bright mystic tie the whole
 Of Nature's realms—suns, systems, as they roll
 Round some great centre, which for diff'rency
 Excludes none from the many-mansion'd skies ;
 In which, though each unlike, all harmonize.

OLD BUILDINGS IN FLEET STREET.



OLD BUILDINGS IN FLEET STREET. near Chancery-lane. IN 1790.

The Engraver Edw^d Chance & C^o London.

RESIDENCE OF IZAAK WALTON, THE ANGLER.

THE old buildings delineated in the annexed print give some insight into the state of London in former times, when timber framework, gable ends, projecting windows, and overhanging stories, conferred a picturesque character on our streets, although, it must be owned, too frequently to the exclusion of light and air, and most favourably to the ravages of fire. This view has an adventitious value from being connected in our associations with the memory of Mr. Izaak Walton, author of that well-known work, "The Complete Angler." He was born at Stafford, in August, 1593, and first commenced business in the Royal Bourse, as it was then called, in Cornhill; but previously to the year 1624, as appears from a deed quoted by the late Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Walton," "he dwelt on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the *Harrow*," and which is now the emporium of Bro. Geo. Kenning.

"Now the old timber-house," continues his biographer (writing in 1760), "at the south-west corner of Chancery-lane, till within these few years, was known by that sign; it is, therefore, beyond doubt, that Walton lived at the very next door; and in this house he is, in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624, said to have followed the trade of a Linen-draper. It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Isaac Walton and John Mason, hosier; from whence we may conclude that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton."

Walton subsequently removed into Chancery-lane, a few doors higher up, on the left-hand, where in 1632 he carried on the business of a Sempster, or Milliner. He was then married: his wife was Anne, daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of the Rev. Thomas Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The house represented in the view, at the corner of Chancery-lane, was that which bore the sign of the *Harrow*. It was pulled down a few years ago, when that end of the lane was widened at the expense of the City.

 COLE'S LIST OF LODGES, 1763.

 WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

OUR indefatigable "Masonic student," Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., has kindly lent me Cole's List of Lodges for 1763, for publication in the MASONIC MAGAZINE. Every edition of such Lists are most valuable and important, especially the earlier ones issued by the same engraver and publisher, or by John Pine. The first by the latter was started in 1723, and then was issued year after year, until he was succeeded by Cole. The curious part of these little Lists is that the "signs" of the houses in which the Lodges assembled, are engraved and printed in artistic manner, and form a unique feature of the work. Some, however, are difficult of explanation, and so we have thought it well to leave them out from the present reprint—the first of the kind attempted. The title page is also omitted, which, though of value, cannot well be reproduced in these pages—and with these trifling exceptions the reprint is *verbatim et liberatim*. The frontispiece is partly of an allegorical character, differing from the earlier copies,—and below the representation, the arms and description of the Grand Master are skilfully depicted: the dedication being, "To the Right Hon. Washington Shirley, Earl Ferrers, Viscount Tamworth, Grand Master, A.D., 1763, A.L. 5763." The numeration observed is according to the new List made in 1756, the former alterations having been made in 1740. The third change occurred in 1770, and the numbers were again re-arranged in 1781, 1792, 1814 (after the "Union, 1813), 1832, and 1863. The Grand Steward's Lodge, started in 1735, was not placed at the head of the Roll until later, and in the List now reproduced it appears as No. 70. Several vacancies will be observed, and were we at the present time to leave out all those that have ceased to work, or been removed to other Jurisdictions, there would be considerably more spaces left blank than of those "filled" in. We shall have transcript of a List of Pine's for 1725, and another for 1729 to present to our readers shortly, and intend as soon as possible, to prepare them for publication. Their scarcity and value render them of so much importance in the study of our early Masonic History, that it would be a pity to confine the knowledge of these handy Lists to their possessors only. Of the editions of 1723, 1729, and 1734, only one each have been traced by us,—and now we are most anxious to complete the issues between 1729 and 1734, none at present being known. Any information as to either of the missing links, would be most acceptable and most warmly reciprocated and acknowledged.

 A LIST OF REGULAR LODGES,

According to their Seniority and Constitution by Order of the Grand Master.

Printed for and sold by BENJN. COLE, Engraver and Copper Plate

Printer, the corner of Kingshead Court, Holborn.

		CONSTITUTED.	
1	The West India and American Lodge at the Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard	2d. Wednes., the 4th a	Time Immemorial
2	Westminster	Master's Lodge	
3	High Holborn	2d. Thursd.	
4	Chancery Lane	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Jan. 17, 1721
5	King Street, Seven Dials	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Jan. 19, 1721
6	Charles Street, Soho Square	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Jan. 28, 1721
			Feb. 27, 1722

7	New Bond Street	2d. and last Thursday	Nov. 25, 1722
8	David Street, Grosvenor Square	Fourth Wednesd.	May, 1722
9	Dundee Arms At their own private room, Red Lion Street, Wapping	2d. and 4th Thursd.	1722
10	In Globe Lane, Chatham	1st and 3d. Monday	Mar. 28, 1723
11	Wandsworth	First Tuesday	Mar. 30, 1723
12	Anchor & Hope Aldgate Ward Coffee House, Leadenhall Street	First Friday	Apr. 1st, 1723
13	Aldersgate	2d. and 4th Friday	1723
14	Chancery Lane	2d. and last Thursd.	Aug. 4, 1723
15	Golden Anchor At ye Ballast Key in East Greenwich	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Sep. 18, 1723
16	Snow Hill	First Thursd.	Sep. 18, 1723
17	White Cross Street		Oct. 20, 1723
18	Cross Street near Hatton Garden	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Dec. 24, 1723
19	Thatcht House Norwich, St. Lawrence Parish	First Thursd.	1724
20	Chichester	Third Wednesd.	Jul. 17, 1724
21	Portsmouth in Hampshire	1st and 3rd Friday 4 o'clock	1724
22	Cornhill	2d. and 4th Monday	Jan. 22, 1724
23	At Stockton upon Tees in the county of Durham.	1st and 3d. Friday	Feb. 1724
24	Ludgate Street	1st and 3d. Monday	Apr. 1725
25	Castle Street	1st and 3d. Tuesday	May 25, 1725
26	St. Alban St. Alban's Street	3rd Monday	Jan. 31, 1727
27	St. Bernard Street, Madrid	First Sunday	1727
28	Red Cow West Smithfield	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	1728
29	Red Cross Inn, In Southwark	Second Thursd.	1728
30	At Gibraltar	First Tuesday	Nov. 1728
31	Lynn Regis, Norfolk	First Friday	Octo. 1, 1729
32			Jan. 22, 1729
33			Jan. 24, 1729
34	Albermarle Dover Street	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Mar. 25, 1730
35			
36	Barbican	1st Wednesday, 3d., a Master's Lodge	May 22, 1730
37	At Putney	3d. Tuesday	Jul. 17, 1730
38			Sep. 7, 1730
39	White Lion Yard, Norton Folgate	First Friday	Jan. 26, 1730
40			1730
41	Bishopsgate Street	Second Monday	1730
42	Rosemary Lane	First Monday	1730
43	Macclesfield, Cheshire		1731
44	St. John Jerusalem, Clerkenwell	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Dec. 17, 1731
45			
46	Newgate Street	1st and 3rd Monday	Jan. 11, 1731
47	St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark	Third Monday	Feb. 2d. 1731

48		Leigh in Lancashire		Feb. 22, 1731
49	A la Ville de Tenerre	Rue des Boucheries a Paris	First Monday	Apr. 3, 1732
50		Gerrard Street, Soho	2d. and 4th Tuesday	May 25, 1732
51		Mary Lebon Street, Piccadilly	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Jun. 21, 1732
52		Shoreditch	2d. Thursday	Jul. 12, 1732
53		St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill	Third Tuesday	Sep. 8, 1732
54		Derby	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Sep. 14, 1732
55	A Private Room	Bolton Lee Moor, Lancashire	Next Wed. to every full moon	Nov. 9, 1732
56	Chough	Blue Boar Row, Salisbury	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Dec. 27, 1732
57		West Cowes, Isle Wight	2d. and 4th Monday	Feb. 17, 1732
58		Chelsea	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Mar. 3, 1732
59		Bath	1st and 3d. Tuesday	May 18, 1733
60	Standard	Leicester Square	Second Monday	May 23, 1733
61	Red Lion	Bury, Lancashire	Next Thur. to every full Moon	Jul. 26, 1733
62	Talbut	Stourbridge, Worces- tershire	Every Wednesd.	Aug. 1, 1733
63		St. Paul's Churchyard	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Dec. 27, 1733
64		Birmingham	Last Monday	1733
65	Royal Exchange	Boston in New Eng- land	2d. and 4th Saturd.	1733
66	Vallenciennes	French Flanders		1733
67	Barnstaple Inn	Princes Street, Ply- mouth Dock	1st and 3d. Friday	1734
68	Sampson and Lion	E. Smithfield, late the Ship at ye Hermitage	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Feb. 17, 1734
69		Near ye Watch House, High Holbourn	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Jun. 11, 1735
70		Steward's Lodge, Fleet Street	Public Nights, 3d. Wed. in Mar. & Dec.	
71		In Holland		1735
72		Near Newcastle upon Tyne	First Monday	June 24, 1735
73		At Aubigny in France	First Monday	Augu. 12, 1735
74	Solomon's Lodge	Charles Town, South Carolina	1st and 3d. Thursday	1735
75	Savannah	In the Province of Georgia		1735
76		Colchester	2d. and 4th Monday	1735
77		Gateshead Bishopric, Durham	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Mar. 8, 1735
78	Green Man	Shrewsbury	First Monday	Apr. 16, 1736
79		Fashion Street, Spittle fields	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	June 11, 1736
80		Norwich	Last Thursd.	1736
81	The Custom House	By the old Dock Liver- pool	First Wednesd.	June 25, 1736
82		In East Cheap	1st and 3rd Monday	Aug. 16, 1736
83		Edgebaston Street, Bir- mingham	2d. and last Tuesday	Sept. 20, 1736
84		Cheapside	2d. and 4th Friday	Dec. 2, 1736

85		Ironmonger Lane	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Dec. 21, 1736
86	Caveac Tavern	Spread Eagle Court, Finch Lane, Cornhill	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Dec. 31, 1736
87	Blue Posts	Southampton Buildings, Holbourn	Third Tuesday	Jan. 24, 1736
88				Feb. 14, 1736
89		Spittle fields	2d. and 4th Friday	Apr. 18, 1737
90	Chapmans	Sackville Street	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Aug. 24, 1737
91	Dog Inn	In the Strand	First Tuesday	Sept. 21, 1737
92		Milk Street, Honey Lane Market	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Dec. 8, 1737
93		Shipton Mallet, Som- mersetshire	1st and 3d. Monday	Dec. 12, 1737
94	Parham Lodge	Parham Antigua		Jan 31, 1737
95		Gloucester	1st and 3d. Friday	Mar. 28, 1738
96	Crown Tavern	In Leaden-hall Street	2d. Tuesday	May 3, 1738
97		Halifax, Yorkshire	1st and 3d. Thursd.	July 12, 1738
98	The Great Lodge	At St. John's Antigua	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Nov. 22, 1738
99		Near the Square, Man- chester	1st and 3d. Monday	1738
100	Red Lion	Nottingham Court, 7 Dials	2d. and 4th Monday	Jan. 27, 1738
101		Watergate Street, Chester	Second Tuesday	Feb. 1, 1738
102				
103	Red Lion	Hornchurch in Essex	First Friday	Mar. 13, 1738
104	Baker's Lodge	St. Mary's Street, St. John's Antegoa		Mar. 14, 1738
105	Kingston	In Jamacia	1st and 3rd Saturday	April 13, 1739
106				Apr. 24, 1739
107	Scotch Arms	The Mother Lodge at St. Christophersheld at Basseterre	First Thursd.	June 21, 1739
108		Playhouse Yard, Black Fryers	First Tuesday	Aug. 24, 1739
109	East India Arms	John Street, Blacks- field, Horsley-down	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Octo. 8, 1739
110		Hyde Park Corner	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Octo. 25, 1739
111	Bell Inn	Opposite Fetter Lane, Holbourn	First Wednesd.	Dec. 7, 1739
112		In the Poultry	Third Friday	Jan. 10, 1739
113	Private Room	Lausanne in ye Canton of Bern, Switzerland		Feb. 2, 1739
114		Banbury, Oxfordshire	every Full Moon if on a Thu. or the Thurs. before	Mar. 31, 1740
115		James Street, Covent Garden	Third Tuesday	Jun. 26, 1740
116	Tavern	Corn Street, Bristol	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Jul. 10, 1740
117	The 3d. Lodge	Calcutta in East India		1740
118	St. Michael's Lodge	In Barbadoes		1740
119		Decker Street, Ham- burgh	Every other Thursday	Octo. 23, 1740
120		Whitehaven, Cumber- land	Second Monday	Mar. 19, 1740

121	High Street, Haverford W., South Wales		Apr. 14, 1741
122	The Old French Lodge in Grafton Street	1st and 3d. Thurs.	Apr. 13, 1742
123	Old Road	St. Christophers	Jun. 17, 1742
124	Union	Francfort in Germany	2d. and 4th Tuesday Jun. 17, 1742
125		Leominster in ye County of Hereford	Octo. 11, 1742
126	Port Royal Lodge	Jamacia	1742
127		Dolgelly, Merionethshire North Wales	First Tuesday Sept. 17, 1743
128	St. George	Emperor's Court at Hamburg	Every other Wednesd. Sept. 24, 1743
129		High Street, Bristol	1st and 3d. Tuesday Mar. 20, 1743
130	New Lodge	Copenhagen, Denmark	Octo. 25, 1745
131	St. Jago de la Vege	In Jamacia	Apr. 20, 1746
132		Norwich	2d. and 4th Tuesday May 9, 1747
133	A New Lodge	St. Eustatius Dutch Island, West Indies	Jun. 6, 1747
134	Prince Geo.	Plymouth	1st and 3d. Monday May 1, 1748
135			Jun. 15, 1748
136		Norwich	Third Tuesday Jan. 5, 1748
137		Cambridge	Second Monday Mar. 31, 1749
138	Lodge of Orange	At Rotterdam	May 5, 1749
139	St. Martin's Lodge	At Copenhagen in Denmark	Octo. 9, 1749
140		St. Peters, Mancroft, Norwich	2d. and 4th Wednesd. Jan. 9, 1749
141	No. 1	At Minorca	First Thursd. Feb. 9, 1750
142	No. 2	At Minorca	Second Tuesday May 23, 1750
143	No. 3	At Minorca	First Wednesd. June 24, 1750
144	St. Christopher's	At Sandy Point	July 20, 1750
145		St. Peters, Mancroft, Norwich	2d. and 4th Wednesd. Feb. 12, 1751
146		Falmouth	2d. and last Thursd. May 20, 1751
147		Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk	Jun. 6, 1751
148		West Street, Gravesend	1st and 3d. Thursd. Jun. 8, 1751
149	The Sea Captain's Lodge	In Fenchurch Street	First and 3d. Tuesd. Aug. 29, 1751
150	No. 4	At Minorca	First Monday Nov. 26, 1751
151		At Helston in Cornwall	1st and 3d. Tuesday Apr. 14, 1752
152	St. John's Lodge	At Bridgetown in ye Island of Barbadoes	Fourth Monday Apr. 23, 1752
153		Leadenhall Street, late the Bell at Aldgate	2d. and 4th Monday Jul. 13, 1752
154		The Corner of Maggot's Court, Piccadilly	1st and 3d. Tuesday Aug. 21, 1752
155		At Truro in Cornwall	2d. and last Tuesd. Sep. 22, 1752
156		At Chardenagore, ye Chief French Settlement in Bengal, East India	
157		At Madrass in East India	

158	At the Hague in Holland		
159	St. Peter's Lodge In the Island of Barbadoes	1st and 3d. Saturday	Dec. 15, 1752
160			Jan. 7, 1753
161	Grosvenor Street	2d. and 4th Monday	Feb. 24, 1753
162	Corner of Bartlet's Buildings, Holborn	Second Wednesd.	Mar. 4, 1753
163	Piccadilly	2d. and 4th Monday	
164	Lilly Tavern In Guernsey		May 10, 1753
165	Wine Street, Bristol	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Aug. 22, 1753
166	In High Holborn	2d. and 4th Tuesday in Winter, and 4th Thursday in Summer	Octo. 23, 1753
167	Red Lion Market Street, Carmarthen, South Wales	1st and 3d. Monday	Octo. 24, 1753
168	Princes Street, Cavendish Square	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Nov. 5, 1753
169	Church Stile Street, Peters, Mancroft, Norwich	Third Wednesd.	Nov. 10, 1753
170	Evangelist's Lodge At Antigua		Nov. 10, 1753
171	At Amsterdam		Nov. 30, 1753
172	At Prescott, Lancashire	Wed. next before full Moon	Dec. 20, 1753
173	The Royal Exchange In the Borough of Norfolk in Virginia	First Thursd.	Dec. 22, 1753
174			Jan. 31, 1754
175	Mansel Street, Goodman's Fields	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Feb. 9, 1754
176	Redruth in Cornwall	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Feb. 14, 1754
177			Feb. 18, 1754
178	Union Street, Westminster	Second Tuesday	Mar. 2, 1754
179	North Cornsford, Norwich	1st and 3d. Monday	Mar. 4, 1754
180	Ramsgate in the Isle of Thanet	2d. and 4th Monday	Mar. 8, 1754
181	Cow Lane in Leeds	First Wednesd.	Mar. 28, 1754
182	At Cambridge	1st and 3d. Friday	Mar. 29, 1754
183	Gray's Inn Gate	Third Monday	Apr. 5, 1754
184	Marquis of Near St. George's Granby's Head Church, Southwark	First Wednesd.	Apr. 10, 1754
185			May 13, 1754
186	Silver Street, Golden Square	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Jun. 4, 1754
187	Leicester	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Aug. 21, 1754
188	Cardiff, Glamorganshire South Wales	Second Monday	Aug. 1754
189	Cow Bridge, Glamorganshire	Last Monday	Sep. 1754
190	No. 2 At St. Eustatius, Dutch Island, West Indies		1754
191	Lowestoff in Suffolk	Second Monday	Octo. 29, 1754

192	Charing Cross	Second Tuesday	Nov. 2, 1754
193	Ludgate Hill	2d. and 4th Monday	Dec. 14, 1754
194	Cromptons	Manchester	1st and 3d. Thursday
195	No. 8	The Kings own Regiment of Foot	1st and 3d. Tuesday
196	King Street, Bloomsbury	2d. and 4th Frid. Winter, 2d. Friday Summer	Mar. 2, 1755
197	Jack Newberry	Chiswell Street	1st and 3d. Wednesd.
198		St. James's Street	1st and 3d. Wednesd.
199		Penzance in Cornwall	1st and 3d. Wednesd.
200		Tower Street, 7 Dials	1st and 3d. Monday
201	Leg of Mutton	St. Augustin's Parish, City of Norwich	1st and 3rd Monday
202	The Lodge of Charity	At Amsterdam	Jun. 24, 1755
203	Golden Lion	Foregate Street, Chester	Every other Monday
204		Beccles in Suffolk	Jul. 14, 1755
205	Savern	In York Town, Virginia	1st and 3d. Wednesd.
206		In St. Austin's, Norwich	1st and 3d. Friday
207		Sunderland near ye Sea, County of Durham	First Friday
208	The Grand Lodge Frederick	At Hanover	Nov. 25, 1755
209		Bridges Street, Chester	Dec. 2, 1755
210	P. W.	Upper end of Cranborne Alley Leices- ter Fields	1st and 3d. Monday
211	A Lodge in Captn. Bell's Troop	In ye Rt. Hon. Ld. Aneram's Regimt. of Dragoons	Feb. 7, 1756
212		In the Strand	2d. and 4th Friday
213	A Lodge at River in the Province of North Carolina	Wilmington on Cape Fear	Feb. 26, 1755 Mar. 1755
214		Merlin's Cave, Old Shambles, Liverpool	Apr. 15, 1755
215	The Lodge of Peace	At Amsterdam	Sep. 23, 1756
216			Apr. 30, 1756
217	White Horse	Corner of New Burlington Street	1st and 3d. Thursd. Dec. 2, 1756
218		At the Marquis of Carnarvon's at Sunderland near the Sea	1st and 3d. Tuesd.
219		In the Parish of St. Mary in the Island of Jamaica	Jan. 14, 1757 Feb. 17, 1757
220	The 3 Kings	In Small Street, Bristol	Feb. 17, 1757
221	At Parliament Coffee House	In Parliament Street	2d. and 4th Thursd. Feb. 14, 1757
222		At Lynn Regis in Norfolk	Fourth Wednesd. Feb. 21, 1757

223	In ye Parish of St. Lawrence, Norwich	Second Wednesd.	Mar. 23, 1757
224	St. a Croixa, Danish Island in ye West Indies		1756
225	The Head of ye Side New-Castle-upon-Tyne	First Monday	Octo. 13, 1757
226	Bloomsbury Market	2d. Monday	May 4, 1757
227	At Shadwell	1st and 3d. Monday	Octo. 31, 1757
228	The Lodge of Regularity At Amsterdam		Nov. 21, 1757
229	Bath Street, Cold Bath Fields	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Dec. 20, 1757
230	St. Michael's Lodge In the City of Severn, in the Dutchy of Mecklenburgh		May 15, 1754
231	In ye Parish of St. Mary, Norwich	Every other Wednesd.	Feb. 18, 1758
232	South Side Street, Plymouth	2d. and 4th Monday	Mar. 1, 1758
233	Broad Street, Bristol	2d. and 4th Monday	Mar. 1, 1758
234	Lodge at Bombay in the East Indies		Mar. 24, 1758
235	Green Man Barwick Street, St. James's	1st. and 3d. Friday	Aug. 6, 1758
236	The Sea Captain Lodge At Yarmouth, Norfolk		Jan. 1, 1759
237	The 2d. Division of Marines, Plymouth		Jan. 2, 1759
238	St. James's Lodge At Barbadoes		Mar. 20, 1758
239	New Inn At Exeter	2d. and last Friday	1732*
240	At Newton Abbot, Devonshire	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Mar. 17, 1759
241	Meadway's Wine Vaults in the West Town of Crediton in Devonshire	First Monday	April 21, 1759
242	Portsmouth Common	2d. and 4th Friday	April 21, 1759
243	Barnard Castle in the County of Durham	First Monday	April 21, 1759
244	Mermaid At Windsor	Third Monday	June 6, 1759
245	The Temple Lodge At Bristol	1st and 3d. Monday	July 2d., 1759
246	Lebeck In the Strand	Third Friday	Augst. 24, 1759
247	Prince George Lodge in George Town, Winyaw, South Carolina	Once a Month	1743*
248	The Union Lodge at Charles Town, South Carolina	2d. and 4th Thursd.	May 3, 1755
249	A Master's Lodge at Charles Town, South Carolina	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Mar. 22, 1756
250	Port Royal at Beaufort, Port Royal, Carolina	Every other Wednesd.	Sep. 15, 1756
251			
252	In Mighton's gate at Hull	2d. and last Thursd.	Aug. 20, 1759
253	Canterbury	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Jan. 14, 1760
254	On board His Majesty's ship the Vanguard		Jan. 16, 1760
255	St. Andrew The Mariner's Lodge near ye Hermitage	1st and 3d. Friday	

256	At Guernsey	1st and 3d. Monday	
257	In Hatton Garden	1st and 3d. Friday	Nov. 27, 1760
258	Talbot At Leeds in Yorkshire	Second Wednesd. and ye 4th a Master's Lodge	Jan. 8, 1761
259	Stonegate, York	1st and 3d. Monday	Jan. 12, 1761
260	Tavern Cheap-side, ye Caladonion Lodge	1st and 3d. Thursday	Mar. 9, 1761
261	Whitehaven in Cumberland	Second Monday	May 4, 1761
262	Granby's-head in the Town and Port of Dover	1st and 3d. Thursd.	May 8, 1761
263	Bay Horse and Jocky at Darlington in Yorkshire		June 19, 1761
264	Wisbeach in ye Isle of Ely and County of Cambridge	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Aug. 8. 1761
265	Union Street, Portsmouth Common	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Aug. 20, 1761
266	The Union Lodge At Crowlane in Bermuda	First Wednesd.	Sep. 17, 1761
267	Kingston upon Hull	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Octo. 27, 1761
268	All Saints Lodge at Wooler in Northumberland		Jan. 1, 1762
269	St. George's Lodge at the Half Moon, Exeter	2d. and 4th Fryday	Jan. 20, 1762
270	Green Man At Ipswich in Suffolk		Jan. 21, 1762
271	Royal Frederick At Rotterdam		Jan. 25, 1762
272	No. 2 S. John's Lodge Ann Street, New York	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Dec. 27, 1757
273	Digbeth Street, Birmingham	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Feb. 23, 1762
274	A Private Room at Appledore, Devonshire		Mar. 18, 1762
275	The 8th Lodge at Calcutta in the East Indies		Feb. 7, 1761
276	At Colne in Lancashire		
277	The Merchant's Lodge at Quebec		Mar. 2, 1762
278	At Portsmouth Common		May 8, 1762
279	On Board his Majesty's Ship the Prince	At Plymouth	May 22, 1762
280	Fox Inn At Salop	1st and 3d, Wednesd.	May 28, 1762
281	Barnstaple, Devonshire	1st and 3d. Monday	May 28, 1762
282	The 3 Kings At Deal		June 8, 1762
283	Duke's-head Lynn Regis in Norfolk		June 9, 1762
284	La Logè des Frere reunis at Amsterdam		June 16, 1762
285	The Lodge of Inhabitants at Gibraltar		July 12, 1762
286			
287	At Otteley in Yorkshire	First Monday	Aug 16, 1762
288	Virtutis et Artes Amici at Amsterdam		Sep. 16, 1762
289	At Workington in Cumberland	First Monday	Sep. 22, 1762
290	At Hereford	First Thursd.	Octo. 12, 1762
291	Portsmouth in Hampshire		Nov. 2, 1762

292	Peck Lane, Nottingham		Jan. 31, 1763
293	Sun Inn Ye University in Cambridge	Second Thursd.	Mar. 1, 1763
294	Crown Inn Rochester	2d. and 4th Fryday	Mar. 17, 1763
295	At Hexham, Northumberland	1d. and 3d. Wednesd.	Mar. 8, 1763
296	At Chippenham the Lodge of Perfect Union		May, 1763
297	At Richmond in York- shire		May 4, 1763
298	At Havant in Hamp- shire		1763
299	St. Mark's Lodge, South Carolina		Feb. 8, 1763
300	The Lodge of Regulants at St. John Hall, Black river, Musqueta Shore		Mar. 8, 1763
301	White Lion At Dover		Aug. 2, 1763
302	Lodge at a Private Room at Hubbing- ton, Near Lichfield, Hants		Aug. 6, 1763
303	In the Parish of St. Thomas ye Apostle near Exeter	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Aug. 10, 1763
304	Marquis of Granby's head at Durham	First Tuesd.	Sep. 8, 1763
305	At Havant, Hams	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	

LET US BE KIND.

LET us in the days of our strength
 Be gentle and kind to the young.
 To the poor and the weak,
 Who succour may seek,
 Let sympathy flow from the tongue.

CHORUS.

The young have the future to meet—
 The poor with hard fate to contend—
 The weak get more blows
 Than any one knows !
 And the friendless require a friend.

Let us unto Woman be kind,
 Be loyal and honest and true,
 That man is a knave
 Who would to her misbehave,
 And disgraces the Mason's true blue.

Let us scorn to utter a lie !
 For truth boldly stand on our feet,
 And with a strong hand
 Help those to withstand
 Who are tossed on the waves of deceit.

A brother in need let us help—
 Kind words at the least we can give—
 Let us give what we can
 To help the true man,
 And try and assist him to live!

The young have the future to meet—
 The poor with hard fate to contend—
 The weak get more blows
 Than anyone knows!
 And the friendless require a friend.

W. CORBETT,
 Mariner's Lodge, 249.

Oct., 1877.

ARRIVALS, SURVIVALS, AND REVIVALS.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER.

HOW very difficult it is to say anything new about Christmas! For instance, I dare not delude myself into believing that it is original to remark that the festive Yule season reminds us of the old Latin poet's reflection, "How swiftly the years slip away!" I am afraid that somebody—perhaps a good many somebodies—observed long ago, about the recurrence of the feast, that life was made up of greetings and good-byes. We scarcely have time to realise to ourselves, that the jolly holly-crowned old monarch is with us once more ere we find ourselves clasping his honest hand in the farewell grip. How the years glide away indeed! Why as you approach, what the old philosophers* were wont to call the grand climacteric, they seem to acquire miraculous momentum. They slither adown life's declivity with a velocity resembling the glacier on the mountain's side. We all know with what a dignified ponderous concession to the law of gravitation the immense mass commences its stately glissade, and how it imperceptibly accelerates its progress into the mighty "Kerwosh"† of the avalanche—*Anni labuntur* indeed! Well, I am not so sure about the sliding. As one's sun is westering, one rather likens the progress of the years to the orders at a cavalry review: Walk! Trot!! Canter!!! Gallop!!!! Charge!!!! Yes, I think that is the sequence as you begin to note it, at, say half a hundred: "so soon passeth it away and we are gone," as the Psalmist says. But this is but a melancholy vein to approach Christmas in. Let us try to greet Noel cheerfully if we can. Greetings! Why, when I was a boy, it seemed an eternity between the shutting out of fairy-land at the fall of the baize one Christmas season, and the longed-for avatar of pantomimical paradise at the next, and now—*Helas!* the "Here we are again!" from the lips of last year's buffoon, seems still to be ringing in my ears as I am preparing them to receive the annual repetition of the hilarious announcement.

* "And to all states not free,
 Shall climacteric be." 49=7×7.

ANDREW MARVELL.

† Artemus Ward compares a certain description of oratory to "my sister Sal's teapot, which either wouldn't pour a drop or let everything out, 'Kerwosh,' leaves and all."

Christmas illustrates my title as being—and I speak it reverently—a perfect trinity : an arrival, a survival, and a revival. Yes,—

“—though our mortal summers to such length of years, may come,
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home,”—

we always hail Christmas happily, heartily, gleefully, as an arrival. The jolly old boy is always fresh. He has taken no ill effects from the immense deal of nonsense that has been talked about him. He has poked his goodly old head up through masses of overwhelming gush. He has from time to time gone heavily to grass ; but has always contrived to come up smiling. Sometimes he has been surfeited, sometimes he has been starved. Poor old fellow, he has had to steer his bark at one time a point or two to starboard to weather the Scylla Scrooge ; at another he has had to port hard, and swing round by a hair's breadth to avoid being engulfed in the Charybdis Fezzwig. But he has always come up to time—see how conveniently I drop my nautical and resume my pugilistic metaphor when it suits me !—and his arrival has ever been gladsome for the hearty, the honest, the genial, of all ages and years. Well now, is not this a survival also ? Think of the attacks made from time to time upon this ancient Institution. It has been proscribed by Act of Parliament ; it has been denounced by fanatics ; it has been derided by utilitarian philosophers. True, the veteran has

—“seen the rare times when the Christmas chimes,
Were a merry, merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer”—

but he has beheld periods, too, when the occupants of the said halls and hovels had to do their Christmas spiring very gingerly. There were days you know when Corporal Fight-the-battle-of-faith Dobbs, and Sergeant Walk-in-the-light Higgins, would prowl about the purlieus of Tudor mansion house and thatch-roofed homestead, with their squads of crop-eared musqueteers, eavesdropping if perchance the strains of “Cuckolds come dig,” or “The King shall enjoy his own again,” should mingle with the notes of “God rest ye merry gentlemen,” or cheery “Green-sleeves and pudding pies.” Dreary days, my masters, when the round-headed rulers of the furtive revellers did

“Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blasphemed custards through the nose,”

when they would

“Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge.”

Well, well, Father Christmas survived all that, and as for the jolly old fellow's revival when the King did enjoy his own again—when turkey and chine, and fat rump smoked once more on every “honest” fellow's board, and the veriest churl of a sour-faced Round-head dared not refuse to drink—and on his marrow-bones too—confusion to old Rowley's enemies in a brimming bumper of the best—why has not that delirious bouleversement been said and sung time and again ? It was the best of times—it was the worst of times—that time of the most happy and glorious Restoration : but, on the whole, there is something not altogether Christmassy about the associations of that reactionary Saturnalia. The reek of the plum pudding copper in that revival mingles with an unpleasant savour, as of Ketch's quartering caldron, and the sound of the joy bells, clanging through the air from a thousand rocking steeples, is not without association with the clink of the blacksmith's hammer, as he knocks off the fetters of Harrison, Axtell, and Peters in the press yard of Newgate, ere they start on their last fatal “expedition,” “going up Holborn Hill in a cart” to seal with their blood “the good old cause” 'neath the triple beam at Tyburn.

But as Hamlet says “Something too much of this.” Turn we now to a period when the wild fervour of political passion had to a great degree subsided, when, in even those old “low and slow” days of the national church establishment, 'twas still “merry in hall when beards wagged all at the hallowed season

“Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.”

Häcknied as the reference may be, who can forget the Christmas revelries of the immortal Sir Roger de Coverley?

Thus does the good Knight in his confidences with Mr. Spectator in the memorable interview in *Gray's Inn Walks*, describe the festivities at his ancient seat. It has been often reprinted, but surely never tires—can never be too frequently reproduced—

“He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that, in particular, he had sent a string of hog's puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. ‘I have often thought,’ says Sir Roger, ‘it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. ‘It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the old village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks and smutting one another. Our friend, Will Wimble, is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.’ And surely every reader will echo Mr. Spectator's remark, “I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it;” nor can I suppose any one, of whatever creed, whose eye should rest upon these pages, to be insensible to the exquisitely dry humour of the context: “He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, *had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum porridge!*”

But to come down to our own time. Can Yule-tide ever arrive without our recalling the survival, if not the revival, of its appropriate sentiments in the pages of our ever to be regretted friend, and, oh! incomparable and most agreeable teacher, Charles Dickens? Do you not remember Dingley Dell, and the Wardles, and the never-to-be-forgotten Christmas, when that expert “rinker,” Mr. Wardle, lost his sportsman-like heart to the little girl with fur round the tops of her boots? To be sure you do. Have you not often in spirit danced right down all the long vista of couples in the immortal country dance so vigorously performed in Mr. Fezziwig's warehouse? Of course you have. And have you ever reverently, gratefully, solemnly, and yet—pardon the apparent paradox—cheerfully, sat with poor Bob Cratchit's eager children around that impecunious city clerk's humble board, and seen the debut of poor Tiny Tim in his triumphant progress, perched on his cheery, albeit care-worn, little father's shoulder? “He was a little child and had a little crutch,” you know, and may remind us, and doubtlessly was intended to remind us, of a certain other little child that He, whose blessed birth consecrates the season, “took and sat upon his knee in the midst.” Do you not remember that the infant cripple's shriek of joyous welcome was the shrillest, as poor Mrs. Cratchit brought in the holly-crowned *chef d'œuvre*; and have you not in spirit, oh dear gentle Christmas reader, often echoed the pious aspiration of the afflicted baby's Yule-tide toast, “God bless us every one!”

Oh, Charles Dickens! you were not an author—that is to say, not in the conventional or Mayfair sense. Meretricious gaiety gilded not the ink that flowed from your pen. You never painted in deluding colours—

“—the foolish whine
Of the feeble who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints.”

You worshipped not in cushioned pews, "flexing condescending knees" to velvet hassocks, but often—

"Turned aside, and from the simple sod,
Sued as *in forma pauperis* to God."

The bard's robes you folded about you were not of the finest of fine linen. Your harp was not a presentation instrument framed of the most glittering gold, or, at least of the choicest Mosaic, embossed with jewels of the first water, or at all events, of very presentable paste. Rather was the lyre like unto the torques and annula we sometimes dig up from the ruins of what were once great cities—gold, pure, unalloyed, as dug from the mine, yet, ah! how artfully and dexterously fashioned. You sung rather as the poet of Lazarus than as the laureate of Dives. Yet in my heart of hearts do I believe that it has, ere this, been said unto thee "As ye have hymned even the least of these, ye have carolled unto me!"

So we see Christmas again arriving as we have—some of us—seen it revived, and as we—all of us—see it surviving, and may we all live to see the dear old fellow arrive again and again for many happy and festive, or at all events, tranquil, years.

In the course of composing this paper there has been borne in upon me again and again the oft-repeated axiom that—

—"the best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang off a-glee."

The capital, or stock in trade, with which I began this recondite dissertation, has been most woefully diminished, in the matter of arrivals, at least, since I took pen in hand, and thereby the reader has lost much most learned disquisition. For instance, there was a long expected arrival about which I had proposed to gossip, which has not justified my title by a survival, and there—see how fate goes against me!—was an expected arrival which I had quite justifiably discounted, which hasn't arrived at all. I do not know, however, whether I should most pity or congratulate the patient peruser. Can you not conceive the vast mass of erudition you have lost by the untimely decease of that provoking visitor, Mrs. Balæna, if that be the precise denomination of the late ponderous mammal. Why, if the lady *had* survived, how can you tell how far afield—ice field—I might have carried you? Ohello in the marvellous recital of *his* moving accidents by flood and field transported his mistress, in fancy, to

—"antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven."

And might not I have bidden you follow me to Greenland's icy mountains, to snowy Spitzbergen, to the cold blue waves with crisp white crests, breaking on the bleak shores of Lapland? Would not the capacious whilom inmate of the Royal Aquarium tank have served me for a text, whereon I might have discoursed eloquently of harpoons and blubber, and greasy caravels, and Polar bears, and Arctic expeditions, and I know not what? Don't you remember the story of the gushing "young man," who, bidden to write a treatise on Chinese metaphysics, was locked up in a room with an Encyclopædia, and the suggestion to look out the respective words "China" and "metaphysics," and combine his information? How do you know what varied information I had combined anent the subject, when that interesting animal took it into her prodigious head to die! Go to, then, and be disappointed or grateful as ye list. And then again, you remember that poor Mr. Dick couldn't get the late King Charles's head out of his much laboured memorial. Well, I take it, that do what my collaborateurs may, they cannot altogether escape from importing a flavour, as it were, of the square and compasses, the triple tau, and the level and plumb rule, into the columns of this Magazine. Well, then, how naturally and gracefully would the expected arrival—that didn't arrive—have introduced the esoteric element into this article! The delayed avatar—only deferred let us hope—was of a magnificent and munificent present by an exalted member of our noble Craft. Beshrew me!—you will perceive that I get mediæval in my language when I am disappointed and angry—it yerked me forsooth, when on Friday last I saw a vile counterfeit presentment and image of the great gift in an undignified, reclining—

may I say humble and halting?—posture, lumbering ungracefully through the portals of that dilapidated and, *proh pudor!* still surviving excrescence, Temple Bar. I was about to preface the cripple's title with the adjective "old," but it has not even that respectable title to our regard. There is a survival for you! *Pace* Sir George Bowyer—but never mind, his well-known principles regarding our ancient mystery afford a sufficient guarantee against his ever reading these lines—this bastard copy of a spurious order of architecture has not a single claim to our reverence. It recalls the bad old days when principles the most diametrically opposed to those of the Masonic body ruled rampant; when men were persecuted for conscience sake; when no man dared to speak the thing he would; when Ketch's halter and quartering knife never lacked employment, and that, not on the necks and limbs of thieves and murderers, but on the throbbing frames of patriots and statesmen. The bad old times, when French gold supplied the luxuries of an English monarch's seraglio; when an enemy's cannon roared defiance in the port of London; when men, high in rank and in the councils of their sovereign, yearned for a revival of the tyrannies of the Star Chamber and High Commission; and when a Recorder of the renowned city, "the nursing mother of freedom," in the year that saw the moribund incumbrance reared, dared to assert, that it would never be good time in England until the Inquisition was introduced!*

But to turn to the arrival that didn't arrive. Alfred De Musset has put it upon record that "the first duty of wine is to be red." I will anticipate the obvious pun of some witty critic that that is also the first obligation of a Magazine article. Now I conceive that the first duty of an obelisk is to appear in a vertical position, and so I hereby enter my protest against the manner of the debut of the Needle's canvas and scantling representative in Lord Mayor's Show, albeit the humiliating posture it was made to assume was of course wholly due to the monstrous survival I have been denouncing.

But just fancy how I could have button-holed you, gentle reader, while I poured forth a whole flood of lore upon Rameses and Thothmes, and Scarabei, and Osiris, and Isis, and hieroglyphic writers and records in stone generally, had the obelisk associated with the name of the "serpent of Old Nile" arrived in time. Why, I have no doubt that I could have proved to demonstration from the indentations upon that piece of syanite, that Moses was a Mason and Past Master of a Lodge meeting at Thebes; and please don't retort that all this illustration can be derived as well from photographs or from our learned and worshipful brother's interesting brochure upon this interesting subject. Photographs won't do for me. There is a turn of the hand in the real thing incapable of reproduction by the graver of the woodcutter, discernible only by the esoteric, a secret to the exoteric. A Mason's work is recognised only by a Mason, though here, at all events, in this splendid presentation is a work truly Masonic, if only in the display of the munificent and enlightened liberality of our worthy and worshipful brother, Dr. Erasmus Wilson. Let us hope that ere long the adventurous monolith may afford us all the opportunity we desire of a closer investigation, when it displaces its rather shabby simulacrum on St. Stephen's Green.

But is this looked for arrival wholly without association of a survival? Alas no! There survive widows and children of six gallant British seamen, who, in a service which all will recognise as truly Masonic, died at the post of duty, of that highest duty of a sailor, to succour and to save his messmate. Let the records of every Lodge under the banner of that constitution, of which the donor is so illustrious a member, bear some remembrance of the pathetic legacy the brave souls have left us. To shed your blood in doing your duty is a tradition familiar to every Master Mason. What did these dead men do less? Let their memories be a survival, and let the care of and love for their sorrowing survivors remain an imperishable

* The inscription over the south foot passage of the bar (east side) runs:—"Erected in the year 1670. Sir Samuel Starling being Mayor." This Sir Samuel Starling, in that very year, presided at the trial of two Quakers, Penn and Mead, for seditiously addressing a public meeting. One Thomas Howell, was the Recorder, and of course took the leading legal justiciary part. In an altercation about the terms of the verdict, this learned luminary thus delivered himself:—

"Recorder.—'Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in "suffering the Inquisition among them; and certainly it will never be well with us till something "like the Spanish Inquisition be in England!"—*Howell's State Trials*, vol. vi., page 965.

monument of our admiration for the martyrs and of our gratitude to the brother in furtherance of whose generous purpose they died.

And after all, I am driven back for an illustration of a survival and a revival to the glorious old Craft under whose flag we sail. And what does that flag symbolise? not a creed, for it requires no sectarian profession,—not a principle, for millions who have not shared in its illumination have, “as entertaining angels unawares,” practised its teachings—as witness the six gallant tars I have alluded to, for we are forbidden to assume that they were all brethren of the square and level,—not a system of theology—nor a religion—for all men in whom the germs, the rudiments, of religious profession, can be surely ascertained, are eligible for free admission to its privileges—privileges granted to all men “free and of good report,” “full measure, pressed down and running over.” I am driven back, I say, for full illustration of my title, an arrival, a survival, and a revival in one, to the system—ah! that is the word—which is most peculiarly interesting to the male readers of these pages. Ye who have “seen the light” reflect how wonderfully my title applies to our beloved Craft—An arrival! Why every week sees a welcome addition to the family of our adored mother—A survival! Carry your minds back, learned brother antiquarians, and think how many storms the old barque has lived through, how much misrepresentation she has ridden over, how much obloquy she has run down, how many narrow prejudices she has rammed in. Has she not borne unscathed the broadside of kingly decree and priestly denunciation! Have not the insidious torpedoes of ignorant misapprehension and popular indifference been laid for her in vain! and she has remained, she has flourished to be—what? It is a serious question, brother Freemasons; but let us thank God that we can answer it confidently and calmly. She has remained to be a safe refuge from the persecution that operates in one place by open oppression, in another by cynical derision. She has remained to be a neutral deck where all righteous men of all creeds may labour for good together. Her flag shelters no rival factions, flies over no conflicting aims. The glory of God and the good of man are the objects desiderated and composedly, but determinedly, pursued. Surely at this time, with the proclamation of the herald angels ringing in the air, it is not unseemly to remind our brethren of this—to afford, so far, to the outer world a proud reason for the faith that is in us.

I had intended to illustrate the fact that Freemasonry is also a revival, but it is unnecessary. We live in an age of revivals. The Church of England, Dissent, nay, even the Jewish and Mahomedan Churches, show evidence of that restless vitality, which, involving more extended spiritual activity, finds popular expression in the convenient word, revival. In politics the old vulgar and short-sighted profession—

“I don't trouble my head with affairs of the nation,
I've enough of my own for to mind,”

is long ago exploded. The advance of education, the accessibility of the suffrage, have resulted in a greater number interesting their minds in imperial, national, and local concerns, than at any previous period of our history. Art has had a “great upheaval,” to use Lord Bacon's expressive term, in the extended number not only of its patrons, but of critics that advanced intelligence and more liberal and greater educational facilities have produced. Science is even feverish with activity in presence of the already achieved miracles of the age; its professors eagerly contemplating each new achievement as but “earnest of the things that they shall do,” and in Freemasonry each day sees a graver, nobler, deeper view, taken of its meanings and its teachings. Regarded less than a hundred years ago as merely an excuse for convivial meeting, in the days when convivial meetings occupied a great, an unduly great, proportion of life's golden hours, it had to work off the slough of its mean estate, and rise to the level of the responsibilities of its mighty inheritance. It has had its reward. Its beautiful system of symbolic teaching is more and more studied. Its excellent discipline more and more conscientiously observed. Its wisely ordained offices more and more faithfully filled. Its exquisitely eloquent ritual more and more intelligently and gracefully interpreted. Yes, our Craft is a great reality, a thing of much beauty, a mighty instrument for good. In this grand revival we can all of us aid. On this colossal structure every labourer can find work. Lord Bacon has eloquently said that even in the most lively strains of music the discerning ear may

trace some notes of pathos. Is it then permissible to enforce what I have been saying by reminding the Mason, even at this merry Yule-tide, in the most solemn of solemn utterances, of his duty to do all that in him lies to advance the banner of which he is one of the bearers, however humble?—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Yes, brother Masons, let us so keep this festival that we may begin the approaching new year with heart and vigour, to rear still higher—to adorn still more—the edifice on which we are employed—the noble institution to which, by solemn obligation, by ties of deep affection, by the attractions of intelligent respect and deep reverence, we are irrevocably bound—*FLOREAT SEMPER!*

A TALE OF LOVE.

The moon was shining brightly,
 The nightingales, in bowers
 Of jasmine, rose, and eglantine,
 Were warbling to the flowers;
 The brilliant stars were glinting
 O'er the surface of the pool,
 When a soft voice murmured near me—
 "Go, get to bed, you fool!"

A cloud came o'er the radiance
 Of the moon so sad yet bright,
 And the scene of summer brilliance
 Was sinking fast to-night;
 My heart felt dull and lonely
 With bitter thoughts and sad,
 When the same voice broke the stillness—
 "I'll warm you!"—'twas her dad!

Once more, deep sunk in reverie,
 I mused upon a face
 So beautiful, and bright, and good,
 So full of witching grace:
 My thoughts were far from earthly,
 But they soon came flying back,
 For, e'en in love, one's shoulders feel
 A well-dealt hearty thwack!

But my soul flew on to meet her,
 Feeling a martyr's fire,
 And inwardly determining
 That nought should rouse my ire;
 Now dawned the blissful moment,
 Tho' I felt rather addled,
 To my soul came inspiration,
 And so—I just skedaddled!"

MRS. FERNBRAKE'S "LUCKY BIRD."

A Yorkshire Story.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL (FLORENCE CLEVELAND).

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"Let us trust a New Year will look back on the last,
As in all things a stage of existence that's past."

ETA MAWR.

"NOO mark mah wods, Mary! We sal hev nowt bud bad luck all t' year, just thruff thoو lettin' Rooas Campion cum in fost, o' Newry Day i' t' moanin', asteed o' waitin' tell a man or lad com tit deear, te be t' lucky bod."

"Nonsense, mother!" said Mary. "It is all a superstition. What difference can it make whether a man or a woman cross the threshold first on New Year's Day? I do not believe a word about it. But I do think it very unkind of any one to believe, that a rough lad can bring more good luck into their house than a lovely, sweet girl, like Rose."

The speakers were seated in the best parlour of a large, old-fashioned, but substantially built farm-house, the owner of which was a man of ample means, and one also who possessed a warm heart, and an open hand to all that stood in need. The speakers were his wife and daughter; old Mrs. Fernbrake being a true specimen of a Yorkshire dales woman. She had been born and had lived all her life in the house that she then occupied, it having descended in her family for several generations; and with the house had descended also various customs and superstitions that had been held by the family, or had held them, for hundreds of years.

"Thoo may believe i' what thoo likes, lass!" said Mrs. Fernbrake; "bud Ah sal niver set mah feeace ageean what me fayther an' granfather an' greeat granfayther believ in. Things hez getten te sike a pass, noo-a-days, that bits o' lasses can set up ther crops, an' say tha deea n't believe i' this, an' tha deean't believe i' t' udther; as if they knew better then ther fooar-elders 'at 's geean afooar 'em! Fer mah pait, Ah hate newfangel'd nooashins. Ah like te deea ivverything az it's been deean afooar mah tahn bi' them 'at knew better ner me. Bud this all cums o' the fayther sendin' tha away te that fine skeep. Becoas thoo was all t' bit bairn we had, he thowt he wad mak a lady o' tha; an' Ah can plainly see 'at when t' fahm cums to thee, all t' awd ways 'at me fayther delighted in 'll be deean away wiv. Howsumivver, Ah sah n't be theer te see 't, an' that 'll be a comfot. Bud tahn Ah iz here, things mun gan' on az tha hev deean, Ah can tell tha. Thoo 'z a gud lass, Mary, tak tha all throo; bud thoo 'll be foostat te yummer ma about t' awd ways. Ther was that daft-hocad ov a sarvant-lass ov oors let Awd Jeremiah cum in an' leet hiz pipe durin' Kessmus. Ah knaw nut what sheea wor thinkin' on te let onybody tak a leet oot o' t' hoos i' Kessmus week! An' Ah waz nobbut just i' tahn te stop her frev takkin' a leet fra t' yell-canncl. Them 's beenth unlucky things te deea. Bud lasses knaws nowt noo-a-days. Yan hez te watch 'em like a cat watchin' a mouse! An' the fayther actally cut a bit off t' cheese afooar he meead t' cross on 't. Sike a thing Ah niver knew deean afooar. Thoo may depend on 't, mah lass, we 'z hev nowt bud bad luck this year."

"My dear mother!" said Mary, "I know it is of no use me talking to you on this subject; but really all those things will not make the least difference to us. And as to lettin' poor Rose in first, I never gave it a thought at the time, or I should have respected your fancy in the matter. But I do hope that you will not bear her any ill will about it; for it was me alone that was to blame."

"Nay, nay, Mary, honey!" said her mother, "Ah 'll nut bother Rooas about it; bud thoo mun niver deea t' like on't ageean. Thoo emmest meead a job ov uz yesterda' an'

all. Thoo browt tweea greeat peehacock's fedders an' stack 'em in tit seein'-glass frame; bud Ah spied 'em, an' teeak 'em oot sharp. Diz n't thoo knaw it iz unlucky te hev 'em i' t' hoos? Tha weea n't be lang in afooar ther's a deeah i' t' famally, let ma tell tha. Bud mebbe thoo weean't believe that nowder!"

"No, mother, I don't."

"Whyah, things hez cum'd tiv a pitch noo! Fooaks weea n't believe owt seen, Ah deea think. Happen thoo diz n't believe i' fooaks at 'z gahin' te dee i' t' next year walkin' intit chetch o' Sent Mark's Eve; bud Ah deea. Ther waz yance a lad an' lass 'at waz sweethartin' went an' sat 'em down i' t' awd chetch pooatch at Yutton Rudby, an' tha 'd teean neea nooatis hoo tahn went, an' it hed gotten te be twelve o'clock, when an awd man wiv a stick iv hiz hand walkt past 'em, an' vanisht reet thruff t' chetch deer. Then a bairn went by, an' vanisht i' t' seem way. An' ther waz lots mair, beeah awd an' yung, kept gahin' by 'em, tell tha wer ommost flayd oot o' ther wits; when all at yance it cam intit yung chap's heead 'at it wor Sent Mark's Eve, an' as weel az tha cud, thay gat croppen oot o' t' chetch pooatch, an' went yam. An' thoo may be seer tha nivver went *theer* onny mair te sweethart. Howivver az nowder on 'em had fallen asleep, tha knew tha wer seef; for if onnyboddy 'at 'z watchin' falls asleep, it 'z a sahn 'at tha 'll dee i' t' followin' year. Ah see 'at thoo 'z jaffin', bud mebbe thoo wad n't like te gan' an' watch theesel.' Bud here's Rooas cummin'. Gan' away an' oppen t' frunt deear, an' let her in. Ah'll awand sheea 'z cum'd te hail t' fost new moon i' t' year wi' tha, az sheea sed sheea wad deea."

Away went Mary, and opened the door, and in came a pretty, blooming girl of sixteen, and said:—

"Good evening, Mrs. Fernbrake! I have come, according to promise, to hail the new moon with Mary to-night."

"An' reet welcum thoo iz, me lass!" replied the good old dame. "Bud cum away tit fire, an' squat tha doon, an' git warm'd; an' then we'll hev a gud cup o' tay. Ah'll gan' an' see about it, Mary, tahn thoo tawks te Rooas."

As soon as Mrs. Fernbrake left the room, the two girls began to talk on a subject which was of great interest to them both. Rose had a dashing young brother, who was a sailor, much against the wishes of his parents, who were well-to-do people, and who would have fain kept him at home. But the quiet home life of a simple country squire was distasteful to him; and a longing to see foreign countries, and to "go down to the sea in ships," and to "do business in great waters," had taken possession of him some three or four years before. His wishes had been gratified, and he had so far enjoyed the new sphere of life which he had chosen for himself. Mary and him had been playfellows in childhood. He it was who gathered flowers for her in their rambles, and who carried her across the brook; and she then always called herself his little wife. After her return from school, and during one of his annual holidays, they had again met, after a parting of three years, when true love entered the hearts of both, and they became engaged to each other, with the full consent of both their parents. And now Rose was urging Mary to endeavour to persuade Fred to promise that the voyage he was then about to take should be his last; and she was nothing loath to undertake the task that very evening, as he was expected at the farm to accompany his sister home.

The table having been spread, with the teapot Mrs. Fernbrake again entered the room, and the three were soon discussing the good things set before them. Before the meal was at an end, Mr. Fernbrake's pleasant voice was heard in the passage, saying:—

"This way, Fred! Ah'll be bun we sal be i' tahn fer summat te eat."

Opening the door, he said:—

"Ah've fetcht yan mair tit tay then ya aim'd on; bud Ah knaw 'at he'll be welcum."

"Ay, John, Ah seer thoo knew that varry weel, else thoo wad n't ha' browt him here," said his wife, "fer Ah've oft heard tha say, Ah'd a way o' leeakin' varry glum if onnyboddy cam 'at Ah did n't want. Bud cum here, Fred, an' tak a seat atween t' lasses. What, we mun all hev a sup mair tay te keep ya cumpony."

The new comers being comfortably seated, the meal went forward in good earnest, Mr. Fernbrake asking Fred to tell them some little incident that he had met with in his travels.

"Well," said the young sailor, "I was thinking to-day about a man that I met with in Australia; and I was wondering how he is getting on. But I will tell you what I know about him.

"One morning, when we were in port, I was taking a stroll by the water side, when I met with a respectable-looking man, who was wandering listlessly along, with his hands in his pockets, looking the very picture of despair. I bid him good morning. When he raised his head, and returned the compliment, I said:—

"You are an Englishman, I see. Will you join me in my walk, and then we can have a chat about the old country."

"Willingly," he replied, "for I am in great trouble; and if you will kindly listen to my tale of woe, it may perhaps relieve my mind."

"Most willingly," said I; and as we walked slowly on together, he began:—

"I am a married man, and the father of two children. At the commencement of my married life, I was in business in a market town in the midland counties of England. I tried hard to succeed in life, but everything seemed to go against me. At last I was obliged to give up all I possessed for the benefit of my creditors, and, with my wife and children, went to reside for a short time with a near relation of hers. Then it was that he kindly proposed to advance me a sum of money to emigrate with, also a few pounds for our immediate wants on arriving at our destination. We landed in Sydney four months ago; and all my time since then has been spent in trying to find suitable employment, but in vain. Grim want is now staring us in the face; and when I came out here this morning, I had wicked thoughts in my head, for I fancied that it would be better for me to throw myself into the sea than to see my wife and little ones wasting away for want of proper food. Your speaking to me so kindly recalled me to myself again, and I see that it would be cowardly of me to leave my dear wife and them to struggle alone.' And, speaking in a loud tone, he said:—'If I could only meet with a good Freemason who would give me employment, he should never have cause to regret having trusted a poor needy brother.'

"These words were evidently overheard by a gentleman, who was passing at the time, for all at once, by means of some secret sign which I then wot not of, the two were soon brought together, and shaking hands. I walked slowly on, and in a short time my late companion ran after me, to bid me good morning; for he said that he had found a brother Mason through his conversation with me, and he hoped that we might meet again.

"About a fortnight afterwards, just when we were about to sail for England, I was going along a busy street, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and turning round, I saw my late companion of the sea-shore. But what a change that short time had made! A pleasant smile was on his face; and, taking me warmly by the hand, he said:—

"I am so glad that I have met you! I wanted so much to tell you about my good fortune. The gentleman who overheard part of my conversation with you, has taken me into his office as clerk, and has put me and mine into a nice little cottage; and I hope, by God's help, to make headway in the world yet. I shall never forget you. But for your kindly word, I shudder to think what might have happened. Think of me sometimes when you are in the dear old country; and now, Good-bye, and God bless you! Here is my name and address. I should at any time be glad to hear from you, or of you. You see, my friend, what I owe to the *Mystic Tie*. All true Masons are indeed Brothers!"

"I pondered much on his words, and determined on my return to England, to try to gain an entrance into the Craft. I succeeded; and now, I am proud to say, I also am a Freemason."

"Weel deean, Fred!" said the old farmer. "Ah like te hear tha tawk. Bud cum on wi' me, lad. Ah want tha te see a yung hoss 'at Ah've bowt. It wad mak a rare hunter. Ah wish thoo wad stop at yam, mun, an' gan' efter t' hounds sumtahms, asteed o' gahin' sailin' on t' sea."

So saying, the two went out together.

"Mary," said Rose, "the moon has risen; don't you think we had better go and hail it now?"

"Stop a bit, honeys!" said the old lady. "Ah mun gan' an' finnd ya a silk hankutcher

at Ah hev put by 'at 'z nivver been wesht. A hankutcher 'at 'z been wesht weca n't deca. This yan 'z been kept a vast o' years fer t' job. Mah mudher hailt it thruff 't; an' Ah hailt it thruff 't, an' monny mair 'z deean t' secam,—skooors o' lasses, Ah may weel say."

Bustling off, Mrs. Fernbrake soon returned with an old-fashioned silk handkerchief wrapped carefully up in paper, evidently a family heirloom.

"But, Mrs. Fernbrake!" said Rose, "you will have to teach us what to say."

"Ay, that Ah will!" she replied. "Yoo mun beeath lissen te me. Whahl you're hoddin' t' hankutcher atween yer feeaces an' t' meean, ya mun say:—

"New moon! new Moon! I hail thee!
Hoping this night my true love to see;
Not in his best or his worst array,
But in the clothes he wears every day!
Grant that to-morrow I may him ken
From among all other men."

"Oh, I am sure we can think of that!" said Mary. "Come along Rose! let us be off." And putting on their hats, and warm shawls about their shoulders, they went out.

Mrs. Fernbrake followed them to the door, to make three curtseys to the new moon, that she "mud git a presint," she said, "bud it did n't deca te hev glass atween yoo an' t'meean when ya did seea."

After the girls had been absent a short time, Rose returned to the house without Mary, and told Mrs. Fernbrake that Fred and her had gone for a moonlight walk.

"Whyah," said the old lady, "Ah can't say mitch ageean that, thoo knaws, Rooas, fer her fayther an' me had monny a yan tegidder; an' it diz n't deca te fertit 'at yan 'z been yung yansels. Bud how monny meean did ya see, Rooas?"

"Well, Mary says she only saw one; but I fancied I saw two or three, but I can't say which."

"That 'z just like oor Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Fernbrake. "Ah deca n't believe 'at sheea wad say ther waz onny mair deca what yan wad; sheea 'z seea varry hard o' believin' about owt o' that sooart. Ah howp thoo iz n't like her. Sheea diz n't believe i' ghosts, an' sheea sez 'at nut monny foak diz noo. Ther waz sumbody sayin' yah day 'at t' railroads had fretent all t' ghosts away. An' Ah seer Ah think 'at it wad be a gud job if tha cud invent owt te fretent t' bad men an' wimmen away, fer tha deca a vast mair harm ner ivver t' ghosts did,—fer tha meeasty cam te get things reeted, bud bad foaks nobbut cum te put things wrang."

"You are quite right in that, Mrs. Fernbrake!" said Rose. "Wicked people do a very great deal of harm in the world; but we must try to teach them to do better, not only by talking to them, but by setting them a good example in our own lives. But did you ever see a ghost, Mrs. Fernbrake?"

"Nay, honey!" she replied, "Ah nivver did see yan; bud Ah believe iv 'em fer all that. Whyah oor Mary weean't believe 'at if a dog yowls i' t' frunt ov a hoose 'at it 'z a sahn o' decaath! An' yah neet, when Ah browt her te t' deer te hear t' Gabriel Ratchets, sheca wanted te mak ma believe 'at it wor nowt neea mair ner a lot o' sea-bods fleein' owver an' squeekin' oot. Bud Ah ken better ner that; Ah've heer't 'em owver offens i' me tahn, cryin' oot aboon fowksiz hooses,—an' it hez n't been lang afooar sum o' ther frinnds hez deed. Bud here cums oor maister. We'll say neea mair about it now, fer oor Mary 'z meead him rayder hard o' believin' i' sike like things o' leeat."

The old farmer entered the room, and seating himself in his easy chair, began smoking his pipe, asking, as he did so, what had got Fred and Mary.

"Whyah," said his wife "thay've geean te hev a moonleet walk, seeam az Ah've knawn udder focaks deca afooar 'em; bud Ah think ther just comin' in, fer Ah heer'd t' fawd yat clap teea a bit sen."

And she was right, for a few moments after the two entered the room, with smiling faces.

On condition that Mary would delay their marriage no longer than the following Christmas, Fred had promised to relinquish his sea-faring life, and settle down at home. And now he stated the case to Mr. and Mrs. Fernbrake, and asked their consent to this

arrangement. This was at once given; and poor Rose was quite overcome with joy, and went and kissed Mary, and said how pleased she would be to have her for a sister, and how delighted her father and mother would be when they heard the welcome news. Old Mr. Fernbrake gave two or three extra puffs from his pipe, and then said:—

“Ah’ll tell ya what Ah mean te deea te-mooan. Ah’ll gan’ tit toon an’ see t’ beelder aboot a new hoos. Ther’s a grand spot fer yan at ’t top-end ov oor wotchet; an’ we’ll beeld a hoose fer me an’ t’ wife te liv in; an’ yoo twee sal hev oors.”

But here he was stopped by his wife saying:—

“Nut seea fast, John—nut seea fast, me lad! Ah iz n’t gahin’ te leeave this hoos fer onnyboddy. T’ chaimer Ah waz boosan in, Ah mean te dee in. Bud thoo can beeld yan theer fer them if thoo likes, fer Ah wad n’t like mah lass te leeave ma vary far.”

“All reet, wife!” said John. “It sal just be az thoo hez a mahnd. An’ mebbly it ’ll be better, fer then tha can plan ’t an’ fonnish ’t just az tha pleeaz. Think on, Fred, ’at thoo ’z here betahmz i’ t’ mooainin’ te gan’ wi’ ma, fer thoo nobbut hez fowwer days noo afooar tha hez te leeave uz ageean. Bud Ah iz fain te think it ’z te be the last voyage. Ah’ll keep t’ yung hoss, an’ thoo sal rahd him efter t’ hounds next winter, if all be weel.”

Fred promised them to be there in good time, next morning, and Rose being ready for going home, the two went on their way together.

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Spring came round, and the new house was commenced, and all went well at the farm; no worse luck having happened to Mrs. Fernbrake than the dairy door being left open, and the cat getting in and taking the cream off three large bowls of milk,—which she attributed to the mistake made on New Year’s morning. During the summer, however, a valuable cow died; and this, to the old lady, was “confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ” of the bad luck she had anticipated; and no one could persuade her any other than that it was all because a female had been the first to enter her house on New Year’s Day.

Two or three letters had arrived from Fred. The ship had got safely to its destination, and was expected to reach England again in October. The house was nearly completed, and Mary was as happy as the day was long. In September, however, gloomy tidings reached them. The ship had sailed on her return voyage at the appointed time, but was missing, she having never been heard of since she left the foreign port.

Mary was quite overcome with grief, as were also Fred’s parents and sister. Old Mrs. Fernbrake did her best to try to comfort them all. “What waz t’ use,” she said, “ov ’em meetin’ trubbels hawf way! What t’ ship wad toun up all reet, sheea had na doot, an’ tha mud all howp fer t’ best.” But when she got amongst her servants in the kitchen, she would shake her head, and say:—

“Ah telt yah all hoo it wad be!—nowt bud bad luck fer uz all t’ year, just thruff Rocas cumin’ in t’ fost.”

After a time came more news. The ship had put into a foreign port, very much disabled, having experienced a severe storm. Several of the crew had got into the long boat, for they were all about to leave the ship, but suddenly the rope gave way, and they were at once parted from it; and the storm having somewhat abated, they that were left had managed, with some difficulty, to carry the vessel into port. But they had not seen or heard of the boat since it parted from them. A list of names of those of the crew who were missing was given, and Fred’s was amongst the number.

This was another heavy blow. Poor Mary wandered about in a listless manner, without heart for anything. She could not bear to look at the new house, and wished many times that it had never been built, as it would only serve to remind her of what might have been.

A week or two after the last tidings, Mrs. Fernbrake received a letter, informing her that an old aunt, whom she had not seen for thirty years, and who resided in a distant part of the country, was dead, and had left her a legacy of two thousand pounds, clear of legacy duty. This was quite unexpected; and, as she had never known much about the old lady, brought more joy than sorrow to her.

"Noo, Mary!" said Mrs. Fernbrake, "thoo mun cheer up, mah lass! Fred 'll cum back, an' that thoo 'll see; an' thoo sal hev hawf o' me legacy te fonnish the hoose wiv. Ah've gotten a gud letter, an' thoo'll be hevin' yan afooar lang. Willy mun yoke up, an' thoo an' me 'll gan' tit toon an' buy a bit o' black te weear fer t' awd woman; an' t' next tahn we gan' it 'll be te buy weddin'-drisses."

Poor Mary shook her head, but could not speak. But she got ready, and went with her mother,—thinking that *her* black might have to be worn for another, as well as for her great aunt.

Old Mr. Fernbrake kept all going on about the new building as usual; for he said that he had a presentiment that all would be well at last. He was one of those happy, hopeful men, who see a "silver lining" to every cloud.

Mary had gone one morning to spend the day with Rose and Fred's parents, for when she was there she could freely indulge in her grief, they being as much cast down as herself. She had not been gone more than an hour, when the postman arrived with a letter for her from abroad, which they at once saw from the address was in Fred's handwriting. Her father threw up his hat, and at once began cheering lustily, as soon as he saw who it was from.

"Ah mun be off efter her!" he said. "'T' rooases 'll cum back te mah poor bairn's feeace ageean now!"

He soon crossed the fields to Mr. Campion's house, and went in whistling, "When Johnny comes marching home."

Mary looked up, and smiling through her tears, asked:—

"Father, what is it that makes you so gay?"

"Will tha gi'e ma a kiss fer a letter?" he replied; "an' a reet letter an' all!" at the same time drawing it from his pocket.

Mary seized it hastily from him, and giving him the kiss, dropped down on her seat, and fainted, causing great alarm to her father.

After a short time, however, she recovered, and was able to read her letter.

It stated that they had experienced a severe storm, and on himself and some others of the crew taking to the boat, they had been accidentally cast adrift; and, after spending a day and a night on the open sea, without provisions, they had been providentially picked up by a vessel bound for the port which they had left a short time before. There they had been safely landed; and he had secured a passage in a ship to return home. The letter he would send by the mail just about to leave for England; and would Mary kindly read it to his father and mother and sister, as he had not time to write another letter before the mail sailed. But all being well, he said, they hoped to reach England about the middle of November, and then good-bye to the sea for ever!

The joy in Mr. Campion's house was unbounded; and the welcome news spread rapidly in their quiet neighbourhood.

Mary and her father returned home, and were met on the threshold by her mother, who after affectionately kissing her dear daughter, said:—

"Did n't Ah tell tha all wad cum reet i' t' end? Now, cheer up, me lass! Ah'll be bun fot thoo hez gud news i' the letter."

The letter was once more read over, and the old lady was delighted to hear that Fred was likely to be back again so soon.

"We mun push on noo," said she "an' git all riddy fo' t' weddin'."

All was now bustle about the house. Mary began to sing again as she went about; and unlimited orders were given to the upholsterer about fitting up the new house, which had been finished building some time. Nothing now was wanting but the arrival of Fred. And this event took place in due course; the meeting being highly satisfactory on all sides. Rose was tripping daily from one house to the other, and wedding dresse were in preparation.

During one of the milliner's visits to receive instructions for the dress for Mary to be married in, Mrs. Fernbrake asked if her daughter was going to try it on before she put it on to be wed in?—"fer if shee diz, honey," said she, addressing the mantua-maker, "ya

mun leeave a few stitches te be put in efter,—fer it 'z varry unlucky te put on a gown 'at yer gahin' te be wed in efter it 'z deean, tell ya're mackin' riddy fer t' chetch."

The young woman told her that she often received similar instructions from her customers, and that she invariably followed that practise, because she believed in it herself.

"Thoo 'z a sensible lass," said the old lady ; " Ah ain't met wi' yan like tha fer a gud bit. Neeaboddy else sal deea mah wark, Ah can tell thoo. Thoo 'z be mah mantey-makker tell yan on uz dees,—an' neeaboddy can say which ov uz may be teean fost."

After the young woman was gone, Mary said :—

"What nonsense it is, dear mother, about trying on the dress ! It is just as bad as you making yourself uneasy about poor Rose being the 'lucky bird.' And I am sure that we have had more good luck than bad this year, take it all through. Now don't you think so ?"

"Whyah," replied her mother, " Ah deean't think 'at ther waz mitch gud luck i' poor Fred being at sea a day an' a neet iv an oppen booat ; nor iv oor best coo deein' : ner i' t' cat gettin' all that creem, thoo knows."

"But still mother," said Mary, "look at all the good luck that we have had to set off against this bad ! Fred was mercifully saved, and has been restored to us in good health. Then if the cow died, you had a legacy left that surely would have compensated you for the loss of many cows. As for the cat stealing the cream, it is not worth mentioning. Now you know very well that we lost more stock last year, when we had a man for our 'first foot,' or 'lucky bird,' than we have done this."

"Ah deea n't wunder 'at tha perswadin' Fred te stop at yam," said her mother, "fer thoo can git owwer owt, thoo hez sike a nice way o' tawkin.' Mebby thoo may be reet this tahm tak' t all thruff : we may hev had mair prahzes ner blonks this year ; bud Roocas cummin' in fost diz n't count fer t' prahzes ; she nobbut counts fer t' blonks. Howsumivver we weea n't try 't on onny mair iv mah tahm, fer Ah sal tak all t' deeher kyghs wi' ma up stairs owwer neet next Newry Eve, if Ah be spared az lang,—an' then Ah'll see wheeah cums in t' fost."

It only remains to be stated, that the wedding took place on the Christmas-day following, and that great rejoicings were held at the farm ; the poor people all round the neighbourhood being feasted to their hearts content with an unlimited supply of roast beef and plum-pudding. And many were the good wishes that followed the happy pair on their wedding tour ; and long and loud were the cheers that were given for them—and for Mr. and Mrs. Fernbrake—and for Mr. and Mrs. Champion—and also for dear little Rose, Mrs. Fernbrake's "lucky bird."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE "MASONIC MAGAZINE" BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Oh, all ye green things of the earth, bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

Oh all ye green things of the earth,
 Praise ye the Lord, they sung,
 And out into the distant woods
 The echoing voices rung,
 On came the sound-wave like a river
 Praise, magnify the Lord for ever.

Loud roared the wind that Christmas eve
 In gorgeous coloured flame,
 Flashing across the stormy sky
 The rainbow went and came.
 Oh ! glittering drops, oh ! storm-cloud weather
 Praise, magnify the Lord for ever.

Loud roared the wind, but louder yet
 The Church's joyous strain,
 The forest clapped its thousand hands
 In answer back again,
 Now from the branch our fair boughs sever,
 We come to praise our God for ever.

The stately cedar bent its head,
 Fir tree, and box, and pine,
 Mingled their boughs with ivy spray,
 And laurel's glittering shine,
 And oh ! more loved than all beside
 Holly of green and scarlet pride.

Shake off the icicles and snow,
 Bind we the boughs together,
 Once safe within the quiet porch
 Who cares how wild the weather,
 Hail storms without and tempest din,
 All holy calm and peace within.

Oh ! pillars white, oh ! windows bright,
 Oh ! marble paved floor,
 Altar ! where saints and angels meet
 With mortals to adore,
 Oh aisles by many a pilgrim trod,
 Now in the city of his God.

Oh loved abode, how fair thou art,
 But when our task is done,
 When wreaths and cross and coronal
 Welcome to morrow's sun,
 Shall it not be more fair to meet
 The coming of his blessed feet.

For the King cometh, shouts of joy
 Circle creation round,
 Up to the very heavens they reach
 And angels catch the sound,
 Till earth and heaven combine to raise
 One loud grand thunder-clap of praise.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VI. DECEMBER.

“ The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying ;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying ;
Old age begin sighing.

The year’s in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning ;
Cold winter gives warning.”

THIS the season for gloomy days and gloomier nights, at least out of doors ; for within, to our thinking, there is no time so bright and cheerful as the winter-night. The time when with curtains close drawn, a bright fire sparkling in the grate, and the room filled with the bright but subdued lamplight, we give ourselves up to an evening’s quiet enjoyment. The vigorous bustle of the busy mart by day is good for us because it is the period of work—of creation ; the intense quiet of the Summer evening’s solitary walk is good for us because it is the season of rest—of recreation, nay better, because it is the time of communing with our own souls, affording us an opportunity of increased usefulness in the future ; but best and happiest time of all, humanly speaking, is that evening hour spent in the quietude of our home circle, when our entire family is gathered round us for social reunion and affectionate intercourse after the labours of the day are ended.

“ O winter
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem’st
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold’st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.”

Whilst then we have an equivalent for what seems to be a loss sustained, we have no right to grumble, but rather to be glad when our deprivation brings us such compensation as this ; nay indeed, have we not cause to be very thankful that our winter is but a pleasant change of season in a country which is a mean between those torrid lands where a period of delightful coolness is never known, and those other climes where no sun rises and no day dawns for many long weeks at a time. By our own bright hearths then we have reason to be very thankful when we remember those

“ Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er they are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm !
How shall their houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Their loop’d and window’d raggedness, defend them,
From seasons such as these ?”

Should we not, instead of grumbling, think of and put in action a 'Brother's' touching words?—

“ Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!”

* * * * *
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!”

The sufferer and the season are alike ready to our hand, let us seize the opportunity feeling that—

—“ deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' all His works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles God.”

Perhaps, however, we are flower-lovers, and, like Hood, we are not foud of that in-
 doors makeshift, the so-called winter nosegay—

“ Oh, wither'd Winter blossoms,
 Dowager-flowers,—the December vanity.
 In antiquated visages and bosoms,—
 What are ye plann'd for
 Unless to stand for
 Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?”

* * * * *

Away! dull weeds,
 Born without beneficial use or needs!
 Fit only to deck our winding-sheets:
 And then not for the milkmaid's funeral bloom,
 Or fair Fidele's tomb—
 To tantalise,—vile cheats!
 Some prodigal bee, with hopes of after-sweets,
 Frigid and rigid.
 As if ye never knew
 One drop of dew.

Or the warm sun resplendent;
 Indifferent of culture and of care,
 Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
 Churlishly independent—
 I hate ye of all breeds!
 Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
 And not by interchange of kindly deeds—
 Hence!—from my shelf!”

Well, we need not remain to grumble even at these, for if we wander out of doors, we shall soon find a few flowers if not as yet

“ Out of the bosom of the Air,
 Out of the cloudfolds of her garments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest fields forsaken,
 Silent, and soft, and slow
 Descends the snow.”

And even then we may wait patiently for some day of sunshine to dissolve Winter's snowy pall, and we shall presently be able to gather our Winter-garland.

The first we chance to find is a very humble little plant, so much so, indeed, that we may perhaps think it beneath our notice, we mean the Groundsell, which our feathered favourites know better than to despise. Its bright green succulent leaves and faintly yellow flowers and white seed-tufts hardly need description. Another plant beloved of birds is the tiny, white-flowered Chickweed. Another favourite with them, which, too, flowers throughout the entire year is the Shepherd's Purse. This little plant is perfectly

irrepressible, growing not only in meadows and hedgerows, cultivated fields and waste-places alike, but even pushing its hardy way through the chinks of the pavement in the bustling town. So troublesome is it, with its innumerable seed-pods, that the farmer has bestowed upon it the name of Pick-pocket. The leaves possess but little flavour, but they are sometimes boiled and eaten, and, in Philadelphia, its young foliage is commonly sold in the markets for salad. Although now-a-days we recognise in it no healing virtues, yet our ancestors' name for it of 'Poor Man's Parmecetic' shows that they thought differently. Worthy George Herbert, in recommending to the "Country Parson" a knowledge of 'simples' "wherein," he says "the manifold wisdom of God is wonderfully to be seen," and adding, "one thing is to be carefully observed, which is to know what herbs may be used instead of drugs of the same nature, so as to make the garden the shop; for home-bred medicines are both more easy for the parson's purse, and more familiar for all men's bodies," proceeds to enlighten his readers on the various medical virtues of Damask and White Roses, Plaintain and Knot-grass, and Shepherd's Purse. Lightfoot speaks of it as "an external and internal application for man and beast." However these really simple plants attained such a reputation is a mystery past comprehension, until we remember the intimate connexion between mind and body, and take into account in the process of healing, the great factor, 'Faith.' Probably, too, our ancestor's ailments might be divided into two broad classes, those which carried them off, and those from which they recovered equally well either with their 'simples' or without.

Another friend that is with us everywhere, and all through the year alike is the Daisy. Humble the little flower may be, but it has ever been the prime favourite of the poet's heart, from Chaucer down to Wordsworth, nor is the admiration of it confined to our share of Britain, nor even to Britain itself, for wherever it is seen, its modest beauties are appreciated; thus amongst our favourite's pretty names are the Italian *Pratolina*—Meadow Flower; and *Fiore de Primavera*—Flower of Spring; Dan Chaucer's pet 'Day's Eye' is still known to our French neighbours as *La Petite Marguerite*, nearly the same name as that of his own day:—

"Of whose invencion lovirs maie be gladd,
For thei
Owe to worship the lustie floures alwaie,
And in speciall one called se of the daie,
The daisie, a flouir white and rede,
And in Frenche callid *La bel Margarete* :
O commendable floure, and moste in minde !
O floure and gracious of excellence !
O amiable Marga'rite! of natife kind'—"

In the poetry of our own day there is the same tribute of affection, witness what Wordsworth, one of Nature's best and truest interpreters, has said:—

"When soothed awhile by milder airs
Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few gray hairs ;
Spring cannot shun thee ;
Whole summer fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.
* * * * *
Nor car'st if thou be set at naught :
And of alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.
* * * * *
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling."

'Over the Border,' the Daisy is equally precious, for our 'Brother' Burns, turning one down with his plough, thus touchingly moralises:—

“Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow’r,
Thou’s met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow’r,
Thou bonie gem.

* * * * *

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

* * * * *

Such fate to suffering worth is giv’n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv’n,
By human pride or cunning driv’n
To misery’s brink,
Till wrench’d of ev’ry stay but Heaven,
He, ruin’d, sink!

Ev’n thou who mourn’st the Daisy’s fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin’s ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush’d beneath the furrow’s weight,
Shall be thy doom!”

But it is not always thus sorrowfully that the Daisy speaks, for does it not often seem to recall

—“Some brief delight,
Some memory that had taken flight,
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right,
Or stray invention?”

From the fact of its affording our little ones such delight, our tiny favourite is called in the North 'Bairnwort,' and often in distant lands, naturalised in Madeira, or tended in a flower-pot in India, it brings back to the wanderer many a thought of his far-off home and his childhood's days. Backhouse says of Australia: "Many little flowers begin to enamel the ground, one of which is too much like an English daisy not to excite pleasing recollections associated with that little flower." Leyden wrote of his "longings" whilst in India, "to look on the Daisy-flower." Pringle, dreaming of his home, whilst in the burning desert of Africa, saw the meadows "gemmed with the Primrose and Gowan." Gardner, the botanist, thus wrote in the interior of Brazil:—

—“I ask where the Violet and Daisy grow,
But a breeze-born voice, in whisperings low,
Swept from the North o'er Southern seas,
Tells me I'm far from the land of these.”

Cattle do not like the Daisy amongst their pastures, nor will even Geese touch it, if we except certain human specimens that have been said to boil and eat its acrid leaves. In former times it was considered a valuable poultice for freshly made wounds.

At present we have only white, yellow, and pink in our posy, but here is a red flower just to hand, the Red Dead Nettle. This ubiquitous plant is one of a very numerous family, including our useful herbs the Sages and the Mints; these relatives are as pleasantly aromatic as they are useful, but the Dead Nettle, which can be put to but little, if any, use, possesses an odour the reverse of agreeable; like a good many other plants, it has been used both as a food, and as a medicine: we should imagine that it answers either purpose equally well. All the plants of this family have square stems with opposite leaves, and two-lipped blossoms which are usually red, purple, or lilac.

Our bouquet still wants leaves, and there are none so graceful as those afforded by the Ferns ; of these beautiful plants, if the situation be a favourable one, we shall be sure to find at least one, the *Hart's-tongue*. The waving and spreading fronds of this handsome, although somewhat common kind, is too well known to need description. The addition of a few berries will be no unwelcome addition, so let us look for the little black clusters of the *Privet*. These berries will dye silks or woollens a beautiful and durable green ; the leaves yield a rose-coloured dye, similar to that with which Oriental beauties stain their nails, whence its Portuguese name of *Al Hena*. The shrub itself is a great favourite, from its small roots and close growth, as a garden hedge.

Speaking of hedge-row shrubs brings us to our Christmas friend, the *Holly*, which makes a capital hedge ; there was one 400 feet long, 9 feet high, and 5 feet thick, at *Saye's Court*, the residence of *John Evelyn*, who much deplored its demolition by the destructive *Czar Peter*. One peculiarity of its growth, has been beautifully described by *Southey* :—

“ O Reader ! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly tree ?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves,
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise
 As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
 Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.
 * * * * *
 And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.
 * * * * *
 So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng—
 So would I seem among the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.”

In France the young shoots form winter food for sheep and deer, whilst the stems are much used for driving-whips ; the wood is beautifully white, and is employed as a groundwork for painted ornaments, such as screens. The berries afford food to the birds, but the treacherous bark supplies to their enemy the bird-catcher the fatal bird-lime

The *Holly* is a plant everywhere venerated ;—the followers of *Zoroaster* believe that the sun never shadows it ; whilst the *Parsees* are said to throw water, in which it has been steeped, in the face of new-born children. The Christian use of it for Christmas decoration, is said to have its origin in the tradition that *Holly* formed the Redeemer's crown of *Thorns*.

Other shrubs used for decoration are the *Laurel* and the *Bay*, the latter sometimes mixed with *Rosemary*, as mentioned by *Ovid* in his beautiful description of the far-famed *Hymettus* :—

“ Near, where his purple head *Hymettus* shews,
 And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows,
 With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
 And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade,
 There, *Rosemary* and *Bay* their odours join,
 And with the fragrant *Myrtle's* scent combine.
 There, *Tamarisks* with thick-leav'd *Box* are found,
 And *Cytisus*, and *Garden-Pines* abound.
 While thro' the boughs, soft winds of *Zephyr* pass,
 Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of *Grass*.”

A curious property in the growth of the Bay, (worth quoting in its entirety, for the lesson it conveys, did space permit,) is noted by Eliza Cook :—

“ The Bay-Tree is a bonny tree, but never is it known
To flourish in the richest soil that holds the Bay alone.”

The Box is another shrub that lends its aid to Christmas adornment :—

“ ——— Box, like a tough-liv'd annuitant,—
Verdant alway,—
From quarter-day even to quarter-day.”

Although this pretty evergreen grows in profusion at Box-hill, near Dorking in Surrey, it rarely attains a sufficient size to be of much practical value ; the blocks used in wood-engraving, being mostly cut from wood that comes from Turkey.

The Evergreen Pine and the Fir, both majestic additions to the landscape in their native wilds, are pressed into the service at Christmas-time. Their solid worth as timber trees is too well recognized to be dwelt upon here. The Larch, though very beautiful in spring with its pea-green leaves and pink tasselled flower-spikes, soon grows dingy and bare, and is useless except as an outdoor ornament, where its cones dotted over its slender bare branches, give it a very graceful appearance.

The Yew seems made for Church-decoration, so closely is it linked to the Churchyard. Fitting place for it :—

“ Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and tombs.”

There are many fine specimens of this tree in various parts of the country—on the banks of the Wye, at Buckland near Dover, at Fisbury in Dorsetshire ; at Staines is one of a thousand years old, and at Fortingal, in Perthshire, one that used to measure upwards of fifty-six feet in circumference. The leaves of the Yew are poisonous, not so its waxen berries, which are much relished by children. With the bow, as a weapon of offence, the glory of the Yew has well-nigh departed ; appropriately, therefore, does it take up its abode in the corner of the old Churchyard,

Of all plants for adornment commend to us the Ivy, for it is a decoration ready-made, and a decoration, moreover, far more beautiful than any art can form ; what more graceful than a simple Ivy-spray negligently trailing over column or window, moulding or architrave ? As an ornament of the person, poets have from very early ages sung the praises of the plant—the very crown of the singer being one of its wreaths ; so too was the Bacchanalian garland, Ivy being credited with the property of preventing intoxication. Thus we find Theocritus, Virgil, and Ovid versifying its merits, whilst nearer our own time, Shakspeare makes “ the Passionate Pilgrim ” offer to his mistress—

“ A belt of straw and Ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.”

Of the value of the Ivy in the economy of nature, hardly enough can be said, nor of the vital importance it is to the feathered world : when other shrubs are leafless and bare, the Ivy bush affords those of our songsters a shelter who are making early arrangements for house-keeping, or rather house-building. The flowers coming late in the Autumn, present a supply of food to innumerable insects ; whilst its berries, which no frost can touch, are just ready for bird-consumption, when every other species of hedge fruit is exhausted.

The growth of the Ivy, by which we mean shape and size of leaf and the like, is as various as are the different modes of growth it adopts,—one beautiful kind is found mantling the low stones of Mendip, making them, when well-nigh every other leaf than its own is falling dead and discoloured, a very picture of gorgeous colours, from pink, through crimson, to purple, and from primrose-yellow, through every shade of orange, to deepest richest brown and almost black. Another pretty sort is that which twines along the hedgerow-bottom, deluding the children with the idea that spring has come. Clare thus sings of it :—

—“Oft in pleasure’s dreams they lie
 Round homestead by the village side,
 Scratching the hedgerow masses by,
 Where painted pooty shells abide;
 Mistaking oft the Ivy spray
 For leaves that come with budding spring,
 And wondering, in their search for play,
 Why birds delay to build and sing.”

Talking of growth conjures up in one’s mind the fine old ruin, the venerable relic of the past, clad in its verdant Ivy-garb, which instead of—

—“feeding on ruins old,”

serves to bind the crumbling mass together and preserve it. Round dwelling-houses, too, it is a preservative from damp, adding the warmth as well as the dryness of our houses.

Ivy is frequently called a parasite; but this is incorrect. Its branches, it is true, need some support, be it rock or be it tree-trunk; but, inasmuch as they independently derive their sustenance from their own root and not from the living tree that may chance to form that support, the plant cannot be considered parasitic. That it may do injury, sometimes, by strangling the growth of the young tree, round which it has climbed, by its cable-like embrace, we can understand,—nevertheless, “take it for all in all,” we cannot but re-echo the beautiful pleading of Calder Campbell in its behalf:—

“Oh falsely they accuse me,
 Who say I seek to check
 The growing saplings flourishing;—
 I better love to deck
 The dead or dying branches
 With all my living leaves.
 ’Tis for the old and withered tree,
 The Ivy garlands weaves.”

Although the Ivy is no parasite, the last on our list, the Mistletoe is, and that the only one indigenous to this country.

Back, far back into the ages of the past, does this plant carry our thoughts; back to the days when the Druids held sway in the land, and when they lopped the sacred branch with the knife of gold; sacred, because it was the emblem to them of “The Branch,” which, “taking root upward,” even in the first prophecy and promise of The Father to fallen man, “grew downward” through countless generations till it was manifest in the fulfilment of the prophetic promise—the Son.

The Mistletoe has one modern use, whether valuable or not we leave to our Fair Young Readers to determine, as well as the question, which we need not perhaps put—for we should not get an answer if we did—as to whether to the desired result the presence of the plant is an absolute necessity. These things are “secrets” of the “Craft,” to which our Fair Maidens pay allegiance, and it is not for us to seek to solve their “mysteries,” for—

—“nobody knows, nor ever shall know.
 What is done under the Mistletoe!”

Our list of “Greenery” is, we think, complete, and long be the day ere “Merrie Englande” cease to put up in church and hall, castle and cottage, those symbols of His coming, who brought—

“Peace on Earth, Goodwill ’mongst men!”

Long be it ere has died out the race with whom there is—

—“a good old fashion when Christmas is come,
 To call in all their old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
 With good cheer enough to furnish every old room.”—

—long before true English hearts forget to extend, to every brother rich and poor, alike, the rites of good old English hospitality! Long indeed may the time be, if ever that Clare's lament shall be entirely true:—

Old customs, oh, I love the sound,
 However simple they may be!
 Whate'er with time hath sanction found,
 Is welcome and is dear to me:
 Pride grows above simplicity,
 And spurns them from her haughty mind;
 And soon the poet's song will be
 The only refuge they can find."

And now a word for our insect favourites, of which we may still find a few Brimstone Butterflies, besides those more daring Admirals, Peacocks, and Tortoiseshells, that a more genial and sunny noon than usual may tempt from their winter quarters; one or two Moths may also be seen, as the December, and the Chesnut, and the terribly destructive Winter-moth. Of the denizens of the air, there come to us this month, amongst others, the Pintail Duck, the Snow Bunting, and the Grosbeak or Hawfinch; whilst of the denizens of earth, that remarkable creature, the Mole, is most troublesomely active, running his burrows in every direction, and throwing up his hillocks wherever they are sure to be most unsightly and destructive to growing crops or the smoothly-shaven lawn. However, he has his own place of usefulness in Nature, and so we must pardon him for the numerous mischief-working grubs that he destroys.

And now the year is drawing to a close, and soon must we, true to human nature,—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

God grant that another year may find us better, wiser, truer to Him and to each other aye, and to ourselves, than the past. Some winter time, however, both material and mental, must yet be undergone. Looking back, then, over the winters that have gone, let us be better prepared for the springs that are to come, cheering each other for the battle of life in the Poet's words:—

"Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part deem'd evil is no more:
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all."

FROM LISBON TO BELEM.

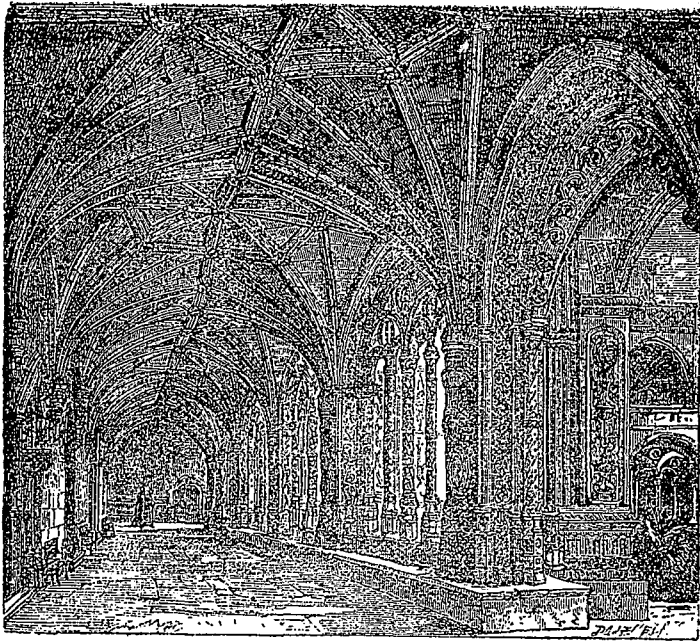
BY BRO. C. H. WYATT.

MAY 25th, 1871.

A FEW minutes' walk transferred us from the glaring, sun-burnt, stifling streets, to the deck of a Portuguese high-pressure steamboat, with saloons for'ard and aft, fitted neatly but not gaudily—admirably clean and well-ventilated. Still the air is stronger on deck; so taking camp-stools, we ensconce ourselves under the awning abaft, and lighting our "weeds" (who, in these days of flying telegrams and news, ever saw a "special" making a note of anything without his cigar), proceed to contemplate the passing scenery. On the right the whole city defiled before us, with its broad esplanade close to the water's edge, dotted every here and there with landing slips, for boats, on the one side, and bordered on the other by markets, hotels, and shops of all descriptions. Beyond these last rise endless rows of streets, one above the other, all engirdled at each story by verandahs—the monotony of the whole being relieved, now and again, by the parti-coloured mansion of some aristocrat surrounded by terraced gardens, whose slope towards the river adds much

to the beauty of the picture. From countless points rise domes and minarets of cathedrals, monasteries, schools, and other public buildings in never-ending variety. Further on and nearer the crest of the hill, away from the immediate "smoke and stir" of the city, stands in all the glories of unfinished (?) architecture, the winter palace of the King (the Ajuda). During the summer, his Majesty occupies the Alhambra of the old Moorish Kings of Lisbon, situated at Cintra, fifteen miles out.

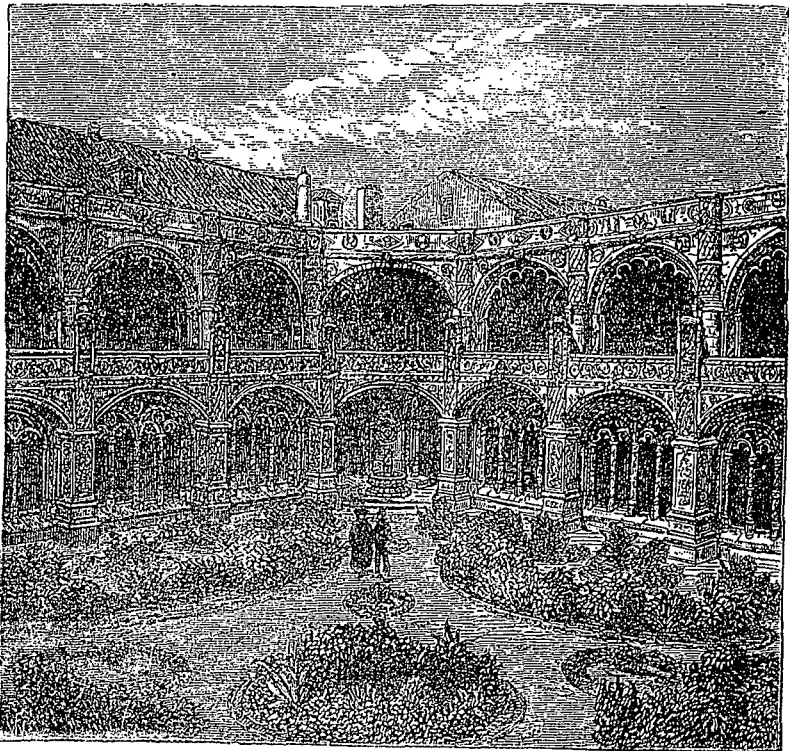
On our left hand we have a splendid view of the broad Tagus, dotted with large and small craft of various nations, conspicuous amongst which appear two English ironclads, a U.S. frigate and corvette, a large French trooper, and several mail boats, whilst far back rises the bold and rocky high ground of the opposite shore. But the steamer is already at the Belem-pier, and waiting for us to land. We first wend our way towards the *Caza pia*, or monastery and church of Santa Maria of Belem—a gem of Gothic-Moresque architecture, which has seen many vicissitudes since it sprang into existence in 1499, when it was founded by King Manoel the Fortunate, on the spot where Vasco de Gama embarked on his successful venture round the Cape of Good Hope. The singularly varied carvings are executed in a pale, brick-red limestone, and have, unfortunately, suffered a good deal from wind and rain; but the whole front is now undergoing a thorough renovation. The roomy cloisters



Cloisters of Monastery of Sta. Maria, Belem.

form a square, bordering a garden of the most brilliant and beautiful shrubs and flowers. From either side you gain entrance to the wings—that on the right leading into the chapel. The immense height of the vaulted arches, the heavily ornamented massive pillars, the narrow stained-glass windows, the old paintings of the Apostles and Saints of the early Church, the two enormous organs, one on each side of the chancel, their pipe sending in golden trumpets pointing upwards to the sky—the whole was so vast, so grand, that we became lost in the hallowed gloom of the aisles, and might have lingered on, amongst its ever-changing beauties, till our own individuality had departed, had not our guide suddenly, with a thoughtful consideration for his own wants temporal, if not for ours, broken our reverie by informing us that if we would visit the schools, we must hurry on before

the children came in for their mid-day meal. Accordingly, we proceeded through the cloister to the opposite side, and entered the Monastery of St. Jeronymo—so-called from its having been occupied formerly by monks of that order—now an orphan asylum where 500 boys and 350 girls are clothed, fed, and taught. We met them just marching out of school bare-legged and bare-headed, but their faces showed they were well cared for. In the dormitories we found thorough order and cleanliness; each bed was numbered, and, in appearance, much like small English-made iron ones, and the make-up was *home-like*, save in the matter of pillows (Portuguese ideas of those articles evidently being somewhat different to our own); these were perfectly round, like pancakes, but slightly thicker, with a frill or flounce—as ladies call it, I believe—of lace round the edge. But they looked charming on the snow-white sheets. Behind each bed was a ventilator, open during the day, and so easy to work that any child could open or shut it himself. So through the

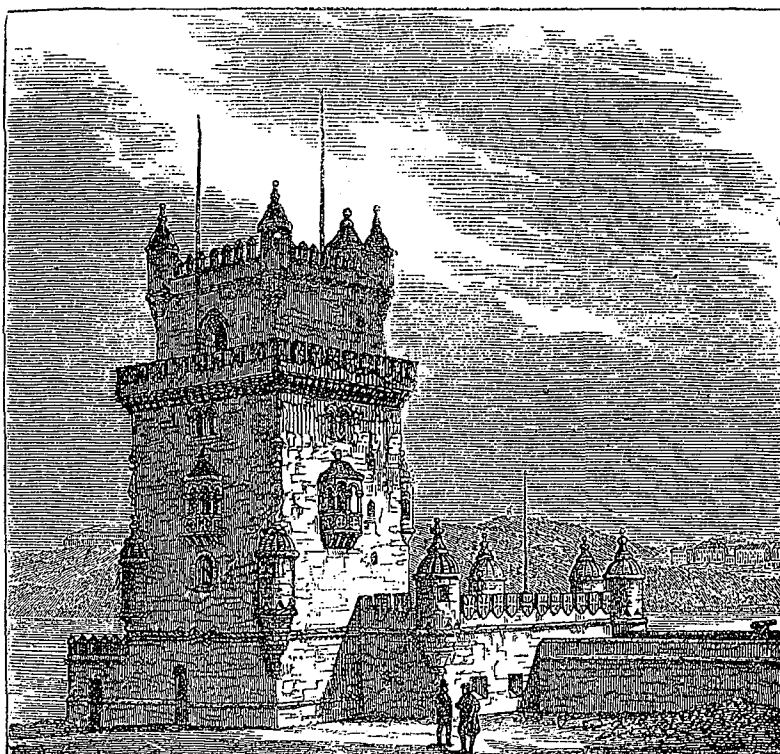


CLOISTERS OF BELEM MONASTERY.

corridors, and down a broad stone staircase, to the ground floor again, where we were led through the dining-hall, already laid for dinner. Everything was exquisitely neat, flowers bloomed in profusion at one end of the room, whilst festoons and flags adorned the walls. Through the whole length of the building ran two parallel rows of tables, on either side of which were small high-backed forms, showing that even amongst the Portuguese a rest for the back whilst sitting is not deemed superfluous for school children, as it is by many learned and honourable members of British School Boards. Ranged on each side of the tables, at equal distances, were tin cups on triangular folded white napkins. We next paid a visit to the gymnasium, an extensive piece of ground at the back, possessing all and every of the latest improvements made in that noble art. It was deserted and solitary, so we turned back once again to the cloisters, and out into the gardens, whose beauty I have before mentioned.

In the cool of the evening no doubt one might linger long and lovingly over such a spot ; but now with an almost vortical sun pouring its rays down into the enclosed on-all-sides-space, it reminds us of an immense caldron, from which we are only too glad to flee. Before leaving the scene of our rambles, I may be allowed to quote Professor Sir Wyville Thompson's words regarding the sacred structure, regretting the want of that instinct which would lead me to know, at all times, and under all changes, a flint from a piece of granite.

"The stone is a light pink carboniferous limestone, almost a marble, with many fossils, and in some places the elegant forms of the imbedded shells have been reproduced by the sculptor, and the nautilus and the goniatite of the elder times, and arabesques and horns of plenty, and the chubby faces of Christian cherubs, blend in the creation of the old architect like truth and fiction in the dream of a poet."



BELEM CASTLE

Turning our backs on the glories of the historic pile, we wend our way towards the river-bank and the Castle of Belem, built in 1521. It is 150 feet high, and armed with 21 guns, 10 large (but not *large* according to the gun nomenclature of to-day) and 11 small, for saluting purposes. There are five stories above the lower bastion, approached by irregular winding staircases of 22, 15, 24, and 30 stone steps respectively, each flight ending in a cross-shaped room with stained-glass windows. No furniture—no adornments,—yet, withal, strangely grand and beautiful. But we cannot do justice to it! Why? We had seen the Cathedral first.

A P O R T R A I T.

Ah! pleasant face that shinest
 Upon me sitting here:
 Ah! memory divinest
 Of many a vanished year!
 Thou whisperest soft-voiced
 To this poor heart of mine,
 Which once of old rejoiced
 In that calm smile of thine!

Amid the toils and sorrows
 Of many weary days—
 Amid the long to-morrows,
 And obloquy and praise—
 That comely picture beameth
 Like a ray of light to me;
 That gentle seeming seemeth
 The best of company!

Yes, in thy gracious bearing,
 And in thy goodly mien,
 Thou now would'st e'en be sharing
 Those glad days which have been;
 And still, as of old, believing,
 And full of trust and truth,
 Thou art as undeceiving
 As in some glad days of youth!

Thy face is still as pleasant
 As when, in ancient hours,
 We trusted in the present,
 And loitered in the bowers;
 Thy eyes are full of light and love
 As when, in days gone by,
 We little recked of the clouds above,
 Or yonder lowering sky.

Oh! dream which once was mine—
 A star amidst the gloom!—
 I greet that laughing face of thine
 As it lightens up my room!
 And though oft I turn with sighs away
 From darker hours now,
 That radiant vision seems to stay—
 I gaze on that placid brow!

Once more thou beamest in thy grace—
 Once more I hear thee speak!
 I watch the smile upon thy face,
 The dimple on thy cheek!
 I speak to thee. Alas! no more
 An answer comes to me,
 And that Portrait which I grieve before
 Is all I have of thee!

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER VII.

"Vous trouvez une lettre à l'écriture fine,
Parlant à tout votre être une langue divine."
ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Fils.

HE must be a very unobservant, or a very apathetic individual to whom Rome presents no interest, and offers no occupation. For, as I observed in the last chapter, there is an atmosphere of intellectual sympathy and historical souvenir peculiar to Rome, which must have ever deep and abiding influences on the artistic, the educated, and the thoughtful. Hardly a street you traverse which has not a history, hardly a church you enter which has not a legend, hardly a spot you visit which has not an undying association.

"Travelling made easy" has robbed, no doubt, many shrines of earthly pilgrimage of their sentiment and their greatness, their marvels and their glory; and too many a voyager rushes to-day with Bädener, or Murray, or Hare, from point to point, from crumbling churches and decaying palaces, from this scene of beauty or that creation of grace, merely to say openly, or to convince others, "we have done Rome." I have met, for instance, with travellers, over and over again, who certainly did not travel for travelling's sake, who had no intelligence and less perception, to whom art was a mystery, architecture a riddle, intellect a shadow—sad, dull dogs, hopeless and helpless pilgrims, idle and profitless companions!

They cared more for breakfast and dinner, and Rödederer and cognac, the cigars they smoked and the jewellery they wore, than for a masterpiece of Vandyke, or Titian, or "chef-d'œuvre" of Cuyp, or a sublime conception of Murillo!

What mattered to them that that church was a wondrous creation of skill and beauty? How did it affect them, that old Hôtel de Ville was full of historical souvenirs, or national greatness? To them, that ruined castle was only a ruined castle still; that, to us, marvellous amphitheatre, "something built by those old chaps the Romans or the Trojans."

What was a "fella" to do in a town which was full of gabled houses, and old shops, and where the tobacco was doubtful, and the beer was bad?

Alas! alas! my masters, in this respect the schoolmaster may be abroad, but he has got a good deal to teach a good many people, whom you and I wot of well, kind reader, before they are really educated and cultivated.

Let me illustrate this with a little story. There is a famous hotel at Antwerp, called the St. Antoine, well known to all who have crossed in the Antwerp boat, or made that interesting town their "sejour," for a longer or shorter space. A young man, (quite different, of course, from most of our young men,) was asked what he had seen at Antwerp. "Well," he said, to the astonishment of his catechist, "I saw a very good-looking gal opposite my room, on the other side of the court-yard."

This, apparently, was his only recollection of Antwerp!

Pasiello, however, was not open to such a reproach!

To him Rome was like the opening of the graves of the past, the disentombing of long generations of buried beings!

He loved to recall its history and its fate, the march of Roman armies, the efforts of a wonderful organization. With his clear vision and student mind, he did not fail to see how Rome has affected the annals of nations, and the progress of mankind. How it has entered into, with its still surviving traditions, even from out of a decayed and

defunct empire, the whole course of civil, domestic, family, and public life in Europe !

How, in fact, as it were, out of its ashes, the fires of learning, of taste, of government, and of religion have mounted upwards, transfusing and transforming the savage barbarity of Gothic and Vandalic conquerors, with the gradually augmenting and reviving powers of Law, Liberty, and Refinement, religious emotion, and artistic civilization !

And in the meantime—amid the charms of a cultivated and elevated social circle, Paesiello's sympathies expanded, and his inner psychology developed. Rome taught him, if not "*Civis Romanus sum*," at any rate this most important truth, that there are world-wide links and interests which blend into one plan even here, and which none can forget, without danger to themselves, without becoming warped in opinion, or narrow in judgment. Though a great believer in Patriotism, I have over and over again realized what stout old Johnson meant, when he so dogmatically declared that it was "the refuge of a scoundrel." You and I, kindly patrons of the *MASONIC MAGAZINE*, have lived long enough to know how true it is that many a knave when all other trades fail him, when society expels him, or the moral sense of mankind remits him to Coventry, proclaims himself a suffering Patriot for conscience sake. The ancient and modern history of the world teems with the successes of the charlatan, the empiric, and the "*Escroc*," who, under the specious name of Patriotism, has preyed upon the resources of credulous friends, or the honest sympathies of a deluded people !

And so, though I always like the famous Lord Malmesbury's simple yet thorough motto—"ubique patriam reminisci,"—though I can still feel proud of the man when I am told of William Pitt's noble apothegm, "*non sibi sed Patriæ*,"—though I hope that, like all good loyal Englishmen, I am always ready to sing "*Rule Britannia*," and to say, "*hats off ; God save the Queen !*" (and to make people take off their hats, too.) I yet feel strongly that the proposition of Patriotism has, and must have, some limitation.

We good, free "*citizens of Bulldom*," "*male and female Bulls*," as witty Lord Rokeby used to like to say, we have a national tradition, that there is nothing good out of England, nothing does well out of England, nothing is safe or sound but English laws, English customs, the English Constitution ! Now for all these things I have, for one, the most ardent admiration. I believe in them fully, entirely, and I am always ready to break a lance with any one who doubts the fact, that we are a "*wise and understanding people*," and one, perhaps, of the greatest of nationalities which ever has existed, or ever will exist on earth, in the good Providence of God.

But then we sing this national paean of ours sometimes a little too loudly in foreign ears. We do not make sufficient allowance for the "*amour propre*," or natural susceptibilities of other people. We forget that some other nations may like to think themselves very nearly as good as we are, and we do not realize the possibility that we and they may look at the same thing from a different point of the compass, that other peoples beside ourselves may in fact hold the same truth also as a matter of faith. Foreigners, therefore, often think us supercilious, intolerant, haughty, overbearing, impracticable, when, in fact, all this arises from an overpowering habit of *Britannic self-laudation* and self-esteem !

I for one, as you observe, do not affect to deny that we may have a good ground for all we advance and assert, and we are quite right in doing so, but where we err is, in my opinion, in expecting other nations to agree with us, and doubting their sense or propriety when they do not do so. And thus we have yet to learn, as Time runs on, bringing its mighty changes, levelling artificial distinctions, to become a little more truly "*citizens of the world*," to look beneath the level of foreign institutions and national distinctions, and to believe that there is something good, something of utility, something for the common weal in all alike, the most contrasted and the most differing.

But where am I going to ?

I had meant to talk of love, and I have been discussing the dry and abstract proposition of Patriotism,—very different things,—and therefore I must leave for another chapter, what is so much more interesting, and certainly so much more sentimental !

Indeed, a young lady friend of mine,—artless and blushing as all our young ladies are,—says that she never could have supposed I would write so uninteresting a chapter. I accept the compliment while I deplore her disappointment.

But, after all, which is the best—Patriotism or Love? As a hopeless old bachelor, I think it safer, in these excitable times, to go in for Patriotism. A young “fellow” of my acquaintance remarks to me, “It’s not a question of love, just now with us, old boy, its only a question of ‘Tin!’” Well, I hope my fair readers will not deem me very unsentimental.

But yet as variety is pleasing, and change is often welcome, I may not have displeased some of my more serious readers, and, whether or no, they like still to follow the adventures of “Don Pasquale,” they will yet, I venture to hope, agree in the main with the opinions I have expressed, and the theories I have propounded. If they do not, if to them my free-spoken opinions savour a little of heterodoxy, let them bear in mind that we cannot ever here affect to settle what another person’s “Doxy” shall and must be, and if they do not relish any such remarks on my part, why, then,—yes, they can and may, with my full permission, skip the entire chapter!

(To be Continued.)

A CHAPTER ON OAKS.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,

Member of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society.

IN the early books of Scripture the oak is always mentioned as connected with some sacred place, rendered holy by the near neighbourhood of a sanctuary, an altar, a pillar of memorial, or the grave of some remarkable person. After Abraham had left the land of Haran, at God’s command, and had journeyed into Canaan, his first resting place was at the Oak of Moreh,* Genesis xii. 6, and in the place of Sichem, which oak, even at that time, probably marked a sanctuary, for when Joshua made a covenant at Sichem with that numerous people descended from Abraham, which Moses had led up out of Egypt, he placed the pillar of the covenant “under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord.” Josh. xxiv. 26. Again, Abraham came and dwelt in the oak-grove of Mamre, † and built an altar unto the Lord. “And the Lord appeared unto Abraham in the oak-grove (Plain) of Mamre, and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day.” Gen. xviii. 1. Abraham’s hospitable reception of the three strangers who bore the message of the Lord is thus related:—“He said, let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the TREE.” He does not say “on the plain,” or “in the tent,” but “under the tree,” the chief tree of the grove.

The first time that our version mentions the oak, it refers to the oak in Sichem. When Jacob learned that his wives, on leaving Padanaram, had brought away the family teraphim, or sacred images, of their father Laban, he collected them, and buried them under the oak in Sichem, already a consecrated place. Gen. xxxv. 4. A few verses on we read of the death of Deborah, Rebekah’s nurse; and that Jacob buried her under the oak that was in Bethel, that is the very place where Abraham had rested, and built an altar to the Lord. And the place where Deborah was buried was called Alton Bachuth, or, the Oak of Tears. Gen. xxxv. 8.

Under a peculiar oak the angel of the Lord appeared to Gideon, and gave him the divine commission to set Israel free; and under the same oak Gideon built an altar to the Lord. But the grove hard by, belonging, as it would appear to his father’s house, Gideon was commanded to destroy, because the offerings of Baal had polluted it. Judges vi. 25.

In the First Book of Samuel, chap. x. 3, Saul is directed to go to the Oak of Tabor, ‡ at which spot he should meet a man to conduct him to the high place of the

* “Plain of Moreh,” English version.

† “Plains of Mamre,”

‡ In our version “plain,” but the propriety of reading “Oak” is obvious.

prophets, among whom, after his being anointed king, he was to receive the Divine Spirit of prophecy, and to become another man.

Before any further mention is made of the oak in Scripture, David had been for some time king, and had resolved on building a house to the Lord; a design which was fulfilled by Solomon his son. From that period the use of groves and high places was forbidden, on account of the temptation to idolatry which they presented.

But the oak was to David a fatal tree; for in an oak his rebellious but still beloved son Absalom was entangled and there slain (2 Sam. xviii. 9-11).

Twice again the oak is spoken of in the historical books of the Old Testament. It was under an oak that the disobedient Prophet sat, when he determined to turn back, and to eat and drink in defiance of the command of God; and so incurred the punishment of disobedience (1 Kings xiii. 14. And it was under the Oak of Jabesh that the compassionate men of Jabesh-Gilead buried the bodies of Saul and his sons (1 Chron. x. 12.*

Waterson's Cyclopædia gives the following account of this timber:—

Oak (Fr. *Chêne*. Ger. *Eiche*. It. *Quercia*. Por. and Sp. *Roble*), a genus of trees (*Quercus*) embracing about 150 species, two of which, common in our forests, excel all the others in the production of timber. The common British oak (*Q. pedunculata*), "the father of ships," that which chiefly abounds in our island and the N. of Europe, is distinguished by having the acorns on footstalks; the sessile-cupped oak (*Q. Sessiliflora*) bears the acorns without footstalks, but has the leaf-stalks longer than the other; it is found chiefly in the West of England, N. Wales, and the S. of Europe. The best oak is said to be that which grows in cold or elevated situations (if not stunted), on stiff, clayey soils, and is the longest in arriving at maturity. The common species is of slower growth than the sessile-cupped, and is commonly preferred to it; but there is great difference of opinion as to which is really the best; much seems to depend on the soil and health of the individual tree.

The "unwedgable and gnarled oak," when cut down at a proper age (about 60 years, is superior to all other timber in point of strength, durability, and general application.

It is not grown in this country sufficient for the consumption; and large quantities are imported, especially from Prussia and Canada. The kinds principally used in the Royal Dock Yards are Welsh, Sussex, and Baltic,—the last being the most esteemed of the foreign kinds; the Adriatic, formerly much used, has turned out ill. In domestic architecture oak is only used in the largest and best buildings; occasionally for the principal beams; but its chief use is for door and window frames, sills, sleepers, king posts of roofs, trussing for girders, sashes, gates of canal locks, sluices, posts, and piles.

The white oak (*Q. alba*) of the United States is the kind chiefly used there for ship-building, houses, and liquor casks: it is also imported into Britain. But the live oak (*Q. virens*) abundant in Texas, is the best American species.

Large Oak Trees.—In a book published by John Mason, in 1848, the following interesting account is given:—

"On the west side of Clipston Park, county of Nottingham, stands the 'Parliament Oak,' so-called from a tradition of two parliaments having been held under it, the first by King John, in 1212, who, whilst hunting in the park with his barons, received intelligence of the revolt of the Welsh, and hastily assembled his followers under it, and held a consultation; the second, by Edward I., and is supposed to be 1,500 years old. It is in a state of ruinous decay, and yet it may stand for several generations to come.

"In Welbeck Park, Nottinghamshire, stands another venerable tree, bearing the name of "Green-dale Oak." It is supposed to be upwards of seven hundred years old. Its circumference at the base is thirty-three feet, and its branches cover a space equal to seven hundred square yards. In 1724 a *coach-road*, upwards of ten feet in height, and six feet three inches in width, was cut through its trunk; and the then proprietor of the estate used to drive through it, of which there are several paintings in the neighbourhood, forming signs to public houses. It is in a state of great decay, having

* Calcott's "Scripture Herbal."

but one branch to crown its head, which, however, yields a good supply of acorns, which are carefully gathered and planted each year by direction of His Grace the Duke of Portland. Great pains have been taken to preserve this splendid monument of antiquity, by numerous props clasped with iron bars; and in some places there are patches of lead, forming an artificial bark, to protect it from rain.

"Near at hand is another tree, likewise of oak, one hundred and eleven feet six inches high, containing four hundred and forty solid feet of timber, and of the computed weight of eleven tons. This is termed 'the duke's walking stick.'"

The largest Oak in England is said to be at Calthorpe, in Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference where it meets the ground.

The *Builder* of March 17th, 1877, places on record the following account of a large Oak tree:—

"A few days ago the Tyberton Timber was sold. The sale was rendered especially interesting from its including the 'Monarch Oak,' said to be the largest tree in Herefordshire. The reason for cutting down this 'king of the forest' was because it has been three times struck by lightning, within the last seven years, and though these repeated attacks have shattered a great part of its top, it still contains upwards of one thousand cubic feet of timber. Its girth is sixty six feet."

Mr. H. Hems, the well-known sculptor of Exeter, exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition an oak chest, which deserves special mention, the carved details of which are exact reproductions of existing examples of the Early Perpendicular Gothic in the West of England, is intended as a receptacle for communion or family plate. The old Oak from which it was made was formerly a beam in Salisbury Cathedral, from whence it was removed in the course of the restoration of that fabric, about 18 months ago. The beam was built into the cathedral in 1216, and must, therefore, for over 600 years have formed a portion of that venerable pile, and to its age is doubtless due the richness of tone and colour which the chest presents. It has twelve carved panels, all of which differ in design, each panel being surmounted by an elegant pateras. The lid of the chest, which is of great weight, is secured by three heavy padlocks—one being in the centre, and the others at either end.

It is known that the Oak which is said to have proved fatal to William Rufus was standing, not long since, in the New Forest, in Hampshire. A venerable Oak stood, not long since, at Tormond Wood, Stirlingshire, under which, tradition says, William Wallace convened his followers. There are vestiges of the ancient Druids in the neighbourhood of this tree, which was 22 feet in circumference. There are other Oaks in Great Britain which are probably more than 1,000 years old.

Oaks and yews, the most venerable of our trees, are, in several instances, so old that it is difficult to form an estimate of the time which has passed since they were planted. Several Oaks felled in Sherwood Forest, about a quarter of a century ago, exposed, on being sawn up, the date 1212, and the mark or cipher of King John; and it has been calculated that these trees must have been several centuries old at the time the marks were made.

In 1867, L. Booth, 307, Regent Street, published a book, in which is given the following interesting account of this timber:—

"We wonder how many celebrated oaks there are in the world. In England alone there is a whole forest of them, each one remarkable for its gigantic size, and still more deeply interesting on account of the historical or traditional associations which attach to it. No tree has, properly speaking, a history except the oak. The Winfarthing Oak, in Norfolk, for instance, is believed to have been called the "Old Oak" in the time of William the Conqueror. Indeed, according to the opinion of learned writers on the subject, this more than venerable—this very ancient—tree is probably fifteen hundred years old, and thus seven hundred years older than the Conquest. Its circumference at the extremities of the roots is 70 ft.; in the middle it is 40 ft. The Threshire Oak, near Worksop, was so situated that it covered part of three Counties—York, Nottingham and Derby, and dripped over 777 square yards. But even this tree was a sapling compared with the Spread Oak in Worksop Park, which dripped over an area of nearly

3,000 square yards, or more than half an acre, and could have afforded shelter to a regiment of a thousand horse. On one of the estates of the Duke of Bedford there is a tree growing, called the Oakley Oak, having a head measuring 110 feet in diameter. Another, in Rycote Park, is said to have been extensive enough to cover 5,000 men. The great Oak at Magdalen College, Oxford, which fell in the summer of 1788—its rushing sound alarming all the college—must have been a tree of goodly proportions in the time of Alfred the Great. This magnificent tree could have sheltered 3000 men, for it flung its boughs through a space of sixteen yards on every side from its trunk. And the village of Ellerslie, Renfrewshire, the native place of Wallace, there still stands the "Old Oak," among the branches of which, tradition says, that the Scottish patriot, with 300 of his men, hid themselves from the English. But more interesting than all these, if the interest be of a different kind, is Herne's Oak, which Shakespeare, in "the Merry Wives of Windsor," has made immortal. The identity of this celebrated tree has long been the subject of discussion. The result has not been eminently satisfactory. It is well known that there were two oaks in Windsor Park, both locally known as the oak of Herne the Hunter—that is to say, opinion is divided as to which of the two was the tree supposed to be described by Shakespeare. A great deal has been written by Shakespearean commentators and others in favour of both trees, and it appears to us, that the claims of both have been urged with equal ingenuity and ability. The latest writer on the subject is Mr. William Perry, wood carver to the Queen, who has recently published "A Treatise on the Identity of Herne's Oak, showing the Maiden Tree to have been the Real One." Without entering into the details of so erudite a question, we may state briefly that Mr. Perry is strongly of opinion that the tree which stood near a spot called the Fairies' Dell, in the Home Park, Windsor, and which fell in 1863,* was the tree, and not the one which was cut down in 1796. Mr. Perry argues his case very ingeniously, and at the same time very honestly, and we must say that he has produced better proof on his side of the question than the majority, at least, of his opponents have done on their side. We believe the balance of evidence to be decidedly in favour of the oak which fell in 1863. Among the believers in this tree is Her Majesty, as was also George III., and Mr. Perry has executed a bust of the great dramatist out of the wood for the Queen. The neat little work before us contains several illustrations of the oak itself, and also an engraving of a casket which the author designed and executed out of it for Miss Burdett Coutts, to whom he dedicates his book. In a statement which accompanies Mr. Perry's book, he appears to think that he finds incontrovertible evidence that he is right. The statement is certainly singular. It is this:—While working up a portion of this venerable tree into covers for the book under our notice, looking on the end he observed a great peculiarity. The annular rings accumulated in a healthy and vigorous manner up to a certain point, where they suddenly ceased, became almost imperceptible, then increased again in size, till they attained nearly their former width, afterwards gradually diminished towards the outer edge of the tree where they finally became undistinguishable. Upon mentioning this phenomenon to an intelligent gardener of fifty years' experience, without informing him in what wood he had observed it, the gardener remarked that the tree must have been struck by lightning, or blighted in some way, so as to have stopped its growth, otherwise such an appearance would not have been presented. It was in the nature of trees, as with human beings, when they arrived at maturity they began to decline, just as man does, but it was generally a gradual process; the rings in the trunk would become smaller and smaller by degrees, as the sap flowed less and less up the tree. Mr. Perry has since examined the wood more closely and from the healthy part of the tree to the outside of the piece he has counted 164 annular rings. If to these are added 20 for the sap which was wasted away from it, and 44 years, which time at least it is known to have been dead, we are carried back as far as 1639 as the latest time when the tree could have been scared or blighted. How much earlier than this it may have been Mr. Perry is

* There is part of this tree exhibited in No. 3 Museum, Kew Gardens labelled "Relic of Herne's Oak, which was blown down in the Windsor Forest, on the 31st, of August, 1863. Presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, 19th September 1863." R. M. Bancroft.

not in a position at present to prove, but considering that the rings are so small as to be scarcely discernible, and that some of the outer portion of the tree had been wasted away, he submits that it is not a very preposterous idea to assume it not improbable it happened during Shakespeare's time. Referring to the first edition of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' published 1602, we find no mention made of Herne's Oak, neither do we in the reprint of 1619. The first mention of it is in the first folio edition, 1623, so that the probability is that the story of Herne the Hunter existed before the tree was attached to it, which, subsequent to 1602, being blasted, the supersession of the age imputed it to the evil power of the spirit of Herne, who, according to the previous tradition, 'walked in shape of a great stag, with huge horns on his head.' We are, therefore, led to suppose that between 1602 and the date of Shakespeare's death, 1616, he perfected the first sketch of the play, by adding to it such information as he could gather, and such improvements as his maturer judgment suggested, and if we take the period of his retirement from New Place as the probable date when he calmly set himself to revise and improve his plays, collecting them together in the form in which they were given to the world in 1623—say, 1610, or 1612—we are thus brought to within 27 or 29 years of the date to which we can satisfactorily trace the blasting of Herne's Oak to have taken place. This evidence, says Mr. Perry, is not sufficient in itself to identify this tree with the play of Shakespeare, yet, when taken in connection with all the other points in favour of the tree which he has previously advanced, forms a powerful collateral evidence which the most sceptical cannot deny."

Other innumerable instances might be cited of the great age and enormous size to which oak has attained in this country, such as the famous Golyens oak, felled in Monmouthshire in 1810. This magnificent tree had, it is recorded, been improving for four hundred years, and with the exception of a portion at the intersection of its principal limbs, was perfectly sound when it was cut down. It contained 2,426 cubic feet of timber and was sold for £500. This tree had never been pruned, and was not more than ten feet high in the stem before the lateral branches commenced.

Mr. G. R. Burnell, F.S.A., says "the weight of a cubic foot of seasoned oak is 58·3 lb., its specific gravity is 0·934. There are usually about 38·3 cubic feet to the ton. The tenacity per square inch is 17,300 lb., and I have applied a crushing weight of 11,240 lb. per inch superficial on a cube of English oak without producing any permanent change in its elastic powers."

The timber found in the oldest buildings is uniformly oak. The doors of the inner chapels of Westminster Abbey are said to be coeval with the building.

We have a portion of a trenail which was used in the foundation of old Blackfriars Bridge, which will bear ample testimony to the lasting qualities of oak when constantly under water, where it was submerged for a period of 100 years, and is now quite hard and sound.

The average height of sixty-six trees now standing in Scotland is 65 feet, the highest one being at Old Kilpatrick in the County of Dumbarton, a place famous for lofty trees. The one in question is 110 feet high, 13 feet in girth, growing on a loamy soil, exposed to the South, and about 175 years of age. At Inverary, in Argyll, there is one 100 feet high and 12½ feet in girth: and another of similar dimensions at Leslie, in Fife.

The average girth of 90 trees is 12 feet 3 inches; certainly a large average for so many trees in Scotland. The greatest is that of a tree at Hamilton, in the county of Lanark, 26 feet. There is another at Dalziel, in the same county, 24 feet, the height of both being 60 feet, the former growing on loam, the latter on strong clay.

Amongst the collection of timber shown in museum No. 3 at Kew Gardens, are some magnificent sections of this kind of wood, we may mention the following:—

"Common oak, *Quercus robur*, (Willd). Tree 200 years old, Denmark." The diameter of this section is about 6 feet.

"Canadian White Oak. *Quercus alba* (Linnæus) widely distributed throughout Canada in all rich soils. Average height 130 feet, height to first limb 70 feet, diameter 30 inches, and quite common 60 inches diameter and found 84 inches in diameter in the western parts of Upper Canada. Of the twenty varieties of oaks in North America, the

white is the most valuable. The wood is of great strength and durability, and extensively used in ship building for staves of casks, spokes and naves of waggon wheels, railway ties, &c. ; bark useful in tanning and medicine. The timber is largely exported to England and West Indies, and can be furnished in the remotest parts of Upper Canada at £40 sterling per 1,000 cubic feet ; freight to Quebec about £11 sterling per 1,000 cubic feet. Specific gravity 0·84 ; weight of cubic foot, fully seasoned, 50lb. Potash obtained from outer wood 13·41 and from heart wood 9·68 per cent., value for heating purposes 81, shell bark hickory being 100."

All oak presents the inconvenience of splitting and warping in the seasoning, and it is on this account it is so important to use none but seasoned timber in ship-building, and the best oak is liable to objection on account of the gallic acid it contains, which has an injurious action upon any iron nails, or bolts, used in connection with it. Young oak is tough and hard to work ; old oak is said to be more brittle, but much easier work. Oak trees are subject to the attacks of numerous insects, some of which bore holes of more than half an inch in diameter into the very heartwood. The growth of trees takes place with greater rapidity when young than it does in the maturer stages of their growth, but with all varieties there is a period (dependent upon the nature of the tree, and of the conditions under which it grows) at which all increase, whether of height or volume, ceases, and the tree then, instead of gaining, begins to lose strength and vitality. It is easy to discover when this period has been attained, for the upper branches begin to lose their leaves, and the tree becomes, in a woodman's phrase, "stag-headed." Indeed, the state of the upper branches of a tree may be considered to be amongst the best indications of its soundness ; and, provided they be in a healthy condition, the withering of the lower branches is a matter of comparatively small importance. So long, however, as the tree continues to grow, the heartwood is the harder and denser ; but when they are on the decline, the outer rings, which seem to be more actively concerned in the vital processes of the tree, absorb the nutrition from the heartwood, and thus superinduce in it a gradual but sure decay.

(To be Continued.)

MISERY.

BY BRO. RICHARD SIMMONS.

I HAVE no legend wild to tell
 Of olden times long since gone by,
 I draw my story from the well
 That never fails nor yet runs dry :
 Some poets seek the distant past—
 With ancient fuel build up their fires ;
 I deal with modern writer's blast,
 And it enough my Muse inspires.

'Twas Christmas—time of joy to some—
 Though frost and snow the earth had bound,
 The king of ice had swiftly come
 And spread his mantle o'er the ground ;
 In many homes a cheerful light
 Leaped through each frost-decked window pane,
 And holly berries, red and bright,
 Looked down on mortals young and vain.

I loved to hear their laughter ring,
 To mark their shadows on the blind,
 To hear their dulcet voices sing
 And mingle with the rushing wind ;

Well might they chase the flying hours,
With mirthful jest, with dance and song,
Enjoy in full their youthful powers
Ere sorrows deep should round them throng.

God speed them in their merry sport
God keep them through the coming night ;
Let gentle sleep their glad eyes court,
And peaceful be their dreams, and bright.
Whilst all seemed tranquil joy within,
Without, loud howled the winter's blast,
And sought a poor man's garments thin,
Whose tatters were not few, but vast.

In vain he wrapped his rags about,
Or held his hands upon his breast,
The storm-fiend did each effort flout,
And rushed beneath his ragged vest.
Heard he the sounds of mirth and joy ?
Saw he the shadows on the blind ?
Not he. He knew he was the toy
Of Fate, of Winter and the Wind.

In vain he in his pockets thrust
His hands, they could not find a coin,
And none to him a doit would trust—
No reveller with him would join ;
With snow the urchins him did pelt
And shouted loudly as they ran.
He heeded not, yet still he felt,
Himself a wretched, reckless man.

Soon, one by one, each shop was shut—
Soon, one by one, each light was quenched ;
The poor man, fortune's latest butt,
By snow and sleet was fairly drenched.
Where should he turn to lay his head ?
Where could he rest each weary limb ?
His eyeballs seemed like molten lead !
Alas, there was no rest for him.

He went and sought a river's side—
The river rolled both dark and drear—
He listened to the sullen tide,
Which sang a welcome to his ear ;
He thought of early happy days—
Bethought him of his gentle youth,
When he loud sang his simple lays,
And dreamt of honor, love, and truth ;

He tried to sing an old-time song,
His lips could not the accents form ;
He gazed upon the river long,
And then he cursed the bitter storm.
He muttered something, softly low,
The river scarce could catch the words,
As onwards it went, creeping slow—
But yet an echo answered "Birds."

The man retired from the bank,
 And then upon his knees he fell.
 Close by a shed those thin knees sank,
 And then was heard a smothered yell.
 Soon up he rose, the river sought,
 And gazed upon the farther shore :
 Had meditation reason brought ?
 I know not ; he was seen no more.

* * * * *

Next morn a farmer living near
 Found much disturbed his usual peace ;
 His man came, shouting as he ran,
 " By Jingo ! Some one 's stole the GEESE."

Chelmsford, Oct. 4, 1877.

MASONRY—ITS PAST AND FUTURE.

BY BRO. GEO. R. HARRIOTT.

MASONRY ! Masonry ! Friend and Guide of the human race ! when we consider thy primæval condition, scanty in numbers, though rich in the adherence of the Great—the Wise—and the Good, and then turn our eyes to the present superlatively flourishing Edifice, radiant in glory and renown, sparkling with gems of the highest value : we are led once more to a consideration of the Dedication of the Temple of Jerusalem, when Solomon and his nobles, and the great potentates of the earth, were dazzled by the magnificence of the building, far surpassing their most earnest hopes, their most ardent imagination. Did it occur to our Royal Grand Master, King Solomon, to even dream, " that one day (and that not very far distant) not one stone should be left upon another ! " The foundations of this glorious structure were laid, and the superincumbent edifice was wrought " by human hands, directed by human minds, albeit by the command of the Great Architect Himself." But if I may be allowed to use the words, " The Noble Edifice of Masonry was raised not by mortal hands ! *it emanates from on High !* and though it may be, no doubt has been, and in fact will be impaired in the future, according as its votaries are true to God and themselves, it can hardly suffer the fall of its Great Prototype."

It can never happen to Masonry as it did to the Temple of Jerusalem, that it should be *utterly* destroyed ! The spirit and essence that has existed from time immemorial can never die out *in every* Masonic breast ! Temples may fall from decay and other natural causes, " but so long as a *true Masonic spirit* is preserved in a true Masonic breast, a corner stone will remain on which to renew again a future superstructure."

Masonry in the Past has risen and fallen ! been ardently supported, and persecuted with undying hate ! but still it exists and flourishes. The Temple of Masonry is the heart of man ! Its teachings are those of God Himself ! So long, then, as an honest and true heart imbued with the Spirit of Masonry lives, so long will true Masonry continue to exist.

I would have my readers to understand thoroughly, that I do not claim for Masonry (*as it now exists*) any great Antiquity ! We all know the disputed point as to the

junction of Operative and Speculative Masonry! but the Spirit the Essence has existed in various forms since the creation of the world! it is the origin, the foundation of all religious relief! the groundwork of the teachings of the Bible! aye, I may say also of the Koran! the Zend Avesta! and the Antient Philosophical Schools of the Greeks! is is the "το ον" of the human race. The Spirit of Masonry worked in the minds of Noah, Abraham, &c., but how various the forms thereof!!

Enough then for Masonry of remote Antiquity. Let us now turn to the Speculative and Symbolical of the present day. In 1717, four old London Lodges met, and constituted a Grand Lodge of England to rule over the Craft, arrange disputes, and many other matters. From that period we must date our present Edifice. I confess I am not a disciple of those very cautious Brethren who draw a hard and fast line, and say, that because there are no proofs to the contrary, therefore Speculative Masonry only commenced at that date. No doubt it then received its first touch of its present perfection. Speculative Masonry must have been the outgrowth of the Operative, and taken time to mature itself. However, "its new birth" was then thoroughly established, and from that time it has pursued an uninterrupted course of prosperity in the British Empire up to the present day.

Before many years had passed away, we find Lodges established, under the ægis of the Grand Lodge of England, in France, America, Hamburg, India, Germany, and many other countries. In the British Empire alone can we say that its course of prosperity has been uninterrupted—in Catholic countries the Jesuits and others have fiercely assailed our noble Order; but it has emerged triumphant from all attacks, and we can assert in all truth, that from "the tight little Island" there has gone forth a sound into the very ends of the world. In India, in nearly every country of Europe, in the United States of America, in the British Colonies, in the nations of South and Central America, in many parts of Africa, "the Banner of Masonry has been unfurled," and it is our proud boast, "that go where you will, north, south, east, or west, in all lands and climes, in all nations and countries, among all sects and religions, a Mason will find a Brother, whose open hand, whose open heart, will be ready to welcome him, and succour him in difficulty and distress." Of what more noble theme, then, than Masonry can we sing, especially as the time of "Peace and good will to all mankind" is now coming upon us with giant strides. Soon another year will have passed away, and we are reminded of "the future." Before however turning to that subject, let us consider the present. In speaking of the material prosperity of the Order, spread throughout the Globe, I have omitted to mention the various sects and religions that contribute their quota to the Muster Roll of our votaries. This, in my mind, is not only the criterion of its great success, but also a solid proof of the necessity of the first and greatest landmark—"Belief in God." Though creeds and sects and religions may agree to differ in forms and dogmas, they have one common standpoint, "Belief in a Supreme Being." This is the "το ον" of Masonry! the groundwork of every religious faith! the corner stone of the Great Superstructure. We know from the books and muster rolls of the Order, not only does every Christian sect send its battalions, but also the Jews, the Parsees, the Mahomedans, the Hindus, the Brahmins, the Wild Savage of America, the Islanders of the Southern Seas, all send their quota to the various "Corps D'Armees" of Masonry.

In addition to this, I am informed that strong traces of Masonry are found in China and Japan, which if correct, will go far to prove not only the universality and comprehensiveness of the Craft, but also to establish its great Antiquity.

Contemplate this magnificent structure extending throughout the length and breadth of the Globe, and rising to the four winds of Heaven, and every Brother is bound to feel like King Solomon, and be dazzled by the "glory of the Edifice, far surpassing our most sanguine hopes or imaginations. But here again, in looking to the future, and remembering the destruction of the wondrous Temple of Jerusalem—the Glory of all lands—we must look at the reverse side of the picture. In that Temple every stone was carefully wrought, squared, and tested, so that the building could defy time. Though the work of man, directed by God Himself, it failed, because God's chosen people forsook

Him ! "The Edict went forth from on High, and not one stone was left upon another." On two points I now wish to draw the parallel between the two temples, viz., that of Jerusalem and that of Masonry. First, then, the difference between the materials and construction of the two edifices ; and secondly, the difference between the material temple and that "built without hands Eternal in the Heavens." That of Masonry !

First, then, as to the materials and construction. The materials with which the Temple at Jerusalem was built, were all of the very best kind, perfectly wrought, so that no fault could be found in any of them ; but can we say so much of those of the Masonic Temple ? Every stone in which is the heart of a weak and erring Brother. But yet the one has fallen, and as Masons, we hold that the other can never fall. In whatever form or shape Masonry shall continue to exist, the "true essence" must ever remain. Second, the material Temple at Jerusalem, though designed by God Himself, was the workmanship of mortals, all its materials were mortal. The Temple of Masonry was designed by the Almighty and wrought out by him, and its materials are immortal souls. The only things in Masonry that are human, are the "forms and ceremonies," which have from time to time been devised by man, though the great teaching inculcated by them have ever been, and ever will be, those of God. The material Temple was built for one sect, one nation ; the Masonic Temple "for the good and true of every race, every believer in God ! Mighty idea ! Would that Masons would earnestly contemplate thereon ! There would then be less apathy, more real energy and vitality—more care would be taken to keep scoffers, idlers, evil-doers, out of our Order ! the apparent prosperity would be less, but the real more abundant.

In Article 1 of the Old Charges and Constitutions of the Order we read as follows—"God seeth not as man seeth ! for man looketh to outward appearance, but God looketh to the heart." Apply this to ourselves at the present time. New Lodges are being consecrated, and hundreds of members added to our Muster Rools daily, the *apparent* prosperity is certainly dazzling ; but have the characters, and habits of life of these candidates, their tempers, their morals, been duly enquired into ? How many of these hundreds of neophytes will ever trouble themselves about the esoteric teachings of the Order, and endeavour by their own example to lead others ? How many, alas ! will never again enter a Lodge after their curiosity has been satisfied, and they have received their degrees ? Is the prosperity, then, of the Order so great, as it would outwardly appear to be ? Can the best among us say that we have truly acted up to our promises as Masons ? I fear but few can ! Sad thought ; but it is true that, amidst all this outward glory and magnificence, a cloud hangs over the sacred Edifice of Masonry. In its greatness and power the weakness of Masonry exists ! Already some portions of the building are showing signs of decay. Several Continental Grand Lodges and Grand Orients are striking out of their "Articles of Faith," that Greatest of all, "*Belief in God.*" It is true that the offenders, compared with the vast number of our votaries throughout the world, are comparatively few in number, but this decay must have had a yet smaller beginning. We know not how far the evil may spread.

It is certain that with its material prosperity, the "Light of Masonry" shines more dimly than in the days of yore, when our numbers were fewer but more earnest—more devoted ! Our Rulers, in fact every true Brother, *must look to the heart* ; they must not be dazzled by spurious glories and fictitious glitter. There are many signs that Masonry is not practised as it should be ; and now is the time, when, to the outer world, all appears fair and in order, for our Craftsmen to repair all damages, that the glories of our Ancient Structure be not dimmed.

Again, how many of us know that there are esoteric teachings in Masonry ? They imperfectly understand, perhaps, various ceremonies. They know that Masonry is a system of morality ; but knowing this, trouble themselves no further. They have a vague idea that Charity is a great point in Masonry, and occasionally give alms to distressed Brethren, or donations to the Masonic Charitable Institutions, but have no idea of the *full meaning* of the word "Charity." On the two great Landmarks of the Order, viz., "Faith in God and to be in Charity with all men," is built up the esoteric teachings of Masonry. Surely this alone should lead the Brotherhood to search more

diligently for knowledge. But, no! Many accept the fact when told them, but it is like a fleeting breath, the next moment forgotten and gone.

To many, Masonry is only an excuse for gluttony and excess, under the pretence of Brotherly Love and Friendship; but why enumerate the numerous backslidings and errors of weak Brethren—enough has been said to show what causes may dim the glories of the Masonic Temple. The faults being known to all of us, it remains for us to try to eradicate them.

Good readers bear with me, these remarks are not made in the spirit of uncharitableness, but in pure Brotherly love; so that the earnestness and devotion of the future may repair the decay of the present; and that the present *apparent* prosperity of our Order may in the future become more genuine.

What a contrast between the materials and construction of the two Temples! In the one case human materials, but of the best quality, perfectly wrought and tested; on the other hand immortal materials, but in many cases rough and unhewn, "the souls and hearts of mankind." The one Temple is gone for ever, the other still exists! nay prospers more than ever. Its glories may be veiled or grow dim; but it can never be wholly taken from the human gaze. The principles and teachings must exist till the end of time, even if only one true heart remains. Masonry! Masonry! would that all thy votaries could fathom thy beauties—the depth and richness of thy glory and thy teachings; but alas! alas! we poor mortals are but weak and erring creatures: "we look to the outward appearance, but God looketh to the heart!"

UNCLE CHARLES'S STORY.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

"UNCLE CHARLES," said some laughing fairies in a cosy drawing-room, "tell us a story, 'pour passer le temps.'"

Uncle Charles, who was reclining in his arm-chair with his eyes closed in meditation, not in sleep, suddenly started up, and replied, "A story?"

"Yes, a story, uncle," repeated Ethel, the "blossom" of the party.

"A story!" ejaculated that worthy individual; "story! God bless you, girls, I have none to tell you," unconsciously repeating Canning.

"It is better to tell a story than go to sleep."

"Asleep! who's asleep?" asked Uncle Charles a little hastily, for his temper bordered on the irritable. But as no one answered (a very good recipe, by the way) for that "ira" of ours, which is only often "brevis furor," he slowly said: "Well, I will tell you a story—an adventure which once happened to me in Paris."

"Oh," said Ethel, "that will be charming!"

"But do you think you can all keep quiet?" asked Uncle Charles; "for I know it is a very difficult thing for so many female chatterboxes to keep their potato-traps shut." But as they all declared they would be as still as mice, Uncle Charles, having cleared his throat, and remarked elegantly, "Silence in the Pig-market!" began.

"I was once staying for a short time in Paris, and I may say that Paris is always a pleasant place to me. I like Paris in all seasons, and, as the French say, 'Sous tous les rapports.' I delight in the Boulevards and the Bois de Boulogne; I am always happy in the Louvre and the grand Libraire; the Cafés and the Comedie Française are to me most enjoyable. I am capable of laughing at the Gymnase, and I have been impressed at the Porte St. Martin; I get sentimental at Père-la-Chaise, the Chapelle Expiatoire, the Trianon, and Vincennes, and, like Louis Quartorze, I am always ready to say, 'Vive

la Grand Ville! Vive Paris! With the Baron of Bradwardine, I could ever repeat, 'et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos,' which has been freely translated by a rising poet of the day:

"Where'er I go, o'er land or sea,
Pleasant Paris, I think of thee!
I joy in thee in health and breath:
I cling to thee in life and death!"

"At one of the Cafés where I used to dine very often, (where, matters not), and where at my little table I enjoyed my good and well-cooked dinner off the modest 'carte du jour,' my nearest neighbour was a foreigner—I will not say a foreigner of distinction—but he was a foreigner. There are, you know, 'foreigners, and foreigners.' He spoke several languages, and seemed not averse to 'liquoring up.' He appeared to know everything and everybody, but there was a restlessness in his eyes, and a general shakiness in his habits, which did not strike me favourably, and I often felt inclined to say to 'Thomas,' 'Mon garçon, prenez garde!' or to the smiling 'dame de comptoir,' 'Ma chère, look out for the spoons!' His English was the most wonderful English I ever heard in my life: it was partly spoken through the nose, and it was a jargon which put you in mind of that interesting soi-disant Baron, of dubious antecedents, who was so agreeable at the Table d'Hôte, who spoke such bad English, whose hands were so dirty, and who, you learned afterwards, was particularly wanted by the Parisian police. For some reason, moreover, my attention was attracted by the movements and the manners of my neighbour, and, to use a detective's phrase, I 'kept my eye upon him.'

"One evening I was comfortably eating my little plât, which, if I remember rightly, was 'Bifsteak au petits pois,' and I was sipping a demi-bouteille of 'La Rose,' when all of a sudden I saw my neighbour enter with a companion, and after they had sat down at the table, I heard that they were speaking English.

"My neighbour's table was so close, as the Café was very crowded that evening, that I could have touched him, and hence I heard almost every word of their striking conversation.

"'Himmel,' said my neighbour to his companion, who was a very queer-looking chap, 'Himmel, vot weather! I've done noting to-day. De business is no goot. Everything is very slack, and de money is very scarce.'

"Hallo, says I to myself, what's up? There's more than meets the eye in those apparently innocent remarks!

"Just at that moment my eyes caught the eyes of a very sharp-looking chap, who I had often seen in the Café, and who appeared to regard my neighbour and his friend with the most lively interest.

"'Looks like a Detective!' says I to myself; 'I'll pay attention.'

At this moment my neighbour poured out a glass of champagne for his friend and himself, though not with a very steady hand, and after looking at each other, and nearly emptying their glasses, in a little he began again to speak.

"'Vat times dose vere!' and they both chuckled; and then filling again, they clicked their glasses, as foreigners sometimes do, and then for the first time I heard his companion's voice.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I'm blowed if ever we shall see the like again. Them was the days, and that was the way of doing business!'

"They both laughed inwardly, which is always unpleasant to hear, and I looked across the Café. There I saw the sharp-eyed man was eating very calmly his dinner, but keeping a steady look-out all the while on my neighbours.

"'Vell,' said my first friend again, 'I do not tink dat ve can do any more business in Paris.'

"'No,' says the other 'I thinks we had better go home. I know of a nice little job, with lots of ready.'

"'Ah!' said the other; 'vere?'

'That's tellings!' replied his friend, who evidently was getting what the young ladies call 'chippy'.

“ ‘Ah,’ said my first friend, ‘I often tinks dat ve do not improve de opportunities as moch as ve might do. Dere is my Angel—’

“ ‘His companion nodded, and said, ‘Let’s drink her ’elth.’

“ ‘Vell,’ said the other, sentimentally, ‘a angel, did you say? She is, when she’s asleep, and no mistake.’

“ ‘She is first-rate; she does a deal, but she might do more. Now there was dat,’ and he lowered his voice—‘you know—it was very good, but it might have been moch better.’

“ ‘Ah, yes,’ replied his companion, who I saw by this time was solemnly drunk, and had been imbibing several ‘petits verres’ of cognac as well as his wine, ‘there is no saying how things turns out. Something is good that might be bad—no, that’s not what I mean!—something is bad what ought to be good.’

“ ‘But here he got very indistinct.

“ ‘Ah, my friend,’ says his friend to him, who was very tight himself, ‘you have taken just a little too moch. Suppose dat ve toddles—dat is, go home? I can give you some viskies-and-vater in my chamber. Let us pay de bill. Oh, I find I have left my porte-monnaie in my dispatch-box, and I have not one sous about me!’

“ ‘His friend pulled out his money with difficulty, but paid the bill—a very high one—with very bad grace, muttering something to himself like a ‘dreadful old Do.’

“ ‘I observed the ‘gentleman’ opposite ‘in black,’ during this little episode, had also paid his bill, (more modest in its ‘addition,’) and as these two distinguished individuals left the Café, somewhat unsteadily, quietly followed them out.

“ ‘When I got out into the street he was lighting a cigar, and my two neighbours were doing ditto a few paces on. So thinking I might venture, I said to him civilly, touching my hat by way of introduction, ‘Queer chaps, my neighbours! You seem to take a great interest in them.’

“ ‘Well, I do,’ he replied, looking me steadily in the face. ‘You appear a decentish sort of chap, and so I don’t mind telling you—on the square, remember—that I am a Detective officer—Sergeant Jones, from Scotland Yard, of whom you may have heard in London,’ tapping his hat with his forefinger.

“ ‘I said immediately that I had heard of that celebrated professor of the Detective art, and that I was very glad to make his acquaintance.

“ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘walk along with me, and we can talk as we go on.’

“ ‘Those two fellows,’ I said to him, ‘seem to me to be precious rascals; their whole conversation has a double meaning.’

“ ‘Rascals!’ was his reply; ‘two bigger rogues don’t exist in the world. They’ve had a long run and a merry one, but they are nearly at the end of their tether. That chap’s real name who sat facing me is Jackmann—he is called the “Hackney Jigger;” and the other facing you is a chap we call among ourselves the “Doctor;”—a very sly and dangerous fellow; his real name is Boggs. You’ll see them nabbed some fine morning. They’ve been preying on Society a long long time. But I must wish you good night, for I’ve to attend to duty.” And at this moment a civil-looking individual, who had also often dined, I remembered, at the Café, came up and spoke to Jones.

“ ‘By the way,’ said he, ‘this is the famous Mr. Attrapiat, of the French Police,’—and so I also touched my hat to that well-known ‘Agent de Sureté,’ and wished Jones and him ‘bon soir.’

“ ‘He and Jones apparently followed the two worthies, who turned down the Rue de Richelieu, and I saw them no more. I had forgotten Jackmann and the Doctor, and Messieurs Jones and Attrapiat, when I met Jones one day in the Place Vendôme, close to the monument, and under the shade of the ‘Paletot Gris.’ It was before those ‘barbares’ had pulled down the ‘Petit Caporal.’ Oh, ‘insanis ira civium!’—oh, happily short-lived heathenism of the Commune!

“ ‘Do you ever read the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, Sir?’ Sergeant Jones asked me, as we mutually put our forefingers to our hats.

“ ‘No,’ I replied; ‘I have often heard of that interesting periodical, but I have never improved myself, mentally or intellectually, by its study.’

“I do not know anything about that,” he said, a little hastily (police officers don’t always like chaff, why?) “But if you want to see the end of our two friends of the Café, read it, that’s all. The French police have done it very neatly, I must say—very neatly indeed; and they give good sentences in France. They have each got five years at the Bagne, and police surveillance for ever. The ‘Doctor’ was very ‘stout;’ he is a precious sly old rascal; but Jackmann turned ‘soft,’ and wanted to ‘squeak,’ and said it was all his ‘*Sa femme méchante.*’ He always was a bit of a cur.”

“Have you any command for the ‘Little Village?’ he added, as he wished me good-bye.

“No,” I said; “I shall soon be again enjoying the “sweet shady side of Pall Mall.””

“Bon voyage!”

Well, I perused the *Gazette des Tribunaux* that evening, and two more thorough-going rascallions I never read of before, and a more well-deserved sentence was never passed. If it erred, it erred on the side of leniency. *Voilà! mon histoire.*”

“Well,” said Ethel, “is that all? What have we to do with two ‘*polissons,*’ and the ‘*police,*’ and the *Gazette des Tribunaux?*”

“My moral!” says Uncle Charles, loftily—(how fond some men are of moralising!)—“is this: Keep yourselves to yourselves; do not be too free and easy in making acquaintances; and, above all, do not be too intimate with any chance companion of whose antecedents you know nothing.”

The young ladies “did not see it.” I can only trust that it will be quite different with my indulgent readers.

FRIENDSHIP AND BROTHERHOOD.

BY G. SOMERS BELLAMY,

Author of “*The New Shaksperian Dictionary of Quotations,*” and Joint-Author of “*Flirtation*” (Comedy).

“What need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living, should we ne’er have use for them, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves.”—*Timon of Athens*, Act i., sc. 2.

“A friend should bear his friend’s infirmities.”—*Julius Cesar*, Act iv., sc. 3.

“We are born to do benefits.”—*Timon of Athens*, Act i., sc. 2.

IT is certain that no body or class of men will better understand and appreciate the noble words I have quoted above than Freemasons; but they appeal to all with equal force, to every individual, to all classes, to all nations. I could crowd these pages with quotations from Shakspeare to demonstrate, if need existed, how strongly he felt in the matter of friendship, how keenly he appreciated the bond of brotherhood that should exist between man and man, irrespective of race, colour or creed. The inherent selfishness of man, his pride of birth or wealth or station, his absorption in the daily pursuit of his own well-being, and above all, perhaps his overbearing conceit in his own brain powers, and the individual vanity that makes him view with such complacency his few good points through a magnifying glass, and his many faults through the wrong end of a telescope, reversing the process when he deals with his neighbour, have combined to somewhat isolate him in the present day from the great virtue of that friendship, of which the poet has said, it was “to men and angels only given.” And rightly said—for true friendship is the least selfish of the many loves that exercise the human mind from infancy to age. I say the least selfish, because there is some grain of selfishness in every affection of the human heart—every good action,

every noble impulse, every motive can be traced to love of self. The "grand passion," of which every poet of every country has written, and written his best, to extol and etherealize, hiding the one black spot with many words, diverting the attention from what it really is to the grand castle in the air wherein dwells the might be, is of all human loves the least worthy, for it has its origin in the selfish passions which appeal to the lower nature of man as an animal. Man freed from the flesh has no need of the "grand passion," but whether in the flesh or in the spirit his higher nature can never dispense with that love which we call friendship—the sweet intellectual sympathy, the intercommunion of congenial souls.

But friendship, like everything else in this age of progress, has lost much of the vigour, because much of the self-abnegation which characterized this virtue when science had not attained those glorious dimensions which turns all things, but progress in materialism, into ridicule. The modern progressionist would reduce friendship to a science. If this cannot be done, then he bids you shelve the "sweet instrument," that it may keep its sound to itself and in a case too, lest some stray breeze call it into feeble play. The great and noble friendship between man and man, which, like sunrays, have served to relieve the dull and bloody canvass of man's history, become fewer and fewer as the progress of the age teaches us the art of a greater selfishness and invites us to laugh where once we wept, and never to weep at all. There seems to be left no room in a man's heart now, no vacant spot wherein he can hide his friend's faults; he cannot bear his friend's infirmities, so, in another sense, he bares them to all the world.

In his terse, epigrammatical way, Shakspeare comes to the very pith of his subject by the question, "What need we have any friends if we should never have need of them?" He does not imply, as the progressionist would doubtless argue, that we must make use of our friends and be careful our friends make no use of us, but he means that it is the need, the necessity, the adversity that calls for the display of friendship; that if we have no need, then, indeed, would friendship be a mere fashion, a toy misnamed after the honoured dead. The one grand need, however, which must ever be a powerful reason why man, more gregarious than any other animal, cannot exist with any degree of happiness without some kind of friendship, is his craving, whether in joy or grief, for sympathy. Man only finds the sympathy he desires in his brother man; a woman's sympathy, though often given when withheld by man, is but a poor and chilling substitute; not purposely so, but naturally, for the very fact that woman was designed to supply man with the wants of his lower nature, precludes her from ever entering into the sacred precincts of his inner soul. Friendship is the highest form of human love, and is therefore only given to the highest of the human race—"to men and angels only given." After the affection as between one man and another must come the love, the feeling of brotherhood that should link all men in the union of a united family. "We were born to do benefits;" this should be the axiom to supplant the grossly selfish, unchristian phrase so prevalent in this age of progress, of "Every man for himself and God for us all." If every man be but for himself, be sure God will be for none. And I have marked of late that even this quasi-Christian termination of "God for us all," that comes in like a "God have mercy on your soul" after a sentence of capital punishment, is often omitted, and "Every man for himself" is passed from mouth to mouth, is enacted day by day and, may be, to the satisfaction of the progressionist, is passing into a perfect science in its completeness of perfect selfishness.

The idea of brotherhood which must of necessity embrace the Shaksperian axiom, "We are born to do benefits," seems to be confined to bodies or cliques of men, and pre-eminently, perhaps, to Freemasonry, and does not extend as it should to all classes of men in a Christian country. Our national sense of brotherhood, which should be a broad-minded cosmopolitan charity which knows of no religious prejudice, no political bias, no prejudgment because of caste or race or colour, has degenerated into a narrow Samaritanism tainted with the spirit of the Levite—a Samaritanism that savours of the feeble charity of Exeter Hall, that would aid and then pass on the other side—a Samaritanism that can never grasp the sense of true brotherhood conveyed in the words of our Poet, "It is not enough to help the feeble up, but to support him afterwards." The temper of true brotherhood is to overcome ill-deeds by good returns, to leave the world a little better than we found it, to have a high

standard of goodness and raise others to it; not to look down from our high pedestal with an indifference or contempt that precludes charity or a cynical criticism that excludes justice, but to stoop, if need be, in order to raise some brother in the struggling mass below to a seat on that moral pedestal where, indeed, there is room for all. We look, however, on all sides and in vain for that universal love that bespeaks true brotherhood. In vain we seek to find it in those who in the abstract are united by a common Christianity, for every form, every sect of divine doctrine damns with every prayer it utters the brother who cannot see through the same spectacles. In vain we turn to the fraternity of letters; it knows no charity; it perverts justice and loves only a lynch law; it breaks-fast on pre-judgment, dines on malice, sups on envy and retires with the down-going of the sun with bitterest hatred. In fine, every special fraternity nurses the notion that each member in it is a member of his own household, and consequently, not to belie the prophet, his own foe. Yet each man knows in his heart that the great Architect of the Universe loves the work of his own hand, and in leaving man to complete the great design, calls upon him by direct command and by a thousand indirect influences to labour in love, to hold together "and learn the wisdom of universal love, the true self-interest of strict brotherhood."

SONNET.

OH, what is Masonry—but gushing streams
 Of human kindness flowing forth in love!
 Bright flashing—on whose crystal bosom beams
 The light of truth, reflected from above,
 Teaching sweet lessons, waking kindly thought;
 Such as from time to time have warmed the hearts
 Of earth's best children. Men by heaven taught,
 That man is likest God when he imparts
 To other's happiness. Such is the light
 Which will burn brightly in a Mason's breast;
 If he has learned his glorious task aright,
 And with the lesson duly be impressed.
 Yes, such is Masonry! and blessed are they,
 Whose noble hearts reflect its feeblest ray.

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECORDS OF AN OLD ASSEMBLY OF
 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR MEETING AT BOLTON.

BY BRO. JAMES NEWTON.

THE book from which the following extracts are taken contains in its present state twenty-two pages, evidently a portion of a larger book, from which the binding has been removed, for reasons which will appear from the extracts. This interesting memento came into our possession along with the records of the Royal Arch Chapter of Concord, No. 37, some extracts from which were published in the MASONIC MAGAZINE of April and May, 1877.

The first extract we give is as follows:

“ Rules and Regulations

“ Agreed on by the Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem, now of Malta, who hold an assembly in Bolton, are as follows :—

“ 1st. That the time of meeting be the first Friday in March, June, September, and December, at 6 o'clock, and that every member do deposit one shilling to the fund, and four pence to spend.

“ 2nd. That the clothing be black velvet sashes lined with crimson sarsnet.

“ 3rd. That a Knight Templar be admitted for five shillings, to be spent.

“ 4th. That every Knight dubb'd by us do pay one guinea, to be disposed as follows :—10s. 6d. to the fund, 2s. 6d. to the Chancellor, for certificates, &c., 2s. 6d. to the Tyler, and 5s. 6d. to be spent.

“ 5th. That three swords be purchased, the property of the fund, for the use of the standing officers, and likewise jewels, &c.

“ 6th. That a subscription be established for the purposes of discharging the debts that may be incurred, to be refunded by instalments when the fund is able to make a dividend of 20 per cent., beginning with the largest subscriber.”

To these rules are attached the signatures of T. Ryeroff, C.G. ; Wm. Johnson, 1 G.W. ; Thos. Wilson, 2 G.W. ; Thomas Heaton, Chancellor ; and eight others ; also the impression in black wax of a triangular shaped seal, containing various emblems of a Knight Templar character. Underneath the seal is the date, “ 26th October, 1785.”

Meetings of the Assembly appear to have been held on 12th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 23rd, and 26th October, 1785, 15th December, 1785, 20th January, 1786, 4th April, 1787, and 2nd June, 1787, but no minutes of such meetings are recorded, the only records thereof being lists of members, with the dates of admission and payments of fees and subscriptions.

There is also a “ List of the Knights who entered into a subscription in pursuance of the 6th Bye-law,” and the amounts subscribed, and the dates “when rec^d” and “when paid back,” from which it seems £7. 5s. was subscribed by 17 Knights, in sums ranging from 2ls. to 5s.

Under date 4th September, 1789, are the records of the last meeting named in the book, viz. :—

“ Resolved, That this Assembly be discontinued.”

“ Resolved, That those members who do not attend before eight o'clock this evening be considered as not entitled to any benefit from the fund, they having forfeited their shares by non-attendance, according to notice given or sent to them.”

“ Resolved that W. Johnson and Jas. Stewart, from the circumstance of their residing in Manchester, shall be excepted from the last resolve and considered as present.”

“ Resolved that A—— M——, having disobeyed former summonses, be considered as not a member of this Assembly.”

“ Resolved that the transaction book, as far as is written on, be destroyed, and that the rest with the jewels be disposed of to the best advantage, also that the certificate plate and the seal, with the parchments for certificates, be sealed up and laid in the lodge chest.”

“ Resolved that the money arising from the present fund and the disposal of the jewels and transaction book be divided among the following members (here follow 8 names). Reducing the expenses of everyone from the beginning to an equality.”

From subsequent entries in the Book, the funds appear to have been so divided, and at the end of the Book is a cash account, showing the various items of receipt and disbursement, amongst the receipts being :—“ To an abatement at this Book not being filled, &c., 2/-”

Fortunately, however, the resolution, “ that the Transaction Book as far as is written on be destroyed,” has not *yet* been carried into effect, nor is it probable that it will be for some time to come. These memorials of our ancient brethren are too precious in the present day to be destroyed. Doubtless, in many parts of this country, there are to be found numerous old records of Freemasonry, which it would be interesting to peruse, and we can only express a hope, which we are sure will be echoed by the readers of the Magazine, that the possessors of them will see their way to re-producing them in the Masonic Press.

A MODERN NOVEL SOMEWHAT UNDERVALUED.

BY FRATER SCHOLASTICUS.

WE are among those who think that justice has hardly been done to "Phineas Redux," if not the last, one of the latest, of Mr. Anthony Trollope's works. It only precedes, if we remember rightly, "The Way we Live Now," and "The American Senator." For some reason, though why we know not, (perhaps a dread of political disquisition, a dislike of impossible occurrences), "Phineas Redux" does not apparently command the usual amount of interest and approval, which many of the efforts of that most effective of writers have properly and undoubtedly obtained at the hands of a critical and complacent public. It may be, as we before observed, the fear of political disquisitions, the dislike of impossible occurrences, the somewhat unreal framework of the story, which have militated with the general and proper appreciation of Mr. Trollope's pleasant pages. The Trial is we deem a great mistake, and will always be a blemish on the work, however ably described, because, like another work of the same prolific author, it is an approach to a sensationalism utterly unworthy of the genius and powers of Anthony Trollope. Such a "tour de force" is unnecessary for the story, and gives to a very striking and admirably conceived work, that appearance of unreality and personality combined, which has hindered much the proper development of hearty popular appreciation of a most amusing novel and a very attractive tale. Yet for all this—and a good deal more might be said, and has been said—we are among those who have perused "Phineas Redux" with much of heartfelt pleasure, sympathy, and admiration. It may be, indeed, we admit at the outset, that the hero, "Poor Phinny," comes before us an old acquaintance, by no means as an unexceptionable hero. It is unavoidable, but that we have to deal in part with the older story of "Phineas Finn," which for some reason, if much praised, has also been, as we think, hastily depreciated.

"Phineas Redux" is necessarily built up on "Phineas Finn," as an after-work on an original foundation, and it is impossible to bring out the salient features of the former without recurring to the prevailing memories of the latter. Phineas is, as Violet Chiltern would wittily observe, "by no means a Swan;" but yet, as "nous sommes tous mortels," let us be discreet and charitable, not too critical, and certainly not too severe. It is perhaps undeniable, we feel, that a rigid Moralist might hold, that Phineas had no right whatever to place himself deliberately in the position of being a fervent admirer of Violet Effingham, Lady Laura, and Poor Mary, all at the same time!

We cannot—and no one can, we think—possibly defend our hero when he thus appears equally ardent, equally sympathetic, and equally inconsistent. If it be a true picture, as it probably is, of certain excitable dispositions, we feel that it is not a pleasant "spectacle" to contemplate, nor is it an improving one. Indeed, the feelings and views and position of Phineas in this respect are, it appears to us, we confess, difficult to analyse, and still more difficult to defend. And yet let us not be too ready to blame Phineas. Violet, one of the most charming of Mr. Trollope's creations, probably hit the real mark when she treated it all as a little amusement on the part of a genial, good-looking, somewhat impulsive young man.

She, with her wonderful clearness of vision and decision of character, saw through his little weakness, and "spotted" his little game. She recognised both his idiosyncrasy and his worth, and she treated him accordingly—all praise to her, as all true women should treat an amiable and well-meaning young man. She quietly refused him,—she did not even snub him, much less quarrel with him. After all, then, that anyone can say against this portrait of a modern hero, and Mrs. Mullgrubber and Tiger Jones, and the Rev. Theodosius O'Whack, have a great deal to say, especially on the "high moral line," we cannot affirm here that we can very gravely blame Phineas Finn. For Phinny is not the first man, nor will be by very many a long way, who has got into a scrape with "the petticoats, sir!" As one old friend of ours used sententiously to observe, "There is nothing so dangerous, after all, in this world, as a bit of dimity."

Men have many dangers to encounter, but none are so great, so pressing, or so peculiar! If, then, our hero was a little weak and wavering, a little inconstant and uncertain, a little bewildered and bothering, as we scan the contour of his moral character, we think that is fairly all that we can say. He was at the same time amiable and genial, comfortable and confiding, kindly and considerate, pleasant and warm-hearted, and if slightly impulsive, very honest; if a little undecided, very honourable. That he should like the society of "Grandes Dames" and "Grands Seigneurs" was not very blameworthy. There are very many who would give anything in the world to be in it. All through, he seems manfully to have maintained an honest independence of thought and action, and to have remained, if a poor man, yet an "Irish gentleman" in name and deed. Despite, then, some unavoidable blemishes and some palpable incongruities, we admire Mr. Anthony Trollope's conception of Phineas Finn, and for this reason, that not only do we hold it to be a very artistic performance, but also a very true and striking character.

Phineas never, amidst the temptations of Society, becomes a dissipated roué or an enervated "vaurien;" he never allows the seductions of the senses or the slippery paths of worldly progress to lure him into those habits of life or modes of thought which are incompatible with honour, chivalry, truth, and morality. If Phineas had, as we all have had, his weak moments and unguarded hours—his seasons when the personal sense of abstract duty is a little lowered amid the feverish scenes of gaiety and "abandon,"—if his were times when strong individual aspirations led him into seemingly crooked ways or bye-paths, yet on the whole how few and how really venial they were!

That Phineas Finn meant to "run straight" we firmly believe, and therefore, despite his amiable shortcomings and his numerous flirtations, we like him much. Poor Lady Laura, indeed, might feel a good deal, and seems somewhat to have "hard lines," but yet we are not sure but that Mr. Trollope is right in so "pointing the moral" in her special case. It is always a mistake in a woman to be too "coming;" to forget that she has always "se faire valoir;" that men, say what they will, always prefer reserve and reticence; and that that affection which is ready to "devancer" the wonted "bienséances" of society and the customs of the world, and even the feelings of the man, is often lightly prized and still oftener rudely thrown away.

And what shall we say of Lord and Lady Chiltern? Surely Lord Chiltern is an admirable personification, if roughly drawn. There is a great deal of sense and good after all in that uncouth, ungainly man; much promise, let us hope, of better, of the best things! And is not Violet Chiltern limned with a master-hand? We confess that we hardly know any character in modern novels, except "Heartsease," which strikes us more real, more charming, than Violet Chiltern. We feel as we gaze upon her gracious and pleasant presence, how sensible, how sagacious, how free, and yet how true she really is—no fancy ideal, no inapt model, let us hope and believe, of many a British maiden, of many a young married woman amongst us, as stout-hearted, and as beaming, and as delightful as she is!

We hail once more our old friend Lady Glencora, as in former days, with unalloyed pleasure. Our first acquaintance with Lady Glencora took place in the garden of the "Trois Couronnes" at Vevay and the "Drei Königen" at Basle, and we never shall forget the impression she made on us then, and which we retain to this very hour. We cannot, however, linger with that quaint yet picturesque creation, further than to echo the words of that skilled craftsman who made her what she is, and ever must be to many readers, "Nothing can ever change the Duchess!"

The little episode as between "Spooner of Spoon Hall" and Adelaide Palliser is almost amusing; and though we do not profess to admire Gerald Maule, and think Adelaide Palliser much too good for him, we are heartily glad that she had the sense and the pluck to decline becoming Mrs. Spooner.

People often talk of our girls as being mercenary, and propound many other hard allegations concerning them; but for our part we hold them to be more sinned against than sinning!

We have to leave the Duke and Lady Baldock, Joseph Emilius (a hateful character), and Aspasia Fitzgibbon, and many more, and we come to that striking figure which stands out on Mr. Trollope's canvas so well painted, and as distinct as any figure well can be—Madame Max Göeslar. Now we at once declare for Madame Max! We think her one of the best portraitures of a true-hearted woman which we have for a long time seen, and we consider "Phinny" a very lucky fellow to have found so pleasant and presentable a companion for the rest of his journey here. Never has the happy touch of Mr. Trollope's hand been seen to greater advantage than in his remarkable delineation of this sensible, gracious, clever, warm-hearted, sympathetic, honest, loving woman! And as we write we feel how true "Phineas Redux" is as a description of the Society in which we live—the feelings we avow, the ideas we entertain, the very language we speak. The "dramatis personæ" are not airy nothings, unsubstantial figures, but real living men and real living women. The men are the same we travel with and chat with, and joke with and smoke with, and gossip with—for men are sad gossips; and the women, who charm our existence and empty our pockets, and are the delights and the drawbacks of human existence, are vividly represented before us. To our taste Mr. Trollope is one of the truest of painters, and, we will add, the most agreeable and sensible of teachers.

There is a sound moral at the bottom of his stirring words and striking scenes, and as we put down "Phineas Redux," and remember our own little world, we fancy that we can still recognise the Duke and Mr. Bonteen, Lord Chiltern and Phineas Finn, Mr. Graham and Mr. Daubeney, Gerald and old Mr. Maule, Fitzgibbon, Mr. Spooner, and even Mr. Lowe. Yes, and at the same time we feel strongly that we are not unacquainted with Violet and Lady Laura, the Duchess of Omnium and Lady Cantrip, the two Lady Baldocks, Adelaide Palliser, and Madame Max Göeslar, and not even forgetting Mrs. Bunce. Like brilliant figures of a phantasmagoria, they seem to flit before our eyes, to smile on us, to talk with us, to be very pleasant to us, and then to pass into empty space. Beneficial as the society of kindly and cultivated and right-thinking women is to men, under all circumstances, in this sublunary scene, and needful as is her companionship and elevating her association, we may well seek to realise the truth, that such a friend and counsellor and wife as Mrs. Max Göeslar is certain to be, is indeed a blessing to us all. May some wandering mortal like Phineas Finn yet find, to his great good fortune and greater happiness, that with such a person, in the blessedness of congenial sympathies and harmonised tastes, all his happier dreams are accomplished, all his higher destiny on earth cheered, and, let us hope, his own probation partially and practically fulfilled.

CABINET OF MASONIC CURIOSITIES.

I.—A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

FOR SAMUEL BRYANT, ESQ., M.E.Z., W.P.M., R.F.G.L., &c., &c., &c.

As *Mene tekeli*, once seen on a wall,
 Filled the Court of Balshazzar with dread,
 So this crooked tri-line affixed to a scroll,
 Has puzzled a great Mason's head.

The writing of old was explained to the King,
 To foreshadow the end of his race;
 But this crooked line shows a contrary thing—
 A new life in a Lineage to trace.

“What’s the name of the scribe?” asked Past-Master B.,
As addressing the Craftsmen one night ;
But no one was able the crook’d line to see,
Or drag the poor author to light.

“Most excellent Z. ! thrice exalted in art !
‘A Master in Israel’ profound—
Can’st thou not this secret, Eureka, impart,
Or show its true import or sound ?”

“Why ask for a name plainly wrote at the foot,
Tho’ unseen, overlooked, or mistook ;
You’ve only to look for its import and root
In Mason’s ‘La plume volante’ Book (*).

“This hint on the word sheds a luminous ray,
To light its true meaning to view ;
Unfold, then, this riddle, and instantly say,
You have found what is known but to few.

“Confess there’s a Mason of higher degree
Than any you’ve found here about :
The ‘Plume volante’ Mason’s the Mason for me,
And his pen the Eureka found out.”

Bristol, 1st January, 1848.

(*) “La plume volante,” 1707.

TO MRS. BRYANT.

Being told a young Mason you’ve brought into light,
Amply stored with the gifts of hearing and sight ;
Yearning for something his hands to employ,
And fill his young soul with excitement and joy.
But, unable as yet to handle the Trowel,
A whistle and bells I’ve sent as his Jewel ;
What a Jewel for a Lewis, before he’s enrolled—
Aye, for by him the secret will never be told.

Bristol, 18th August, 1847.

Among a bundle of Masonic papers presented to me by Bro. Dr. Samuel Bryant, I found the foregoing. Thinking they would prove interesting as being connected with the oldest, most worthy, and most zealous Mason in Bristol or neighbouring provinces, I forward them for preservation in the columns of the “Masonic Magazine.”

F. G. IRWIN.

THE PROPOSED SPELLING REFORM.

THERE are many proposed changes in the social world, as we all know, made day by day, from some queer motive or another, often not very apparent, and, to say the truth, somewhat questionable, which, instead of reform, would lead to revolution, instead of tending to improvement—would culminate in anarchy !

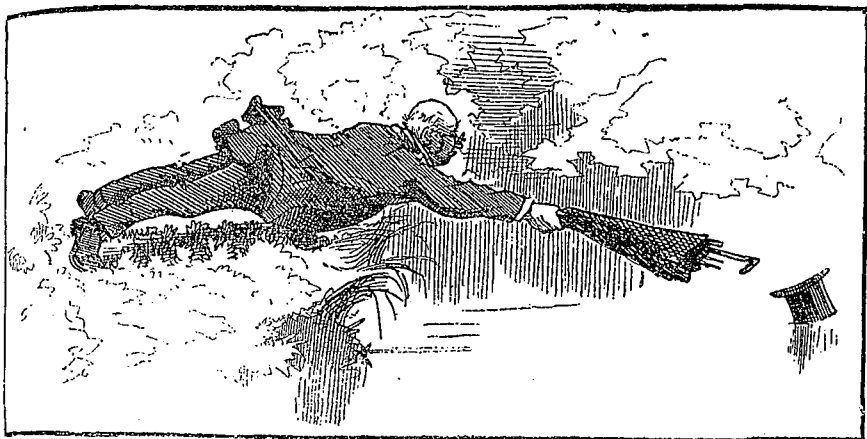
There is on many points and topics a great amount of restlessness just now amongst us—a sort of febrile excitement—which portend no good to society generally, and which often, in particular cases, can only be productive alike of absurdity and incongruity, in this system or that, if persevered in—can only result in inconvenience to Society, and in retrogression, not advance, to mankind. We confess that we look upon the proposal to alter our “spelling system” as one of those needless suggestions of change which will inflict the greatest amount of general inconvenience, with no corresponding good or useful results, and which assumes the appearance of a “craze” or a monomania. We do not for one moment seek to contend, indeed, that our present system is perfect or without some anomalies, neither do we deny that many of those who promote and favour this spelling reform are actuated by a sincere desire to improve; not to destroy—to reform, not to revolutionize. Far be it from us, as Freemasons, to make any such intolerant remarks, or any such unfair imputation! But having studied the question itself carefully for many years, and understanding, as we hope, alike the English Grammar and the English Language we feel bound, as honest journalists, to express our humble opinion on the subject.

The present system of spelling may be termed the “literal” one, governed by certain customary pronunciations, which are all eventually made the “outcome,” so to say, of the spoken language. This system has some defects and many shortcomings, as we before remarked, and which no doubt are felt much by foreigners, who complain of what often appears to them as a most arbitrary setting at naught of the very first principles of literal pronunciation; and who can deny that there is a quasi arbitrariness and license in our wonted pronunciation, and which are also subject to special modifications which cannot be positively or actually defended. But be this as it may, it will be, in our opinion, very difficult to set up a better system, as any change to such as that which has been termed the Euphonious system, can only land us in a morass of ridiculous alterations—a climax, in fact, of absurdity—which the “fanctos” and advocates of the present movement do not certainly contemplate or even realise. The only effect of the proposed change must be to barbarize the English language spoken and written, and throw us back into the epoch of unpolished utterance and uncivilised chirography.

Let us take as a specimen of what the English of the future is likely to be if this childish mania proceeds, according to our contemporary, *Truth*, as quoted recently and seasonably in the *Times*, and let us carefully note and digest it:

“The Lundun Skool Bored iz stil ingajed in discussing the qwestyun ov spelling reform, At the last meting uv the Bored, Mr. Firth, who apearz tu be won ov the fu memburz pozest ov kommun sens, endeuvurd tu get rid ov the ridikelus ajitashun bi mooving that no further akshun be taken in the matter. Az usual, however, the debate woz ajurnd. Bi thus kounfinansing the folle ov the ate members who past the orijinul rezolushun, the nu Bored iz bringing upon itself a share ov the ridekule with which Professor Gladstone’s propozul haz been jenerully reseved. When the Bored sent rownd itz surkular last Novembur everybody thawt it woz a joke. The bair noshun of a Royl Kummishun tu inquire intu the praktika-bility ov introdusing whot we ma kawl the Josh Billingsgate stile ov orthogruffy woz suffishunt to eksite laftur whenever it woz menshund. But tho the publik laft, and the nuzpapurz snered, the Bored woz sereus. The memburz, or at leest sum ov them, wisht tu signulize the kloose ov thare laburz bi an akt in harmunny with thare preveyus prosedingz, and Professor Gladstone’s rezolushun woz adopted with the vew ov akomplishing that objikt. So far, no dowt, tha were suksesful; but the nu Bored wud hav dun wizely tu let the matter drop, leving the late Bored tu be anserabl for itz one absurditiz.”

We ask our readers, one and all, who have perused this specimen of a so-called spelling reform, can such a conclusion of the matter be either advisable or acceptable to the great mass of our connections and working world, and above all the common language and common sense of England?



REACHING AFTER THE UNATTAINABLE.*

BY VERAX.

THOSE of us who have ever studied the Philosophy of human life, the Psychology of individual being, must have been struck with this one great fact, running like a golden thread through all efforts and all aspirations, namely, the search for the "Unattainable."

It is a peculiar condition, an unchanging condition of humanity, no doubt founded on an innate perception of Truth, that man always is "to be," and never is "blest." In early dawn we lay out the plans for the coming day. We exult and plan, we purpose and we prophesy, we look forward without fear, we discount the future at an exorbitant rate of interest, much above the "Bank of England rate."

The present is peculiarly little or less to us; on the future we fix our anxious gaze—to the future we direct our wandering steps, all elate, all sanguine, all triumphant. And yet, alas! that future never comes to us. No, while we are planning and purposing, and anticipating and imagining—happy delusion of our race!—Atropos appears on the scene, snips in two the thread of life, and on the passage over that Stygian river, dark and dismal when conducted by old Charon, we give him our "obolus," and gladly leave his company.

We have been "reaching after the Unattainable," but all in vain, for neither youth nor strength, nor grace, nor hope, nor bright joys, nor a peaceful home, nor a "placens uxor," and duteous children, have hindered the advance of the "Parca," or taken from us the greatest of gifts to man, Life. And the same law of human existence governs other matters and other conditions and other actualities here. We start in life often with an ideal world of ideal men and ideal women before us. Ours is hero worship, heroic worship, of the most approved fashion. We are all for ourselves, so to say—a little living theatre, in which all the actors move, speak, dress, act, look, to perfection. No dimness obscures the vision, no false colouring daubs the scene, no unskilful grouping mars the gracious "tout ensemble." All is pleasant to the sight, edifying to the mind, and good for moral realisation. Alas, ere we have gone very far on the journey of life we find how idle has been our anticipation, how deceiving this "baseless fabric of a dream." The actors have played their parts, but how badly! They have not attended to the "prompter;" they have forgotten their very "cues," and the consequence has been a grand result as inharmonious as it is depressing! When the masks are dropped and the paint is gone, how unreal seem all that mouthing and that acting, which have ended only in rant, or fustian, or worse! Where is the promise of other days? Where are the links of old affection? Where are our dreams of the high, the heroic, the beautiful, the pure, the true? All gone away to the "silent land,"

* We have taken this amusing sketch to illustrate our subject from the American *Scribner* for September.

all forgotten, laid aside, dispensed with, in the heartlessness of life, in the treacheries of the world, in the "bassesse" of humanity!

We who looked for perfection have found frailty; we who expected friendship have discovered treachery; we who hoped for truth have had to contend with falsehood; we who counted on clinging affection have had to put up with cold-hearted desertion. We have been "reaching unto the unattainable" here below.

And yet once more how wonderful often to us seems the creations of earth, the handiwork of mortal men!

We lay out skilful plans, we carve out goodly careers, we erect mighty buildings, we accumulate vast wealth; we have laboured for Time, and Time rewards with its fleeting praises, its ephemeral crowns. We are prosperous and great, yes, and honoured and glorious in the world's sight; applauding crowds caress our names; laudatory Gazettes declare world-wide our reputation; we have reached even the acme of human felicity, the apogee of earthly greatness! And what then?

Often in a moment the house we have reared tumbles down; the wealth we have made crumbles away; honour, fame, rank, position, a good name, family influence—all vanish from us, flee from us, leave us here, lonely, disregarded, and friendless! we have been reaching to the unattainable.

Once again, in the history of this garish world of ours, the Diviner Truth is made sure as of ever, that the "battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift;" that nothing earthly is stable or lasting, and that on everything of earth, of man, of the world, is written as with an adamant pen, "Nehusthan." Yes, the pomp and the pageantry, the wealth and the wisdom, the glory and the greatness, the felicity and the fellowship of man, all are at the best but evanescent and most uncertain, and in the very midst of apparently assured splendour and triumph, fade away in an instant, like a dream when one awaketh. Poor mortals all! we have been reaching unto the Unattainable!

I might go through many illustrations, but the space accorded me goes no further, and I also fear to weary the patience of my readers, for whom just now didactic essays are, as they say, "a drug in the market;" neither do I think it right to make an article in the MASONIC MAGAZINE a Sermonette. I have taken a philosophical view of life *per se*, and have touched on topics familiar, I am bold to believe, to every thinking mind. Of course, I presume that people have a "thinking mind," though, to confess the truth, in the present state of affairs that may with most represent the "unknown quantity."

We live, unfortunately, at a time when easy living, material indulgence, and dubious society, have apparently enervated our whole moral being, and indisposed the majority to reflection or to thought. Society seems to me just now like a ship abandoned at sea; its masts are gone, its crew have taken to the boats, and tossed to and fro, the sport of tumultuous waves, it is speeding it knows not whither, destined either to founder on the open, or to go to pieces on treacherous sandbanks or piercing reefs.

But, as Truth lies, and always has lain, at the bottom of the great well of Life, so there are some ardent imaginations, some generous dispositions, some thinking minds, some cultivated understandings, to be touched and warned, and edified and restrained, even in the humble pages of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

For them I write to-day, and to them, I feel sure, my unpretending words will sound neither unmeaning nor pharisaical, hollow, or untrue.

Reviews.

Later Lyrics. By Dr. J. E. CARPENTER. (Charles E. Hawkesley, 13, Queen Victoria street.)

WE have received Bro. Dr. Carpenter's "Later Lyrics" with pleasure, and perused them with gratification. We beg to call the attention of our readers to them, as they display

not only an easy versification and pleasant rhythm, but are animated by genial sentiment and much poetic power and reality.

We give some selections, which perhaps may induce some of our kind friends and brethren to purchase the little volume. We think "Vanished" is very pretty :

"VANISHED.

"Oh ! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."—*Tennyson.*

I've just been dreaming a dream of the past,
It brought back days departed ;
When sweet was her voice and bright was her smile,
And both all day long light-hearted ;
Yet all that is left of a long lost love
Is a sad, sweet memory only,
And I wake to gaze on a vacant chair,
And to know that I am lonely.
I thought that we sat in the same dear room
Where first our vows were spoken,
And I heard the light "touch of the vanished hand"
O'er the keys ere the strings were broken ;
No sense of change in that vision seemed,
But youth and beauty only :—
'Twas the old, old tale—*two* loving hearts,
And *one* left sad and lonely."

We think that all of us will enter into the harmony and power of "What I Love Best" :

"WHAT I LOVE BEST.

"I'll tell you what I love the best,
Though in this world I find
'Tis they who take things as they come
Who most leave care behind ;
Contented thus I laugh and sing,
While others rail and preach :
The reason is, I covet not
The things beyond my reach.

I more than gold, or hoarded wealth,
Love labour and love rest,
But honest hearts and earnest deeds
Are things that I love best.

I love a friend who's not ashamed
To meet me face to face,
I love a bright and sunny smile
On woman's brow to trace ;
I love to feel, if good I've done
To one of low degree,
That were our fates reversed, that one
Would do the same for me !

I love the winter's warm fireside,
The song, the dance, the jest ;
But most the welcome that I meet
Is what I love the best.

I love to hear a wise man speak
 With all his learned lore ;
 I love the simple songs oft sung
 Beside the cottage door ;
 To me ' the meanest flower that blows '
 Is beautiful to see,
 But art, in all its varied forms,
 Is still beloved by me.

I love the good, the just, the true,
 No matter great or small,
 But most the maid who loveth me
 I love the best of all."

"Sunset" seems also to merit notice, as it is alike touching and true :

"SUNSET.

Sunset in the flowery dale,
 Sunset in the silvery bay,
 Evening spreads her ebon veil,
 Darker shadows round us play ;
 Slowly o'er the distant scene
 Falls the glorious setting sun ;
 Who can tell what he hath seen
 Since the busy day begun ?

Sunset in the golden west ;
 Steeped in dew each flowret weeps ;
 'Tis the sacred hour of rest,
 Labour ends and sorrow sleeps ;
 Calm and blessed are the hours,
 When the busy day is done ;
 Sleep and sweet repose be ours,
 Tranquil as yon setting sun."

We might make many more extracts from his general poems, but we stop here. Bro. Carpenter's Masonic Poems are also well known, but we think it well to give a specimen of them, to remind our brethren of their pleasantness and reality :

"SYMBOL AND SIGN.

Believe me if every strange symbol and sign
 Which we gazed on so fondly to-night
 Convey'd not some moral, some lesson divine,
 We would banish them all from our sight :
 As they ever have been, may they still be adored,
 Though the world un-masonic condemn,
 While to us they such precepts of virtue afford
 Or our actions are govern'd by them.

'Tis not the mere form of the compass and square
 That to us does such rapture impart ;
 No ! 'tis the deep moral inculcated there
 That is stamped on each Freemason's heart.

Oh ! a lodge of Freemasons, where'er it may be,
Is the dwelling of brotherly love ;—
There are none who in thought or in action can flee
From the all-seeing Eye that's above !

We shall all be inclined to echo the beautiful words of "Charity" :

“CHARITY.

Oh ! banquet not in this festive scene,
When craftsmen meet in bright array,
Unless remembering what they've been,
Ye think of those who 're far away ;
For many but know 'a feast of tears.'
And while the generous wine we pour,
Our guests and friends of former years,]
May meet like us in lodge no more.

Then, that the cup may sweeter be,
Nor thorns beset our festal flowers,
Forget not heaven-born charity
Befits a Mason's lodge like ours.
The giver and the gift is bless'd
If what we give be freely given,
But he who *pities* the distress'd
And *gives not*, mocks the truths of Heaven !”

We have said enough and quoted enough, we think, to recommend this interesting little work to the perusal and patronage of all our readers.

THE POETIC INTERPRETATION OF NATURE.*

WEARY and footsore in the race of life we pause awhile by the wayside to rest ; our eye, tired with gazing so steadfastly along the glaring dusty track that we have to tread, half-closed, shuts out the sunlight from the harassed brain ; when perchance we notice the persevering efforts of some tiny insect at last crowned with success ; or it may be that we see some tender floweret, parched and wellnigh withered, by the noonday heat, presently burdened almost to breaking with a heavy drop of moisture left on its bosom by the passing storm ; but finally, as the burning sun shines out once more, it finds this water-drop its preservation. We spring to our feet and begin our way afresh, with heart invigorated and purposes renewed, for we have seen perseverance rewarded, we have beheld the semblance of an individual withering, hardening, drying up, under the influence of prosperity, but whose heart cast down under its load of affliction, has been softened and renewed ; yet again, we see this load of wonder-working sorrow, seemingly too heavy to be borne, gradually fade before the reviving warmth of a renewed prosperity, which, were it not for the softening influence of this very burden, would quite dry up the fountains of the heart once more. Whence comes this lesson to the mind of Man ? Whence the Voice that speaks it to his soul ? The response that we get to such queries as these is invariably the one word "Nature !”

* "On Poetic Interpretation of Nature," by J. C. Shairp, LL.D., Principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonards, St. Andrews. Edinburgh. David Douglas, 1877.

Upon which we may very well ask another question, "What do you mean by Nature? Is it merely the material world by which we are surrounded that you mean? Is it some vital principle permeating that circumscribing mass of matter? Or is it a something still further beyond, a guiding and controlling Master?" To this question, if we read Principal Shairp aright, he gives us the answer, that we should give ourselves. It is ultimately the last of these that speaks to us in Nature's silent teaching; it is through Nature's teaching that we hear the voice of Nature's God. Here the casual observer, or the man whose soul Nature is powerless to move, might break in upon our meditations, by denouncing them as mere flights of fancy, at best a harmless diversion, at worst a foolish delusion, at all events and in any case, a sheer waste of time. Surely such an one would overlook all previous experience and ignore all teaching, both human and divine. What do we read of Isaac, but that he "went out to meditate in the field at eventide"? as though it were in that temple Nature-framed that he could best hold communion with his God. In the solitude of Bethel, again, it was, with no other eye than his to behold the heaven-sent vision, that Jacob recognized the "house of God and the gate of heaven." In the wild region of Midian, that Moses learned his uncompromising sternness of purpose. In the mountain-fastnesses of Carmel, that Elijah's rugged character was formed. And in the solitary wilderness of Jordan, that the Baptist was trained for his great career as the fore-runner of the Lord. Enoch, again, "walked with God"; and was it not this walking, rather apart from the busy haunts of men than in the midst of the city's hum, so resembling the communing of the Almighty Father with His child in Eden, which ended in his translation to the immediate presence of God?

Our Craft teaches us that no little portion of our duty is the study of the hidden mysteries of Nature and of Science. Why? Because the Great Ruler of our Craft well knows that our ultimate knowledge of these is as conducive to man's happiness as to his welfare; and so our Craft, whilst putting into our hands that Volume of the Sacred Law, lays open too before our eyes the great Volume of Nature. Nor does our Christianity, of which our Craft is but the precept put into active practise, do otherwise. Witness how the Volume of the Law refers us to the page of Nature's book:—

"Go to the ant," says our Grand Master Solomon, "and be wise!"

"Consider the lilies," says the Lord of all Life, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these: if God so clothe the grass of the field... shall he not much more clothe you?"

Christ, then, directed the continuous attention of His disciples to the handiworks of the Creator, and invariably used it, as a never-ending source of illustration, when He would impress some lesson upon them that He desired to be as permanent as impressive. Witness His Parables, notably those of "The Wheat and the Tares," and of "The Sower." But there is one fact of which the student of Nature must not be unobservant, and that is, that our Lord never failed to show the Ruling Power; He might speak of the growth of the wheat and the tares, those representatives of souls in accord with God or in revolt against Him, together until the harvest, but He did not neglect to speak of the Lord of the Harvest; He might draw a forcible picture of the various soils, those types of the varied hearts of men, upon which the good seed might fall, but He did not omit to speak of the Sower of that seed. Once more, then, if we would read the lore of Nature's lessons aright, we must recognise as the ultimate teacher, the ever-present Governor who was and is the Maker of it all. This seems to be Principal Shairp's view, for he quotes Wordsworth approvingly:—

"Those vague instincts come to man from a divine source, and are given to him not merely for pleasure's sake, but that he may condense them into permanent principles, by thought, by the faithful exercise of the affections, by contemplation of Nature, and by high resolve.—"

and it is this principle thus drawn out and approved of, that gives the book its value in these days of Scepticism, Pantheism, Paganism, Anythingism, in fact, but an outspoken and honestly-expressed belief in the revelation of Himself by the True and Living God Most High.

The Author, then, of "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature, speaks to us primarily of that

"Book, who runs, may read,"

told us of, long ago, by one of our best and truest poets; a Book whose page is open to the man who by neglect of education can dwell but uselessly on the printed page; open to the man who in the turmoil of life can have leisure for no written story, but must gather his lessons of life and love, from the grasses that he crushes beneath his tread, or the thing of life that flutters by his hasty world-bound path; open to the man whose brain is reeling, and whose sight is dim, with poring over the metaphysician's page, and who turns to Nature for relief from toil, and who finds that whilst his weary eye finds rest, and his troubled brain relief, from the abstruse perplexities of human lore, his mind grows bright, and his heart grows glad, whilst drinking in a knowledge, which is, beside that of earth, past compare, for it speaks to his inner and his better self, his soul, and it draws him away from the contemplation of the things of Time to the realization of the things of Eternity.

It is with the practical adaptation of this teaching to human needs that Principal Shairp seems mainly to have to do in his little volume. He recognises the fact that it is not to all that it is given to read the great World-book's lessons aright, far less to all is it allotted to be able to impart this knowledge to others when so gained. The position, then, that he seems to assume is: that there is a teaching in Nature which can only be realised by a poet; and which, when it has found vent in words, constitutes true poetry—in fact, that the Poet is the Priest of Nature's mysteries.

When, then, the author grants, that not alone is he a poet that can give his learning words, but a man that can appreciate true Beauty; that not alone is that poetry which can strike on the outward ear of man, but the drinking it into the soul, the incorporating it into himself by any man that can thus spiritually feed on Beauty, we can quite agree with him in the position that he unhesitatingly takes that Poetry is the only exponent of the living Beauty of Nature. But with his definition of Beauty itself we are not quite in accord, nor are we with the illustrations by which he would enforce his argument. He says:—

"Light, as physicists inform us, is not something which exists in itself apart from any sentient being. The external reality is not light, but the motion of certain particles, which, when they impinge on the eye, and have been conveyed along the visual nerve to the brain, are felt by the mind as light,—result in a perception of light. Light, therefore, is not a purely objective thing, but is something produced by the meeting of certain outward motions with a perceiving mind. Again, certain vibrations of the air striking on the drum of the ear, and communicated by the nerve of hearing to the brain, result in the perception of sound. Sound, therefore, is not a purely objective entity, but is a result that requires to its production the meeting of an outward vibration with a hearing mind; it is the result of the joint action of these two elements. In a similar way, certain qualities of outward objects, certain combinations of laws in the material world, when apprehended by the soul through its æsthetic and imaginative faculties, result in the perception of what we call Beauty. Therefore, Beauty, neither wholly without us nor wholly within us, is a product resulting from the meeting of certain qualities of the outward world with a sensitive and imaginative soul. The combination of both these elements is necessary to its existence."

This we cannot accept any more than we can what Principal Shairp here tells us, the Physicists teach us of Light and Sound.

God created Light, before there was a soul upon this earth to aid (as the Physicists would say, in what, according to them, would be its creation) by observing it. Besides, let us put this theory into practise and we shall soon see the fallacy:—A. and B. are standing side by side; A. can see and hear, but B. is blind and deaf; a certain vibratory motion of certain particles starts and takes effect upon A's optic nerve. Therefore there is Light! The same thing at identically the same time and place goes on round B. but does not effect his optic nerve. Therefore, there is not Light! Therefore, at the same time and place there both is and is not Light! This we cannot but

think is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Theory of the Physicists as to Light ; and the same will hold good as to Sound ; and the same we think as to Beauty. Had the Physicists have enunciated that without a receptive brain, there would be no *perception* of Light or Sound, none could well have disputed their proposition ; had Principal Shairp have stopped short in asserting that without an answering soul there could be no *perception* of Beauty, none could have disagreed with him ; but the necessity of the receptive soul to the *existence* of the quality, we must altogether deny. Just as there have doubtless been meteors emitting light which no soul of man has ever beheld ; just as there have been for countless ages, the loud crack of the inmost recesses of the pine forest, or the sullen roar of the far-off cataract, that no mortal ear has ever listened to ; so—as one of Principal Shairp's friends has told us—

“ Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Before ever a soul of man was created, the Beauty of God's handiwork was in existence, and He Himself, regarding it, had seen that “ it was good.”

With the remarks following our previous quotation, we are quite in accord ; in them Principal Shairp seems to take our own expressed position :—

“ It “[BEAUTY]” is nomerely mental or subjective thing, born of association, and depending on individual caprice, as the Scotch philosophers so long fancied” . . . And when, either through our own perception, or through the teaching of the poets, we learn to apprehend it ; when it has found entrance into us, through eye and ear, imagination and emotion, we have learnt something more about the world in which we dwell, than Physics have taught us,—a new truth of the material universe has reached us through the imagination, not through the scientific or logical faculty.

“ If, then, Beauty be a real quality interwoven into the essential texture of Creation,” [which postulate being exactly what we insist upon !] “and if Poetry be the fittest human expression of the existence of this quality, it follows that Poetry has to do with truth as really as Science has, though with a different order of truth.”

This prerogative of Poetry to be the interpreter and not merely the representative (mangre the Athenæum*) of the Beauty inherent in Nature seems to us so conclusively proved by Principal Shairp, that it seems almost as unnecessary as unkind to chronicle our trifling divergence from his conclusions, and had he not have founded them upon the teaching of the Physicists, with whom he, too, in other places, seems by no means to agree, we should not have dwelt upon it at the length we have.

As the author tells us (as quoted above) Science has to do with quite a different order of truth to that which falls within the domain of Poetry, and, therefore, we agree with him that the rise of the former need be no bar to the growth of the latter. We presume that no doctor would deny the Beauty of a young and handsome face, because his Science told him of the muscles and other anatomical parts of which it was composed, and which his own scalpel could lay bare : no more then would your true philosopher, geologist though he were, be hindered from drinking in the beauties of a lovely landscape, merely because in another corner of his brain there was stored away the knowledge, that all those lovely banks were but upheavals of the soil, or that glittering cascade, was but simple oxygen and hydrogen in certain combinations ; rather would he admire the God of Nature, the more in that out of such unlikely materials He could call such Beauty into being at His Word.

The view that Principal Shairp takes, that :—

“ Every new province of knowledge which Science conquers, Poetry may in time enter into and possess,”

is quite granted by the writer of the before-mentioned Review, but he adds, disparagingly,

* Review of Principal Shairp's book in the Athenæum. (No. 2594, page 41).

“What kind of results are offered to Poetry by her sister?”

and then stating that these will be but those—

“ — of the heart of hate
That beats in thy breast, O Time!”

or those of a—

“Nature, red in tooth and claw,”

he declares this pessimism can be the only creed of a Poetry that is interpretative, and that for Poetry to be as it

“Used once, a delight and a comfort,”

it must remain representative; he adds,

“Because the heart of the modern world is more wicked and bloodthirsty than ever!”

Is, then, “the modern world,” used in its everyday sense, to be the dominant factor of Poetry? If so, Poetry is not, and never can be, the Interpreter of Nature, and *cadit questio*. But “the modern world” is not, and never can be, more than a travesty of Nature, and Poetry, true to her immortal instincts, looking beyond and above it, directs our longing gaze to a renewal in the future. This world is not as it left its Maker’s hand, but has been marred and spoiled by man’s wrong doing; and “all creation groans and travails in bondage . . . waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of our body”—that is the day of Resurrection—and it is of this great “restitution of all things” that Poetry teaches us, and so teaching us, gives us promise of perfection in the hereafter. A touch of melancholy sadness there must then ever be, even in Nature’s self when she points to her own decay—when she shows that, as in the fallen leaf, there has always existed in her works, even from their birth, the germ of death; but she points beyond this, in the bursting anew into the fresh life of spring-time, to a life beyond the grave. Poetry, then, in dealing with these sadder topics, tells us but of the truth as it exists; but with these solemn touches, she invariably gives us brighter ones to cheer us on our way, so that her very pessimist teaching becomes the highest optimism at last.

Heartily, then, do we commend this book to all our readers, whether of our Craft or no, especially in these days when so much stress is laid upon ‘Reason,’ for of this very quality its author thus instancing Wordsworth’s middle life, gives us warning:—

—“losing all hold on conviction, wearied out with endless perplexities, he doubted all moral truth, and gave it up in despair. With his hopes for man, and his faith in man’s destiny, the Poetic vision of Nature, which had hitherto been with him, disappeared, and his immediate converse with Him who through Nature spoke to him, was for a time eclipsed. Under the tyranny of the logical and analysing faculty, his intelligence was no longer an organ which transmitted clearly the light from without to the light within him, but, entangled in the meshes of the finite understanding, he could for a time see or receive nothing which he could not verify by logic.”

His restoration to his former self was accomplished for him by the action of his sister, thus illustrating our beautiful principle of mutual help. And now he read Nature aright, for—

“Above all, Nature he now saw to be the shape and image of right reason, reason in its highest sense, embodied and made visible, in order, in stability, in conformity, to eternal law.”

Lastly—

“Nature is to man a supporting, calming, cooling, and invigorating power”—

because it speaks to him of God:—

“Those vague instincts, Wordsworth believed, come to man from a divine source, and are given to him not merely for pleasure’s sake, but that he may condense them into permanent principles by thought, by the faithful exercise of the affections, by contemplation of Nature, and by high resolve.”

Nor will he lack aid, for—

“He who made and upholds the Universe, does not keep coldly aloof gazing from a distance on the sufferings of his creatures, but has Himself entered into the conflict, has Himself become the

great Sufferer, the great Bearer of all wrong, and is working out for His creatures some better issue through a redemptive issue which is Divine. Such a faith, though it does not explain the ills of life, gives them another meaning, and helps men to bear them as no other can."

Why? Well, Wordsworth himself asks the question, and himself gives us the crowning answer—

"Why have we sympathies that make the best of us afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about so lavishly by the Supreme Governor? Why should our notions of right towards each other, and to all sentient beings within our influence, differ so widely from what appears to be His notion and rule, if everything were to end here? Would it not be blasphemous so say that . . . we have more of love in our nature than He has? The thought is monstrous; and yet how to get rid of it, except upon the supposition of another and a better world, I do not see."

If this be the "Poetic Interpretation of Nature," then is the Interpreter of Nature's Beauty the Interpreter of the ways of Nature's God; then is the Poet the greatest friend that, humanly speaking, thinking humanity can possess, and we cordially re-echo the words of a Poetess addressed to Wordsworth, Principal Shairp's typical example:—

* * * * *

"Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around;
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy
True bard and holy thou art e'en as one,
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie;
Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touched by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer free."

W. T.

HOW MR. JOSS FAILED TO BE MADE A MASON.

BY BRO. RICHARD SIMMONS.

"IT is a very strange thing, Mr. Joss, that you should be so firmly bent on making a fool of yourself by trying to become a Freemason."

Thus said Mrs. Joss, and thus she continued: "What can induce a man of your stamp to join a parcel of fellows who don't dare to trust a woman with their nasty secrets, I cannot imagine. Don't I take care of you at home? and don't I prevent you from getting beastly drunk, by fetching you home when you do go out by yourself for an evening? Who mends your shirts, darns your stockings, makes mustard poultices and onion gruel for you when you have a cold? Don't I do it? Mr. Joss, answer me that; just answer me that, will you? And now you want to be a Freemason; to defraud your poor wife of her rights, by associating with a lot of apron-wearing, secret-keeping, rapping, tapping, ranting, rolling night larks. It is too bad, Mr. Joss—it is much too bad." Here Mrs. Joss let loose the flood gates of the briny, lifted up her voice, and wept.

What said Mr. Joss? why, he answered his loving wife not a word.

Now Mrs. J. was, in most matters, an exemplification of the ancient adage that "the gray mare is the best horse," and on most occasions sported freely those useful articles of attire which must, of necessity, be discarded by every candidate for masonic initiation. Consequently, Mr. J., whose reputation for courage was by no means high, usually came to grief in all encounters with his better half. He had, however, on one occasion, enjoyed so pleasant an evening with some "knots of the mystic tie," as to be induced to

believe that initiation would, at least, give him the appearance of bravery, if it did not actually endow him with that very desirable attribute; and, by that means, he might be able to reverse the mahogany on Mrs. J., so as to become master instead of slave.

He therefore besought a friend amongst the "sons of light" to procure him the desired blessing, which, being promised, so elated him that he made the sharer of his bed and smoother of his pillow, a confidant as to his expected bliss. He was, to his utter astonishment, rewarded with the half angry, half tearful, remonstrance credited to Mrs. Joss at the commencement of this sketch.

As before said, he listened meekly and humbly to her remarks, and answered her never a word.

Many a woman would have thought she had conquered, not so did Mrs. Joss—she knew his vices, and laid her plans accordingly.

The Masons held their lodge in a large old-fashioned tavern, in the outskirts of the town, and the room in which they assembled was at the end of a long passage, in the middle of which was a door leading into the spacious kitchen of the establishment. The "Chamber of Penitence" was nearly opposite the door of the kitchen, close to which was placed a screen, about six feet high. A portion of the passage was straight, the remainder was as crooked as the proverbial ram's horn.

For the purposes of ventilation, a metal tube passed from the exterior of the building, through the ante-room, and terminated in the kitchen, which was also furnished with the now disused appliances of smoke jack, wheels, spits, chains, &c.

These details are necessary to the proper understanding of Mr. Joss's Masonic career.

Mr. J. was duly proposed, balloted for, and accepted, according to form, and was warned to be in attendance at the next meeting of the lodge. Although rather dubious as to the quantity and quality of horrors he was doomed to encounter, he boldly presented himself at the appointed time, and was immediately conducted to the proper apartment, and the preparations for reception commenced. The singularity of this process revived all his doubts and fears, but these were changed to unmistakeable terror when, on being left alone in the chamber of penitence, he heard a mysterious and sepulchral voice exclaim: "Rash man, beware! Rush not into destruction, but, as thou goest to thy fate, turn thy head and behold what thou shall see." Afraid, yet suspecting some trick, Mr. Joss examined the room, sought in each cranny and nook, pryed into every place, possible or impossible, for a hidden intruder, but found him not. His alarm increased, and he firmly believed that, like Mr. Home, he had received a spiritual manifestation. His terror was enhanced by his hearing the sounds of machinery in motion, the rolling of wheels, the clicking of levers, the grinding of cogs, and clanking of chains, commingled. With this came a satanically sulphureous smell; and, suddenly, the candle, after one expiring flicker, was extinguished by some unseen means. Mr. Joss then observed a number of luminous eyes glaring at him from all parts of the room, and was just on the point of becoming insensible, when the whirr of the machinery ceased, the smell of brimstone vanished, the door opened and the Deacon appeared, bearing a light which he set down on the table, and, bidding Mr. J. to be of good cheer, proceeded to complete the preparation necessary for his introduction to the craft. This done, the Deacon took Mr. J. by the hand, in order to guide him to the entrance of the lodge. Masons will understand that the progress of the candidate was very slow. Now the Deacon, having left his lamp in the preparation room, the passage was in comparative darkness, except at that point where the lodge is tyled. Mr. Joss was just turning into the ram's-horn passage, when he felt what seemed to be the bite of a snake in his foot; the pain was so great and unexpected that he fairly yelled, tore away the H.W., and attempted to rush forward. A certain choking sensation restrained him, as did also the sight of an apparently gigantic man, holding an immense sword pointed towards his breast. He turned, and frantically made his way towards the entrance of the passage, when, to his unutterable horror, he observed, approaching him, a figure with a most diabolical countenance, which seemed to be red hot. The monster held in its hand a weapon, somewhat resembling the trident said to be borne

by the sea god Neptune ; this was also red hot. The fiend uttered a dismal groan, and then struck its face with the trident, producing a clang as if a gong had been struck.

Mr. Joss waited not one instant ; the door of the penitence room was open, he bounded through it, flung up the window, burst open the shutters, and sprang into the outer darkness—fortunately alighting on a soft bed of the garden ; thence he rushed, impelled by terror, to his home, which, to his great dismay, he found locked up and in darkness.

The night was bitterly cold, and Mr. J's means of keeping out the cold did not much exceed those of the first inhabitants of Eden. After many vain efforts, he at length succeeded in breaking into his own house, and at once went to bed, deeming himself fortunate in escaping further horrors.

When the Deacon recovered from the astonishment caused by Mr. Joss's very singular conduct, he followed him into the outer passage, but found him "non est ;" neither did he see the fiery-faced fiend—that had vanished also. There was a slight odour of sulphur in the preparation room, and one of the candles was found to be wickless. The window of the room was open, and Mr. J's clothing rested on a chair. Further examination led to the discovery of his footmarks across the garden. But he, the great Joss, was invisible.

A few days after these occurrences, some one found an old frying-pan in the scullery ; holes had been made in it, so as to give it a grotesque resemblance to a human face. The kitchen spit had to get an extra cleaning, as it had been evidently thrust into the fire. The pipe of the ventilator in the preparation room was out of order ; one of the Masons who wore thin shoes complained of tin tacks being left about on the passage floor ; another, who was a chemist, pointed out the danger of laying fat and phosphorus about to kill mice, and produced several pieces which he had found in the preparation room.

Mr. Joss's clothes were sent home. Whether he kept his own counsel or not I am unable to say, but he was observed to be very sad for some weeks. Mrs. J., on the contrary, was very merry, and appeared to be on very friendly terms with the cook at the "Clarendon." Why, I know not, but this I do know—Mr. Joss is not yet a Freemason.

Chelmsford.

AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers ;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance ;" "My Lord the King ;" "The path of Life, an Allegory ;" "Another Fenian Outrage ;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—A WORD ON CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

HOW shall I describe Amabel Vaughan ? How shall I introduce you to her, gentle reader ? Shall I give her birth, parentage, and education, with all the little details incident thereto ; or shall I simply tell you that she was beautiful, accomplished, and of good family, and nothing more ? I think it will be sufficient to describe her thus, and leave you to judge for yourself as to the rest,—though touching the family I don't know that there was anything particular to boast of, as many of its members were in trade, and none had raised themselves greatly above their compeers. Were I going to write

a story evolved from the depths of my inner consciousness, and based solely upon imagination for my facts, I could draw the characters just as I liked, and I think I would make my heroine rather plain than pretty. At all events, she should be nothing more than passable in appearance, because all your heroines now-a-days are good looking, and a right down ugly one would be a novelty.

Charlotte Bronte, it is true, made the heroine of her best known novel plain; and Miss Broughton, in her charming stories, sometimes makes the supposed writer little and insignificant, yet as a rule all the heroines are surpassingly lovely, and all the heroes gallant and distinguished looking.

And after all, it is only following the good old rule of the fairy stories of our youth, where the beautiful maidens always marry the enchanted Prince, or the King of the Golden Castle, and live happy ever after. No doubt the idea was taken originally from the simple and touching stories of Holy Writ—for Rebekah was beautiful, so was Rachel, and Leah was tender eyed. David was of a ruddy countenance and well favoured, and Joseph was comely. Saul was a head and shoulders above any of his people, and was therefore deemed a fit man to be king; and here the worship of pure physical strength and manly vigour, so much in vogue amongst the writers of the "Guy Livingstone," and "Ouida" school finds its *beau idéal*,—whilst Daniel and the Three Holy Children were all types of physical and intellectual excellence. So, as the heroes and heroines of the Bible were for the most part described as beautiful exceedingly, of noble countenance, and gifted beyond the general race of men, it came to pass, no doubt, that in the old legends and myths of the East, and the romances of the West, that physical beauty should be looked up to and revered for itself alone, and accepted as a proof of inner excellence and mental superiority.

Perhaps it was so in the old time; but there are sceptics now-a-days who think that with the figure of a Hercules, and the face of an Apollo, a man is not necessarily a paragon of all that is splendid and noble and of good report. That, in fact, your six-foot exquisite, who looks like a Duke, is often rather a fool than otherwise, and that your classic beauty—a Venus in looks—when you come to talk to her, shows that, save her face, *there's nothing in her*. But beauty is the attribute of woman, as strength is that of man, and one has met lovely women, clever and intellectual to a degree, sweet tempered and low-voiced, and worthy to be placed on a pinnacle—to be immortalised by poets, and painted by artists,—and such an one was Amabel Vaughan when I first knew her; this by way of preface. Now for my tale.

"What absurd nonsense, you are talking, Marcus; just as if Amabel cares a straw for you. Why, my dear boy, half the fellows she knows about town are madly in love with her already, and she has only been in London a month, I believe.

The speaker, Mr. Reginald Fitzgerald, briefless barrister, connected with the Press (though, by the way, nobody knew on what paper he was employed), was standing with his back to the fire—or rather the fire-place, for 'twas the middle of summer—in his own room in Gray's Inn, and his friend, Marcus Seaton, was seated in an arm-chair opposite, impatiently tapping the table near him with his dainty cane, as he listened to the mild exordium addressed to him by his "friend and pitcher."

"Now I tell you what it is, old fellow," Fitz continued (Marcus Seaton thus familiarly called him, and so will we), "I see you are going to fall in love with the little minx; and I solemnly bid you beware. You remember Longfellow's little poem, "Beware," a translation from the German, by the way. A friend of mine, Noel Robinson, has wedded the words to simple but very effective music; I have the song here, you shall hear it; and Fitz sat down to the piano and dashed off a few chords, and then sang, no doubt for his friends edification:—

I know a maiden, fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
 Take care!
 She gives a side glance, and looks down,
 Beware! beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!

And she has hair, of a golden hue,
 Take care!
 And what she says, it is not true,
 Beware! beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
 Take care!
 She knows how much it is best to show,
 Beware! beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee.

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
 Take care!
 It is a foolscap for thee to wear,
 Beware! beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee.

"Now that's Amabel all over," said Fitz, as he finished the song with a flourish, giving with great effect the last words, "Trust her not, she is fooling thee?" and rising slowly from the piano, and going back to the fireplace, whether from force of habit because he was fond of standing near the fire when there was one, or whether it was because there was a small pier glass over it, in which he could see his own handsome features, I leave the reader to judge. Fitz was not an inordinately vain man, but he was good looking, and he knew it.

"Take my word for it, my cousin Amabel is an arrant flirt; though perhaps she doesn't know it," he continued slowly, as he knocked the ash off the end of the cigar he was smoking, against the corner of the mantle-piece, and replacing it in his mouth, took a long whiff, and added, "She will lead you on and some other half-a-dozen fellows or so too, and leave you in the lurch after all, you see if she doesn't.

"Besides, after all, I don't see much to admire in her,—her hair isn't golden, by the bye, is it? but real auburn—a colour, now I think of it, I rather like, it is so rare. And then she won't have any money that I know of, unless some of those precious old uncles of hers leave any to her, which I doubt."

"Pshaw, Fitz, what humbug you talk; just as if I cared whether she had money or not; and then to say there's not much to admire in your cousin. Now don't fancy I'm going to make a fool of myself, or do the romantic, because I'm not. But I tell you what—I never saw a girl I should like so well to make my wife, as Miss Vaughan, if I had the chance. She is so confoundedly beautiful, too, and so fascinating in her manners, and has such a sweet low voice, and such graceful ways, that I'll defy any fellow to pass her by without a look of admiration, save and accept your stoical self, and so that's all about it."

Marcus had flushed up and was quite excited, as he spoke thus.

"Good again. I say, Marcus my boy, your descriptive powers are improving; have you got anything more to say? because if that's all you have come to see me about this morning, all I can say is, that it is very kind of you to walk so far on so small an errand, especially as you have to be at your office at 10. You Government fellows have very easy times of it, I fancy.

We Government fellows do a good deal more than the public give us credit for, I can tell you," replied Marcus, "and we have to be uncommonly punctual to sign the

attendance books too. But it so happens that I'm on leave so-day, and I thought I might just as well stroll up to see what you were going to do with yourself, as I am free for anything."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was going to Camden Town to see Mabel and my uncle; and if you choose to come with me, I've no doubt they'll make you quite at home."

"Thanks; I shall come with pleasure; but I say, Fitz, don't you tell your fair cousin that I've gone into raptures about her, or she'll be playing some of her witcheries on me, and I couldn't stand it, you know!"

"All right: trust me. I won't take away your character to Mabel or any one else. Are you ready? Then we'll go." Thus chatting and laughing the two friends strolled out, hailed a cab, and set off for that part of the environs of London, rejoicing in the soubriquet of Camden Town.

While they are bowling along at a pretty smart pace in a hansom towards their destination, it may be as well to say a word or two about the two young men.

Reginald Fitzgerald was born in a country town in the west of England, Bridgewater, I believe; but his father was an Irishman bred and born of a very good family representing, as he did, one of the numerous cadet branches of the House of Leinster, but, possessing a by no means ample fortune. He came to England and practised as an attorney with some success, and having educated his son Reginald at one of the great public schools, Christ's Hospital, he allowed him some £300 a-year to start with, until he should gain a decent standing in that profession he had chosen for his own, a handsome legacy from a rich client, enabling him thus opportunely to assist his son. The young man was tolerably clever with his pen, and being possessed of the *cacathes scribendi*, paid more attention to letters than briefs; and the consequence was that his table was covered with critiques, books for review, orders for the theatres, and heaps of manuscripts, and one saw very little of blue bags, and parchment, and big wigs and attorneys, A.I., gentleman at law.

By the way, one is reminded that under the High Court of Judicature Act, attorneys were swept away and solicitors alone remain, to represent the lower order of the legal profession.

But at the time I speak of attorneys were, and bearing in mind the high tone of the profession now-a-days, and the improved social position of its members, and also remembering the odium, deserved or not, which attached of old to the mere name of attorney, for was he not the butt of the playwrights and satirists,—it was wise perhaps to abandon a title or designation, which was often in ill odour, and which had to a great extent been dropped by solicitors generally. But this is a digression.

Marcus Seaton was the son of a Government Officer, whose father had been a Government Officer and grandfather, too, for aught I know to the contrary. At all events the family had all been under Government, so Marcus was, as a matter of course, under Government too, and was at this time a clerk in Somerset House, with a decent salary just enough for a bachelor, but not enough to marry upon.

He was a very engaging young fellow, with large, soft hazel eyes, and curly brown hair, of a rather ruddy countenance for a Cockney, and a fine well-developed frame, which spoke of health and vigour. His was a very warm disposition, rather inclined to be passionate, just a trifle of romance about the man, and one could imagine he did things a good deal from impulse, and not very often from reason. Such a man if he loved at all, it would be a fierce wild love, and woe be to her who should lead him into worshipping her, and wrong his trustful loving nature by repaying with scorn and derision the affection which he professed. He could not brook disappointment, even in little matters, much less in love; and if he should be crossed in that, his was not the mind to bear up bravely, against such sad discomfiture.

Fitzgerald on the contrary was quite another sort of man. He also was like his friend, very good-looking, somewhat slighter in form, with black elf locks, not too thickly set on his fine forehead, but luxuriant enough on either side his head; with pointed moustaches and curly beard worn à la Shakspeare; and with dark flashing eyes and fine curved brows, which said fine features, whilst they made him look a very handsome

fellow, also showed pretty plainly that something more than noble looks were there. He was always merry and good tempered, a great admirer of the ladies, and a great favourite with them too, but a man of so volatile a nature that it would be impossible to calm him down to love or admire any one in particular, so he satisfied himself with being "constant to twenty." And yet it was said he had loved once, and that he had been the victim of a hopeless attachment. These two had been at Christ's Hospital together, and both had since joined that admirable institution, the Benevolent Society of Old Blues.

Fitzgerald had been somewhat thin and delicate in youth, and his career at the Hospital had been marred by an accident, which had lamed him for life,—though when in health this defect was not so observable as at other times.

However, he was not sensitive and touchy about it as Byron was ; and often laughed as he told about the old days at the Blue Coat School, where he went by the name of "Skinny Galeeny," or "Dot-and-go-one," and where, if all tales were true, he was better known as the leader of an amateur band of Ethiopian Serenaders (it was before the advent of the Christy's proper) than as a proficient in the schools.

In the recent discussion in the newspapers, as to the death of poor little Gibbs, he took the part of the boys ; and I recognised a letter of his in the "Daily Telegraph," though written under a *nom de plume*, that as a bit of autobiography I do not hesitate to reproduce it ; and if he ever sees these pages, I hope he will forgive me.

And any one turning to the file of the Daily Telegraph for a certain day in July last, will find the following amongst a number of others on the suicide of Gibbs, and the management of the great Hospital.

"Sir,—

"I desire to add my testimony to that of W.W., as to the necessity of an investigation into the management and discipline of Christ's Hospital.

"I entered in 1847, at Hertford, a delicate sensitive child of seven, with a tendency to asthma, and a nervous stammer, contracted in infancy, which made it difficult for me to speak in class. Instead of being treated with kindness and gentleness, I was flogged, I suppose, nearly every day, with a birch rod, whilst under the head grammar master there, who was a clergyman by the way. Sometimes he kicked out of his study, and called us pigs and *brutes*. I am sure we were brutally used.

"But when one or two of the governors came down in the summer time, the rods, which were kept under his desk, were cleared away. He was all suavity and graciousness, and some of us were invited into his Reverence's garden, to eat his Reverence's fruit. Whilst I was there a boy, of the name of Beaumont I believe, was flogged so severely by another of the masters with a cane as to raise deep blood marks on his hands. The boy pricked one of them, with a pin, I suppose, to ease the pain ; mortification set in and he *died*. As far as I know, no enquiry was made in this case.

"In London the flogging by the Masters was not early so bad, but the bullying by the Grecians and monitors, particularly the latter, was almost unbearable. I can corroborate W.W.'s statement as to the insufficiency of the food. Except once a year, when we had pease-pudding and pork for dinner, I have no hesitation in saying, that I never got up from a meal without being more hungry than when I sat down. I was very fond of fairy stories, and I remember many a time taking my fairy book, or "Arabian Nights Entertainments," and going to sit in the cloisters on a hot summer's day to read the tales, and *try to forget how dreadfully hungry I was, and so to prevent myself from crying from sheer want*. Once when I was at school during the holidays, a lady sent me 5s. and because I would not share it with a big boy, almost a stranger to me, he thrashed me so severely that I was confined to the infirmary for a fortnight.

"During a dispute with another boy, he threw a piece of glass, which cut through one of the tendons and veins of my left foot. I got down to the infirmary with his help, where I bled for two or three hours before the doctor came ; and the first thing he did was to box my ears, because I said it was not a stab, which to be sure it looked very much like. I was treated for a mere flesh wound, and discharged at the end of eight

days as cured (heaven save the mark !), and I remember I fell down from sheer weakness three or four times, on my way to the infirmary to the Grammar School. The result of this accident, and the neglect of the wound by the medical attendant, was that my foot was permanently dislocated, and I am a cripple for life.

"Long after I left Christ's Hospital, the most terrible nightmare from which I suffered was to dream of some of the scenes I had gone through there ; and I often see the picture (recalling those days) of the little fragile motherless boy, home for the holidays in a certain old Cathedral town very dear to him, and a kind aunt looking pitifully at the slender hands covered with bloodmarks—a memorial of the last day at school—which brought tears into her tender and loving eyes.

I am, &c.

Christ's Hospital, I believe, to be a very different place to what it was from 1846 to 1854 or 5, when Fitzgerald was there, in spite of the melancholy occurrence which has recently taken place, and the ugly rumours still afloat as to the number of boys who have absconded since that event ; and Fitz, too I know, when he visits his little nephew there now, often speaks kindly of the noble charity, and says he should be well content to see his own son there, if he had one.

But as the life there has influenced all his after career in a measure, I have thought well to digress so far as to give a little bit of his own biography from his own pen. We will resume the thread of our story in the next chapter.

* We are among those who much regret the sensational excitement about Christ's Hospital, but we have thought well—to let our brother speak for himself.—Ed.

(To be Continued.)

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

1877.

I MIND me of a Gathering on a happy Christmas Day,
 I still can see lov'd faces, though some have pass'd away,
 When in tender trust assembled we jested, laughed, and sang,
 And the Hall with silvery voices and pleasant echoes rang.
 Ah, me ! how Time has left me since that dear and festive scene,
 Though mine are radiant memories of all that once has been ;
 When, heedless of the future, we defied dull fear and care,
 And found happiness in sympathy, and contentment everywhere.
 If Life has made me doubting, and somewhat colder now—
 If gray locks are on my head, and wrinkles on my brow—
 If the elastic feet of youth yield to the spell of age—
 If tears instead of laughter are blotting the closing page—
 Yet still I can remember, though all be sped away,
 A happier hour, a brighter scene, a goodly Christmas Day,
 When hearts were light and cares were few, and faithlessness unknown,
 And those I counted dearest were truly all my own.
 Oh, kindly shades and gentle forms, linger a little while,
 To cheer, to soothe, to soften, to bless and to beguile !
 I miss the dreams of happiness which now have fled away—
 I turn to sterner duties on another Christmas Day !

NEMO.

YE HISTORIE OF YE ORYGYNAL KNYGHT OF YE GOOSE,
 WYTH HYS DEEDES OF DARYNGE AND FAYRE REWARDE
 BY YE KYNG RUFUS.

BY SAVARICUS.

THIS celebrated, venerable and highly aristocratic order of *Knights* was established during the crusade against the Saracens, as this history will shew.

King Rufus (William II.) being short of *Knights*, sent for his breeches, (or breeches) maker, and ordered him to forthwith get ready and join the Knight Templars, and others going to the Holy Land. To this the breeches maker objected, and as an excuse, pleaded his lameness, (for he walked with a crutch), and his want of a broken winded horse, pony, or Ass, wherewith to carry him on so expeditious and venturesome a journey.

"Never Mind," said the King (Rufus), "My Jerusalem shall be your Jerusalem."

And the King ordered one of his long-eared friends to be brought from the royal stables.

The *Knigh*t of ye Goose was soon mounted, and commanded to speed to the long-tailed animal's native clime. Hereupon the valiant *Knigh*t waxed mighty with his tongue, and declared "that no human being, be he ever so brave, could fight without weapons."

"Go home, and get your own," said the King.

"So be it!" exclaimed the *Knigh*t, and away he sped at a donkey's gallop, shouting—"thrice is he doubly armed, who hath his quarrel just."

The *Knigh*t soon returned fully equipped, and desired an audience of the King; which was granted.

"Your Majesty. My King. Sire! Behold here am I," said the *Knigh*t. "And my shears shall be my sword, my goose shall be my mace, my sleeve-board my shield, and my crutch shall be my all-in-all, a mock gun in the distance, a maul in effect, a skull cracker, and a quarter staff that shall give no quarter."

"Bravo!" quoth the king. "Henceforth my valiant *Knights of the Geese*, upon their return from Holy Land, shall be honoured above all men, age, and above all *Knights*. From this time, henceforth, let it be known that all *Knights of the Geese* who return laden with honours from this our holy war, shall be entitled, by virtue of the King's Letters Patent, to erect, to build, to have and to hold, and to possess the power of using, our Royal Insignia and Coat of Arms. And hereby let it further be known that it is our Royal will and pleasure, that all crippled (wounded in battle) *Knights of the Geese*, shall be entitled above all others to erect, or have erected over their shop-fronts, house doors, castle entrances, or Baronial Halls, our Royal Coat of Arms, viz:—A Lion rampant, a Unicorn, rampant, supporting a device and quartered with the Royal Arms—Lions listening to the celestial music of the harp, and crowned withal by our Royal Crown of England, or, in other words, "a Lion and a Unicorn a-fighting for the Crown."

"Ordered to be done under my hand and seal in this year of grace 1090.

"Signed

"RUFUS REX.

The *Knigh*t proceeded to the seat of war, and was among the bravest of the brave.

After making a breach in the walls of Jerusalem, or Jericho, with his crutch—no!—quarter staff, he entered therein, and chasing a Saracen Chief round and around the holy city, he hooked him with his quarter staff—no!—crutch, and made a breach, with one snip of his shears, in the posterior of the Chief's copious breeches, and lo!—then the captive made his escape.

The next day, when the *Knigh*t was taking a constitutional ride round the place, he encountered the Saracen Chief who had suffered from his bravery, or his shears, the day

before. The *Knyght* looked at the Chief, and was astonished, for he saw that he (the Chief) had sewed up the rent in his nether garment, and was coolly taking his usual walk under the fig trees, smoking his pipe in peace, with his hands in his breeches pockets, which were now turned into a pair of veritable and genuine "peg-tops."

The fortunate *Knyght of the Goose* was at first dumbfounded by what he saw; on a closer inspection his tongue loosened, and he cried out—"In the name of the Prophet Cabbage! Cabbage! Cabbage!

Whereupon the Saracen Chief turned about and said—"You pale face infidel dog, you very much cabbage *ma culotte* yesterday, and you no more have cabbage in Jerusalem; thou and thy bruder, whom thou currishly bestrides, had betterer, or very much gooderer go and take *un carotte*. ALLAH AKBAR. ALLAH IL ALLAH!"

The brave *Knyght*, nothing daunted, drew out his tablets and sketched the style and pattern of the Saracen's stitched up breeches. Then with a loud shout he cried out—"EUREKA! my name shall be handed down to posterity, for I have made the first step in the invention of peg-top trousers,—a discovery worthy of any age of valour, and one that shall descend as an heir-loom to my family of families.

The *Knyght*, on his return from the Holy Land, was honoured by his King, and praised by all for his achievements and discovery.

A true and authentic account of this wonderful and original *Knyght of the Goose* is chronicled in the Doomsday Book Vol 9., page 90., A.D. 1099, but being overlooked until a few years ago, his lineal descendant and heir has only had the honour of being able to make peg-top trousers in this modern and degenerate age. Nevertheless, "honour to whom honour is due," a worthy and well known *Knyght of the Goose* has at last, although many centuries have elapsed, reaped the just reward due to his noble family viz:—The power to erect a coat without arms over his shop-front, and to receive a pension of 1000 farthings annually from the Tailors' Pension List to enable him to support his dignity descent and position.

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE POWERS THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. II.

The icy winds from the northwest blow;
Before them driving the winter snow.

AS the "Sparkler" parted the ice which fled before her bows, the shipping of the East River rapidly disappeared. The battery was soon passed, and then came the pilot's orders to hoist sail.

"Hoist away on your foresail," said the pilot, through the captain's trumpet.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate. "Hoist away on your foresail."

The men sprung to the halyards with as much alacrity as the slippery condition of the deck would allow, and their voices as they shouted rang out above the wind.

"Hey, hey, wheepe mobo. Come down. Again so. Hey, hey, wheepe mobo. Come down, my men."

At every word there came a pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. The sail was soon in position. Then the order came from the mate.

"Belay there and hoist the topsail." This order started another set of ropes through the blocks, which being choked with ice made the hoisting more laborious.

When the foresail and topsail were in position, the foretopmast staysail, jib and spanker were thrown to the wind. The "Sparkler" now felt the swell of the ocean. She laid well to the leeward and rose and fell with the sea.

"Captain, that man will be overboard yet," said the pilot, pointing to the second mate, "You had better send him below."

"Sure enough," said the Captain as a lurch almost threw the officer in question into the sea. Mr. Evans, send that second officer below."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate, who approached the second officer, who was somewhat intoxicated, and ordered him below."

Only those who have left home and country to brave the dangers of the ocean for many months, can begin to feel as men aboard the "Sparkler" felt as her sails caught the wind, and she, like a graceful swan, rode majestically on the bosom of the water. The men realized that again they were leaving friends, and many happy scenes behind; but as they felt the motion of the vessel under their feet they realized also that they were in their element. Few of them thought of danger; long accustomed to such events their hearts leaped with joy with every motion of the vessel. Soon the cold, inclement winds would be left behind, and fair winds would blow, and fair skies smile upon them.

Contentment is a rare jewel of which we are not all possessed. Even sailors will mix their joy with complaints. Peter, who with the rest of the crew was clearing up about the decks, happening near Tom made the following ominous remark.

"Tommy, I don't like the appearance of things. It's not much like the day we sailed in her last, now two years ago. The captain must be in a deuce of a hurry to be leavin' on such an unlucky day as this looks to be, an' with such an' harem scarem set of men. It's I what believes the half of them never was aboard ship before since they set their peepers on the light of day.

"Ha! and well you may say it, Peter. It's mysilf that's most broken-hearted to see the "Sparkler" so reckless loike. It puts me in moind of the toime when I with the widow Reynolds in tow running away from County Clare to be spliced. Her friends all told her I was no good to her, that I was a rovin', reckless lad, who was not ashore but wonce in a twelvemonth. But the widow wanted me and I wanted the widow, and betwane us two we had each other. It was just such a day as this is, gloomy and bad lookin' loike, when we set our sails on the sea of matromony. The rest of our life has been loike our weddin' day. Storms and squalls have struck us abaft many toimes, when we had our sails all set and the wone or the other of us was on our beams end before we knowed whether it was a puff of wind or a gale from the China seas that had struck us. And thin it was, Peter, that my seamanship was taxed for the reefin' and takin' in sail and clewin' up everything to scud was a caution. It's not much sea room my small savin's would hire in the oild country. And it's many hard knocks my hull has had lashed alongside of a craft that measures two to me wone, for you must know, Peter, that a small fore an' after like mysilf has not much show lashed agin a skysail ship loike the oild woman that weighs a hundred pounds better nor me. Well, it's a stormy toime we have had of it; but I'm in hopes my contract with the "Sparkler" will be of a more agreeable nature. But it's my opinion with you, Peter, that half her crew knows more of the science of raisin' pertaters, than they do raisin' of a foresail. If we had a small plot of land aboard we might keep ourselves in vegetables by their help, out it's a bad use the'll be to us when we come to catch a sou'east gale."

"It's mighty little 'elp we be to ourselves standin' 'ere blowin' like bull whales when the blocks are chocked with the ice," said Peter, who at that moment had caught the eye of the mate as he started towards them. They both suddenly found plenty to do aloft and started suddenly about it.

Peter, like other seamen who have had a long experience in sea life, was apt to make sport of a new crew, and set the largest share of them down for landsmen, farmers, and numerous other kinds of men of not much use aboard vessel.

Yet he was partially right in his opinion of the crew of the "Sparkling Sea" which was composed of all nationalities, and most of the men were hardly better than ordinary seamen. During the time we have taken to relate the above, the "Sparkling Sea" had passed

through the Narrows. The pilot had gone aboard the tugboat, which had cast off its tow-line, and was now steaming away in the distance. The Highlands of Neversink were being left behind by the rapid strides the "Sparkler" was taking.

The glimmer of the highland light stretched far out on the bosom of the water, and into the gloom of the approaching darkness. It was the first night at sea. As the darkness settled over the face of the ocean the wind increased almost to a gale. The "Sparkler" threw the water around her ice-clothed bows, and left a wake which lined twelve knots. The water and spray from her bows were thrown as high as the foreyard, and her fore-rigging was covered with hanging ice.

At four bells aboard a vessel, that is, six o'clock in the evening, the first day out, the crew is called aft; the mates choose their men and the watches are set. To the readers who may not be versed enough in nautical phrases to know why six o'clock is called four bells, we will explain by saying, that time out at sea is divided into watches of two or four hours duration. Each half hour is called a bell. Four hours constitute the longest watch on a vessel the size of the "Sparkler," which is eight bells. At eight bells the watches are relieved, and the time is again counted from one to eight bells. For convenience sake the hours from four to eight morning and evening are divided into two watches called "Dog Watches." Why they are given this particular name we are at a loss to say, unless it is because it gives the sailors who are sometimes doggish and lazy a chance to sleep during one of these watches.

It was now four bells on the "Sparkler" and the men assembled aft. The first mate, by right of office took the first choice of men, the other officers following. When each had chosen the men who were to constitute his watch, the first mate's watch remained on deck, and the others went below and "turned in."

While the first mate's watch is on deck, where the wind is blowing itself into a fury, and shrieking through the rigging like many raving maniacs, we will try to give the reader as near as possible, a description of the men who are to follow the fortunes of this vessel through the storms and calms incident to an ocean voyage.

Her captain and part owner, Henry Dill, was a gentleman of wealth and refinement, at the same time a natural sailor. His health having failed him on shore, he had some years before sold his large city residence and purchased a cottage in the suburbs of a pleasant Connecticut village. Here he left his family surrounded by beautiful landscapes and mountain ranges, and purchased a share of the "Sparkling Sea."

His profits from his voyages, which had been numerous, had added to his wealth, and he had begun to think that the Lord looked with a gracious eye on all his undertakings. It was owing to his good discipline, and bold commanding voice, that everything aboard the "Sparkling Sea" had such a neat appearance. Being gentlemanly in all his ways, and not over-exacting he found no trouble in having as good a crew as ever sailed a vessel. He believed well fed men would do more willing labour than those poorly fed, and from the fact that his was a temperance ship, the best of order had always prevailed among his crews.

Her first officer, Mr. Sedgewick Evans, a weather beaten salt, had sailed with the "Sparkling Sea" ever since Captain Dill had taken the command. He was an efficient officer in every respect. He had at one time commanded a whaler out of Nantucket, and had on another occasion sailed as second officer on a large English packet, plying between Liverpool and New York. His knowledge of sea life was enviable. He was a little past middle age, tall and muscular, and had in early life received a thorough education in the common branches of English, and navigation.

Mr. John Davidson, the second mate, who had shipped for the voyage, was a man of good appearance, about forty years of age, and one who had seen much of sea life, having made several voyages around the world. Although somewhat addicted to drink that which was stronger than coffee, he shipped aboard the "Sparkling Sea," knowing her to be a temperance ship, and expecting to conform to her rules. When he came aboard however, he was in a partially intoxicated condition, in consequence of looking upon the wine when it was red before parting with his jovial companions.

The third mate was Frederick Crisand, a native of the "Fatherland," who spoke very

little English, having sailed most of his life on the German seas, but who was withal a good seaman. The crew of the "Sparkling Sea" consisted of Tom Mooney and Peter Dibble, whom the reader is already acquainted with, and Sam Watson, a comical genius, who were in the first mate's watch. Dick Flynn, a stout young man, Jack Wright, a rather queer case, who was never right, and who was now making his first voyage, Barney Risley, a loose appearing, evil looking, don't care sort of a fellow, but who was a good seaman, were in the second mate's watch.

In the third mate's watch were John Radshaw, a fair-looking kind of a man, one who would have hardly been taken for a sailor, but who, nevertheless, had long followed the water. Bill Crony, one of the hardest looking villains who ever went aboard a vessel, and Slow Simon, the fat boy, who wanted to know what advance money was. He was well named Slow Simon, for he was one of the slowest sleepest mortals that ever took it into their heads to follow the sea for a subsistence.

There were besides these already mentioned, Dave Blackman, the black cook, and a lady and gentleman passenger aboard the "Sparkler," whom the reader will be introduced to as our story proceeds.

The cargo the "Sparkler" had shipped was that kind which every seaman in the merchant service dreads. It consisted in most part of mules and horses booked for Barbadoes and Trinidad, and designed for labour among the mountains on those islands. This labour being arduous, many animals are used up in the course of a year, making the shipment of live stock quite a traffic from the States. Where a cargo of this kind is taken it is loaded on the deck, and a shed or hurricane deck is built over it. A pathway is made through the centre of the vessel, running fore and aft and the stock is placed on each side, while on the temporary deck bales of hay are stowed for the use of the animals. The working of the vessel is done on top of the hay. The hold is used to stow the large casks of water which the animals require.

The salt air and the constant motion they are obliged to undergo in endeavouring to keep upright during the rolling and plunging of the vessel causes them to consume more water than on land, and consequently require more attention.

The hay bales, of themselves slippery, were rendered more so by the ice and snow with which they were covered, and each man required a vast amount of caution to prevent himself from being thrown overboard when the vessel was in the heavy sea.

The fact that the "Sparkler" was making twelve knots an hour, and laying well to the leeward with her decks covered with ice, made it a little difficult matter for the men to keep on their feet, although a good gymnast might have been in his element. Many ludicrous mishaps happened to the men. Some one, in trying to execute an order in haste would find the vessel slipping out from under his feet, and he coming to anchor in a position that afforded more amusement to the spectators than to the performer. When some one came to anchor in this way it was generally just in time to receive the full benefit of a few buckets of cold water, which the vessel in her hurry playfully threw over her side on to her prostrate victim, much to his discomfort.

Tom had found himself placed in a situation similar to that we have mentioned, several times since he had taken his lookout forward, and at last patience had ceased to be a virtue, and he broke forth in the following strain :

"Now thin, 'Sparkler,' bad luck to you, if this is the way you intind to sarve and old shipmate. Abusin' wone who's lookin' after your own interest. You have altered considerable since I sailed with you last, for you was thin as careful of my feelin's as the widow was before I took her. But it sames as though the world was turnin' backward since that remarkable occasion. Don't do it agin for the love you bear me, 'Sparkler,' be aisy a bit, the water is frightful cold."

Notwithstanding this feeling appeal, the "Sparkler" continued to be free with its water, constantly wetting Tom, who had gone on the fore-castle deck, to make fast the jib sheet, which had parted from the constant strain that had been brought to bear on it. His fingers were numbed with the cold, which fact delayed him longer than his disposition or his wishes would have done. When he next came in sight of Peter, he resembled an ice man more than he did a sailor on the "Sparkler."

"Why! Tom, what ails you?" asked Peter sympathizingly as he beheld Tom's cold appearance.

"I'm drowned so I be, Peter. Bad luck to the 'Sparkler,' " he replied in a shivering voice. "She has been playing the dickens with me. My legs are froze solid in my boots, and I'm loike the Arctic ocean at this minute froze up intirely. There's icebergs hangin' on to my ears loike a lobster to your finger, while my eyebrows and the hairs of my head are as stiff as the jib sheet has been for the last hour I've been overhaulin' it, and—

No one knows how long Tom would have continued complaining had not the welcoming cry of "Eight bells" put a stop to him. Now came the tumbling up of one watch slowly on deck, and the lively tumbling down of the other.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAP OF EUROPE IN 1877.

BY PTOLEMY PHILADELPHOS.

THE most unobservant of those who are looking on "at the things which are coming on the earth," must be struck with the altered appearance which the Map of Europe is now assuming, and is likely yet to assume, and of the utter disappearance of the highly lauded, often fought for, "Balance of Power." Indeed, it is not too much to say that, as understood of old time by statesmen and diplomatists, as so much cried up, so passionately contended for, it seems practically to have entered into the region of "non existence," to be absorbed, to be forgotten, put on one side, and destined apparently only to be remembered amid the dusty archives of official pigeon-holes, or by those esteemed Dryasdusts of ours who are as useless as they are out of fashion in this easy-going, reckless generation. Indeed, Swift's lines must recur to some of us who think on such things at all:

"Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales."

And yet the sarcasm of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's is hardly correct, for the real facts of the case, as will be seen by a careful study of the Map of Europe, appear to the unimpassioned observer and the neutral politician—to the Freemason, for instance, without any politics at all—geographically to be these: that Russia hovers over Europe like a great bank of dark cloud, especially threatening Germany and dominating Hungary. We say this without any political prepossession or personal feeling whatever, which would be out of place in the MASONIC MAGAZINE. To use the Spanish expression, we do so only "para hablar geograficamente," (to speak geographically), and we do not presume to enter into the views of statesmen, or seek even to echo the cries of nationalities, all which things are far from the peaceful dreamland of Freemasonry. But we take up the Map of Europe as a study, and when we have digested our thoughts, what we remember, what we realise, what we feel, we think it well, in a spirit of the purest philanthropy, to communicate the result to our very courteous readers.

The Partition of Poland was, as the great Maria Theresa felt in her "Geist," and honesty, a great mistake, and a greater crime. Say all that diplomatists and historians may say as to the weakness, the folly, and the childishness of Polish internecine disputes—admitting that the Poles themselves were, as that able man Lord Malmesbury seems to intimate, the actual original seekers of Russian intervention, and the true cause of

their own fall*—yet an old-fashioned Book has told us “not to remove our neighbour's landmark,” and Poland, under an able King and a strong Government, might have yet held its own in the category and struggles of nations.

Some writers have indeed contended that the old Polish Constitution was so intricate and so unworkable in itself, that discord was inevitable, unity unattainable, and all good government an impossible realisation. It is idle, after this lapse of time, to enter into such a discussion, neither would it in any sense be a profitable employment of our time; but, “giving all in,” as we say, we cannot but subscribe to the opinions of all great English statesmen, without distinction of party—so that it becomes no party question—that the absorption and partition of Poland constituted both a political mistake and a grave wrongdoing. No doubt the immediate effect of that astute proceeding was to round off and consolidate the territories of Austria, Prussia, and Russia; its subsequent effect has been to leave Germany and Austria under the overwhelming shadow of that enormous Empire, whose real strength it is, in our opinion, impossible to attempt to measure, and which, owing to the genius and patriotism of its people, grows stronger in trial and obtains force even from adversity. We have ourselves no doubt as to what the ultimate result of the present Oriental war must be, but we do not deem it needful to advert to that subject except incidentally now. We believe that Russia will come out of it greater and more welded together than ever, and will present the sight to Europe of a mighty army, inured to hardship, buoyant in victory, and intent on national aggrandisement.

In such a case, what must be the result?

Germany is between two fires, and in any case of dispute with Russia must have, as the French say, “faire face,”—a very difficult and ticklish proceeding, as all military men well know. What, then, is to be done? There appears to us to be nothing for the safety and peace of Europe—for the preservation of a true Balance of Power, if such be worth preserving—but a Resuscitated Poland, which, including its ancient boundaries, would, following the line of the Carpathian Mountains, run down to the Black Sea, and hold, so to say, as a neutral Power, the Mouth of the Danube.

Thus, then, there would be a great wedge as between Russia and Germany, and Poland, with all Europe at its back, would form an irresistible barrier to any possibility of Slavophile absorption or invasion. Some may be inclined to say, who read these pages, “What a chimera of chimeras you have put forward!—a dream impossible to realise!—a future too improbable to conceive!” We do not feel quite sure that such a view of matters constitutes either a diplomatic impossibility or a geographical absurdity. It may be only a “réverie,” but it is not, we are inclined to opine, merely “the baseless fabric of a dream.” Such a re-arrangement of European Geography would settle many difficulties and dispose of many burning questions; it might even be a prelude to a long period of *unarmed peace* for weary and exhausted Europe! For, as we see it now with our geographical spectacles, all countries, not even excluding Russia, would be satisfied, and this act of Justice would heal gaping wounds and atone for a blameable past. Austria would push on into Bosnia and part of the Herzegovina; Montenegro would gain a slight addition and a seaport; Roumania would obtain extension in Moldavia; and Servia would hold its own—and a little more. Russia would no doubt gain Constantinople and a large slice of Asia Minor, but the troublesome question of the Dardanelles would be settled by a neutralised canal or railway from about Trebizond to the Mediterranean, while another canal or railroad from the Black Sea to the Caspian would open out wonderfully an active commerce. Thus straight from the Mediterranean, and unchecked up the Danube, would henceforth go the civilising influences of the peaceful armies of traders. Germany would acquire Luxemburg by purchase from Holland, as well as all “Deutsch spechendes volk,”—Austria Proper, of course, excepted—and Heligoland might gracefully be returned to our good German Cousins as the outpost of the great German Empire. Rhodes also might well be given to Germany, Greece would recover her old boundaries, together with Cyprus and Crete and the Suez Canal would be neutralised. We need hardly add that such a great settlement pre-supposes the

* In no work are more lively pictures drawn of the decadence and destruction of the Kingdom of Poland than in Lord Malmesbury's Despatches, (vol. i.), of the events which preceded it and of the causes which led to it.

establishment of the "Ottoman Porte" at Damascus, the Independence of Egypt, and the Protectorate of the Holy Land by the Great Powers.

Have we sketched out a pure impossibility? Are our words deemed a rhapsody by any? Be it so. We advise our critics to take up the Map of Europe, to study it for themselves as we have done, and they will come to the same conclusion as we have. We feel sure that without some such adjustment as a Resuscitated Poland, Europe has nothing before it, humanly speaking, but a great and tremendous struggle under the specious cry of Nationality with Slavophile tendencies, and an overwhelming power, thrown together by the facts of the case, resolute in victory, ready to make any sacrifices, and animated alike by national aspirations and religious enthusiasm!

One more word, and we have done. *Verbum sat sapienti.* The solution we have shadowed forth of the dilemma in which Europe is now placed, and which we have approached—as we said before, not politically, but geographically—will also, we are inclined to hope, favour the cause of Masonic Extension. Freemasonry once flourished peaceably in Poland, under Stanislas I., as in Russia under Catherine II. Let us hope to hail its revival in two independent Governments—Poland under a King, and Russia under its Czar—and keeping free from all complications with secret or subversive associations, may it adorn and advance its own goodly and loving mission—Glory to God, and Peace to Man!

A GOOD HONEST HEART.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I'm happy, I'm cheerful, I'm merry and gay,
From year's end to year's end—so time glides away;
Though on humblest of fare or on dainties I dine,
Contentment and peace are companions of mine.
There is joy in my cup—there is health at my board,
And, though poor, yet in spirit I'm rich as a lord;
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a Good Honest Heart!

I frown not on those whom the world calleth great,
For what God has denied can be no whim of Fate—
I speak no ill word of my dear fellow-man,
But endeavour to do all the good that I can.
Should the orphan and widow look in at my door,
I wish them "God speed!"—perhaps do something more;
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a Good Honest Heart!

What were this world to me, and the pleasure it brings,
If love to my soul lent not freedom and wings?
And as for the next—dare I dream of its bliss,
If my duty to man were neglected in this?
Then murmur who will!—let the selfish plod on,
And be true to the teaching of rule "Number One;"
This, this a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a Good Honest Heart!

THE INCONCLUSIVENESS AND ABERRATIONS OF SCIENTIFIC
TEACHERS.

BY PHILOSOPH.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has recently delivered a lecture at Birmingham, which, however able in itself, and admirably conceived, masterly as a composition, and striking as a thesis, hardly maintains his high character for scientific induction and logical accuracy. Whether or no he thought the argument he sought to elaborate and the theory he appears anxious to enounce would suit the "meridian" of Birmingham I know not, but much of the Professor's well-spun and somewhat subtle discourse rests upon assumptions he himself or any other dogmatic teacher would be the first to deprecate and denounce.

I, for one, quite agree with the *Times* when it says:

"A lecture on Science from Professor TYNDALL is always pleasant to listen to. Whatever we may think of the point to which he brings us in the end, we can hardly fail to enjoy the road by which he conducts us to it. From the time he takes us in hand and sets out with us on our undefined journey to the final moment when he announces that the goal is now reached, he does much to deserve our gratitude and to establish his claims upon our trust. Rough and forbidding as the path may look, he makes it smooth to our unpractised feet; he entices us further and further along it; he lends us his arm when there is any special difficulty to be surmounted; he laughs at our terrors, and is crafty enough to induce us to laugh at them; he seems to be merely entertaining us with a fund of ready anecdote, while the stories he is telling are all intended to serve his main purpose, and to beguile us on a way which we might otherwise not be induced to enter."

But I also fully endorse some other pertinent remarks of the same clear writer:

"It is, we must admit, somewhat startling to find Science leading us to what we have been accustomed to consider the proper domain of metaphysics, and to have the old school dispute of free will and necessity revived for us as the most important question of the day. When Professor Tyndall can show us intermediate laws as clear and as certain as those which hold good in the domain of physical nature, and connecting that domain with the moral and intellectual life of man, we shall be extremely glad to listen to him and draw the conclusions which the new science warrants. But we may decline to go with him in anticipating the course of discovery, and may fairly ask him by what right he asserts what he does not prove. If we are too strict in this, he must blame himself for the habit of mind he has taught us to favour. We fully recognise the never-failing art and grace and persuasiveness with which he has concluded as well as commenced his lecture. We will only remind him that it is not the office of the man of science to persuade otherwise than by strict argument."

For in much of the latter part of his lecture Professor Tyndall departs from the region of logic and science proper, and enters upon the debateable ground of theological and metaphysical controversies—on which, too, he seems ready to pronounce a most dogmatical opinion, and to lead his hearers, on the "post hoc, propter hoc," to what looks very much like, indeed, either the "morale independante" of Massol, or that direct material infidelity so popular just now with some shallow minds and some superficial "windbags," among whom I, for one, do not reckon Professor Tyndall. But yet it is most alarming to find a man of his eminence as a thinker and a writer descending to the claptrap and the incorrectness of the new sceptical school.

When, for instance, Professor Tyndall asserts the "paradox" which follows calmly, complacently, he must know that his "fact," as a "fact," is not a fact at all, for his statement is positively incorrect in itself, and therefore all that follows as based upon it must be rejected:

"Most of you have been forced to listen to the outcries and denunciations which rung discordant through the land for some years after the publication of Mr. Darwin's

'Origin of Species.' Well, the world—even the clerical world—has for the most part settled down in the belief that Mr. Darwin's book simply reflects the truth of nature; that we who are now 'foremost in the files of time' have come to the front through almost endless stages of promotion from lower to higher forms of life. If to any one of us were given the privilege of looking back through the eons across which life has crept towards its present outcome, his vision would ultimately reach a point when the progenitors of this assembly could not be called human. From that humble society, through the interaction of its members and the storing up of their best qualities, a better one emerged; from this again a better still, until at length, by the integration of infinitesimals through ages of amelioration, we came to be what we are to-day."

As a general truth, "Darwinism" is by no means generally accepted except by a limited class of thinkers, and the assertion that the majority of the educated accept the theory of a "protoplasmic" creation of inferior animals, from which man was gradually to be developed, is equally, as far as I know, unfounded. Dr. Johnson ridiculed Lord Monboddo's theory of the monkey as the original of the "homo," but what would he have said of this new theory of "lower form of life" gradually emerging in "higher?" For anything that Professor Tyndall tells us to the contrary, we may to-day only be a human development of the Ichthyosaurus or the Plethiosaurus! "*Risum teneatis amici atque fratres!*"

Thus, then, in the nineteenth century, we have again to deal with the "oppositions of science, falsely so called." Some of us may recall Norman Macleod's *not*, which is alike opposite, and certainly not irreverent. He was alluding to the "meteoric theory" as the origin of animal life, which is not much removed in its absurdity from the "lower form of animalism." He remarked that the men of science would do well, in accordance with these last results of their research, to rewrite the first chapter of Genesis in this way: 1. The earth was without form, and void. 2. A meteor fell upon the earth. 3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl. 4. From these proceeded the British Association. 5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good.

We must all feel, I think, in the present state of the discussion, the amazing force and reality of his words. In his Birmingham Lecture, Professor Tyndall, speaking on a "*petitio principii*,"—an erroneous assumption, never permitted in scientific induction—proceeds to propound a view of his own, utterly unfounded in itself, and supported by no manner of evidence, except his own view of things, their "*raison d'être*," and above all his own "*ipse dixit*." Most unscientific is he, according to my humble opinion, from first to last. For what is all that follows but an indirect, if not direct attack on all supernaturalism—nay, and the very credibility of inspired Revelation!

"Surely many of the utterances which have been accepted as descriptions ought to be interpreted as aspirations; or as having their roots in aspirations, instead of objective knowledge. Does the song of the herald angels, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward man,' express the exaltation and the yearning of a human soul, or does it describe an optical and acoustical fact—a visible host and an audible song? If the former, the exaltation and the yearning are man's imperishable possession—a ferment long confined to individuals, but which may by-and-by become the leaven of the race. If the latter, then belief in the entire transaction is wrecked by non-fulfilment. Look to the East at the present moment as a comment on the promise of peace on earth and good will toward men. That promise is a dream dissolved by the experience of 18 centuries. But though the mechanical theory of vocal heavenly multitude proves untenable, the immortal song and the feeling it expresses are still ours, to be incorporated, let us hope, in purer and less shadowy forms in the poetry, philosophy, and practice of the future. Thus, following the lead of physical science, we are brought from the solution of continuity into the presence of problems which, as usually classified, lie entirely outside the domain of physics. To these problems thoughtful and penetrative minds are now applying those methods of research which in physical science has proved their truth by their fruits. There is on all hands a growing repugnance to invoke the supernatural in accounting for the phenomena of human life, and the thoughtful minds just referred to, finding no trace of evidence in favour of any other origin, are driven to seek in the inter-

action of social forces the genesis and development of man's moral nature. If they succeed in their search—and I think they are sure to succeed—social duty would be raised to a higher level of significance, and the deepening sense of social duty would, it is to be hoped, lessen, if not obliterate, the strife and heartburning which now upset and disguise our social life."

I need not stop here to point out the mischievousness of such a philosophy as this, which seems to land us in about as hopeless a morass of mere human "egotism" as ever was propounded by the facile pen of the most eloquent of antagonists of all revealed religion!

What, for instance, can the following sentence mean, but that the moral consciousness of man is superior to any external or internal influence of actual dogma or religious truth—in fact "independent morality" most alarming to every reader of a Bible:

"Are you quite sure that those beliefs and dogmas are primary and not derived—that they are not the products, instead of being the creators, of man's moral nature?"

Carlyle's theory, as set forth in the following words, is surely contradicted by all the known facts of man's history, of the world's ways and works, its duties even and delusions:

"It is in one of the 'Latter Day Pamphlets' that Carlyle corrects a reasoner, who deduced the nobility of man from a belief in heaven, by telling him that he puts the cart before the horse, the real truth being that the belief in heaven is derived from the nobility of man."

It must be quite clear to us all that we have before us in England, as in Germany, a "Culter Kampf," which can only be fought on the one safe old ground—reverential acceptance of the Bible, belief in the supernatural, trust in the reality of God's Providential Rule; or else there is nothing before us apparently but the hollowness of a quasi science, the aberrations of a polished Infidelity.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspeare, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

BRO. A. J. Wheeler, of Memphis, Tennessee, in the United States, has a column in his *Masonic Jewel*, for Marriages and Deaths of Masons, and the Births of their children. The Marriages are headed "Affiliated," the Births, "From Darkness to Light;" and the Deaths, "Called off." May all true Masons be happily "Affiliated!" May their offspring be numerous and healthy, and emerge "from Darkness to Light," both literally and figuratively, especially to that True Light of Freemasonry which no mere scenic acting, no mere mumbling of ceremonies, can ever shed upon the mental Darkness of the ignorantly-depraved! And when "called off" from Labour here on earth, may it be to the Refreshment of a higher and holier existence, in that Grand Lodge above, where the World's Great Architect lives and reigns for ever. One might preach a sermon every day in the year, and write a separate essay for every magazine both in the United States and Great Britain, from Bro. Wheeler's simple two words—"Called off."

A well-known Brother Mason, whose name I am not at liberty to mention at present, has invented and just brought out for sale, a new railway and dog cart key, which he has registered under the name of the "Pan-Anglican." It is made of cast steel, plated with

nickel silver, is very strong as well as elegant, weighs under one ounce, and can be carried without inconvenience in the vest pocket. In appearance it reminds one of a Masonic jewel, and it is warranted not to tarnish, and (the retail price being only a shilling) is sure to meet with an extensive sale.

Salt Lake City, a portion of Utah which the Mormons had made blossom like the rose by their industry, but polluted by their polygamy and superstition, but from which that arch impostor (not to say murderer) Brigham Young, has been "called off" to his final account, has now a Public Masonic Library. As Brigham Young, like all religious bigots, was an intense hater of the Craft, how it must trouble his soul if he can know that it already contains two thousand volumes. Pity but our English, Scotch, and Irish Lodges were all compelled to make annual returns as to how many of them have Masonic Libraries, how many volumes they contain, how many times they have been issued, what Masonic publications they subscribe to, and how many literary or scientific lectures they have had, on what particular subjects, and the number that attended them. Also the amount of their annual income, how much has been spent in charity, and how much in eating and drinking. This would really be the means of an immense revival of true Freemasonry.

Our illustrious Brother, His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, K.G., President of the Royal Society of Literature, and Provincial Grand Master for Oxfordshire, has been graciously pleased to grant his express permission for the forthcoming Second Series of Bro. Emra Holmes' *Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers*, with a Masonic Memoir of the Author by the writer of these Notes, to be dedicated to him, in consequence of the benevolent purpose for which it is to be published. I am too closely connected with the publication to be considered an impartial critic; but I am glad to observe the very favourable way in which the First Series has been, with two solitary exceptions, received by the press. Bro. Holmes is too well known to the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* to need any commendation from me; but they, like myself, may feel interested to see what the various reviewers have to say about the little volume,—the printing, binding, and Bewick tail-pieces, having met with unanimous approval. The *Freemason*, the editor of which never has much gall in his ink, says that "the stories and poetry reflect credit on the taste and talent of our zealous Brother," and adds that "his writings display not only literary powers far above the average, but bespeak also a considerable amount of 'geist' [whatever that may mean!] and culture, a power of winning the attention and attracting the interest of his readers. Alike in prose and poetry he commands both a facile and correct pen, and we may fairly assert that his works are full of promise of even better and greater things to come." And he pronounces it "a very good half-crown's worth, indeed, notwithstanding that we live in an age of cheap literature and of countless publications." *The Masonic Jewel*, published at Memphis, in the United States, the official Masonic organ of the States of Mississippi and Tennessee, and which is edited by Past Grand Master Wheeler, remarks:—"This neat little book, well-bound, of over two hundred pages, will interest the lovers of stories and good poems. To Masons, the extracts and notes published from the old minute book of Union Lodge, No. 114, Ipswich, England, commencing with the year 1762, is peculiarly interesting;" and fraternally commends the American Masons to subscribe to both series of the work. *The Whitby Gazette* pronounces the tales "of a very interesting character," and the poems to "have a true poetical ring in the them." *The Whitby Times* says:—"The contents of the volume are of a very interesting and entertaining character." *The Leamington Courier* remarks that "the Masonic Papers are extremely interesting." *The Criterion* says:—"We are much pleased with the contents of the book; the tales are well told, and the poems have the true poetic ring about them;" and adds that "the Masonic papers cannot fail to interest Brothers of the Craft." *The Sheffield and Rotherham Independent* says:—"Evidently the author is a man of cultivated and refined mind and taste." *The South Durham and Cleveland Mercury* pronounces it to be "light, pleasant, easy reading, from first to last." *The Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth) observes:—"The ably written tales and capital poetry which form the chief contents of this book are the production of a well-known author and a distinguished Freemason." *The Sunderland Times* remarks,



that "Mr. Holmes tells his stories in a simple, unaffected style, but their very homeliness will make them all the more agreeable to the very large class of readers who do not care for the sensational element in fiction." And there are numerous other notices, which I must pass over now, to the same purport from other papers. Strange to say, the most ill-natured notice—one that evidently is the production of an anonymous and malignant coward, whom I would not object to answer if he durst throw off his Jack-the-Giant killer's invisible coat, comes from a place where Bro. Holmes has given good and gratuitous services to elevate the tastes of the inhabitants, and from an insignificant paper which has always seemed very friendly to our good Brother whilst he was there as collector of customs, but at once turns upon him as soon as he leaves the place—I allude to the *Woodbridge Reporter*. As nobody in Woodbridge suspects the respectable publisher, Mr. John Read, of writing the article, the supposition is, that he has been prevailed upon by a more cunning, but less honourable person, to lend his paper to attempt to wound the feelings of a man who deserved better treatment from those he was leaving. The other exception I alluded to was the *East Anglian Daily Times*, which reproduced the Woodbridge paragraph with great gusto, stating a downright falsehood, which I feel it due to our gifted Brother to expose:—"We have not been favoured with a copy, we fear on account of our inability to appreciate a ballad by the same author, reviewed in this paper some time ago." It is below the dignity of journalists to complain that works are not sent to them for review; but the fact is, Bro. Holmes had no more to do with sending out the volume, than the Wise Men of the East. If blame there was, it must rest on my shoulders, who, so far from knowing that the Ipswich critic had not been able to appreciate our Brother's ballad, did not know there was such a luminary in existence, and am still ignorant what ballad he criticised, and in what manner he reviewed it. I mention this merely to show how very easy it is for men, even though editors of newspapers, to be totally mistaken. I am the last man in the world to wish to curb honest criticism, however plain-spoken; but the unholy wish to cause pain for the sake of annoying another; the bad taste of saying harsh things, from a vulgar pride of wishing to be thought clever; and the blunder of mistaking mischief for wit, have in all ages been evils which the true critic has tried to shun. As Mr. Read's paper is partly printed for him before it reaches his hands, I would advise him for the future not to be made the cat's paw of any ill-natured neighbour, even though the hypocrite may hide his malignity under the common mask of "the unco guid."

I am glad to see that the best of our Masonic Pocket-books, the *Cosmopolitan*, has already been issued by Bro. Kenning for 1878. It contains more information for Two Shillings than any other at a greater price, and ought, (and no doubt does) receive a large measure of support from the members of the Craft throughout the world. A very great amount of labour is required to bring together such a mass of Masonic information. Every Mason should have a copy.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

A FREEMASON'S CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

BY E. P. PHILPOTS, M.D., F.R.G.S.

Hail Christmastide! With true Masonic cheer,
 Again we welcome thee in our career
 Of busy life, reminding us once more,
 Another year has passed,—how quickly! o'er.

Again our Patron Saint's with honour crowned,
Again we own our Craft has favour found,
Increasing mightily, it gains respect
Of Man, whilst He, The One Great Architect,
Has guarded all our actions,—in His sight,
We've striven hard to shine both pure and bright,
And have invoked His solemn aid to keep,
Us faithful to those secrets, good, yet deep,
Which as Freemasons true, we call our own,
And can act up to by His power alone.
—Then Craftsmen of the "Mystic Tie," combine,
This festive time, as Craftsmen true to shine,
Let every action based upon the Square,
Assist to show "the outer world," how fair
The precepts we have learned can make us be,
To fellow man :—whilst in eternity,
The deeds of Masons shall stand forth as clear
As Sun at Noonday, and as bright appear.
Think,—'tis no foolish tie ; no flippant jest,
Which centres in the name we should love best ;
We sought to raise the veil mysterious, dark,
We sought another's hand to fan that spark,
Which bursting in a flame of brightest fire,
(The fire of Masonry), 'twas our desire,
To glean still further in those pastures new,
And see our system perfect to our view.
—Look back when first the darkness reigned supreme
'Ere first the light had burst upon the scene,
When all was chaos, on the water's face,
His Mighty Spirit found to move a place :
The awful silence !—how we shrink with fear
Whilst thinking that the Mighty Voice we hear,
"LET THERE BE LIGHT,"—and lo ! the light appeared,
And the Creator's word the chaos cleared,
And Stars and Moon and Sun commenced to shine,
Obedient to their Maker's hand divine.
Thrice happy time ! Thrice glorious work ! How grand !
Mysterious, deep, created by Thy Hand,—
Shine forth that light for ever from the day,
The Universe created first made sway.
Then glory to the Architect we give
In whom we trust ; with whom we look to live
Who sheds around His blessings to us all,
Who guides us, keeps us, helps us when we fall,
And who the Light Masonic caused to gleam
In each True Mason's heart,—O happy theme !
The darkness of the past to far dispel,
Mark we such goodness, Brethren ?—Then "Mark well,"
And whilst we wander o'er the rugged plain,
Of life's long journey praise His power again,
Who all things giveth with a lib'ral hand,
To whom we bow obedient at command.

—And has the light thus dawned on us in vain ?
Ask we ourselves, my Brethren ? Then again,
Each day renew the sacred pledge we made,
Let not our principles Masonic fade,

But shine still brighter, that the world may see,
 The Craft is noble, virtuous, and free,—
 —Thus march we on, till at the Throne of God
 Our thoughts have brought us,—hitherward we trod,
 Through paths of heavenly science ; we admire
 The faculties of intellectual fire,
 And trace them onward, perfected complete,
 To Him, Whose fountain is the Mercy's Seat.
 And Nature's secrets are unveiled to view,
 The principles of truth, our minds imbue :
 Our minds thus modelled by the mystic power,
 That virtue, science, or their Champions shower ;
 Learn yet one lesson more—a solemn truth,
 Which bids us contemplate our lives from youth,
 And ask,—What have they been ? and reason why
The "Perfect Mason" does not fear to die ?
 The powers of death for him can bring no fear,
 His path of duty's marked—his future's clear,
 O ! happy he, who, when the hand of death,
 Is laid upon him, when his fleeting breath
 Is flick'ring in the eventide of days,
 Bids all around farewell,—to fix his gaze,
 On Light of Heaven within the Lodge on High,
 Where reigns THE ARCHITECT in Majesty,
 Where Spirits wing their airy flight above
 The Courts of Heaven, where, eternal love
 Reigns boundless in the Home we live to see,
 And to inhabit in eternity.
 Where,—gazing back amidst the sacred mirth,
 Of heaven, we'll ponder on our walks on earth,
 And bless the day when first we pausing trod,
 Upon that threshold, where the name of God,
 We uttered as the only source of trust,
 We had on earth when fearing danger's thrust ;
 And call the time well spent that made us share
 The good once taught us on the sacred "Square."

Poole, November, 1877.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC.

"Sacred Symbol,"

thus :—

"Sagittarius."

"Alchemy."

"Cerebrum."

"Rhomb."

"Ego."

"Disloyal."