

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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THE YORK MS. No. 5, A.D. 1670.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE York MS. No. 5 is in the possession of the York Lodge, No. 236, and was one of six owned by the extinct "Grand Lodge of *All England*," held in the city of York. The numeration is that of the Grand Lodge Inventory of A.D. 1779, but the arrangement is not in chronological order. No. 1 and No. 6 were recognized in the archives of the Grand Lodge of England (London), which were doubtless left there by the late Bro. Godfrey Higgins. Nos. 2, 4, and 5 are in the custody of the York Lodge, with other effects of the old lodge and Grand Lodge (York). No. 3 of A.D. 1730 is unfortunately still missing. We shall all rejoice when the whole of these MSS., etc., are in the Library of No. 236, *as they deserve to be*. In the *Masonic Magazine* have been printed York MS. No. 1 in August, 1873, and No. 6 in March, 1880. No. 1 was first of all printed in our "Old Charges of British Freemasons" (1872), and Nos. 2 and 4 are in our "Masonic Sketches and Reprints" (1871). The present MS. therefore concludes the series as far as possible. It is written on a long roll of paper, 7½ ft. by 8 in., and contains neither date nor signature. The transcript is by the lamented Bro. William Cowling, and was carefully examined by Bro. Ralph Davison, P.M. 236. It is a copy apparently of MS. No. 1. It states most clearly the nature of the Book on which the apprentices were obligated, viz., "Y<sup>e</sup> holy Scripture."

The copy which has been used for the *Masonic Magazine* is from the library of Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P.G.C., who is well known as a diligent Masonic student and *hunter after old MSS.* Through him and others, about a score of these documents have been published in the *Masonic Magazine*, all the numbers of which can be had for less money than the transcription of one of the MSS. cost when made for Masonic students.

\* \* \* \* \* ck or Astronomic nor \* \* \* \* \* Sciences can any man find  
\* \* \* \* \* trie methinks y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>s</sup> Science \* \* \* \* \* foundeth all others, but  
now I shall tell you \* \* \* \* \* worthy Sciences was first begun when  
Noah \* \* \* \* \* was a man called lameck as Itt is written \* \* \* \* \* the Chapter  
of Genesis & y<sup>s</sup> lameck had two \* \* \* \* \* one named Adath, by whom he had two  
Sons y<sup>e</sup> \* \* \* \* \* Iabell & y<sup>s</sup> other Iubell & his other wife was \* \* \* \* \* Zillah  
by whom he had one Son named Tuball, and one daughter named Naamath &

these four Children founded y<sup>e</sup> beginning of all y<sup>e</sup> Sciences in y<sup>e</sup> world: viz.: Iabell y<sup>e</sup> eldest Son found out y<sup>e</sup> Science of Geometrie, & he was a keeper of Flocks and Lands in y<sup>e</sup> field as Itt is noted in y<sup>e</sup> Chapter aforesaid & his brother Iubell found out y<sup>e</sup> Science of Musick & y<sup>e</sup> third brother Tubell Cain found y<sup>e</sup> Science of Smith Craft of Gold Silver Brass Iron & Steel & y<sup>e</sup> Daughter found y<sup>e</sup> art of weaveing & these persons knowing right well y<sup>t</sup> God would take vengeance for Sin either by fire or water therefore they writ their Several Sciences they had found in two Pillers of Stone y<sup>t</sup> they might be found after Noah's flood and y<sup>e</sup> one Stone was Marble because Itt would not burn with fire y<sup>e</sup> other Called Laternes because Itt would not Drownd with water now our Intent Is to tell how these Stones were found in which these Sciences were written y<sup>e</sup> Antient Hermarnes which was after Called Hermes had a Cube his Son y<sup>e</sup> which Cube was Sem y<sup>t</sup> was Noah's Son y<sup>s</sup> Hermarnes Called Hermes y<sup>e</sup> father of wise men he found one of these two pillers of Stone & he found y<sup>e</sup> Sciences written thereon & he taught y<sup>m</sup> to other men & att y<sup>e</sup> building of y<sup>e</sup> Tower of Babell there was masonrie att first very much esteemed & y<sup>e</sup> King of Babylon who was Called Nimrod He was a mason Himself & loved well Masonrie & when y<sup>e</sup> City of Ninevie and other Cittys of y<sup>e</sup> East should be builded Nimrod y<sup>e</sup> King of Babylon sent thither masons at y<sup>e</sup> request of y<sup>e</sup> King of Ninevie his Cousin and when he Sent y<sup>m</sup> forth he gave y<sup>m</sup> a Charge on y<sup>s</sup> manner y<sup>t</sup> they Should be true one to another & y<sup>t</sup> they Should love well one another & y<sup>t</sup> they Should Serve y<sup>e</sup> Lord truly for their pay so y<sup>t</sup> their Master may have worship & all y<sup>t</sup> belongeth unto y<sup>m</sup> & other more Charges he gave y<sup>m</sup> and y<sup>s</sup> was y<sup>e</sup> first time y<sup>t</sup> ever any Mason had a Charge of his Craft moreover when Abraham & Sarah his wife went Into Egypt he taught y<sup>e</sup> Seven Sciences to the Egyptians, & he had a worthy Scholar named Euclid & he learned right well & was master of y<sup>e</sup> Seven Sciences in liberals and in his day Itt befell y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lords & States of y<sup>e</sup> Land had so many Sons, some by their wives and some by their Concubines for y<sup>e</sup> Land is a hot land & plenteous In Generation & they had not a Competent portion of estate wherewith to maintaine their Children for whom they took much Care & y<sup>e</sup> King of y<sup>e</sup> Land Caused a great Council and Sumoned a parlament to Consult how they might provide for their Children where to live Honestly as Gentlemen, and they thought as they Could do no manner of good y<sup>t</sup> way, y<sup>n</sup> they made a proclamation throughout all y<sup>e</sup> realm y<sup>t</sup> If there was any y<sup>t</sup> could Inform y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>t</sup> he Should Come y<sup>n</sup> & he Should be well rewarded for his travails so y<sup>t</sup> he Should hold himself satisfied after y<sup>s</sup> proclamation was made there Came y<sup>s</sup> worthy Clark Euclid & said to y<sup>e</sup> King and to his nobles If you will accept of me to teach Instruct and govern your Children in y<sup>e</sup> Seven Sciences whereby they might Live Honestly as gentlemen I will do it upon Conditions you will grant me & y<sup>m</sup> a A Commission y<sup>t</sup> I may have power to rule y<sup>m</sup> after y<sup>e</sup> maner y<sup>s</sup> Science ought to be ruled which y<sup>e</sup> King and all y<sup>e</sup> Council granted him and sealed y<sup>e</sup> Commission & y<sup>n</sup> y<sup>s</sup> worthy Docter took to him these Lords Sons & taught y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Science of Geomitrie and Practise to work In Stone all maner of worthy work y<sup>t</sup> belongeth to Buildings Castles Temples, Churches Towers Manners & all maner of buildings & gave y<sup>m</sup> In Charge on y<sup>s</sup> maner first y<sup>t</sup> they Should be true to y<sup>e</sup> King & to y<sup>e</sup> Lord y<sup>t</sup> they Serve and Should Love wel one another & y<sup>t</sup> they Should Call one another his fellow or his Brother & not his Servant or his Knave or other foule names & y<sup>t</sup> they should truly Deserve their pay of their Lord they Serve and y<sup>t</sup> they should ordaine y<sup>e</sup> wisest of y<sup>m</sup> to be master & neither to Chuse for Love or affection or greatness or Riches to Set any y<sup>t</sup> hath not sufficient Knowledge & Cunning in y<sup>e</sup> work to be master of y<sup>e</sup> work whereby y<sup>e</sup> master may be evil Served and they Disgraced and also y<sup>t</sup> they should Call y<sup>e</sup> Governour of y<sup>e</sup> work Master During the time they work with him & to all these Charges he made y<sup>m</sup> Swear A Great Oath y<sup>t</sup> men used in y<sup>t</sup> time & ordained for y<sup>m</sup> Reasonable wages y<sup>t</sup> they might live honestly thereby & also

y<sup>t</sup> they should Come and assemble themselves together once every yeare to Consult how they might best work for their Lords profit & their own Credit & to Correct within themselves Him y<sup>t</sup> trespassed against y<sup>s</sup> Science & thus was y<sup>s</sup> Science grounded and y<sup>e</sup> worthy M<sup>r</sup> Euclid y<sup>e</sup> first y<sup>t</sup> gave Itt y<sup>e</sup> name of Geometrie which Is called Masonrie throughout all y<sup>s</sup> nation and after y<sup>t</sup> when y<sup>e</sup> Children of Israel Came into y<sup>e</sup> Land of Behes which Is now called among y<sup>e</sup> County of Iury King David begun y<sup>e</sup> temple y<sup>t</sup> is now Called Templum Domini & Is named with us y<sup>e</sup> temple of Jerusalem & y<sup>e</sup> said King David Loved well Masonrie & Cherished y<sup>m</sup> much & gave y<sup>m</sup> good wages & he gave y<sup>m</sup> both y<sup>e</sup> Charges & maners as he had Learned in Egypt given formerly by Euclid & other more Charges which you shall have afterwards & after y<sup>e</sup> Decease of King David Solomon His Son finished out y<sup>e</sup> temple y<sup>t</sup> his father had begun & he sent for out of Divers Countries & lands & gathered y<sup>m</sup> together So y<sup>t</sup> he had fourschore Thousand workers of Stone which were after named masons, & he Chose out of y<sup>m</sup> three thousand y<sup>t</sup> were ordained Masters & governors of his work & furthermore there was a King of another region y<sup>t</sup> men called Hiram & he loved King Solomon well & he gave him timber to his work & he had a Son named Amon & he was a master of Geometrie & he was Chief Master of all his gravings & Carvings & of all his Masons & masonrie as appears In Scripture in y<sup>e</sup> first Booke of Kings y<sup>e</sup> fifth Chapter & y<sup>s</sup> Solomon Confirmed both Charge and manner y<sup>t</sup> his father had given to Masons & thus was y<sup>t</sup> worthy Science of Masonry confirmed in y<sup>e</sup> County of Iury & in y<sup>e</sup> City of Jerusalem in many other Countries Curious Craftsmen walked about full wide & Spread themselves Into divers Countries some to learn more Craft and Cuning & some to teach y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>t</sup> had little Skill & Cuning & Itt befell y<sup>t</sup> one Namus Greacus y<sup>t</sup> had been att y<sup>e</sup> building of Solomons temple came into France & there he taught y<sup>e</sup> Science of Masonrie to men of France & there was one of y<sup>e</sup> royal Line of France named Charles Martial & he was a man y<sup>t</sup> loved well such a Craft & he drew to y<sup>s</sup> Namus Greacus above said & he learned of him y<sup>e</sup> Craft & took upon him y<sup>e</sup> Charge & maner & afterwards by y<sup>e</sup> providence of God he was elected King of France & when he was in y<sup>t</sup> State he took & helped to make men Masons which before there was none & gave y<sup>m</sup> both y<sup>e</sup> Charge & manner & good pay as he had learned from other Masons & also confirmed a Charge from year to year to hold their assembly where they would & he Cherished y<sup>m</sup> much & thus Came y<sup>s</sup> famous Craft Into France.

England in all y<sup>s</sup> time Stood void of Masonrie especially for any Charge Imposed upon y<sup>e</sup> Science untill S<sup>t</sup> Albons time & in his Days the King of England being y<sup>n</sup> a pagan walled y<sup>e</sup> town of S<sup>t</sup> Albons about y<sup>s</sup> S<sup>t</sup> Albons was a worthy Knight & Steward of y<sup>e</sup> Kings Houshold & had y<sup>e</sup> governance of y<sup>e</sup> Realme & also had y<sup>e</sup> ordering of y<sup>e</sup> said towns wall & he loved well Masons & Cherished y<sup>m</sup> right much & gave y<sup>m</sup> their pay right good Considering how wages and other things y<sup>n</sup> for he gave y<sup>m</sup> 2<sup>s</sup> 6<sup>d</sup> a week & 3<sup>d</sup> for their non finch & before y<sup>t</sup> time a Mason had but a Penny a day untill S<sup>t</sup> Albons advanced itt as abovesaid & procured for y<sup>m</sup> a Charter from y<sup>e</sup> King & his Council whereby to hold General Council & gave Itt a name of assembly & thereatt he was himself & he helped to make men Masons & gave y<sup>m</sup> a Charge which you shall hereafter hear but Itt happened shortly after y<sup>e</sup> death of S<sup>t</sup> Albons y<sup>t</sup> there arose great Wars in England which out of Divers Nations So y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> good order of Masons was destroyed untill y<sup>e</sup> days of King Athelstone who was a worthy King of England & brought y<sup>s</sup> Land into good rest and peace he builded many great works as Abbyes Towers and other maner of buildings & loved well Masons & he had a son named Edwin & he loved much more y<sup>n</sup> his father & he was a great practioner in Geometrie & he delighted to commune with Masons and to learn of y<sup>m</sup> Skill and Cuning & afterwards for y<sup>e</sup> love he bore to masons & to their Science he was made a mason himself and he procured for y<sup>m</sup> of his father a Charter & Commis-

sion to hold every year an assembly wheresoever they would within the realm of England to correct within themselves y<sup>e</sup> trespasses & y<sup>e</sup> faults y<sup>t</sup> were done within y<sup>e</sup> craft & he himself Held an assembly at York & there he made masons & gave y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Charge & taught y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>e</sup> manners and Commanded y<sup>m</sup> rules to be kept ever after and took for y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Charter to keep & also gave orders y<sup>t</sup> itt should be Renewed from King to King & when y<sup>e</sup> assembly was gathered together he made proclamation y<sup>t</sup> all old masons & young y<sup>t</sup> had any writings or understandings of y<sup>e</sup> Charge of y<sup>e</sup> manners Concerning y<sup>e</sup> Said Science y<sup>t</sup> were made before in y<sup>s</sup> land or any other they should bring them forth & when they had viewed and examined there found some in french Some in Greek & some in English & Some in other Languages & y<sup>e</sup> Intent & meaning of y<sup>m</sup> was found out and he made a Book thereof how this Craft was found out & he himself gave Command y<sup>t</sup> they Should be read or told when y<sup>t</sup> any Mason should be made & he gave y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Charge & from y<sup>t</sup> day to y<sup>s</sup> manner of master have been kept and observed in y<sup>t</sup> form as well as men might observe & governe Itt & furthermore att divers assemblies and addition of Divers things in y<sup>e</sup> Charge ordained but y<sup>e</sup> best advice both of Masters and fellows every man y<sup>t</sup> Is a Mason take good heed to these Charges and y<sup>t</sup> he may amend himselfe before God If he find himselfe Guilty of any of those Charges & in particular you that are to be Charged take good heed y<sup>t</sup> you may keep those Charges right well for Itt is perilous and great danger for a man to forswear himselfe upon y<sup>e</sup> Holy Scripture.

The First Charge is y<sup>t</sup> he or thou be true to man & god & y<sup>e</sup> holy Church & y<sup>e</sup> use neither error nor Herisie according to your own understanding or discretion on wise men teaching and also y<sup>t</sup> he shall be a true Liegeman & bear true allegiance to y<sup>e</sup> King of England without any treason or any other falshood If you know of any treason y<sup>t</sup> you may amend it privily if you may or else warn y<sup>e</sup> King & his Council of Itt by Declaireing itt to y<sup>e</sup> magistrates & also y<sup>e</sup> Shall be true one to another y<sup>t</sup> Is to say to every Mason of y<sup>e</sup> Craft of Masonrie y<sup>t</sup> be allowed masons you Should do to y<sup>m</sup> as you would they should do to you & y<sup>t</sup> you keep truly y<sup>e</sup> Council of Lodge & Chamber & all other Council which ought to be kept by way of Masonrie & y<sup>t</sup> also you Shall use no theft but keep your Selves true & also you Shall be true to y<sup>e</sup> master you serve & truly se his his proffit and advantage promoted and furthered & also you shall call Masons your brethren or fellows but not any other foule names, also you Shall not take in evill any of your fellows Wives nor unlawfully his daughter or Servant or put him to any discredit & also y<sup>t</sup> you pay truly for your meat & drink where you go to table & y<sup>t</sup> you do not any thing whereby y<sup>e</sup> Craft may be Scandalized these be y<sup>e</sup> Charges In generall which belongeth to every Free Mason to keep both masters & fellows;

Now come I to rehearse Certain other Charges; Singulerly for Masters & fellows Viz. y<sup>t</sup> no master shall take upon him any Lords work or any other mans work except he know himselfe to be of Suffitient Skill & Cunning to performe and finish the same so y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Craft thereby receive no Slander or discredit but y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lord may be well Served & have his work sufficiently done & also y<sup>t</sup> no master take any work at unreasonable rates but so reasonable y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lord or owner truly served with his own goods & y<sup>e</sup> master to live honestly thereby & to pay his fellows their wages as y<sup>e</sup> manner is & also y<sup>t</sup> no master or fellow have taken any work to do & therefore Stand as Master of y<sup>e</sup> Said work y<sup>e</sup> shall not put him out of Itt unless he be unable of Skill or Cunning to performe y<sup>e</sup> same to y<sup>e</sup> end & also y<sup>t</sup> no master or fellow Shall take any Apprentice under y<sup>e</sup> tearm of Seven years and y<sup>t</sup> such an Apprentice sufficiently able of body and Sound of his limbs & also of good birth free born no Alien but Dissended of a true and honest kindred & no bondman & also y<sup>t</sup> no mason take any apprentice unless he have Suffitient occupation whereon to employ 2 or 3 fellows at y<sup>e</sup> least & also y<sup>t</sup> no master or fellow shall take any Lords work over another mans head or from his fellow mason y<sup>t</sup> was wont to work

Journey work also y<sup>t</sup> every master shall give wages to his fellows according as his work deserves y<sup>t</sup> he be not deceived by fals work & also y<sup>t</sup> none Shall Slander another behind his Back whereby he may lose his good name or worldly riches & also y<sup>t</sup> no fellow within y<sup>e</sup> Lodge or without shall Slander or Misanswer another unlawfully without a cause & also that every mason Shall reverence his eldest brother and put him into honour & y<sup>t</sup> no mason shall be a common player at Cards or dice or any other unlawfull Game whereby y<sup>e</sup> Science may be disgraced & also y<sup>t</sup> no fellow at any time go from his fellow of y<sup>e</sup> Lodge into any town adjoining except he have a fellow with him to witness y<sup>t</sup> he was in Honest Company & at a Civill place & y<sup>t</sup> every Master or fellow shall come to y<sup>e</sup> Assembly of masons If Itt be within fifty miles if y<sup>t</sup> they have any warning of Itt & if he or they have trespassed against y<sup>e</sup> Craft all Such trespassing Shall Stand there at y<sup>e</sup> award or arbytration of y<sup>e</sup> masons & y<sup>t</sup> they to make accord & if they Cannot agree y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>n</sup> go to y<sup>e</sup> Common Law & also y<sup>t</sup> no master or fellow make any mould or rule or Square for any layer or set any layer within y<sup>e</sup> Lodge or without to hew any mould Stones & every mason Shall exercise Strange fellows which come out of other Countries and set y<sup>m</sup> on work if he can as y<sup>e</sup> manner Is. Viz. If he have no Stone or mould In y<sup>t</sup> place he shall him refresh with money to supply his wants untill he come att y<sup>e</sup> next Lodge & also y<sup>t</sup> every fellow Shall do his work & not Slightly for his pay but serve his Lord truly for his wages & also y<sup>t</sup> every Mason shall finish & make an end of his work whether Itt be by tax or turney by measure or by days If he have his pay and all other covenants performed to him by y<sup>e</sup> Lord of y<sup>e</sup> work according to y<sup>e</sup> bargain these Charges y<sup>t</sup> we have Rehearsed to you & all other here present which belongeth to Masons you shall well & truly keep to your power So help you god & y<sup>e</sup> contents of y<sup>t</sup> Booke.

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THE ADVANTAGE OF CONFESSION.

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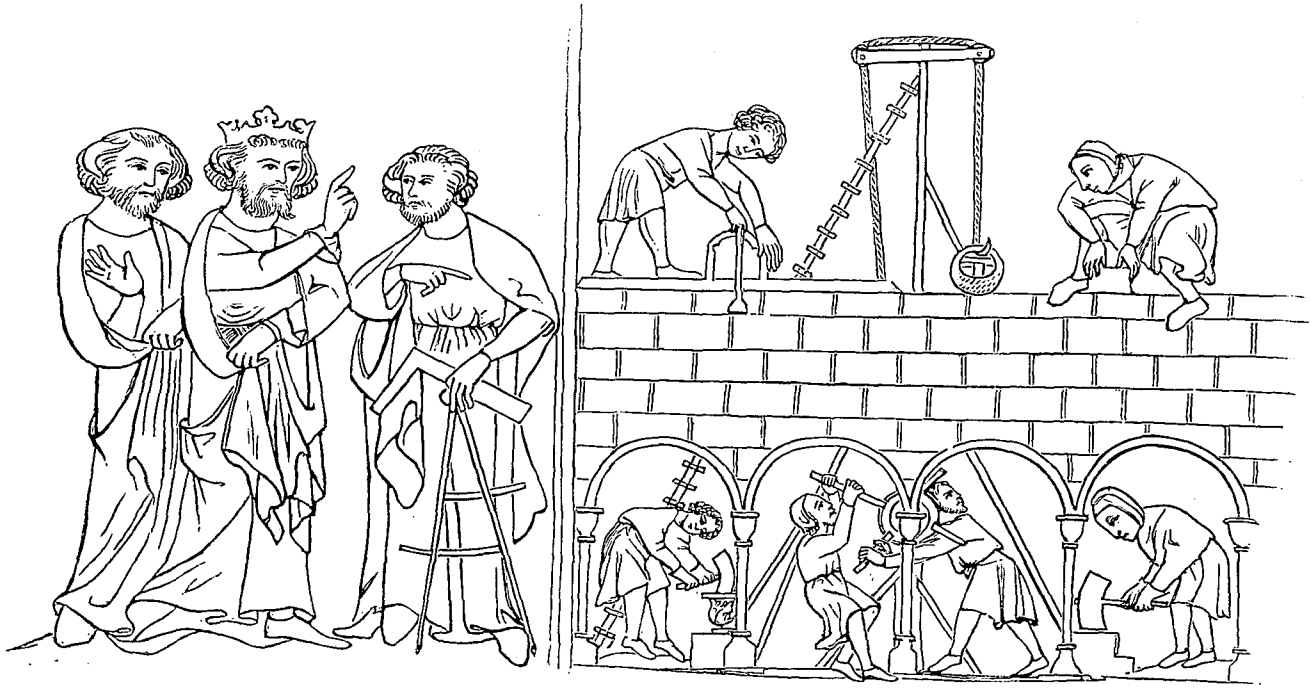
**N**OW Mike was an ostler of very good parts,  
 Yet sly as a church-mouse was he ;  
 And he came to confess to the new parish priest,  
 Like a pious and true devotee.

When his sins were reeled off till no more could be found,  
 Said the priest : " Are you sure you've told all ?  
 Have the mouths of the horses never been greased,  
 So they could'nt eat oats in the stall ? "

" With respect to yer riv'rence," said Mike, with a grin,  
 " Sure for that ye may lave me alone ;  
 I've scraped till there's niver a sin left behind—  
 Me conscience is clane to the bone ! "

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more sins,  
 Till the day came around to tell all ;  
 And the very first thing he confessed :—He had greased  
 The mouth of each horse in the stall !

" How is this ? " said the priest. " When here, but last week,  
 You never had done this, you swore ? "  
 " Faith, thanks to yer riv'rence," said Mike, " sich a thing  
 I niver had heerd of before ! "



## THE ILLUSTRATION

ON the opposite page is taken from a MS. in the Cottonian Library, British Museum, Nero D. 1. It is found in a "Life of King Offa," written by Matthew Paris. In the illustration, King Offa is represented as giving instructions to the "Master Mason" of the masons—"Hand Masons," one MS. calls them—employed in the erection of St. Alban's Cathedral. The Master Mason has the "square and compasses" in his left hand. Two Masons are at work under the arches knocking off the superfluous "corners" from the stones. One is placing a stone in its proper position; another is "adjusting a perpendicular arch on its proper basis" by the plumb rule; two are hoisting up stones by a windlass.

This drawing well represents, doubtless, the dress and working tools of the "mediæval Freemasons."—[ED. M.M.]

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 THE WORK OF A MASONIC SESSION.

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 BY AN OLD MASON.
 

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WERE I a young man I might hesitate to trouble the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* with my lucubrations, but pleading the garrulity of old age, I will "spin" for them a short "yarn," which I hope will "bore" none, and may interest, perchance, some friendly minds; for I assume on "my premise" that we all "believe in" Freemasonry. Of course, if we do not, then mine is truly "mentalis labor" in writing—theirs a "waste of time" in reading.

No doubt there are "Freemasons and Freemasons;" there are those, that is, who enter Freemasonry from idle, yes, and sordid motives, to whom its "be all and end all" are found in glittering decorations and dainty banquets. But such miss the inner mind and value of our great and mysterious Order. They have the "trash" without the "jewel;" they realise the "show," not the "reality;" they possess the "shadow," not the "substance;" they have found the "exoteric" not the "esoteric" of our ancient organisation. There are a good many of us who affect to deny what they call "sublimated views" of Freemasonry, and so they sink the Masonic gatherings to the level of a convivial club. There are not a few who look to Freemasonry both for what it gives and what it does for them, and beyond that narrow and dim horizon their ideas cannot pass, their vision cannot penetrate. But I do not write for such, they are out of my "pale" altogether; they belong to a school which I think is passing away, and with them and for them I do not affect to sympathise or feel. But I am writing to-day for some who, like myself, after long years of faithful membership have found value, improvement, happiness in our "good old Order." Like myself, they can recall gratefully many years; maybe, of kind, fast friends and good real work; and they are not ashamed to avow themselves Freemasons wherever they be, at home or abroad, because they are proud both of the kindly and tolerant principles and the practical beneficent outcome of this worldwide sodality.

The season which has passed away has memories and meaning for them. True, it may be, that the extension of the Order seems to have received a slight check. Some may think this as it should be, but they have seen with unmixed gratification that the real paid work of Masonry has gone on regularly and measuredly, without a drawback and without a hitch. Lodges have met and closed; brethren have assembled happy and genial; the meetings have been pleasant, and Masonic life has run on cheerily; much good feeling has been engendered; new friendships have been formed; old friendships have been riveted, if it were possible, closer and firmer; and, above all, the work of charity has progressed and proceeded in wonderful measure. To say nothing of our monthly grants from the Board of Benevolence, what shall we say of our great Metropolitan Charities, but that their present "status" and yearly returns are simply marvellous as an "outcome," real and startling, of the zeal of Masonic Stewards and the warmth of Masonic hearts. A decade ago—certainly two decades ago—our returns were counted by hundreds, whereas they are now by "thousands," and there seems so far no limit to the possible expansion of Masonic charity in this respect. During the Masonic season of 1881, the first two meetings have produced in round numbers £27,000, and even that sum will be exceeded for them—the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution and the Girls' School—before the close of 1881. The Boys' School Festival at Brighton, on June 29th, under Lord Londonderry's Presidency, produced the sum of £11,500, making a grand total for our three great Charities of £38,500 for the season of 1881. And even this amount, large as it is, does not cover the possible totality for 1881. By December 31st, 1881, it is not too much, I think, to anticipate that the offerings of the Craft for the three Charities will exceed without doubt £45,000. I always feel inclined to say, like a fair queen of old, if not, "O, wonderful Masons!" "O, beneficent Brotherhood!" Do any of us know of any other earthly society which, taking humanitarian goodwill for its basis, deliberately sets itself to raise £30,000 a year to keep its needful charities "a-going?" If they do, I do not. Of course there is, we all know, great Home and Foreign Societies for instance, which, claiming the sanction of "holy religion," act on a purely missionary or denominational view, and raise immense sums. All honour to them. But amid many benevolent humanitarian associations, I know of none which, "adopting our platform" or "ranging itself under our banners," calmly contemplates and alone carries out such labours of self-sacrifice and liberality. For let us bear in mind Freemasonry is not composed of the richest members of society. We have amongst us opulent brethren, but the great mass are men of "moderate income," and many are practically and comparatively "poor men." But such is the "elan" of Masonic charity and sympathy—such the realization of the fact that our Charities are the "crown," so to say, of our Masonic profession—that instead of decreasing, despite hard times and bad trade, our returns are actually increasing, and so say I "mote it be" in the future of our great Order, when we ourselves have passed away from our work and from our lodge. So long as Freemasonry in this country is true to its mission; so long as it eschews political and religious controversies, always hurtful; so long as it upholds its great and fundamental principles, Loyalty, Toleration, Charity; so long will it flourish amongst us, a pride to its members and a blessing to mankind. The work of 1881 may, indeed, make us all glad to think that we belong to that Masonic Brotherhood, which has "stood the test of ages" and seems to "defy" the "encroaching hand of Time."

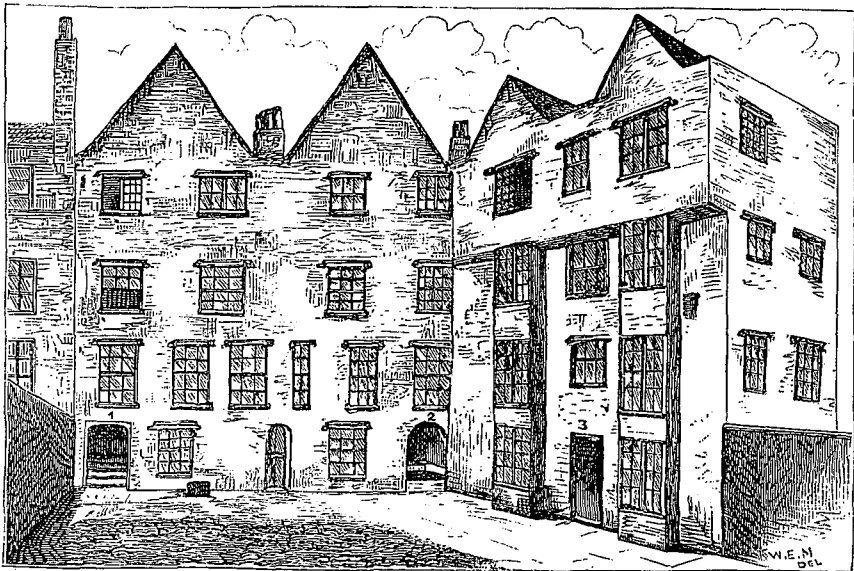
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## BARNARD'S INN, HOLBORN.

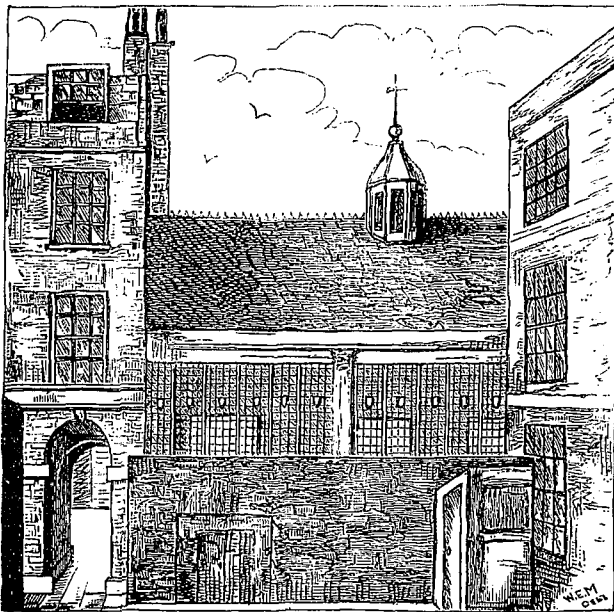
WE are indebted to the very kind and courteous permission of the publisher and editor of the *Antiquary*, that valuable medium for archæological inquiry and research, for the appearance of this interesting article and its effective illustrations in our Magazine. We feel quite sure that the "fact" will be appreciated by our readers as it is by us.—ED. M. M.

THIS veritable relic of Old London, which, in part, escaped the Great Fire, has lately been sold, and will shortly be demolished. Known originally as Mackworth's Inn, from having been the residence of Dr. John Mackworth, who was Dean of Lincoln in the reign of King Henry VI., it was afterwards leased by his successor and the Chapter (as an endowment for the services which were to be celebrated over his grave in the Cathedral) to a gentleman named Lionel Barnard, from whom it received the name it now bears. The



repose and solitude that invest its three courts are typical of the mystery which hangs over its fortunes. The history of Barnard's Inn is involved more or less in obscurity. One or two facts, however, are definitely ascertained. Rebuilt in 1510, soon after the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne, it was constituted an Inn of Chancery, being attached to Gray's Inn. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as many as fourteen dependent Inns had gathered around the great Inns of Court, like colleges around a University, and Barnard's then formed one of "the houses of Chancery within the Liberties." In later years it became celebrated as the last abode of Peter Woulfe, who, surviving Dr. Price, of Guildford, may fitly be termed the last of the

Alchemists.\* That singular being—singular in each sense of the word—lived into the beginning of the present century. Sir Humphry Davy has left us a description of the home, the personal appearance, and eccentricities of the philosopher, whose seclusion and researches were unbrightened by any of the cheerfulness which, as Edwards, his old schoolfellow, naively told Dr. Johnson, he had found to effectually discourage all continuance in the one or prosecution in the other. Here he died as he had lived—solitary; whatever secrets he may have discovered remained secrets to all the world besides. Desolate and otherwise forgotten has been this little Inn for generations past, but it was a brave place in its day. Tradition still lingers, with whispering voice, around its isolated quadrangles of the once useful Ancients, of their nine Companions with the Principal at their head. The Companions, elected



by the Principal and the Ancients, enjoyed the privilege of countless dinners in the Hall. The Ancients had an additional title to the receipt of certain "little fees," whilst the Principal, as master of the revels, had no graver responsibilities cast upon him than lay in keeping his small society within the easy limits of a moderate decorum.

The Royal Commission which sat in 1854 on an inquiry into our Inns of Court of Chancery, failed to elicit any evidence of material importance in respect of the antecedents of Barnard's Inn or its possessors. No students, it

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\* See, however, the account given in *A Personal Tour Through the United Kingdom*, by Sir Richard Phillips, of a visit made by him in the year 1828, to a Mr. Kellerman, at Lilley, a village midway between Luton and Hitchin. Kellerman claimed to have discovered the art of making gold, and the sublime alkahest (or universal solvent), the "fixing" of mercury, and the "blacker than black" of Apollonius Tyanus. He laboured under the delusion that every Government in Europe was in league to gain possession of his secret by force. In the course of the interview he quoted Woulfe, amongst other authorities, in justification of his pursuit.

was stated, had ever belonged here; but this does not agree with what Stow tells us, or, indeed, with the subsequent admission that during the latter portion of the seventeenth century a reader in Law would occasionally come over from Gray's Inn. But the library was afterwards sold, as consisting of "a few old books which were of no use;" and all traces of earlier condition or constitution of the Inn rapidly disappeared. A treasurer and a secretary, it is true, responded to the call to go before the Royal Commission. But they had little story to tell other than that the account books of the Inn covered a period dating from more than three hundred years ago; and that the property was held under a lease renewable every fourteen years at a fine of £1400. Their rent-roll then brought in an income of the yearly value of about £1000.

Turning out of Holborn opposite Furnival's Inn, through an insignificant though substantially built gateway, over which appear the date and letters, 1758, P.R.W., we walk along a narrow passage into the first and outer court, with a brick archway at its south-eastern corner. This court has for its southern side the archway and diminutive Hall of red brick which are shown in my sketch. The Hall, as will be observed, has a very plain elevation, and is unusually well lighted with side-latticed windows and a central lanthorn. Though not especially remarkable in any other way, the Hall forms an interesting feature in a district which, including its more attractive neighbour—Staple Inn—where Johnson wrote his "little story book," as he termed his Eastern tale—is as yet untouched by the Apollyon of utility and improvement. It has, however, a pleasing interior, fitted and decorated in the customary manner, and adorned with portraits of King Charles II., Lord Burghley, Lord Verulam, the Lord-Keeper Coventry, and Lord Chief Justice Holt. Its dimensions do not exceed a plan of about thirty-six feet by twenty feet, with a height of thirty feet. The coats of arms of past Principals, in stained glass, ornament the side windows. But a high wall, which shuts off its northern side, and a hideous yellow brick structure forming its entrance from the south, greatly disfigure the exterior of the Hall. Beyond the middle and smallest quadrangle, which is almost wholly occupied by the yellow brick entrance to the Hall, is a larger court, having at its south-eastern corner the Jacobean buildings represented in my other drawing. The alchemist lived in the second floor chambers of the staircase No. 2. The mullions above the windows, with the overhanging upper story and two bays on the right, are very picturesque. A large tree stands equidistant from the three entrance doorways. There are buildings of a more modern age on the western side of this, the furthest court from Holborn, and they also have trees planted before their doors. Charles Dickens, in *Great Expectations*, indulges in a few characteristic strokes of humour at the expense of Barnard's Inn, but his pleasantry is applicable to scores of places that have been suffered to fall into neglect and decay. Here, as elsewhere, his graphic pen seems to me to miss the true *genus loci*.

W. E. MELLIKEN.

## MASONRY V. AGNOSTICISM.\*

BY BRO. THE REV. HENRY G. PERRY, M.A., 32°, K.T.

(Concluded from page 14).

THE celebrated Ruskin may not be a Mason, but admitted to and advocate of our exalted "Royal Art," as I am, I read with zest that the arch critic avers:—"All great art is the expression of man's delight in the work of God."

This is direct testimony. Under no assumed pretence of present or prospective *good of all*, indiscriminately, can what God has given us be over-ridden or contemned even in the name and practice, however novel or seductive, of a so-called goddess "philanthropy" that would deify man and deride Deity. The result, in time, however successful, proves bad, as it is at the expense, especially, of that which He came, as the Light of the World, to shine into the heart of mere "natural man," to bring him from darkness to light—nearer the Lord his God, and the shrine of the soul's true worship. To this, we say, Masonry contributes, and elevates, dignifies and enlightens the candidate far more than even its "mysteries" claim, morally or otherwise, to confer. And this, too, the world's history, in the oncourse of ages, discloses to the fair-minded student. What have not godliness and the principles of the Order done for mankind? And what would we in the world be, this moment, but for Heaven's revealed word; the higher life and combined effort for good in carrying out the principles of the divine Master to make men holy, happy and harmonious?

Man makes mistakes, God never! After great exposure, suffering, error, and trial, men may reach the haven of safety, through God's mercy and guidance, where their mistakes have made them but misery by the way. But the success is of Him with whom nothing is impossible. God overrules for good, while man merits, if anything, from his due obedience in God's service.

Nor can I omit the occasion, at this near date of its baleful consequence and exhibit, to animadvert upon what is of the malignant, hydra-headed, Briarean agnostic brood; the genus, that is "Agnosticism," and the species legion; as, for instance, from ordinary scepticism and materialism, on through more offensive agrarianism, communism, and socialism, aggressively, Nihilism, or whatever such, anywhere, may choose to call themselves, *et hoc genus omne*,—*all*, so to speak, for self-aggrandizing pessimism; the disturbance of established usage and existing government; to defeat the Divine, however impossible; to impugn law and order, and all things sacred; pander to the improvident; paralyse industry; terrify, demonise, unsettle and peril all idea of security, so that in the end, life, legal liberty, and property rights were at "mob's" brutal whim and disposal—the prey of the brand, the bullet, and the blade! A fine promising picture is this for the commonwealth's freedom to contemplate, if threatening the Republic! Let us not shrink from it! The Czar's assassination was that of an old man, not long to live, but who interests all as a citizen of the world and legitimate ruler, the liberator of millions, patron of arts and sciences, improver of the immense territory over which he was set, and respected accordingly, it cannot be denied. And his death was terribly to "baptize in blood" really the Agnostic in its sweeping, extreme, denunciatory, most lawless and unprincipled reach,—of anarchy and confusion the very incarnate. Theirs is the doctrine of desperadoes! as a journal of the day, after all, says of them: "Political and moral nondescripts; no word will describe them, even vaguely, except the name of Socialists, or its substantial equivalents,

Nihilists or Communists,"—and "their ideas of what constitutes civilisation are immeasurably below those of the wildest American Indian."

It takes brave brain and brawn to cope with creatures like these, even for *their* benefit! No envied office, easy empire, or bed of roses, for the duty-doer, at best. So take we timely heed, trusty citizens, in custody of right liberty, to the Federal Union! Sowing, weeding, watching, reaping—what of the harvest? Then, "Yea, and why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" asketh the Master. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" One thing here, though, thank God! such alien caitiffs can never of right be Freemasons.

To prove that Nihilists are out-and-out agnostics, we have but to quote briefly from what, thirty-three years ago, the ring-leading formulator declared of this Nihilism, viz: "The gospel admits of no half-measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new one. The lie must be stamped out and give way to truth. Now the beginning of all the lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is God. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God, for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds, you will never know what freedom is! The first lie is God, the second lie is Right." And "once penetrated with a clear conviction of your might, you will be able to destroy this mere notion of right." Thus, "when you have freed your minds from the fear of God and from that childish respect for the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your own law!"

Your own "sweet will" only is what is meant in this selfish ostracism, and wholesale demolition of all common sense and decency even. But the Nihil-gospel continues: "In order to get this law recognized, and to bring about the proper relations which should exist between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of state or social organisation! Our first work must be the destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists."

"Neck or nothing!" To this "you must accustom yourself"—actually to be an expert slayer, successful incendiary, and complete exterminator in general of everybody but yourself, and of all things but your own! Mark well! the very Nihil-mandate of what vicious wantonness and thoroughly unprincipled import "to destroy everything—the good with the bad; for if an atom of this old world remains the new will never be created. Take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue one atom of this old world, which we consecrate to destruction."

On the heels of the late Czar's assassination there were meetings at various principal American points, as in Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York, of Communists notably in active accord and sympathy with the Nihilists, gloating over the murder of Alexander. From New York emanates the threat of an open Socialist publicated through the prints of the day: "In America, the fate which has overtaken Alexander has a point. There are those in the United States who should heed the warning, for it bodes disaster to some among us in high places," and there was still more of corresponding villainous intimation from this impious gangrene, of agnostic odour, marking its source. Not, I take it, that all Agnostics are Nihilists; but, of their ignoring God, all Nihilists are agnostic; and Nihilism, pregnant of agnosticism, is from the common matrix of Infidelity;—corrupt spawn, as of the ephemeral mortal despising the Divine eternal. Why the Most High One suffers it He only knows; doubtless it is for some purpose in the economy of events beyond our limited ken, however strange to the world; for His greater glory, and for the faithful to realise, ultimately, how much better his Maker is to that man than man to mankind.

But, on this agnostic aspect of affairs, to afford "an idea of the terrible purpose which actuated their terrorising faction," one of the Nihilists in the

confidence of the conspirators, the red-handed Goldenburg, confesses: "I have resolved to lay open the entire organisation all that is known to me as a preventive against the dreadful future which awaits us, against a whole series of executions and other repressive measures."

Shake Bakunin and Goldenburg in the Nihilistic bag together, and how is it for choice criminally of even "honour among thieves," or, agnostically, who is the "wise" that he may profit thereby? False principles and contaminating colleagues but corrupt and inculcate the innocent and unwary, often. So they exclaim, at last, like the Fleet prisoner's starling that from his wretched cage when some one asked his master, "What brought you here?" would dolefully drawl out, "*Poor company, poor company!*"

Beware of junto and cabal, the furtive league and congregations for evil! Holy Writ warns in the beginning of the Book: "O my soul come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united; for in their anger they slew a man."—Genesis xlix., 6. See, too, Psalms xxvi., xxvii., xxviii., and note carefully in Proverbs first chapter, from the seventh verse, how "Fools despise wisdom and instruction." Scan these Bible home-truths closely! Also the beautitudes, as of the Illustrious Master's teaching in the Gospel (Luke, vi., 20), how they contrast with the infernal summary published of the New York Socialists' platform and programme for murder. "I. Inauguration of the terror system by destroying all persons injurious to the party of progress, whether public or private persons. II. Vengeance against functionaries for past misdeeds. III. Assassination of all persons whose death would increase the power of the party of progress. IV. Division of the real and personal property of persons thus assassinated among the "friends of progress and the children of the Goddess of Liberty."

In other words, kill, plunder, and share the spoils, as the scoundrel assassins please! That would be, in un-Masonic style and parlance, a "lay-out" to make the angels weep; but worthy of the lowest lazzaroni horde of thugs and cut-throat thieves the land were cursed with indeed to gain the upper-hand against thrift, sound educational development, religious principle, peace and patriotism. The "Dark Ages" were paradise to any Nihilist establishment! If such excrescences agnostic on the fair face of our civilisation look for success in "this land of liberty," they must join issue with Freemasonry in the United States to begin with; and there are some 50,000 of the Craft on "God and humanity's side" in Illinois, alone. That sentence contains much, and it will bear putting faith in, as, when the Fraternity moves all concertedly to defend and preserve a "landmark," the great mass is one man. An occasional Achan may be suspected, but the tares are few in the full field. If there be one, here or there, individually vacillating or refractory so "fallen from grace"—degradedly unmade of and unmaking one's self—let all know it was not thus, nor could it have been rightly at "entering" the lodge. Evil doubt, or after defection has since come or been taken wrongly upon the recreant backsliding from the sacred tenets of the Craft. Sad! if any there be! so far forgetting their high calling and profession as to blaspheme and retrograde, Judas-like denying that Deity to whom they knelt in prayer, they receive but deserved rebuke. For, however variant else, *The Ancient Charges*, world-wide immemorial, are those without which Freemasonry "could not exist" simply. The "belief and trust in one God, and in a Divine Revelation, and obedience to the ten commandments of Sinai, are essentials opposed to which nothing 'opposite' nor 'contradictory' can be tolerated." And any Mason, as such, openly denying the Divine Being renders himself liable to presentment and discipline. May that day be far removed that such should prove the forced extremity in which Fellow Craft were driven to try the Master! Rather, let all of Masonic membership, from Apprentice to Arch, vie with and emulate each other in bringing honour upon and edifying

the Fraternity; and to inculcate *that* devoid of which all our doings are nothing worth. It comes of God's sanctifying spirit besought to redeem us; and "to pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of Charity, the very bond of peace and all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee!" Grant it for the sake of Thy Holy One. Such is the pure ennobling sentiment of prayerful piety. In so far as *this connects with the Throne of Grace*, Masonry surely is not irreligious.

In that Masonry inculcates devotion and confidence in Divine things, it is admittedly akin to and the worthy hand-maid of religion. And as Masonry moves and bids us trust in God, the Father Almighty, and to ask Him in merciful condescension to assist us at all times and places proper, we acknowledge Him, and should so serve and strive ever to realize the Divine blessing. And Him, therefore, must we seek in every relation of life, and in all things excellent, to put them into reasonable practice for our sovereign good. Thus, "in Thy Light shall we see light;" O thou Lord of life and enlightener of all, humbly approaching Thee, to grow in Thy strength and favour into the millennium of the Sun of Righteousness at the perfect meridian of the coming day! "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," most truly, if men would but determinedly accept and act upon this. To them that love Him is the promise, He shall guide and keep thee for ever; thy feet from falling, and thy soul from death. Blest be His Name! and may increasing faith merit the reward of all those who put their trust in Him. And so, as forcibly follows, it is shown how the child of faith abjures the demon Doubt, and summons help and comfort from on high to sustain him through life's journey—

Maker! Preserver! My Redeemer! God!  
 Whom have I in the heavens, but Thee alone?  
 On earth but Thee, whom should I praise, whom love?  
 For Thou has brought me hitherto, upheld  
 By Thy omnipotence; and from Thy grace,  
 Unbought, unmerited, though not unsought--  
 The wells of my Salvation hast refresh'd  
 My spirit, watering it at morn and eve.

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THE MAIDEN'S BOWER: A SERENADE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THE dews of night are falling light  
 Upon the maiden's bower:  
 The evening star now shines afar  
 High over hill and tower.  
 My lady sleeps, no vigil keeps,  
 And calm is her repose,  
 Whilst I'm awake for her sweet sake,  
 And scarce mine eyelids close.  
 Sleep soft, my love. O God above,  
 Now shield her from all harm;  
 Let heavenly gleams shine through her dreams,  
 And keep her from alarm;  
 I'll tune my lays to chant her praise,  
 And serenade my queen,  
 The fairest flower in maiden bower,  
 The sweetest, too, I ween.

## OFF FOR A HOLIDAY.

BY A TRAVELLER AND A BROTHER.

“ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” says an old English proverb, and there is an immense amount of truth in this familiar and humble saying. If the fact be so as regards youth, and it is undoubtedly so, how much more true is it of us all and for us all as we get on in years and find ourselves in the full tide of the “wear and tear” of life, amid the busy and often weary throng of men, burdened with care, engrossed with profit, or bowed down by toil? For then, be it noted and remembered, we are neither so elastic nor active as we once were wont to be; we do not so soon rally from unexpected or unprecedented pressure of labour or worry; as the doctors like to say in their often to us mystical and learned phraseology, our “recuperative powers” are not what they once were. This is so much the case, as we all know, more or less, that if any of us persevere too long in an overwhelming course of hard mental or bodily work, we become jaded in body, depressed in mind, morbid in fancies, nervous and “out of sorts.” Ill-health confronts us sternly, it maybe, with its moral certainty; dyspepsia haunts us with its “dark shadows and afflictive vagaries.” Hence it becomes necessary for all who work—really work, for there are “workers and workers”—every now and then to have a “break” in their continuous toil, a pause in their normal life, a breathing time in their incessant round—their very existence to have, in fact, relaxation of mind as well as rest of body. Many of us who read these lines, for instance, have arrived at that period of our natural life, when—as with youth, so also with maturity, yes, and old age—a good and needed holiday-time for us is setting in happily; and it is the object of this humble paper, dull, perhaps, and prosaic enough in all conscience, to try and depict, however hastily and imperfectly, the views and sentiments with which we naturally greet, and as profitably should use, this temporary change in the customary conditions of our mundane existence day by day. I do not know whether it much matters if we are married or single. We all equally want a holiday. The married man, no doubt, has more “impedimenta” to think of, more possible obstacles to smooth over and “interview.” The wife of his bosom is not always easy to be pleased; the “olive blossoms” all have to be considered. What suits him exactly may not suit them at all, and “mater familias” is sometimes apt to go in for a “strongish order” when “doing the maternal;” and taking up the “high line” with a vengeance, she denounces this or praises that, not because it harmonizes or disagrees with the views of her “lord and master,” but because it suits or does not suit “baby”—a fat, howling brat of eight months old—or the engaging Flossy, or that “feeble” Tommie. The poor, solitary, lonely bachelor, or as the French writer once elegantly put it, “pauvre vieux garçon solitaire,” has his troubles also to contend with. His servant also wants a holiday, or cook gives notice, or Mary Ann’s young man won’t wait, and just as he is starting he has no end of domestic embroglios to disentangle and dispose of. I think at that time many a bachelor cries for a “domestic sewing machine,” who really could be a useful “helpmate” to him in all his worries, though not like Mrs. Radde, take them “all upon herself” and desire Raddle not to “interfere.”

But let us assume we are “off” at last, encumbered by many packages and with three times too much luggage. How pleasant it is to find that we are really, for a time, free from matutinal callers or midday business, those press-



ing letters which you must answer, those numberless communications which it is a sheer waste of time to even respond to. And then how fresh and new everything appears. We have not smelt the "grass" for ever so long; the perfume of flowers comes floating on the breezes; that general "country feel" which is so pleasant to us denizens of large towns, and which when we live in the country we ungratefully often fail after a little to realise at all. Whether we are wending to the seaside to inhale ozone and seaweed odours, whether we are off to a cottage in a Welsh vale, whether we are bound to Newry, or Britany, or Iceland in this "hottest of weather" with "cool anticipations;" whether we mean to take a "gite" at Ostend, and disport ourselves among the sea "naiads and dryads," or Dieppe, Etretal, or Trouville; whether Helsingen, or Homburg, or Schwabach, or Marienbad are our ultima thule, it is exactly the same. Yes, I repeat, whether we are intent on Switzerland or the Tyrol, Westmoreland or Cumberland, Ireland or Scotland, Harrogate or Scarborough, Broadstairs or the Isle of Wight; whether we are up to a walking tour or boating "down" the Thames, there is but one feeling prevalent in our minds, unless we be hepatically jaundiced or very ill-conditioned folks, and that one of freedom, happiness, and content. We take what we can get, and meet what comes in our way gladly and cheerily. Like Mr. Samuel Weller, "we eats our melting pears" with much satisfaction, and "asks no names." We are not put out with little accidents or petty "contretemps." We are always amiable, serene, good-tempered, and considerate. We do not seek for difficulties, and we do not invent them. We do not render ourselves disagreeable to ourselves and a laughing-stock to others by a display of an irritable temper or a peevish disposition. We are pleased with everything. We delight in the happiness of others, and are glad to make our holiday a real holiday to us and them in the pleasant associations it educes, and the pleasanter memories it will one day evoke when returned to dear smoky London, the cares of a counting-house, the calls of a profession, the "copy" of a journal. We have sometimes met cross, and snappish, and sardonic people "out for a holiday," and we have always wondered why, in the name of all that is unfathomable, they did not stay at home. Good humour and good spirits are essential to the enjoyment, whether of a family party, or a solitary tour, or a holiday jaunt; and I would respectfully suggest to all who are either "short" in "temper," or defective in "good breeding," to find some quiet spot where they can be bad-tempered and rude to themselves. I suggest this specially, because some "good people" always deem it needful, though what for I cannot realize, to be stiff and starched and difficult to get on with when "out for a holiday." Of course, there are some "tempers" in the world which are always desperate, in that they can never be smoothed down, but why people who are easy-going at home should make themselves essentially disagreeable abroad, is one of those mysteries over which, like "Isis," we had better drop the veil.

I trust that all who read these pages will feel as I do, not only the need but the good of a holiday, and seek to make "much of it," and to profit by it. If properly used it may do them and us all great good. It will throw us all together more closely, friends and family, and teach us to make allowances and smooth off each other's angles. It will bid us be cheerful and considerate, genial and gentle, tolerant and *debonnaire*, as we shall learn by "hourly juxtaposition" how life is truly made up of "giving and taking." And so may we use our "holiday hours" that when we recount the scenes we have visited, and the dangers we have braved, we may say, "Ah, what happy hours these really were, when we got off at last for a 'holiday!'"

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## HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

*Giving also, incidentally (by notes of the Foundation of each Lodge in chronological order), a record of the Progress of Freemasonry in Yorkshire.*

BY BRO. J. RAMSDEN RILEY, P.M. AIREDALE LODGE, NO. 387;  
Z. MORAVIAN CHAPTER, NO. 387.

SECTION III.—1833 to 1863 (*continued*).

ON January 9th, 1858, Bro. Geo. Motley Waud was installed W. Master by Bro. Thos. Brown, P.M., "in a most solemn and impressive manner, and gave to each of the officers a beautiful charge on their respective duties."

The advent of this brother (P.M. Brown), who was well known throughout the province as a superior worker in Freemasonry, seems to have further encouraged the worthy Past Masters, already referred on several occasions, as he was also a regular *attender*, and during 1858 the working of our lodge was perfect. Members from the Lodges Hope, 379, and Harmony, 874, were present at every meeting, and their admiration of the masterly manner in which all the ceremonies were conducted may well be understood.

Bro. Brown was initiated in the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, Keighley, December 27th, 1814, and at this time was 64 years of age. He was one of the brightest ornaments of our lodge—one of those "perfect ashlar" all should strive to emulate. May his memory never fade from our hearts, but be perpetuated not only in our lodge (which might in the uncertain future become extinct), but by those other lodges which so freely benefited by his zealous and successful efforts to elevate them.

Six visitors attended from the Hope Lodge, Bradford, to witness the initiation of the Rev. Thos. W. Kelly, of Horton, on June 1st, 1858. Bro. the Rev. Henry de Laval Willis, D.D. (one of the visitors), gave Bro. Kelly the charge in a most solemn manner, Bro. John Walker, P.M., giving the W.T., and Bro. Thos. Brown, P.M., the first tracing board.

On Wednesday, October 20th, 1858, "an invitation was received from the Lodge of Hope, 379, Bradford, requesting the brethren of this lodge to attend at Bradford, and open a Mark Mason's lodge in their rooms on Monday night next, the 25th inst., for the purpose of initiating Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P. Prov. G.S.W., and other brethren." It is also recorded on November 24th, 1858, that the Mark Masons of Airedale Lodge gave four members of other lodges the Mark on the 25th ult. at the Lodge of Hope, 379, Bradford. The Londesborough Lodge, No. 1036, Bridlington, and Friendship Lodge, No. 1052, Cleckheaton, constituted in 1858.

A lodge of emergency was held May 7th, 1859, to approve of a petition to the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows, on behalf of a brother (J.B.) initiated in 1830. He was a worthy member, and in a humble way had done his duty to the lodge and the charities. In consequence of an accident in 1839, Bro. Bell suffered from several serious injuries, had lost an eye, and at this period, at the age of 70, was still further incapacitated from pursuing his ordinary occupation through a recent attack of paralysis. The other afflictions of this unfortunate brother were also very heavy, and called forth the genuine sympathy of our members, who adopted the petition referred to, their efforts resulting in his election as an annuitant on May 18th, 1860.

Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P. Prov. G.S.W., etc., visited the lodge again October 12th, 1859. "The lodge being closed in due form with a prayer by Bro. Woodford, who we (the brethren of this lodge) were sorry to part with, at a few minutes past nine o'clock."

A brother, John Smith, "declared off" December 28th, 1859. He was *not* one of the petitioners for our warrant, and now joined the Scientific, Bingley. This Bro. Smith was initiated in the Airedale Lodge, Dec. 29th, 1841.

At the Prov. G. Lodge meeting at Huddersfield, March 28th, 1860, a Provincial Charity Committee was formed, to consist of one member from each lodge in the province. Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P. Prov. G.S.W., etc., was elected Chairman, and Bro. R. R. Nelson (Prov. G. Sec.), Secretary. Bro. Henry Smith, P.M., was nominated to represent Airedale Lodge on this Committee, the first meeting of which was fixed to be held at Heckmond-wike. At the foot of the minutes on April 4th, 1860, is entered a minute of an interesting episode as follows :—

At the refreshment board, and after a few appropriate remarks made by our much respected visiting Brother, J. T. Robinson, W. Master of the Lodge of Hope, he presented to the Treasurer of this lodge a purse, the contents of which were for Bro. P.M. Joseph Walker, from a few brethren of the Lodge of Hope, to be applied for a purpose afterwards explained. Bro. Robinson also invited the members of the lodge to pay a visit to the Hope Lodge at their next meeting, on Monday, 7th May, 1860.

On April 10th, 1860, the donations of sixteen members, amounting to ten guineas, was forwarded to the Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows. On the 30th April a further sum of £2 was sent, and on May 10th, £1 5s. more, altogether £13 15s. This liberality was no doubt purely a Masonic thank-offering in consequence of the election of Bro. Joshua Bell as an annuitant. Our unfortunate brother was not destined, however, to reap much benefit from his successful first application, as he died July 29th, 1860, aged 71 years.

A visit was paid to the Harbour of Refuge Lodge, No. 1066, West Hartlepool, on the occasion of the installation of Bro. John Sutcliffe as W.M., on Wednesday, 25th July, 1860, and this visit is referred to in Bro. Wainman Holmes' "Reminiscences," given in the Appendix I. The names of our brethren who journeyed to West Hartlepool on this occasion were Bro. Jesse Denby, W.M.; Bro. C. F. Taylor, S.W.; Bro. Wainman Holmes, Secretary and P.M.; Bro. W. W. Holmes, P.M.; Bro. John Walker, jun., P.M.; Bro. Joseph Walker, P.M.; Bro. John Mann, Bro. Jesse Cockshott, Bro. Samuel Atkinson; and an interesting letter, dated 6th August, 1860, thanking the W.M. and brethren of 1066 for their hospitality, is copied in the minute book.

In this year Craven Lodge, 1112, Skipton; St. John's, 1129, Dewsbury; and De Grey and Ripon Lodge, 1139, Ripon, were constituted.

At the regular meeting, January 23rd, 1861, £10 was voted to the Annuity Fund for the purpose of making the W.M. a Life-Governor. On September 18th, 1861, eight visitors were present from Hope Lodge, 379, and the minutes, which are very interesting, contain the following :—

It was mentioned by the W.M. that several of the brethren were unavoidably absent, owing to domestic bereavement, which was deeply deplored by all present. The lodge was opened to the 2nd and 3rd Degrees, when some excellent working was gone through by Bro. John Walker, P.M.; Joseph Walker, P.M.; and Thomas Brown, P.M., who really astonished every one present with the very excellent expatiation of the seven sections of the long lecture, and gave food for every fellow-craft's mind to think over. It was proposed by Bro. Geo. Motley Waud, and seconded by Bro. N. Walker, and carried by acclamation, that the best thanks of the lodge be returned to our venerable Bro. P.M. Thomas Brown for his kindness in giving so interesting and philosophical a lecture, and that the Grand Geometrician may long preserve so eminent a F.C. amongst us.

On November 20th, 1861, the Treasurer was authorised to pay the sum of £1 to a distressed P.M.

At the meeting on January, 15th, 1862, "the W. Master called the attention of the brethren to the necessity of punctual attendance, thereby leaving more of the evening for Masonic duties, and enabling the brethren to return home in good time." Bro. Joseph Denby proposed that £1 be given out of the lodge funds for the relief of Bro. P.M. —, "who is very poorly, and whose circum-

stances are bad." It is most satisfactory to find how readily our brethren responded to the impulses of generous sympathy and true charity on this occasion also, a subscription being at once made for the same object, and the sum of £3 17s. being collected that amount was handed over to him.

Bro. Edward Haigh presented the lodge (on February 12th, 1862) with working tools of the Three Degrees, "which he had got made during his residence in Australia; also a beautiful box made of Australian woods to place them in."

On July 9th, 1862, "the different lectures were gone through. Bro. John Walker, sen., gave the working tools in a very efficient manner, the more astonishing as he had not repeated them for near twenty years." A very good and handsome Bible was presented to the lodge by the W.M. (Bro. John C. Read), on October 8th, 1862. In this year the Phoenix Lodge, Rotherham, was constituted as No. 1206, and the St. Oswald's Lodge, Pontefract, No. 1212.

In 1863 the Airedale Lodge became No. 387; and Lodge Trafalgar, 971, Batley, and Pentalpha, 974, Bradford, were constituted. On the 1st July, 1863, "a good muster from this lodge attended the Provincial Grand Lodge at Ripon, and then proceeded in Masonic costume to dine in cloisters at Fountains Abbey." A memorial of condolence with the widow of late Bro. John Walker, jun., was ordered to be drawn up on October, 28th, 1863; and at the end of the minutes of the meeting held December 23rd, 1863, occurs the following:—

The Mark Lodge was opened, and Bro. John Taylor and Bro. Craven, of Bradford, went through the ceremony of giving the Mark to Bro. S. Priestley, and all other things necessary for it.

From this night up to 1869 the lodge was greatly indebted to Bro. Taylor, who was a constant visitor, and undertook the chief working. After the change of numbers this year, the roll of Yorkshire lodges stood as follows:

No.	No.
57 Humber, Hull.	387 Airedale, Baildon.
61 Probity, Halifax.	401 Royal Forest, Slaidburn.
123 Lennox, Richmond.	408 Three Graces, Haworth.
139 Britannia, Sheffield.	439 Scientific, Bingley.
149 Peace, Meltham.	448 Loyal Antient, St. James, Halifax.
154 Unanimity, Wakefield.	458 Aire and Calder, Goole.
200 Old Globe, Scarbro'.	495 Wakefield, Wakefield.
208 3 Gd. Principles, Dewsbury.	521 Truth, Huddersfield.
236 Union, York.	543 Cleveland, Stokesley.
242 St. George's, Doncaster.	561 Zetland, Guisbro'.
250 Minerva, Hull.	566 St. Germain's, Selby.
258 Amphibious, Heckmondwike.	600 Harmony, Bradford.
264 Nelson of the Nile, Batley.	602 North York, Middlesbro'.
265 Royal Yorkshire, Keighley.	603 Zetland, Cleckheaton.
275 Harmony, Huddersfield.	630 St. Cuthbert's, Howden.
289 Fidelity, Leeds.	643 Royal, Filey.
290 Huddersfield, Huddersfield.	652 Holme Valley, Holmfirth.
294 Constitutional, Beverley.	660 Camalodunum, Malton.
296 Royal Brunswick, Sheffield.	734 Londesborough, Bridlington
302 Hope, Bradford.	Quay.
304 Philanthropic, Leeds.	750 Friendship, Cleckheaton.
306 Alfred, Leeds.	810 Craven, Skipton.
307 Prince Frederick, Hebden Bridge.	827 St. John's, Dewsbury.
312 Lion, Whitby.	837 De Grey and Ripon, Ripon.
330 Prince George, Bottoms, Stans-	904 Phoenix, Rotherham.
feld.	910 St. Oswald, Pontefract.
337 Candour, Upper Mill.	971 Trafalgar, Batley.
380 Integrity, Morley.	974 Pentalpha, Bradford.

Phoenix Lodge, Hull, No. 256, and Allmann's Lodge, Almondbury, No. 594, had become extinct; and five lodges, as under, had been removed from the register, either for the same reason, or by erasure of Grand Lodge :

No. 323,	Newtonian, Knaresbro' ...	...	...	...	Erased 3rd Dec., 1851.
„	677, Savile, Leeds ...	...	...	„	„
„	681, Verity, Ripon.			„	„
„	688, Tudor, Saddleworth.				
„	716, Friendly, Barnsley ...	...	...	...	Erased 3rd Dec., 1851.

*(To be continued).*

### DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY AND OUR ANCIENT SECRETS.

*A Paper read before the Eboracum Lodge by Bro. W. W. Whytehead, M.A.,  
B. Sc. (Paris).*

I WILL in a few words explain how my attention has been drawn to the subject of my paper. After a prolonged residence at Paris, I determined to consolidate my acquaintance with the French and their language by taking a degree at the University of France. I had, ten years previously, taken a degree in mathematics at the University of Cambridge, and, therefore, decided to read for the degree entitled "Baccalauréat ès Sciences," the programme of which is composed of Latin, literature, history, mathematics, physics, and chemistry. Of the ten subjects of mathematics, several differed in method from what we are generally used to in England; for instance, Euclid, that foundation of mathematical studies here, has been quite discarded in France, having given place to "Modern Geometry," which is so far more serviceable than Euclid, and more in harmony with the advanced and practical condition of mathematics of this nineteenth century. But the name, even of one of the subjects, was entirely new to me; it was called "Descriptive Geometry," and is the science which forms the basis of architecture, engineering, and map drawing. We have here a good illustration of the advanced state of general scientific education in France, where the study of this subject is obligatory in the case of every mathematical student. Descriptive geometry is the science of representing on a sheet of paper any machine or construction whatever. There is an important distinction between an ordinary drawing and a plan. Put the former into the hands of anybody and he will be able to picture to himself the object represented; but the mason, artizan, or carpenter only seeing one side of the object will have to guess what may be the appearances of the other sides; moreover, the curves, angles, and retreating parts of the object will be more or less distorted by the effects of perspective, so that the workman will not be able to make use of his rule and compass in order to ascertain the dimensions of the object. On the other hand, the plan does not represent the object except to the skilled eye, but supplies the constructor with the dimensions he has need of. The applications of descriptive geometry are then to be found in architecture, timber cutting, military engineering, and in the construction of sundials; and a knowledge of the science, carried to a greater or less extent, is demanded of all candidates for the Government schools of France, as, for instance, those of the army and navy, of civil engineering, of mines, of architecture, of fine arts, of woods and forests. It is the draughtsman who makes a daily use of these principles, which, however, he may never have studied scientifically, and may, therefore, be reduced to working mechanically and by simple routine.

Descriptive geometry makes use of two plans, one horizontal, the other vertical; the object to be represented is then projected by means of perpendiculars dropped on these two planes, and one has thus two drawings, which are called the projections horizontal and vertical of the figure; or in the case of a machine or building, the plan and elevation; sections through fixed points are then added, and by means of the rule and compass the dimensions of each stone, timber, or casting are determined and embodied in a pattern of wood or sheet metal, which serves to guide the workman. Such is the method that has always been used to determine the forms of stone which compose a building. The Greeks made use of these two planes under the names of "ichnographic" and "orthographic." We read in the Bible of the construction of our Masonic temple: "And the house, when it was building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." Thus, then, the stones came ready cut out of the yard, the dimensions of each one having been previously worked out by the draughtsman. Moreover, tradition says that Hiram, the architect, was murdered by his workmen, because having discovered the use of the rule and compass he refused to publish his discovery. The secret was handed down from age to age as an occult science, and we see its symbols in the apron, trowel, square and compass of Freemasonry. The first treatise on the subject appeared about the middle of the sixteenth century, at a time when architectural science was in its decay. This decay, indeed, probably accounts for the publication of what had previously been kept secret. The author of the work, Philibert de l'Orme, architect of the Tuileries, does not profess to be the discoverer of the system, but only to have extended its application. Other treatises on the subject appeared in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where we first find the rules laid down for the construction of circular staircases; but for the most part the subject was not treated geometrically. The noble timber roofs of our cathedrals are examples of the use of the rule and compass in carpentry, on which a treatise was first published about the middle of the eighteenth century, and entitled "The Carpenter's Euclid." However, the author allows that his treatment of the subject is only practical, and lacks rigour. The subject was raised to a science by the great Monge, one of the most brilliant of that body of learned men who presided at the birth of modern science under the enlightened encouragement of the first Napoleon. It was Monge who embodied, or shall I say re-embodied, the principles and rules which are common to the rigorous carrying out of the different branches of the constructor's art; he it was who united together what had been disconnected practical knowledge upon a harmonious and scientific basis, under the name of descriptive geometry. However, this science, put into shape by Monge, did not assume under him the development which it has since attained. The growth of the railway system, for instance, has extended its applications, and it is descriptive geometry which has given the true solution of the form of the stones which compose a skew bridge.

It has often been a matter of speculation among Masonic students as to what were the real secrets of the mediæval Masons. It is absurd to suppose that their guilds existed simply for the sake of a few words or grips, as in the case of the modern speculative society. Of course, we know that there was a certain amount of religious dogma taught in their lodges; this much we gather from the old constitutions left to us. But I am inclined to submit that the science rediscovered by Monge, and called by him Descriptive Geometry, constituted the real secret of our ancient brethren, and that it was this knowledge which they so carefully concealed from the profane, and which gave to them the monopoly which has immortalized their memory. Without enlarging upon this point, I merely throw it out as a suggestion which, correct or not, certainly affords a reason and justification for the power wielded by the great mediæval guilds of builders.

THE GUILDHALL AND THE CHARTERS OF THE CORPORATION.

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AT a recent meeting of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, held, by the permission of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, in the Council Chamber at the Guildhall (the Lord Mayor attending in state, and occupying, for a short time, the chair), Bro. Sir John B. Monckton, F.S.A. (*President of the Board of General Purposes*), Town Clerk, gave some interesting information explanatory of the charters and early records of the Corporation. He said the charters were about a hundred in number, and mostly in possession of the Corporation. A few only of the number had been mounted, in order that they might be capable of being exhibited. These earlier ones, some nine or ten, had been in the care of his predecessors, and under his own care. They were the shortest of the charters, and the old kings had managed to say in a few words what now it would take many words to express. The first was a charter of William the Conqueror (1066-87); it was what was called a charter of liberties, and read as follows: "William the King greets William the Bishop and Gosfreaght the Portreeve and all the Burghers within London, French and English, friendly. And I make known unto ye that I will that ye be entitled to all those laws to which ye were entitled in the days of King Edward. And I will that every child shall be his Father's Heir after his Father's day. And I will not suffer any man to offer you any wrong. God give you health." In the same case was the charter of William I., granted to his man Deorman a hide of land at Gyddesdesne, in Essex. This was the only charter they held in Saxon. No. 2 was a charter of liberties Henry II. (1154-89); as also No. 3, Richard I., date 1194. No. 4 was a charter of Richard I. directing the removal of kiddles or wears in the Thames. John granted several charters, one of liberties, and another (1199) directing the removal of kiddles and wears in the Thames. Another, No. 7, was an important one, granting the shrievalty of London to the citizens and burgers. No. 8, a charter by John (1202), abolishing the Weavers' Guild (which had its origin under Henry II.) in consideration of receiving 20 marks from citizens in lieu of 18 from weavers. No. 9 was a charter granted by John (1214) giving to the citizens (then styled barons) of London liberty to choose their mayor. Among the early MSS., which were well written and richly illuminated, and which would be shown to the members, were "De Antiquis Legibus," in 1274. This was on vellum, written in Latin and Norman-French. "Liber Albus," now "Liber Niger," Latin and Norman-French, had been written by his learned predecessor, John Carpenter, in 1419. In 1582, or later, it had been copied, also on vellum, under supervision of Robert Smith, so that "Qui liber albus erat, nunc est contrarius," an allusion to the original copy having become darkened through age. "Liber Custumarum," of date 1154-71, which was interesting from the excellence of the writing and the richness of the illumination, was on vellum, written in Latin and Norman-French. "Liber Horn" was a bequest to the City by Andrew Horn, citizen and fishmonger. "Cartæ Antiquæ," on vellum, was beautifully coloured and illuminated, and was in Latin, Norman-French, and English. In those days they seemed, said Sir John Monckton, to have possessed the art of gilding and colouring their manuscripts so as to render the work lasting, a power which those who were judges said we had not now. In concluding, he referred to the Letter Book A (1275), and said that the Corporation prided themselves on the continuity of their records from that date down to the present time, and which were fairly written and well preserved.

Bro. Horace Jones, City Architect, speaking of the Guildhall, gave to the meeting the following notes on the history of the old and interesting building so close to them at the moment, and so closely interwoven with the history of the great city which surrounded them. Built a few years after the magnificent structure at Westminster—the pride and honour of the last Plantagenet that occupied the throne of England—it bore, in several of its features, some resemblance to its contemporary, for in those days fashion in the form and art of building was more *exigant*, and more followed than at present; it was much smaller though in proportion, much loftier, and better adapted for hearing when used as a hall for deliberative or electioneering purposes. There were many buildings still scattered about the country devoted to the same purposes, or nearly so, as our own Guildhall—the civic Guildhalls at York, Norwich, Exeter, &c., though most of them could bear little or no comparison with Guildhall, which in size and character was second only to its great neighbour at Westminster. Its uses and purposes might be characterised as threefold: primarily, for the assembling of the guilds from which it took its name, and for meetings of the citizens for the election of mayors, sheriffs, and burgesses in Parliament, as well as for meetings for petitions, &c. Secondly, as a court of justice, not only for the administering such minor justice as might be required in the daily occurrences of city life in olden time, and the recovery of small debts, &c., but also for trials of offences of the highest kind, including treason and other capital offences. More especially was held there the Court of Hustings, the Saxon Folk-mote, or, as it was now called, the Hustings Court, which was considered the highest court of judicature, the presiding judges being the Lord Mayor and sheriffs. Thirdly, as a banqueting hall, where had been entertained many crowned heads, and the most illustrious and distinguished men of their time, not of England alone, but of foreigners, the name of stranger being only an additional reason for civic hospitality to be extended to them. The Guildhall was of very early date; the first entry he had been able to find being 1212, fourteenth of John, in a roll of the Hustings Court, and this he would call the first Guildhall. The second, according to an entry in the Corporation records, was built in 1326, twentieth Edward II., in the mayoralty of Richard de Breton,—“Timber and lead granted for the building of the Guildhall and chapel.” Part of the chapel crypt still existed, though much defaced by fire, some of the columns and capitals being visible. It extended to half the present hall, and adjoined the present crypt, being divided by a brick wall. The third Guildhall was begun in 1411-12, Henry IV., by Thomas Knoles, then Mayor. No doubt a very different building, as left by Thomas Knoles, had presented itself to the gaze of the visitors present as they had entered that afternoon, as they probably did, by the principal south porch, which consisted of two divisions formed by an arch and columns crossing in the centre, and vaulted. The wall on either side was divided into small compartments, with tracery and quatrefoils. The groined roof, with the stone ribs springing from the sides, was intersected in the centre with sculptured bosses with various devices of the arms and bearings of Edward the Confessor. Above the porch was a commodious chamber approached by an external staircase still possessing the remnants of panel tracery and canopied niches, showing one amongst the many instances in which labour and thought were expended upon all its parts. A well-proportioned and wide-opening archway led from the porch to the hall itself. The hall was 152 ft. long, and divided into eight bays, seven buttresses on the north side, five on the south, four massive turrets at the corner, with circular or spiral stairs in each, and leading from the crypt below to the roof above. Between each buttress a lofty window, filled with stained glass, represented various scenes of civic history, or the restoration of the City charter in 1688. The height from the present pavement to under side of ridge was 89 ft. The collar or beam between the queen-posts was 29 ft. long, cut out of timber 2 ft. 8 in., or nearly a yard square. The *coup d'œil* of the hall, with



its stained glass and monuments, and massive open roof of oak, presented a grand and dignified appearance, which need fear comparison with no similar structure. Many supposed that the original hall was roofed in a not very dissimilar manner, and a statement existed, recorded by an eye-witness, that on the night of Tuesday, September 4th, 1666, "the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours, after the fire had taken it, without flames (I supposed, because the timber was of such solid oake) in a bright shining coale, as if it had been a pallace of gold or a great building of burnished brass." Others held that the building had, or was intended to have, stone ribs, as at Mayfield in Sussex, and other buildings well known, if not numerous, of that period. The crypt was one of the most ancient and perhaps the finest example of the kind existing in London. It extended only under the eastern portion of the hall. It was divided into three aisles of equal width by two rows of piers, which were clusters of four small pillars, with plain capitals, from which the arches and groins spread over the roof. The bosses at the intersection of the arches were many of them very large, bearing shields of the arms of Edward the Confessor, the City, and some well-sculptured roses.

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#### MASONIC SYMBOLISM.\*

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*A Paper read before Landmark Lodge, No. 422, A.F. and A.M., Chicago,  
by W. I. Culver.*

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EVERYONE who has passed to the degree of Fellow Craft in Masonry has been instructed that "the lapse of time, the ruthless hand of ignorance, and the devastations of war, have laid waste and destroyed many valuable monuments of an antiquity on which the utmost exertions of human genius have been employed. Even the Temple of Solomon, so spacious and magnificent, and constructed by so many celebrated artists escaped not the unsparing ravages of barbarous force."

Yet to these same monuments, or to such of them as have survived the ravages of time, we are indebted for all that is really known of those ages between the creation of man and the beginning of authentic history. By the deciphering of symbols inscribed upon them by pre-historic nations who have lived and died upon the earth, leaving behind them neither literature nor tradition, the veil of oblivion has been in part withdrawn from races of men who rose, flourished, and sank into obscurity away beyond the borders of human history. In ruins brought to light after centuries of entombment we have evidences of amazing architecture, a development of civilization and material progress truly wonderful, but it is to the hieroglyphics and other symbols found upon their monumental records, in their sepulchres, and on their edifices, that we look for a knowledge of the people themselves. These memorials of past time reveal to us the names and histories of monarchs and peoples who lived fifty centuries before the Christian Era. One author says: "It is now as certain as anything else in ancient history that Egypt existed as a civilized country not less than 5000 years earlier than the birth of Christ."

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\* This interesting paper is "reproduced" from the *Voice of Masonry* for May.

And in the same connection he observes:—"The researches in Egypt have given us dates as authentic as the monuments themselves, which confound the current chronologies, and open the past to our view somewhat as the discoveries of Columbus opened the world to the geographers of modern Europe." (Baldwin's *Pre-Historic Nations*, page 32). I have in my library a copy of this book, which once belonged to Hon. Sidney Breese, formerly and for many years a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and which contains many annotations in his handwriting. He says, among other things: "There can be no doubt that India is the birthplace of civilization." Again he says: "The Egyptians derived their knowledge from India, which was civilized ages before Egypt." If the judge was correct about this the monuments found in India connect us, indeed, with an antiquity more remote than is generally imagined. By inscriptions coming to light within a very recent period, the race inhabiting a given country, the date of their habitancy, and the countries they had previously emigrated from, with the courses they had travelled, are told with as much accuracy as will be found on the pages of modern history. Their battles, their religious faith, even the character of their ordinary pursuits, are marked in indelible characters, and become as an open book to the modern scientist.

In *Egypt, Arabia, India, Greece, Phœnicia, Chaldea, Italy, and even in Great Britain* (as it is now known), as shown by archæological investigation, the use of symbols as a ready and enduring means of perpetuating events and conveying information to "all nations, kindreds, and tongues," was common long ages before the building of King Solomon's temple.

It is not strange that nations possessed of the ingenuity and ability to construct the pyramids of Egypt and the wonderful architectural excavations found in India should find means, long before the day of books, and while the science of language was in its infancy, to leave behind them symbolic revelations concerning themselves and their histories, which are legible and intelligible to scholars of the present day, through whose industry and learning their mysteries are interpreted to us all. Thus are we made acquainted with the work of hands of whose history nothing is known to save by the symbols engraved by themselves.

Even on this continent, and particularly in Mexico and Central America, there have been found religious symbols and devices nearly identical with those found in the old world. They indicate planet worship, and convinced Humboldt that ages before Columbus was dreamed of communication existed between the two hemispheres. According to the early Spanish writers, the symbols which abounded in the Aztec temples at the period of the conquest of Mexico, as well as the inscriptions upon their public monuments, alike proved their unity of origin with the ancient inhabitants of Asia.

In view of the above, and in view of the universality and age of ancient Freemasonry, it is not singular that our society should be in its history, its work, and its methods of imparting instruction, so essentially symbolic. That Freemasonry has stood the test of ages—that it is to-day an acknowledged factor in morals, in religion, and in civilization, I believe to be very largely due to its symbolic character, as much so perhaps as to the truth and purity of its teachings, perhaps even more so, since without its symbolism its teachings might long since have been forgotten. These symbols speak the same language to-day that they did at the birth of Masonry; they bear the same construction and significance; they lead to the same moral reflections and point to the same results; and as they have never varied in the evidence they have given, it is impossible to suspect their integrity or impeach their veracity. They are founded on the eternal principles of right, justice, and morality, and who shall venture to doubt that will endure for ever?

The Bible tells that after the Deluge "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech," and it so continued until God saw fit to rebuke

man's presumption in attempting to build the tower of Babel by confounding the language of men so that they might "not understand one another's speech." As a result of the decree of Omnipotence, Masons, like all men, are unable to make themselves understood by the use of ordinary speech, except to those instructed in the same language; yet, by the use of Masonic symbolism, so perfect is it, that the well-informed Mason is able to hold Masonic converse, prove his qualifications, claim Masonic sympathy and charity, travel in foreign countries, and, in a word, make himself understood anywhere in the Masonic world.

The only universal language is symbolic: therefore the universality of Masonry depends upon and is due to its symbolism. The wonder is that in all the centuries of Masonic existence this symbolism should have been kept so nearly perfect, so clear from clippings and accretions all over the world, as still to be the same, in all essential respects and particulars, the world over.

But although this symbolism is indeed "of higher antiquity than memory or history can reach," we should be careful not to confound its extreme age with the idea that Freemasonry itself as a science is not progressive. I believe it to be true that most people outside of the lodge, and even many within it, are of opinion that Masonry is wholly an institution of a past age. Yet nothing could be farther from the truth. On the contrary, our symbols themselves, ancient as they are, prominently teach the necessity of improvement, of learning, of progress. The Entered Apprentice is taught to wish for light, the Fellow Craft for yet more light, and the Master Mason for still further light. Every step in Masonry is progressive. One might as truthfully say that a study of history or of ancient literature would tend to curb the progress of mental development as to say that a careful, conscientious, thoughtful contemplation of the truths and teachings of ancient Freemasonry will or can be inimical to mental, moral, or material advancement. What Masonry abhors is dangerous innovation, but never true progress. The latter it advocates and encourages as vigorously and as earnestly as it discourages the former. This is the true philosophy of Masonry, and it is a philosophy which inevitably leads to moral perfection, intellectual improvement, and practical good among its followers who obey its precepts. To the praise and honour of the Institution be it said that, unlike the Church in past ages of religious darkness and superstitious tyranny, Freemasonry has never yet countenanced the oppression of the learned or the suppression of learning, but, on the contrary, has been the steadfast and consistent friend of both. It could not be otherwise without belying the revered principles of our ancient brethren, and without evading and ignoring its most fundamental and essential landmarks. It has been, in its entire career, uniformly consistent in recognising and supporting truths and principles of sublime importance leading necessarily and inevitably to the civilisation and improvement of mankind. Every thoughtful Mason knows it is a baseless slander upon the Institution to say that it is in any sense an enemy of progress. When it becomes so it will cease to be Freemasonry in spirit and in truth, by whatever name it may then be called.

In Masonry three is a mystic number, and its symbols naturally range themselves in threes. Thus there are three degrees in Ancient Freemasonry, each emblematical of a stage in human life, viz., youth, manhood, and age. These three degrees are symbolic of probation, progression, and perfection. During the period of probation the Entered Apprentice is a bearer of burdens; as a Fellow Craft he realises a progress in learning, but with privileges scarcely superior to those granted him in the first stage of his Masonic career; and it is only when he has attained the perfection of a Master Mason that he obtains the reward for which he has wrought—the right to participate in the real business of his lodge, to claim charity in case of need, and to receive masonic burial in the event of death. Applied still more broadly to human life the Masonic degrees are symbols of man's creation, his mature development physically,

morally, and intellectually, and of his final spiritual and eternal existence beyond the grave.

By the symbolism of the First degree we are instructed how best to divide our time so that a portion of each day of our active life may be devoted to religion and charity, a portion to our worldly cares and interest, and the remainder to refreshment and rest; in the Second degree we are admonished to act honestly, live virtuously, and to be not forgetful of the future life towards which we are fast journeying; and in the Third degree there are vividly exemplified to us the certainty of death, the dissolution of our bodies, and the immortality of our souls.

In the First degree we are taught the importance of prayer, the necessity of a belief in Deity, and the virtue of charity; in the Second the value of learning, the dignity of true character, and the wisdom of God, the Creator of the boundless Universe; and in the Third that fidelity and zeal are essential elements of true manhood, and that cowardly and brutal assaults upon them will inevitably result in defeat, disgrace, and punishment.

Faith in God, the hope of a future life, and the duty of human charity, are symbolized by three rounds of a ladder—the one of which Jacob dreamed. Morality is symbolized by the square, equality by the level, and uprightness and integrity of character by the plumb. Brotherly love is exemplified by the cordial grasping of hands, relief by the pictured story of the Good Samaritan, and truth by the Word of God, which is never closed in open lodge.

The beehive is an emblem of industry, frugality, and thrift, is a symbol which would be understood as such in or out of the lodge. So with the hour-glass as a reminder how rapidly our sands of life are running out. The scythe as an emblem of death, the coffin as a reminder that our bodies are born to decay, and the acacia as the symbol of eternal spiritual life, are, at sight, so many legible volumes of the truths they speak. Their language is, indeed, a universal one—as plain, almost, to the un-masonic as to the Masonic reader.

Every man's temporal career is apt to be as chequered as the Mosaic pavement pictured on our Masonic charts, but when he shall have passed through the mysterious borderland indicated by the indented tessel, the blazing star, symbolizing eternal glory, leads him to hope for an immortality wholly beyond the power of mortal language to describe. Thus, from the very furniture and ornaments of his lodge, the reflective Mason learns, and may philosophize upon the whole story of his existence, present and future. From them he may learn patience, fortitude, and hope—patience to bear the ills of life, fortitude to endure the pangs of death, and hope—nay certainty—of a glorious immortality.

*(To be continued.)*

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FORTY YEARS AGO.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

*Eheu fugaces, labuntur anni.—Horace.*

HOW things have changed since you and I  
Were youths in "auld lang syne;"  
How swiftly time has passed by  
Alike for yours and mine.  
It seems but yesterday, in truth,  
Since we laughed at care and woe,  
And yet, that was, yes, in good sooth,  
Quite forty years ago.  
The old hall's filling once again  
With faces "debonnaire,"  
We hear the jest and the refrain,  
All life is fresh and fair.  
Our cricket match again we've gained;  
How fast those boats do row;  
And yet that pleasant Regime reigned  
For us, now forty years ago.  
We hear the beagles on the hills,  
We are running on yon plain,  
A pleasant memory through us thrills,  
As those "old tones come again."  
If now we're lagging in the race—  
If now they deem us "slow"—  
Yet, surely once we "went the pace,"  
Full forty years ago!  
And some are missing, true and kind,  
Whose worth we all could tell—  
Some genial friends we've left behind  
Whom we knew long and well.  
The song is hushed, the tones are mute,  
That "Cornet's" ceased to "blow;"  
Silent for ever voice and lute,  
Which pleased us forty years ago.  
How Time plays tricks with you and me,  
How yet it still deceives,  
Stripping the bloom off every tree  
And leaving us "dead leaves."  
The friends who clung to us firm and fast—  
The friends we trusted so—  
Are all but shadows of the past,  
And forty years ago!  
Alas! I am getting very old—  
Old friend, I'm nearly grey;  
And like the tales we've often told,  
Such hours must pass away.  
Our friends are scattered far and wide,  
Since we listened to the flow  
Of that old "weir," by the river's side,  
Just forty years ago.

W.

## A MASON'S STORY.

(Continued from page 464, Vol. VIII.)

IT is a glorious summer's day. Not with the sun shining as we see it here, in our cold and humid England, but pouring down with fierce brilliancy on the white turbaned heads of those who are under its rays.

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Reader, the scene is India. "India, the scene of the earliest traditions," to use the words of Dean Stanley, "and languages of the civilised world; the birth-place of the mightiest and most widely spread faith that has ever dawned on the earth; the scene of those great conflicts betwixt the most absolute monotheism on the one hand and the most elaborate polytheism on the other;" the seat of the very *acme* of theology, and the source from which all that is great in astrological science or Masonic symbolism has emanated which has enlightened the world, from the remotely misty ages of dim antiquity to the present time. Who is there among us to whom the name of India does not awaken recollections which thrill his very heart as he thinks of the names of the Clydes, the Havelocks, the two Lawrences, and all those names which go to make up our glory as a nation, and adorn our history with imperishable marks which shall last when we, as a nation, shall be no more?

Calmly gliding over the blue waters of the noble river Ganges is a small boat, whose white sails flap languidly in the slight breeze, and in the boat are seated three men, one of whom we recognise as Lord Anglesea, who reclines idly in the stern, reading the latest news from home while he smokes his "hookah." The second we may see is our old friend Penrhyn, who seems to be busily engaged in conversation with somebody whom we have not met before. He, the third party, is a curious spectacle. Long matted hair, hanging profusely over his horsehair garment; tangled beard, the growth of perchance scores of years; deep sunken eyes, the result of years of incessant fast, vigil, and study—proclaim him as a Brahmin of the first order. With that strange pertinacity which always distinguished my loved friend, Falconer is discussing with him the theology of the great Hindoo faith—that faith which, taking its rise in Egypt, spread itself in a more or less varied form over every portion of the universe, and has thrown a mighty influence and an unbreakable spell over every branch of theology which man has ever thought or dreamt of. The scene was admirably fitted for such a conversation. The version of our own sacred records fixes the creation of man, his location in paradise, his subsequent expulsion therefrom in that locality. The Garden of Eden is supposed to have been situated betwixt the Euphrates and the Tigris, and it was not very far from these rivers where the trio were now sailing. For aught they knew, the holy steps of the Nazarene might have trod over the ground they had so lately trod, during the period of that memorable sojourn among the Essenes, which Renan has described so graphically. Northward towered the peaks of the Snowy Mountains, known as the Himalayan range, frowning down on them with its yawning chasms and gaping passes, which, in spite of fearful odds, our brave men have held against overwhelming numbers. Westward was just discernable the grim old visage of Atlas, round which the ancients wove so many of their mystically beautiful fables, not least of which was the story of Perseus and the Gorgon, and which they thought, in their rude simplicity, held the heavens and the earth apart in his never-tiring, never-wearied grasp.

Let us draw near and see what the strange topic which interests both so much can be about.

The old Hindoo priest is telling Falconer—about whom he is much concerned—in his own way his ideas of a Deity. He is saying :

“You, my white friend, must of a sheer necessity admit that all things had a beginning. Now, if we look to what that beginning was, we shall soon come to understand what he whom you call God is. Without the great light which shines above us our earth would be nowhere; we could never have been brought into being. I have spoken with your learned Englishmen, and they tell me they know as what they call in their language a “scientific” fact, that this ball which we inhabit is thrown off from the sun, and to that sun it is now returning, so that we shall by-and-by become a very part of that sun. That sun, in its turn, is travelling to a great fountain of light from which everything has proceeded, and that will become eventually absorbed in it. This is what we believe to be Brahma, the great god, into whom we shall all become at last absorbed, and with whom we shall be endlessly happy. The ‘spirit,’ says your Veda and mine, ‘shall return to he, the Bramah, who gave it and the Shiva who preserved it.’ Let me tell you what the great Mahomet said of the sun. He said it was the ‘great brightness, whose attendant angel was the moon, and his creation the glory of the heavens—the night, the sight of the sin which covered the earth. He completely formed the soul, and inspired the same with its faculty of distinguishing between wickedness and piety. Now he hath purified it, and is for ever happy when he hath gathered in unto himself all that he loved and redeemed.’ Praise be unto Him, the Creator of heaven and earth, for He is almighty. Oh, man, remember his favour to you; there is none beside Him who provideth food for you from heaven and earth.”

He ceased, and his words gradually faded away, while Penrhyn remained buried in thought. But his utterances had not been lost. A new train of ideas had been opened up to the mind of one of the listeners, and henceforth he determined to try, with the assistance of the God whom he sought, to find out for himself the cause of this faith which reached to all nations, and exercised so great an influence on all alike.

Penrhyn and his noble patron were now on the best of terms; and, in fact, he was treated with as much confidence as though he had been a friend of long standing. As they walked home through the almost deserted streets, arm in-arm, his lordship said: “Well, you and the old Brahmin seemed to be having a long confabulation together this afternoon. You seem to pick up friends wherever you go. You are very fortunate. May I inquire how it came about?”

“Certainly, my lord,” replied Falconer. “I went to one of their temples the other day in order to witness their mode of worship and contrast it with that used in our own country. I can assure you I saw some very strange feats performed, which are to me wholly inexplicable, and which I cannot at all account for on the score of legerdemain. On the conclusion of the service, being, as you know, an adept in the linguism of Hindostanee, I ventured to accost the remarkable individual whose company we have been honoured with this morning. He seemed struck with my earnestness, and gave me a good deal of information. When, however, I asked to inspect their sacred books he looked very wise, and informed me that this was a favour which could only be allowed to initiates. His concluding remarks were: ‘I shall see you again where you least expect it,’ and he was waiting by the river this morning when we went down. He told me that he knew we would be there at this time. He seems to be a sort of Zicci.”

“Well,” said his Lordship, “I would give something to know as much as you know about himself and his fraternity. There are not many Englishmen with whom they can be brought to associate.”

With this the subject dropped.

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While her lover was thus striving after a knowledge of the unattainable, Mary was living the same quiet life in her English home. The summer, with its many and varied glories, was drawing to a close, and already the hay-making season had ended, and those round about her were resting for a short time before commencing the harvest. The wheat was already ripening, and in the dales and on the sunny hillsides nature glowed with a golden beauty, while the grain rocked and swayed in the breeze, its music bringing back old songs long since forgotten, but with old memories re-awakened. Soon winter would be on them again, and the winter would not find her idle, but it would not find her so happy as before.

Pelham had recovered from his well-merited snubbing at the picnic, and was prosecuting his suit with renewed ardour. His efforts at success were now seconded by her father, whose views in regard to Falconer had blotted out all feeling of honour and right. If his conscience ever pricked him concerning the dishonourable part he was playing in the little drama, he would adopt the Jesuitical motto that the end fully justified the means. Besides that, he reasoned, "Falconer is away; and though he probably may and will come back, he will not prove so pliant a son-in-law as Pelham." That Falconer certainly would not, for where any point of honour or right was concerned he would prove as obstinate as Mr. Morton himself.

One day her father said to Mary: "Mary, I wish you would listen to what Pelham has got to tell you, I think he is a God-fearing young man who would be calculated to make your life happy." Mary had replied: "Look here, father, the less you say about him to me the better, for I heartily despise the fellow." With that it had ended, save for such little hints and innuendos as he had ventured to throw out, all of which were altogether lost on his fair listener. Mary was as constant as Falconer, and she could wait, although the waiting was weary, until he could come back to claim her as his own, when all this would be forgotten as some disagreeable dream.

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On the same night as the events narrated took place, Falconer awoke from a troubled sleep, with a disagreeable impression that he was not alone. There was no one in sight, however, and he arose and approached the window to look out. The stars were shining fiercely in the Indian sky, and the moon was shining with a powerful radiance. While gazing on them, and wrapt in profound contemplation, a hand was placed quietly on his arm, and the voice of his old friend in the morning bade him look on the scene before him and say was there no God?

"Oh, man," said he, "thou hast need of God, and He is self-sufficient and to be praised. Be not thou afraid, neither be dismayed, for for ever will He be with thee, both here in this world and also in the next, wheresoever thou shalt go."

Ere Penrhyn could look round he had vanished; but it was as though a ray of light had suddenly burst upon him and he had been left alone once more in his darkness. He again sought his couch, but sleep was out of the question, and the words kept ever recurring to his mind: "God ever present." Verily God was revealing Himself to Falconer.

(*To be continued.*)



THE EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. POOLE, of the British Museum, has delivered recently a lecture on the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," which is voted so interesting and important for Masonic students that we give a condensed report of it below. It is well known that Dr. Buck translated it for the fifth volume of the late Chevalier Bunsen's great work, but that is now both dear and scarce. Lepsius, the great German Egyptian investigator, has issued it in "hieroglyphics," and M. Naville, in France, has published over two portions, and in "Texta de Ravise" some very interesting remarks, contained in the "Congres Provincial des Mentalistes Français," 1880. The Society for Biblical Archæology, of which our Bro. W. H. Rylands is the accomplished secretary, has just published in Vol. X. Egyptian Texts, "Records of the Past," translations of portions of the "Book of the Dead," "The Book of Hades," p. 79, and the "Address of Horus to Osiris" p. 61. To these we refer later.

Mr. Poole thus treats the subject:

In the Litany of Ra all other divinities disappear in the all-pervading splendour of the one whose leading form was the sun.

The Litany of Ra first appears in the Tombs of the Kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty. It may be significant that in time it thus immediately follows the heresy of the end of the previous dynasty, by which King Khu-en-aten, who, be it remembered, was maternally of foreign descent, substituted for the Egyptian religion the material worship of the sun, not as Ra, but as Aten, the Disk. The Litany of Ra appears at an opportune moment. The disk worship has gone, but in its stead a philosophy is taught which restores to the chief object of nature in the visible universe that empire which seemed just to have been lost for ever.

Our knowledge of the Litany of Ra is due to M. Naville, who has published it with an admirable translation and commentary, and at the close of the work a summary of its contents, thus giving us after the manner of De Rougé that which is wanting in too many works of the same nature, the final judgment of the scholar most competent to pronounce it. This essay covers the whole of one distinct subject in the complex contents of the Egyptian religion, which will never be understood until its difficulties have been removed one by one in a series of such exhaustive essays. (E. Naville, "La Litanie du Soleil," p. 122, *et seq.*)

Clearly the Litany of Ra displays an esoteric philosophy. It is the introduction to the mysterious scenes of the Tombs of the Kings. As proper to these sepulchres it is the royal philosophy, the wisdom which was known to the initiated, and above all to the King as High Priest. It is not an essay, but a series of prayers; therefore it does not state, but implies, a philosophy. That system is wholly pantheistic.

The doctrine of the Litany of Ra treats of the universe under that name. Ra, the sun, is but an emanation. The object of its prayers is that the king, already an image of Ra on earth, should in the after world be identified with Ra, become one and the same. As there is nothing but Ra, all nature presents his manifestations, and the doctrine becomes purely pantheistic. Good and ill

alike come from the same source, and thus the moral value of good is greatly weakened; in the Litany moral responsibility disappears. This doctrine does not admit of personality; there is nothing in which Ra is not. The local divinities vanish. Man, his creation and his destiny, never once appear. It is strange that with such liberty of speculation the doctrine should be conveyed in the stiff hieratic form of Egyptian teaching; but this was inevitable in every expression of this strange nation.

These general conclusions are supported by the theory which is developed in the text. Ra is the universe. From all eternity he abides in a sphere. He is double, and has a double sphere, for he must develop himself. He produces or creates seventy-five forms, each with its sphere. Essences arise and creation proceeds. The universal being who rested in darkness produces the elements of the universe by perpetual reproduction. Yet the earth is also his manifestation, and thus is eternal, and is not material. By the voice of Ra, creation is animated, bodies are endowed with life. All that opposes creative energy is evil, and hence a perpetual combat in which Ra is ever victorious, yet evil is his work, for he is the universal source, and thus he is even called in one manifestation "the impure." Yet there is a trace of the contrast of moral good and evil left in the story of the war of Ra and his enemies, the meaning of which could not be reasoned away. By this theory the inharmonious elements of the Egyptian religion are reconciled. The low nature worship is explained by the sacredness of all created things; the high nature worship of the astronomical cycle of gods is necessary. In fact, it is the absolute contact of the Litany of Ra with these last divinities, who are at the same time the chief Egyptian objects of reverence, which made it acceptable to the native priesthood.

The mythological link with the Book of the Dead is clear enough in the importance of Ra and the mention of the double sphere, but the theory of good and evil marks a new departure, and unless the two systems were kept apart, one reserved for the king and it may be a few of the higher priests, the other for the people, a conflict must have inevitably arisen. Yet the doctrine supposed to be the older, maintained itself by the side of the pantheistic system in its very sanctuaries, for in one of the Tombs of the Kings a whole side of the chief hall bears the famous negative confession of the Book of the Dead. The ethical link is the conflict of Ra and his opponents, which could not wholly lose its moral significance. This shows how careful we should be to avoid sweeping generalizations in dealing with the delicate changeful subject of Egyptian religious thought, especially when philosophy and morals are in conflict. Historically, the Litany of Ra has an immense value from its middle place between the Book of the Dead and the so-called Neo-Platonism of Alexandria. In its idea of divine speech as creative power there is a positive advance in this direction. Its comparative value is not less.

We are the farthest here from the idea of personality. The Book of the Dead, while denying the personality of the First Cause, admits that of its divine creations; but the Litany of Ra, by the diffusion of the First Cause, loses all possible personality in an all-pervading soul.

Thus in these different phases of Egyptian monotheism we observe the absence of the idea of a personal God. They are the efforts of philosophers to see unity in place of the confused plurality of the Pantheon, and they have the abstract character of all such attempts or rather protests.

We thus gain from Mr. Poole's abridged lecture the fact of an "initiatory process and reception," and this is a very important point to note and remember, especially at this critical period of Masonic investigation. For in any history of Masonry we cannot afford to forget the reality of initiation into the mysteries as probably the means of the preservation of any "truth in the world, and as the remains, though overawed by the accretion or corruption of primæval religion. In the *Stile* of Tritsen, who was a great artist, probably a writer on

stone, as published in the tenth volume of the "Records of the Past," we hear of the "mystery of the Divine word;" and in the Book of Hades we hear of the gates of access; and in the Book of Hades we are struck with the constant reference to the "mysteries." In the Book of the Dead, by Dr. Buck, we believe a sort of examination is to be found, and if possible, and if it be found useful for our pages, it can be alluded to and dealt with in another paper. The subject is one of great interest and value, and has just now, for Masonic students, a twofold importance.

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AFTER ALL.

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BY HENRY CALVERT APPELBY,

*Hon. Librarian of the Hull Literary Club, and Author of "A Queer Courtship,"  
"The Fatal Picture," etc.,*

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CHAPTER XI.

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.—*David Garrick.*

"MY dear fellow, much as you may have suffered, your case is a mere bagatelle to mine. Patient Job had no worse sufferings than I have. I would rather endure the horrors of the 'Inferno,' conjured from the tortured brain of a melancholy Dante, than the agony I now feel; the Giant Despair's Doubting Castle was a paradise to my aching heart. Oh, if this were only some elysium-crowned purgatory I could bear it! But this is unmanly. Forgive my excitement. I must remember the Tennysonian teaching, 'It becomes no man to nurse despair,' though I wish that the keen sickle of death would arbitrate mine."

"Truly, do we both miserably flounder in the Slough of Despond. But give me your hand, Humberton, and together we will baffle the fiendish fates yet; the wheel of fortune must turn some day."

"Who cares for fickle Fortune and her devil-invented wheel, if she bring me not back my loving bride? Oh, 'tis damnable! To lose the fairest creature on earth so cruelly and undeservedly. Twice have I fairly and honourably won her for my own, and lost her in the height of my happiness. I cannot but think some evil spirit is working against me, allowing me only this Tantalus-triumph. And now my reputation is blasted in her eyes—a more pitiful fact than if all the eyes of humanity were rolled into one scornful demon eye to torment me. The talk of the town is nothing to the melancholy reproach of her beautiful eyes; for her to think I have thus ungratefully 'lost the immortal part' of myself—lost my honour, 'the immediate jewel' of my soul. With the noble Othello I might 'have found in some part of my soul a drop of patience,' even if made,

A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
To point his slow, unmoving finger at.

I could have borne that.

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
Where either I must live or bear no life;  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence.

Oh, Redtaper, well can I imagine the proud Moor's vast grief, and feel a bond of deep sympathy with his sorrow, when he despairingly says :

Turn thy complexion there !  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim ;  
Ay, there, look grim as hell !”

“ You have, indeed, great cause for grief ; and I can fully understand it because of my own, which I have explained to you, for I have ever been discarded,” said Redtaper, sadly.

“ And never having known the sweets of reciprocal love, you cannot realize what it is to have lost them, as I can.”

“ Well, well, we will not argue again the point that neither will concede ; but you admit that she is all that is lovely. Ah, me, what a strange world this is ! But I am selfish. For yourself, how did this new catastrophe happen, for I know nothing but what the papers say, and I am anxious to know for your sake ?”

“ Thanks, thanks ; I will tell you all. What the papers say is substantially correct, but at the office they have put another light upon it. There—oh, heavens !—I am branded as a thief, and I have no redress. They will not admit or listen to me ; my letters are unanswered—perhaps unopened. What am I to do ? The facts are these. Remaining rather late at my work last night, I was left alone, though for the matter of that I am generally the last to leave, as you know, and then having finished, and seeing that all was secure, I suddenly found that Mr. Bulliker had forgotten some bank notes and left them on his desk. I thought this was very strange, as he is generally so careful with money, but I considered it best to at once secure their safety by putting them in my pocket-book, and you know the rest. I was attacked at the loneliest spot on my journey home, and the robbers soon overpowered me and found out the notes—unusual things for me to carry about with me—and decamped without taking anything else. I suppose they were satisfied with their booty. It seems peculiar, though, that they should waylay me on that particular night ; it's almost enough to make one believe in the law of coincidences. You know the horrible sequence of all this. How I rushed about, as though mad, to report the circumstances and follow the thieves ; how no one would believe me. The facts seem only too much against me in every way, and the thieves cannot be found.”

“ It is terribly hard for you,” said Redtaper, feelingly, “ and I can see that your situation is even worse than my own ; but I will do all I can for you to try and solve this matter. I *know* you are honest, and believe all you say. The only thing is, how can I make others believe so ? but I will do my best. Meanwhile, you can only wait ; and I should advertise for the robbers, offering a reward worth having. It might do some good.”

“ Thank you, my dear fellow,” said Humberton, from his heart, for the real friendship evinced for him in the other had strongly touched him. “ I will try and follow out your good advice. But you seem to have forgotten yourself in your kindly interest for me. Shall you wait, too ?”

“ I don't know ; I can't tell. I feel almost hopeless. Do you know I once thought that you loved Violet, and I wronged you ?” said Redtaper.

“ Well, I admit that Miss Cumberland is a most fascinating creature, and likely enough I was drawn towards her at our musical meetings, but nothing more. Nothing ever passed between us relating to love ; and my heart was ever true to Olivia, however I may have been touched by Violet Cumberland,” said Arthur, energetically.

“ Ah, no one could help loving such beautiful grace as she possesses ; and yet she ever treats me coldly, and the more she holds me off, the more madly I love her. It is irresistible. If I could only win her esteem.”

“ Courage, man ; we may both win yet. Heaven grant the dark cloud may be

swiftly lifted that glooms our horizon of hope. We must work, and the time will come," returned Arthur, trying to be cheerful, and failing in the attempt.

"Bulliker will not say anything about you at the office, but shrouds the affair in mystery, and Phane seems very much cut up about it," Redtaper said, by way of information.

"Yes, and he won't give me a chance of vindicating myself. It makes me miserable," said Humberton, impatiently.

"Well, *au revoir*, old fellow, we will help one another all we can. As for me, I shall try to intercept Violet from entering the nunnery as a *dermier ressort*," exclaimed Redtaper, excitedly.

"Good bye! May you succeed. It is horrible to think of such a lovely creature shutting herself up out of sight to pine away with a lot of miserable, careworn, haggard maidens. Success!"

"Adieu!" murmured Redtaper, filled with emotion at this picture of convent life, and he walked rapidly from Humberton's lodgings.

This mutual revelation had been beneficial to them both; both felt stronger for their bond of sympathy. Humberton, almost despairing, took a kind of melancholy courage, and determined to do his best to work resignedly in spite of all untoward circumstances, and see what time had in store for him. Many things seemed against him, and black indeed was his outlook.

One thing he did not mention to Redtaper, and that was that he had received a letter from Olivia previously to the unfortunate loss of the money, and after their last happy meeting, jealously accusing him of flirting with Miss Cumberland. This was very distressing to him, as it was far from true. However, such an idea had been suggested to her he could not imagine. This was another bitter ingredient in his cup of sorrow. What to do he hardly knew. For the thieves he had advertised two hundred pounds reward, and could only wait the result and trust for something to turn up.

He strode back dismally from the street where the flickering lights seemed to hold out no hope to him; they were too feeble, they seemed to say, ever to catch a thief. Arthur flung himself into a chair to think and re-think over his situation—over the strange advent of the two masked men on that particular night—over the peculiar fact of Bulliker leaving out the hundred pounds. Mrs. Chatwind asked him if he would have any supper, but his looks plainly said "No." So she left "that poor young man, who was so happy nobbut a day ago; and now he's hardly eaten anything all day, and seems as though he didn't know what to do. I'll be bound it's that nice young lady again. They're queer creatures is gals nowadays; but she might go much further and fare worse, as they say."

So soliloquised the well-meaning Mrs. Chatwind as she went upstairs. Arthur sat there trying to puzzle out the mystery for hours, but nothing came of it. Suddenly he jumped up with an involuntary exclamation. Bulliker had left the money there for a purpose! There was no doubt about it; and he had put the very worst construction on the consequences. Devil incarnate! Bulliker had, as it happened, been successful in blasting his best hopes, and would gloat over the event, for he was ever his sworn enemy. And those thieves stopping him the same night! How singular! How unfortunate! He could but wait, however, and see if time would unravel the mysterious secret. Anyway, he would live down the calumny; but what would happen in the meantime to Olivia? He dare not think of it. Would Merisslope once more become a favourite? Banish the idea! He must not prophesy his own fate.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Æsthetic transfiguration."—GILBERT.

"I WANT to look very fascinating, you know," said the comely Phillis Belsize to her friend, Louisa Delcote, as she arranged some pale lilies in her beautiful auburn hair, that hung in long lacy curls over her well-rounded shoulders.

"Of course, dear, I know it is not your vanity so much that prompts you this time, as your love of revenge," replied the aforesaid Louisa, candidly.

"Say, rather, my love for frolic," returned her companion, testily. "In fact, you're mad after that flirt Merisslope; more so than ever I was," she continued, in an affected indifference, but eagerly watching her friend's face.

"Indeed! I fancy it looks like it when I snubbed his lordship in your presence, and to your great annoyance," said the other, with a triumphant curl of her lip and a satisfied toss of her pretty little head.

"Oh! of course, you will always bring that in," said Phillis, pettishly; "a little bit of show off on your part, that's all, my dear;" and she gave an obstreperous lily a vicious twitch.

"Oh, very well! Just as you like. Anyway, you're taking a lot of trouble to serve out that poor Miss Phane by entrapping her late sweetheart, Humberton. I believe you really love the fellow, after all," answered Louisa, insinuatingly.

"Well, and what if I did? Perhaps you think he is specially reserved for you? Poor Miss Phane, indeed, after rejecting him and then taking Mr. Merrisslope! Oh, yes!" retorted Phillis, getting angry and excited.

"Then, I suppose you think you are fully able to eclipse Violet Cumberland with this gay Lothair?" taunted Louisa.

"Oh, do talk sense, my dear! You know he is no Lothario, but I want to turn his head. Don't you think I can do it? You promised to help me, you know," and the spoilt girl of some twenty summers turned her neat figure gaily round, draped as it was according to the latest æsthetic craze. A loose, flowing dress of a pale greenish hue enveloped her shapely form, while a girdle of golden sunflowers shone resplendent from her dainty waist. Even tricked out thus she was a very charming little daughter of Eve, and it would take a stout heart to defy her temptation. Her friend could not restrain her admiration, and she cordially assented that she was very pretty, and would no doubt overcome the vacillating Humberton.

"You do, indeed, look delightfully 'utter,'" she exclaimed; "just like one of dear Monsieur Du Maurier's pictures cut out of *Punch*. Oh, you can't help but catch him now! Why Burnand himself would fall in love with you, and the 'love-sick' maidens in 'Patience' would all be jealous of you if they saw you,"

"Am I really pretty? Thanks, love!" and the vain girl turned and viewed herself sideways in the long glass before her. "Fancy, we'll make a regular Bunthorne of him; and then, when we've carried him as far as possible, leave him to pine with his music, poor fellow!" laughed the gay Phillis.

"I wonder if there really is such a thing as 'a transcendentalism of delirium,' such as the inimitable W. S. Gilbert speaks of, or 'an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy.' I sometimes fancy I have almost experienced such when I am having a delicious yawn, or just when I am going to faint. I am afraid it is only to be found in the fleeting visions of dreamland or in the anodyne poison of death!" mused the philosophical Louisa, as she gazed at the mystic emblems with which her friend Phillis had carefully decorated her room.

"There's one thing," Louisa suddenly exclaimed, "you can't do the drooping despair business, or the clinging limpness."

"No, and I don't want. I can be æsthetic without that; and besides, that would not be the way to win Humberton. I shall show him as much as I can that I love him intensely with all my soul," returned the laughing Phillis, playing with her long curls.

"I say, Phillis," said Louisa, energetically, after a moment's pause, "he's a poet. Why shouldn't he write a comic opera for us all? I'm sure his music's as good as Sullivan's. Do you think you could persuade him?"

"Capital! I will try; but I'm rather doubtful whether he will, though he's clever enough."

"Yes, and it would be so jolly."

"Just fancy Humberton yearning with quivering passion, or writhing in thrilling rapture after some wild Æmpeyrean fashion, or some weird, antiquated, and Della Cruscan idea. Isn't it too ridiculous?" laughed Phillis, taking up a Japanese fan.

"I should just like to see him dressed in a kind of flowery drab velvet, with a long rapier and a turban, and then I could almost fall in love with the grotesque rogue myself. Poor fellow! He little knows how we're discussing his points," continued Louisa, merrily.

"What a cultured sentiment we're getting up for this artistic young man in these idle dreams of ours. Heyday, I must try and charm him into the toils to-night."

"I really believe you love him, after all, Phillis," said the other, playfully.

"Don't be so foolish, Louisa," protested the blushing Phillis.

"Well, then, if you don't," argued Louisa, "will you—now don't go and make any insinuation—will you give him up to me for to-night, and be content with the admiration you lavishly receive from those other infatuated gentlemen; eh, dear?" she urged.

"No, I won't. I must try and captivate him to-night, and I will leave all my other admirers to you."

"Oh, you are a greedy little thing!" laughed Louisa; "but I suppose you must have your own way," she said, half-resignedly.

"I've already persuaded him to like blue and white china, although he's none of your lean and lank, or horridly haggard young men," said Phillis, triumphantly.

"But since his last disappointment there's just a refined morbid taint about his manner which you might lead to something that would resemble a 'quite too consummately' inspired state of mind?" queried Louisa.

"Yes, but I expect I shall only succeed in making a sort of marionette of him in the end," answered Phillis.

"But it is nearly time we were ready to go, love, and I shall be a saucy Philistine just to set you off, you know."

In another hour these strange creatures had arrived at the rooms of the Crochetty Society, where they were the observed of all observers. Miss Louisa Delcote, though a little older than her friend, had dressed herself very coquetishly, and her dimpled smiles soon gained her a little knot of admirers. But by far the greater number of the male sex had been attracted to the more singular Miss Phillis Belsize, who played on the violin so sweetly and pathetically, while the other ladies of the company seemed to be quite forsaken. But the advent of Humberton soon changed affairs, and though he looked pale and careworn, he conducted his excellent band of amateurs with a vivacious spirit; but his manner seemed somewhat forced.

Briskly as they rattled through glees, madrigals, catches, rounds, and choruses, they did not seem to catch a real hearty sympathetic swing, and the solos, duets, trios, and quartets, had not the usual attention given to them.

Miss Phillis Belsize was at last requested to sing a solo, and after some

reluctance she chose a passionate song of Shelley's, set to music by Humberton at her request. Now, for the first time, was all attention given to the music, and when she sang the following words, in a clear, sympathetic voice, all were thrilled with delight at the charming song so exquisitely rendered and accompanied:—

I pant for the music which is divine,  
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower,  
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;  
 Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,  
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

This was so in harmony with her æsthetic profession that they were all highly pleased with it, and they breathlessly waited for the next verse, which was given almost with more feeling than the first. Now had they discovered that æstheticism really did exist in their midst, and was no myth, and they were all ready to become votaries to the fascinating goddess of the art, who sang in the purest tones:—

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,  
 More, O more—I am thirsty yet,  
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound  
 Upon my heart, to stifle it ;  
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,  
 Passes into my heart and brain.

After this verse a perfect ovation was given to the singer and composer, and Humberton had repeatedly to thank them on his own and Miss Belsize's behalf. She had indeed made a favourable *début* at a critically appreciative meeting, and won the admiration of Humberton for her accomplishments. He was profuse in his thanks to her for the excellent service she had done him by so poetically—so feelingly interpreting the poet and musician.

"How can I thank you for your kindness in so exquisitely rendering my poor setting of Shelley's divine words!" he had said; and she, gratefully but coyly, had replied, "By becoming more devoted to the æsthetic principles of Art;" and the earnest, ready reply had been, "I will try, Miss Belsize."

"Do you not think—it is almost impertinent of me to ask you—but could you not write, say, a real æsthetic opera, after the style of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan?" she naïvely asked.

"You overrate my powers," he modestly replied.

"Not at all; I'm sure you could do it if you would, and I should be glad to assist you in my little way," she said, merrily.

"Well, if you will promise to help me, I will seriously think of it; and it is really a good idea, which I think would work well with proper treatment. Thank you very much," he said, chivalrously.

"Then you won't forget," urged Miss Belsize, smilingly.

"Certainly not; I will think of some plan at once."

That night the volatile Miss Louisa Delcote was satisfied that her clever æsthetic friend, Miss Phillis Belsize, had made a very palpable hit, and she was a little jealous in her heart of hearts that her affected æstheticism should have been so successful in winning the admiration of one sex and the envy of the other.

(*To be continued.*)



IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

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BY J. E. PANTON.

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**I**T will not matter in a hundred years  
That you are rich, that I am sick and tired ;  
For all these little smiles and faithless tears  
Will perish with the life that them inspired.  
And when in dust we two are both laid low,  
Which had the best in life none here will know.

I watch your dainty ways and little airs,  
And see you waste what oft would spare me pain.  
Life holds us both, yet gives unequal shares,  
For you are rich (I say it once again)  
And I am poor. Yet death, whose eyes are blind,  
Stands by us both, and round both hearts is twined.

I do not want to think that you must die,  
You charming child. I love to watch a while  
Your pretty colours mock the Summer sky ;  
You grace the very garden with your smile.  
But in a hundred years no one shall say  
That you were sweet *that long dead Summer day.*

I think it would be better should you pause  
A little while to think of why life came  
And breathed upon you. Say you know the cause,  
And that your parents only share the blame.  
Yet 'twould be best if gentle words and deeds  
Replaced at times gay fashion's useless weeds.

You see there is a certainty that God exists—  
That some bright heaven will hold the happy dead ;  
Or, if we only sink into gray mists,  
Some trifling songs we sang or we said,  
May help some sufferer on the path of life,  
To hear sweet music 'mid the battle strife.

And so I deem when these same hundred years  
Are vanished, and both you and I are laid  
Beyond life's smiles and hopes and trivial fears,  
It would be better, while yourself decayed,  
If some one whispered o'er your funeral gloom,  
"Her memory blooms like roses from her tomb."

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## LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. William Smith, F.S.A., announces as in active preparation the second volume of "Old Yorkshire," the initial issue of which work was recently so well received. It will contain a further budget of antiquarian and historical information anent the county of broad acres, from the pens of competent writers, including Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A.; J. P. Briscoe, F.R.H.S.; Rev. F. W. Jackson, M.A.; J. O. Bailey, F.S.A.; Thomas B. Trowsdale; Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S.; G. W. Tomlinson, F.S.A.; Rev. R. V. Taylor; William Andrews, F.R.H.S.; and many others. The Rev. James Payne, M.A., Canon of York, Secretary of the Surtees Society, will write an introductory chapter, and the volume is to be dedicated to Lord Houghton. There will be many illustrations interspersed throughout the letterpress, and a copious set of indices is being compiled by Mr. Trowsdale. The volumes of "Old Yorkshire" cannot fail to be recognised as an acquisition to an archæologist's library. The editor is doing his part of the work with much judgment and skill, his contributors are ably seconding him, and the publisher's share in the production is performed in a most commendable manner. The work is issued by subscription, and the names of persons desirous of obtaining copies may be forwarded to Mr. Wm. Smith, Osborne House, Morley. Longmans, Green and Co. are the publishers.

An excellent illustrated story, describing the lovely route of the Caledonian Railway Company through "The Western Highlands," has just been completed in the Saturday issues of *Society*. Mr. Horace Weir is the author, and so well does he do his work that the reader might almost imagine the picturesque panoramas of mountain and loch depicted so appreciatively were in reality passing before him.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose æsthetic vagaries have furnished a theme for the burlesques of comic opera writers, contributors to *Punch*, and comic cartoonists of every rank, from Du Maurier downwards, for many months past, has brought out a book of his erratic verse. Hitherto he has contented himself with the transitory fame to be derived from the publication of his "poems" in the pages of *Pan* and other society serials, but now adorers of the transcendentality of Mr. Wilde's genius may obtain a complete collection of his ethereal conceptions in all the glory of parchment binding for half-a-guinea. The imagery of the æsthetic poet is characteristic of him, being certainly of the Wilde-street order. Here is a specimen of our pet of the drawing-room at his best:—

## REQUIESCAT.

Tread lightly, she is near  
Under the snow,  
Speak gently, she can hear  
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair,  
Tarnished with rust,  
She that was young and fair  
Fallen to dust.

Lily-white, white as snow,  
She hardly knew  
She was a woman, so  
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone  
Lie on her breast;  
I vex my heart alone,  
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear  
 Lyre or sonnet,  
 All my life's buried here,  
 Heap earth upon it.

There is something beyond the comprehension of mere mortals in such strained nonsense. It is too intensely utter—utter rot.

Mark Twain has in hand a "Cyclopædia of Humour," and will also shortly send to press a "Handbook of Etiquette."

Bro. George Markham Tweddell, of Stokesley, Yorkshire, is publishing a series of highly interesting historical pamphlets under the title of "North of England Tractates." Amongst the authors who have already written brochures for the series are John Reed Appleton, F.S.A.; J. Walker Ord, F.G.S.; Dr. J. Ryley Robinson; "Eta Mawr;" Florence Cleveland (Mrs. Markham Tweddell); J. G. Grant; and the Rev. J. Holme.

From Campbell and Tudhoe, of Glasgow, we have a selection of pleasing poems from the pen of John Ryley Robinson, L.L.D., F.R.G.S. The writer is the author of several volumes of verse which have been favourably received, and the pieces before us, being printed in a broad ornamental border, and of convenient size, are eminently suitable for enclosing in letters or gratuitous distribution. They are well adapted, too, for school reward tickets, one or two of the packets being specially designed for that purpose. The following will show the quality of Dr. Robinson's muse:—

#### POWER OF KINDNESS.

Oh! there are words; which, instantly  
 Can chase our grief away;  
 Before their sunshine, not a cloud  
 Of sorrow dares to stay:  
 They dissipate the gathering gloom,  
 New life and pleasure bring,  
 And make the winter in our heart  
 Give place to joyous spring.

Then let us drop a loving word,  
 And give a cheerful smile,  
 To those we meet upon our path,  
 Their sorrow to beguile:  
 And though the act to us appear  
 As one of little worth,  
 Their grief and care, through it, may yield  
 To joyousness and mirth.

The blessings we receive from God  
 Should cause our hearts to feel  
 Unceasing gratitude and joy:  
 Then let us strive to heal  
 The broken-hearted, and restore  
 The fallen and the faint,  
 And point them to the blood which flowed  
 To wash away their taint.

A work of some importance to the antiquarian public is announced by Mr. Samuel Margerison, a Yorkshire archæologist of repute. Mr. Margerison is preparing for publication a transcript of the ancient registers of the church of Calverly, embracing the period intervening between the years 1574—1649, together with a sketch of the history of the church and a view of the building. In days gone by Calverly was a parish of great importance. Nearly all the baptisms, marriages, and burials from Pudsey, Idle, Farsley, Bolton, and Windhill took place in this church, and the registers contain besides many entries relating to Bradford, Tong, and other neighbouring townships. Doubtless the work will prove of great utility and interest to the genealogist and local historian.

The current issue of the *Illustrated Phonographic Meteor* contains many very readable articles of general interest, besides several very pretty poems, notably two by Miss Rosa Mackenzie Kettle and Guy Roslyn, respectively. "Notes and Notions," by the editor, are smartly written. The portraits and other illustrations, drawn by Mr. Tindall Wildridge, and other artists of eminence, are remarkably well done.

Mr. Cornelius Brown, F.R.S., author of the "Annals of Newark," has just commenced the issue of an entertaining and instructive local work in monthly parts. It is entitled "The Worthies of Nottinghamshire and Celebrated and Remarkable Men of the County," and will include biographical notices of the Peverels, Robin Hood, Cranmer, Ireton, Hutchinson, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Byron, the Howitts, Kirke White, Philip James Bailey, Admiral Howe, Lord George Bentinck, and a host of other notabilities associated with the county of Notts. The parts are well got up, and are prefaced by an engraved portrait of one or other of the worthies treated of in the text. The local publisher is Charles Wheatley, Peter Gate, Nottingham.

The "Sonnets and Songs" of Robert Millhouse, described as the "Burns of Sherwood Forest" by a high authority on English verse, are being edited and prepared for publication in handy volume form by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S., the Public Librarian of Nottingham. The book will be printed on thick toned paper and prefaced by a careful biographical sketch of the poet's life. A contemporary critic writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Millhouse's sonnets, remarked that they would "hereafter be regarded as models of that species of composition." Application for copies may be made to the editor, University College, Nottingham.

Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., the obliging Honorary Secretary of the Hull Literary Club, forwards us from time to time copies of papers read before the members, which have been printed in response to numerous applications. Many of these booklets are of considerable value. The latest to hand is of great scientific interest, treating, as it does, in an able and exhaustive manner of *trichinus spiralis*, or the pork parasite. The author is Dr. James W. Fraser, who has evidently devoted much attention to the study of this subject.

*The Universal Instructor* now being issued in weekly and monthly parts by Messrs. Ward and Lock, is one of the best publications ever devised for the education of young men and women, with a desire to improve their mental condition. Each subject elucidated is in the hands of an eminent specialist, and the "get up" of the publication is simply surprising in its general excellence. We would specially commend "The Universal Instructor" to the studiously inclined.

The same enterprising firm are doing good service by the publication of their penny biographical series. Really excellent sketches of the lives of eminent men of every age are thus placed within the reach of all. We are told that an immense sale of this series has ensued, a circumstance which cannot fail to afford satisfaction to publishers and public alike. For one penny sixteen pages of biographical information and a capital portrait are given. The great men already dealt with include Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Nelson, Wellington, Luther, Chatham, Chancer, Humboldt, Carlisle, Cæsar, Wesley, Peter the Great, Burns, A'Becket, Scott, Columbus, Shakspeare, Bunyan, Dante, Goldsmith, Burke, De Montfort, Moliere, Johnson, Schiller, Stephenson, Raleigh, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great.

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