

CONTENTS.

REPORTS OF MASONIC MEETINGS—  
 Craft Masonry ..... 497  
 Instruction ..... 500  
 Royal Arch ..... 501  
 Mark Masonry ..... 501  
 Provincial Grand Mark Lodge of Cumberland and Westmorland ..... 501  
 Installation of their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold as Knights of Malta ..... 501  
 Consecration of the Darlington Mark Lodge, No. 250 ..... 501  
 The Year 1879 ..... 502  
 The Appointment of Grand Secretary ..... 503  
 CORRESPONDENCE:—  
 Unity of Ritual ..... 503  
 A Query ..... 504  
 The Book of Constitutions ..... 504  
 Reviews ..... 504  
 Masonic Notes and Queries ..... 504  
 Provincial Grand Lodge of Somersetshire ..... 505  
 Provincial Grand Mark Lodge of Northumberland and Durham ..... 505  
 Knights Templar ..... 506  
 Masonic and General Tidings ..... 506  
 Lodge Meetings for Next Week ..... 506  
 Advertisements..... i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi.

REPORTS, etc., intended for insertion in current number, should reach the Office, (198, Fleet-street), by Six o'clock p.m., on Wednesdays.

REPORTS OF MASONIC MEETINGS.

Craft Masonry.

**CONFIDENCE LODGE (No. 193).**—The installation meeting of this old lodge was held on Monday, the 8th inst., at Anderson's Hotel, Fleet-street, when a somewhat unusual circumstance occurred. The W.M. elect, Bro. Footitt, had been confined to his house for a time by a severe attack of gout, but had confidently hoped to be able to be present on this occasion. Only in the afternoon was he directed by his doctor not to leave his rooms, and in consequence had to telegraph to the installing Master, Bro. Samuel Webb, to that effect. This announcement elicited many expressions of regret and sympathy among the brethren. The lodge was opened in due form at four o'clock, by the W.M., Bro. Thomas B. Biddle, who was supported by Bros. Walter James, J.W.; O. Shackell, P.M., Secretary; Henry Webb, P.M.; Hen. Leah, P.M.; W. D. Kershaw, P.M.; Dr. Bonney, P.M.; G. F. Warne, P.M.; Samuel Webb, P.M. 1287, P.M.; J. Shackell, P.M.; Bedford Lemere, S.D.; F. H. Clemow, F. J. Heale, James Smith, Frank Silvester, Walter Wood, B. P. Todd, R. Pye, J. J. F. Williams, C. H. Davis, E. J. Sugg, H. A. Woodwell, J. Wood, E. Butcher, E. A. King, W. Prickell, W. Cubitt, W. C. Grounds, W. Harding, James Hall, E. Symons, J. Roberts, George P. Nightingale, E. H. Walden, H. L. Alston, J. Passingham, G. Masters, J. Williams, S. Dicketts, G. Peachey, A. Stearn, J. J. Craske, W. Mager, E. V. Fithian, and the following visiting brethren: Bros. Emler, P.M. 879; C. W. Wise, P.M. 1158; T. W. Love, P.M. 1178; E. Bruin, P.M. 1575; H. T. Nell, 45; W. Skilleter, 483; W. D. Woodward, 548; George P. Gillard, 657; John Jones, 1227; Sep. T. Williams, 1261; W. J. Kennaby, 1420; A. H. Goggs, 1612; R. Clark, 1613; J. Thompson, 1693; A. E. Western, 1693; Lewis Solomon, 1732; and F. A. Kelly (*Freemason*). The first business before the lodge was that of raising Bro. Williams, which was followed by the initiation of three gentlemen, Messrs. Edward Alfred King, S. Dicketts, and G. P. Dicketts, both ceremonies being well performed by the W.M., ably assisted by his officers. Past Master Bro. Samuel Webb then announced to the brethren, that owing to Bro. Footitt's illness, as referred to above, the installation ceremony could not be proceeded with, and on his proposition, seconded by Bro. W. D. Kershaw, P.M., a vote of condolence with the W.M. elect was unanimously passed. To enable the Wardens to serve their proper term of office, the W.M., Bro. Biddle, by consent of the Past Masters, appointed and invested Bros. Walter James, as S.W.; and Bedford Lemere, as J.W.; the investment of the other officers remaining over until the meeting in February, when we hope Bro. Footitt will be well enough to be present. The lodge was then closed, and the brethren adjourned to the new banqueting hall, where dinner was served in Bro. Clemow's well-known first-rate style, and under that brother's immediate superintendence. The W.M. (who was creditably brief in his remarks) proposed the usual loyal and Masonic toasts. In proposing the toast of "The W.M., Bro. Biddle," the I.P.M. referred to the absence of the W.M. elect, which he was sure was a source of great regret to all present, but it was gratifying to know that in their present W.M. they had a brother as well able to perform the duties appertaining to that office. It was his pleasing duty to present him with a Past Master's jewel, and he sincerely trusted that he would live many years to wear it among them. In proposing "The Health of the Past Masters," the W.M. said it was a toast always received with acclamations, for the Past Masters of the Confidence Lodge so well attended to their duties that they gained the respect and admiration of them all. Bro. Samuel Webb in the course of his reply referred to the absence of Bro. Footitt, which no one regretted more than himself. He (Bro. Footitt) was a man deserving the respect of all, and he (Bro. Webb) was sure they all sympathised with him in his great disappointment

at being absent that evening. The officers that had been appointed was a perfectly legal matter, as until a new Master was installed Bro. Biddle was still their head. He sincerely hoped Bro. Footitt would be well enough to attend the next meeting, when he would have the pleasure of installing him into the chair, which pleasure had been denied him that evening. In proposing the toast of "The Officers," the W.M. thanked those brethren for the very efficient manner in which they had supported him, and was very pleased, in the absence of their new Master, to have had the privilege of investing the Senior and Junior Wardens. Bros. Walter James Bedford Lemere, and H. Webb replied. The Tyler's toast brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

**POLISH NATIONAL LODGE (No. 534).**—At a meeting held at Freemasons' Hall, on Thursday, the 11th inst., the following officers were present: Bros. Aspinall, W.M.; Ebner, I.P.M.; Dr. Jagielski, S.W.; Dr. Corrie Jackson, J.W.; Nowacowski, P.M., Treas.; Paas, P.M., Sec.; Lancaster, S.D.; Smith, J.D.; Runtz, I.G.; Beckett, Tyler. P.M. Cumming, and about twenty-five brethren, besides two visitors, were in attendance. The work, consisting of the initiation of a candidate, was carried out by the W.M., who also presented Bro. Jameson with the distinctive jewel which the members of the Polish National Lodge are allowed to wear by special permission of the Grand Lodge of England. The lodge was then closed, when the W.M. received the "Hearty good wishes" of the visitors. The banquet was held afterwards at the Freemasons' Tavern, and Bro. Best is to be complimented both on the repast and the way in which it was served. The cloth being cleared, the usual loyal and Masonic toasts were proceeded with, and during the evening the brethren were greatly entertained by the glee singing of Bros. Forster, Gordon, Lancaster, and Runtz, whose abilities are so well known to the visitors of this lodge. Bro. Neidliski, the celebrated violinist, who is also a member of this lodge, gave some magnificent performances on his violin, which brought down a perfect storm of applause. The Tyler's toast brought a pleasantly spent evening to a close.

**KENNINGTON LODGE (No. 1381).**—This lodge met on the 1st inst., at the Surrey Club House, Kennington Oval. There were present Bros. T. C. Walls, P.G.S.B. Middx., W.M.; Kohler, S.W.; Speedy, J.W.; W. Stuart, P.M., Sec.; W. Mann, acting I.P.M.; Webb, S.D.; Marsden, J.D.; Stranger, W.S.; Koch, P.M.; Geo. Everett, P.M.; Higgins, P.M.; Drysdale, P.M.; and Longstaffe, Tyler. There were no visitors. In consequence of the recent death of Bro. E. Page, P.G.S., P.M. and Treasurer of the lodge, the brethren appeared in Masonic mourning. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, Bro. Robertson was duly raised to the Degree of a M.M. by the W.M., who subsequently gave the traditional history of the Third Degree and the lecture on the Tracing Board. Upon the motion of Bro. William Mann, it was unanimously resolved that a letter of condolence should be forwarded by the Secretary, upon behalf of the lodge, to Mrs. Page, the widow of the late Treasurer. Several communications from absent brethren having been read, the lodge was closed according to ancient form, and the brethren adjourned to refreshment. Upon the removal of the cloth the only toasts given were "The Queen and Craft" and "The W.M." The proceedings then terminated.

**THE GREAT CITY LODGE (No. 1426).**—The usual monthly meeting of this lodge was held on Saturday, the 13th inst., at the Cannon-street Hotel. Bro. George W. Blackie, W.M., presided. The other officers present were Bros. Catchpole, S.W.; Hamer, J.W.; Taylor, S.D.; Kiffle, J.D.; Keeble, I.G.; Baber, D.C.; Jenkins, Org.; Freeman, I.P.M.; Headon, P.M. and Treas.; Moody, P.M. and Sec.; H. Thompson, P.M. 177 and 1158 (*Freemason*); a goodly muster of members, and the following visitors: Bros. G. Cutler, 212, P.M.; Jno. Hawkins, 25; A. Lefaux, 30, P.M.; W. J. Diffe, 78; Jno. Robertson, 144; Jos. Simpson, 539; Rossignol, 1216; W. B. Greening, 1572; W. Richardson, 1658; E. C. Burnett, 1673, J.D.; W. H. Barlow, 1777, Sec.; Geo. Cook, 1815; Lawrence, 1804. The minutes of the last lodge were read by Bro. Moody, the Secretary, and confirmed. Bro. Postans was introduced and questioned as to his proficiency in the science; he then withdrew. The first business really transacted was the candidature of Mr. Wm. Wood for initiation, who was proposed by Bro. Freeman, I.P.M., and seconded by Bro. N. B. Headon, P.M. and Treas., and the ballot being unanimous in his favour he was most impressively and carefully initiated by the W.M. into the mysteries and privileges of Freemasonry. The lodge was then advanced to the Second Degree, and Bro. Postans was passed to the Degree of F.C. The lodge having resumed to the First Degree, the case of a brother belonging to a lodge in Nova Scotia was considered, and such action taken upon it as was deemed to be necessary. A proposition for initiation at the next meeting having been received, the lodge was closed in due form, and the brethren adjourned to the Pillar Room, where a good plain supper was provided. This having been disposed of, and grace said, the W.M. said the first toast he had the honour to propose was "The Queen and the Craft," and, in doing so, said that they as Freemasons were always ready to show their loyalty to the Queen, who was possessed of many good qualities, by Masonic honours. The W.M. said the next toast he had to propose was one that was always well received amongst Freemasons, as it was "The Health of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Most Worshipful Grand Master." His Royal Highness, as they were all well aware, took great interest in everything appertaining to Freemasonry, and he congratulated the members on having such a ruler over them, and as long

as he was so he was well assured that Freemasonry would flourish. (The toast was drunk with enthusiastic cheering.) The W. Master said the next toast he had to propose was "The Right Worshipful the Pro Grand Master, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Deputy Grand Master, Lord Skelmersdale, and the rest of the Grand Officers, Present and Past." As regarded the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro G. Master, a great deal of the work that came before the Grand Lodge devolved upon him, and he believed he might say that all who had witnessed the impressive manner in which he had occupied the chair in Grand Lodge would agree with him that he was a most excellent substitute in the absence of the Grand Master. As regarded the rest of the Grand Officers, he thought that they were very proper men and in their proper places. Bro. Freeman, I.P.M., said: Brethren, the toast I have now the honour to propose is that of "Our Worshipful Master." I am sure I feel like you do yourselves, glad to see him so well, and that he is able to do the work so well as he has done this evening. I have had to say some things about him over and over again, but I feel that Bro. Blackie is a most worthy brother, and that he will follow in the footsteps of those who have gone before him. (Cheers.) Bro. Blackie, W.M., said: Past Masters and brethren, I thank you very much for the kind manner in which you have received the toast of my health this evening. It is only what you have done before, not only since I have occupied the chair, but upon all other occasions. You placed me in the chair, and it is pleasing to me to know that I have given you satisfaction. I shall endeavour to perform my duties, not only in the lodge, but at the festive board, to merit your approbation, and to maintain the Masonic prestige of your lodge. The W.M. said the next toast he had to propose was a very important one, and that was "The Health of their Brother Initiate." They had the pleasure that evening of receiving into their assembly a gentleman who was well vouched for, and whom he was now proud to call brother. He hoped that the ceremony he had gone through that evening had been impressed upon his mind, and that he would go away with a good idea of what was Freemasonry. As in ancient times their brothers could hew, mark, and square stones, in every step he would learn something that was good, and by diligence in due time might arrive at the summit of his profession by the use of well tried and proper implements, and by observing the daily practice of secrecy and fidelity in all his actions. Bro. Wood said he sincerely thanked the brethren for the very kind manner in which his health had been proposed and received, and for the honour they had done him in admitting him into the mysteries of Freemasonry. From what he had gone through he felt assured that it would be fixed on his mind. At present he was only a very rough stone, but no doubt he should get smoother as he went on, and he really thanked them very much for the honour they had conferred upon him. The W. Master said the next toast he had to propose was that of "The Past Masters of the Lodge," and he was sorry there were so few of them present on that occasion. In their Immediate Past Master, Bro. Freeman, he felt he had a pillar of strength, and everything he undertook he discharged most efficiently, believing, as he did, that he was the right man in the right place. As to Bro. Headon, he had done good work as their Treasurer, and there was Bro. Stevens. He wished he could see all the Past Masters present, and, as they only met once a month, he thought they might strain a point to be present. Bro. Freeman, I.P.M., thanked the brethren very much for drinking his health, coupled with that of the Past Masters. He felt very proud of the position he held in the lodge, because he knew he held it from the confidence the brethren had reposed in him. When he first entered Freemasonry he thought the W. Master was most clever, never believing that he should ever rise to such a position, as there was so much to learn, however great might be his ambition to rise to the chair of W. Master. He thanked the brethren for having placed him in that position, and as I.P.M. he should do all in his power to promote the prosperity of the lodge. Bros. Stevens and Headon also returned thanks. The W. Master next gave "The Visitors," and said the Great City Lodge was always ready to receive them, for which several of the visitors returned thanks, expressing the satisfaction they had derived by their visit. The W.M. next gave "The Officers of the Lodge," which was responded to by most of them, and the Tyler's toast brought a most harmonious meeting to a close. Some very good songs were sung and recitations given during the evening.

**CARNARVON LODGE (No. 1572).**—A large number of brethren assembled at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, on Saturday week, the 6th inst., to witness the installation of Bro. George Briggs as W.M., which ceremony was most creditably performed by Bro. T. S. Hillier, I.P.M., Bro. Cowan, P.M., assisting as D. of C. There were present Bros. T. Stacy Hillier, W.M.; Nels on Reed, P.M. 1671, S.W.; George Briggs, W.M. elect, J.W.; James Cowan, I.P.M.; Henry Gustavus Buss, Hon. P.M., Asst. Grand Secretary; James Terry, Hon. P.M., Secretary Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution; J. Claricoats, Treas.; W. S. Whitaker, P.M., Sec.; George A. Brock, S.D.; J. E. Burman, W.S.; L. Hopkins, Organist; Richd. Cotton, I.G.; A. Pearce, D. of C.; J. Steedman, P.M. 754, Tyler; W. White, W. Poole, Bullock, R. E. H. Griffin, W. Russell, R. Hobbs, J. W. Bennett, Z. H. Perkins, J. Russell, E. A. Packer, J. W. Mayett, J. Byles, T. Brown, J. C. Werring, Wm. Berry Greening, John C. Corrie, John Garratt, S. Garratt, W. E. Leman, and the following visitors:—Bros. Macrae Moir, P.M. 66; James Kew, P.M. 179; Charles G. Cutler, P.M. 212; J. S. Mutch, P.M. 706; H. A. Lovett, P.M. 1314; E. Terry, P.M. 1319; H. Bowman Speedy, S.W. 177; J. H. Williams, S.W. 1056; E. Hollandt, 22; J. H. Sassan, 742; Walter J. Nerlides, 463; J. Stedman, 902; R. Greening,

1426; James Brignall, 1586; W. H. Baker, 1641; Chas. Sisson, 1671; Percy Challwin, 1692; W. H. Gunningham, 1707; H. Lesser, W. Deiters, and F. A. Kelly (*Freemason*). The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, ballot was taken for Mr. John Caesar Corris, which was unanimous in his favour. That gentleman having been properly prepared, was admitted and impressively initiated into the mysteries and privileges of ancient Freemasonry by the W.M., Bro. T. S. Hellier. The brethren below the chair having retired, the ceremony of installation was then proceeded with. On the re-admission of the brethren, the newly-installed W.M., Bro. George Briggs, was proclaimed and saluted according to ancient custom. The W.M. then appointed and invested his officers as follows: Bros. Nelson Reed, S.W.; G. Brock, J.W.; J. Claricoats, Treas.; W. S. Whitaker, P.M., Sec.; F. Morgan (by proxy), S.D.; J. E. Burman, J.D.; R. Cotton, I.G.; A. Pearce, D. of C.; L. Hopkins, Org.; Bullock, W.S.; and W. Steedman, P.M. 754, Tyler. On the proposition of the Secretary, the audit report was taken as read, every member having received a copy with their summons. Letters were then read from Bros. F. Morgan and Munroe, the former apologising for his absence, and the latter brother resigning his membership of the lodge, owing to his leaving England for New Zealand on account of ill-health. The resignation was accepted, but with much regret, many brethren expressing their sincere sympathy with Bro. Munroe. Bro. Nelson Reed gave notice of motion, asking the sanction of the Carnarvon Lodge to a petition being made to Supreme Grand Chapter for a chapter to be attached to their lodge, and to be called the Carnarvon Chapter. The W.M. having consented to act as Steward at the festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, it was unanimously resolved that the sum of twenty guineas from the lodge funds be placed upon his list. It was also resolved that the sum of £1 1s. be taken from the same fund and given to Bro. Terry towards the annual Christmas treat to the inmates of the Institution at Croydon. Bro. Terry thanked the brethren, on behalf of the old people, for their kindness. Lodge was then closed, and the brethren adjourned to a most sumptuous banquet, provided by Bro. W. G. Jennings, the indefatigable manager. On removal of the cloth, the W.M. proposed the first toast at all Masonic banquets, "The Queen and the Craft," remarking that he could say nothing that would add lustre to the name of Her Gracious Majesty, for as Queen and an Englishwoman she had the respect of all. In proposing the toast of "The Grand Officers, Present and Past," which was coupled with the name of Bro. H. G. Buss, the W.M. referred to the illness of Bro. John Hervey, which they all deplored. All the brethren would remember his kindly presence at the consecration. His absence that evening they all regretted. Bro. Buss, in reply, thanked the W.M. for the high compliment paid to their head men of such standing, and it would be impossible to find men of such position who would devote more time than they did to the interests of Freemasonry. Bro. Buss then, in feeling terms, referred to Bro. John Hervey's illness, which was so universally deplored. He (Bro. Buss) felt that evening exceedingly at a loss through the absence of Bro. Hervey, who had always sat at his side in that lodge. If the members felt his loss, what must his feelings be? Bro. Buss, in conclusion, said Bro. Hervey would, he was sure, feel delighted at the kind compliment paid to his name when he (Bro. Buss) saw him next. The I.P.M. then gave "The Health of the W.M.," remarking from what the W.M. had done that afternoon he was sure he would carry out what all the preceding Masters of this lodge had, that was to do his own work. Bro. Brooks replied, after which he proposed "The Initiate," and hoped the ceremony he had recently gone through had impressed him as fully as it had the speaker. Bro. Corris thanked the brethren for electing him a member of this honourable lodge. He had for a long period been anxious to become a Mason. Many years back his father had shown him his certificate, and he made up his mind then to belong at some time to the fraternity. Obstacles to his joining had frequently occurred, but the very kind and hearty welcome that had been accorded him that afternoon had quite compensated him for the many delays. "The Installing Officer," was the next toast proposed by the W.M., who said that they had all had the pleasure of seeing Bro. Hellier perform the initiation and installation ceremonies, and they would all agree with him, he knew, that the work had been done admirably. He (Bro. Hellier) had impressed the initiate with a proper idea of Masonry, it was on the first impressions, he considered that their interest of an initiate depended. The Installing Master had performed the ceremonies with credit to himself and pleasure to them all. He had the honour of presenting Bro. Hellier with a jewel, awarded him by the lodge, and he hoped he would live to wear it for many years, and that it would be transmitted to his children from generation to generation. Bro. Hellier thanked the W.M. for his kind remarks. Were it not, he said, for the assistance of the officers, the W.M. would make but a poor result. He was very thankful he had given so much satisfaction. Bro. Cowell ably responded on behalf of "The Past Masters." In introducing "The Health of the Visitors," the W.M. said he deemed it a most important toast. It was only by visiting that we saw our defects. They had many visitors present that evening (twenty-two in all); to one and all he gave a hearty welcome. Bro. Macrae Moir, in the course of his reply, said he had never risen in any lodge with more pleasure to respond to this toast. He had never seen the working of a lodge better carried out than that he saw in the Carnarvon Lodge that afternoon. It was very gratifying to see such a show of true Masonic feeling, and he congratulated the lodge upon the harmony and good feeling which existed among them. Bros. H. A. Lovett,

Kew, Cutler, and Dr. Cunningham also briefly replied. The W.M., in giving the toast of "The Masonic Charities," gave the old maxim—"Charity blesseth he who gives as well as he who receives." They ought all to be very proud of their Charities. Their I.P.M., Bro. Hellier, intended to represent the lodge at the old people's festival, and he (the W.M.) was very pleased to learn that Bro. Hellier had already £65 on his list, which amount included a donation of ten guineas from the Tyler, Bro. Steedman, and a similar amount from himself. Between this and the 9th of February (the date of the festival) he hoped to collect as much again. Bro. Terry, in reply, thanked the brethren for their liberality, for not one year had passed without the lodge sending to one of the Institutions, concentrating their whole strength on that particular one. In May last Bro. Cowan represented this lodge, which stood fourth on a list of ninety-six Stewards, with the amount of £173. The highest on the list was Bro. Cantle, of the Creaton Lodge, No. 1791, who had taken up the extraordinary amount of £238 odd. He hoped the members of the lodge would enable Bro. Hellier to excel his predecessors, it being but human to endeavour to do so. Bro. Terry then referred to the munificent gift of Bro. Steedman, and after giving some interesting particulars respecting the Institution with which he is so closely connected, concluded by forcibly appealing to the brethren for a continuance of their support. Several other toasts were given, that of the Tyler bringing a most enjoyable evening to a close.

**ROYAL KENSINGTON LODGE (No. 1627).**—The regular meeting of the above lodge took place on Friday, the 5th inst., at Freemasons' Hall, Bro. B. F. Cramer, W.M., in the chair. The following were also present:—Bros. J. B. Stevens, S.W.; G. W. Zustin, J.W.; C. E. Soppet, Treas.; D. M. Dewar, Sec.; E. Delacoste, S.D.; J. B. Ball, J.D.; W. L. Harvey, I.G.; W. E. Gordon Leith, I.P.M.; J. Percy Leith, P.G.D.; C. Waters, G. T. Robinson, G. Masson, and Hy. Langridge. Visitors: Bros. E. P. Albert, P.G.P., 188; W. Shepard, W.M. elect 69; C. H. Paine, 162; G. H. Durrant, 441; H. G. Holt, 167; W. L. Thurgood, 1361; and E. S. Lintott, 1687. The business before the lodge consisted of initiating Messrs. Tanner and Hay, the ceremony being ably worked by W. Bro. Cramer, W.M. The lodge was then closed, and the brethren sat down to the banquet. The W.M. gave the usual loyal and Masonic toasts, which being duly honoured, the W.M. briefly proposed "The Health of the Brother Initiates," which was heartily responded to by the brethren. The W.M. then mentioned how grieved the members of the lodge were at the news of the indisposition of W. Bro. Hyde Pullen, who for the first time since the formation of the lodge had been absent from his duties. W. Bro. Dewar, the indefatigable Secretary, undertook to convey to W. Bro. Hyde Pullen the regrets of the lodge. After proposing "The Health of the Visitors," coupled with the name of so distinguished a Mason as Bro. Shepard, W.M. elect of Lodge No. 69, which was very happily acknowledged by him, he congratulated the lodge on its prosperity, which, he said, was unexampled in so young a lodge. The toast of "The Officers" concluded a very pleasant and harmonious meeting.

**THE CRUSADERS LODGE (No. 1677).**—The monthly meeting of this lodge was held on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., at the New Market Hotel, West Smithfield. Bro. Thomas Goode, W.M., presided, and was supported by the following officers: Bros. Simmons, S.W.; Rothschild, J.W.; Maples, Treas.; Defrez, Sec.; Milward, S.D.; Caldemood, J.D.; Gay, D.C.; Rushton, Org.; and Piggott, I.G. The lodge having been opened in due form, and with solemn prayer, the minutes of the last lodge were read and confirmed. The lodge was then opened in the Second Degree, and Bros. Aynsley, Fletcher, Budden, and Lenard were introduced and questioned as to the progress they had made in Freemasonry. The lodge was then opened in the Third Degree, and they were most impressively raised to the Degree of M.M., the whole ceremony being most ably rendered. The next business was to pass Bro. Augustus Thomas Buckingham to the Second Degree, and in this instance our worthy brother set a pattern to others who may have to pass a similar ordeal. He went through his preliminary examination without the slightest assistance, and answered every question put to him without hesitation, and it is almost needless to say that the interest he has taken from the earliest period of his entrance into the Order augurs well for his future devotion to the interests of Freemasonry. It was agreed, and passed unanimously, that the sum of £10 10s. be voted from the funds of the lodge to be placed on Bro. Dr. Hunter's list, who will as Steward represent this lodge at the festival for the benefit of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, and from what was stated, this lodge will not be the lowest on the list on that occasion. The lodge was then closed, and the brethren adjourned for refreshment. In the course of the evening, Dr. Hunter, in acknowledging the toast of "The Past Masters," heartily thanked the brethren for the subscription they had placed on his list for the next festival, and it was also announced that five of the youngest brethren had each subscribed £5 so as to make themselves life subscribers of this Institution. The W.M. in proposing their healths congratulated the lodge on having such worthy members, who from the handsome subscriptions they had made showed the deep interest they felt in the prosperity of Freemasonry. Several other toasts were given, and a very harmonious meeting was spent under the presidency of the esteemed W.M.

**CREATON LODGE (No. 1791).**—The sixth regular meeting of this lodge was held at Freemasons' Hall, on Thursday, the 11th inst. The lodge was opened at 5.15, when, in the absence of the W.M., Col. Creaton,

Bro. J. J. Cantle, P.M., acted as W.M., supported by Bros. H. J. Johnson, S.W.; J. Williams, J.W.; E. Thurkle, P.M., Treas.; J. Nielson, S.D.; H. J. Buck, J.D.; W. Carrington, I.G.; J. Kift, Organist; R. G. Shute, D.C.; W. Williams, W.S.; John Woodstock, P.M. 733; Tyler; A. Wolter, G. F. Williams, T. T. Matthews, A. D. Renshaw, E. Austin, J. B. Colwill, R. H. Rogers, James P. Dee, J. W. Hancock, G. Slingsby, D. Ferguson, J. J. Johnson, and the following visitors: Bros. Eneas J. McIntyre, Q.C., Grand Registrar; John A. Rucker, P.G. D., P.M. 66; Peter de Lande Long, P.G.D.; John Sampson Peirce, P.G.S., P.M. 2; Wharton P. Hood, P.M. 2; H. A. Dubois, J. G. W. Midx.; W. Vincent, W.M. 1624; J. Finch, P.M. 173; S. J. Phillips, P.M. 173; H. M. Levy, P.M. 188; James Terry, P.M. 228, P.G.W. Herts; J. L. Coulton, P.M. 382; D. H. McLeod, P.M. 1624; George Davis, S.W. 167; S. Carrington, S.W. 1314; Thomas Cull, S.W. 1446; Thomas Cross, J.W. 1194; C. Thompson, J.W. 1769; F. Edgington, S.D. 1321; C. Taylor, J.D. 1624; J. Burden, 11; E. W. Collins, 25; W. E. Davies, 606; W. H. Munday, 1201; Seymour Lucas, 1441; W. G. Reynolds, 1441; R. Palowkar, 1527; J. W. Ray, 1624; H. Scott, 1624; A. S. Walmsley, 1624; and F. A. Kelly (*Freemason*). The lodge was opened in the Second Degree, when Bros. J. J. Johnson and G. Williams having answered the questions efficiently, they were entrusted and retired. (In this lodge it is expected that all candidates should be thoroughly acquainted with what they have to do, and answer all questions without dictation.) The lodge was then opened in the Third Degree, when, being re-admitted, Bro. P.M. Cantle ably raised them to the Sublime Degree. The Worshipful Master (Col. Creaton) having arrived, the lodge was resumed to the First Degree, when the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Bros. Hy. W. Hancock, Jas. O'Dea, and Thos. Pink having answered the questions in the same excellent manner, were entrusted and retired. During their absence the ballot was taken for Mr. Hensman, Mr. Long, Mr. H. J. Saul, and Mr. H. Johnson, which proved unanimous. The lodge was resumed to the Second Degree, when the W.M. passed Bros. Hancock, O'Dea, and Pink in his usual efficient manner to the Degree of F.C. The lodge was resumed to the First Degree, when Messrs. Hensman, Long, and Saul, were duly admitted to the light of Freemasonry. This being the night of election Bro. H. J. Johnson was unanimously elected W.M., and Bro. P.M. Thurkle, Treasurer. It was very satisfactory to notice that every member of the lodge was present, and although quite a young lodge their members are very numerous. Before the lodge was closed, permission was asked by the brethren to form a lodge of instruction. Bro. Cantle, P.M., in proposing this motion, said he was sure that those brethren who were interested in this would leave no stone unturned to do honour to the mother lodge. Every member he had spoken to had promised to join it, and he was quite sure from the zeal the brethren had already evinced the Creaton Lodge would be adding much to its usefulness by granting its permission. Bro. J. Williams, J.W., seconded the proposition, and, subject to the permission being granted, the lodge of instruction will be held at the Albert Hotel, Notting-hill Gate, on Wednesday evening. The Secretary then read a letter of apology for absence from Bro. Duke, a candidate for passing, but who could not arrive in time from Australia, also from Bros. Sir A. Woods, P.G.D., Erasmus Wilson, P.G.D., and others, who were prevented by severe colds from being present. The lodge was then closed, and the brethren adjourned to a choice banquet, admirably served under the personal superintendence of Bro. Dawkins. On the removal of the cloth, grace was sung by Bros. Cantle and Collins. The W.M., Bro. Col. Creaton, in proposing the first toast, said at that late hour, owing to the great work that had been before the lodge, he should be very brief. The first toast was that of "The Queen and the Craft," followed by that of "Their Beloved Grand Master, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." The next toast was that of "The M.W. Pro Grand Master, Lord Carnarvon, the R.W. Deputy Grand Master, Lord Skelmersdale, and the rest of the Grand Officers, Present and Past," with which toast the gallant Colonel coupled the name of Bro. Eneas John McIntyre, Q.C., Grand Registrar. That distinguished brother, in reply, said the Worshipful Master had had good means of judging of the merits of the various Grand Officers during the many years he had been among them, and recently he had had the pleasure of being unanimously elected by the Craft to the only office it was in the power of the brethren to elect a member to. Bro. J. J. Cantle then rose to propose "The Health of the Worshipful Master." They were all proud of having such a distinguished brother as their head. They all knew what an interest he took in Freemasonry, more especially in the Masonic Charities, and it was owing to his close connexion with these Institutions that he (Bro. Cantle) was enabled as Steward to take up to the festival of the Girls' School the enormous sum of 278 guineas, the highest amount of any of the Stewards. The amount collected was the more remarkable, as the lodge had hardly been formed three months. Bro. Cantle then drew the attention of the brethren to the fact that Bro. Johnson, S.W., W.M. elect, intended to represent the lodge at the old people's festival, in February next, and trusted they would give him all their support, as no other brother would represent the Creaton Lodge. Bro. Cantle then asked the brethren to drink to the health of their W.M., who was a light to the lodge and beloved by the brethren. Col. Creaton, in reply, said he felt very much flattered by the kind manner in which his health had been proposed and drunk. He could assure the brethren that his reign had been one of continued sunshine. Since his first connexion with the lodge his heart had been with them. The Colonel then gave the toast of "The Initiates," wishing them, in the

name of the lodge, a hearty welcome, and hoped that the ceremony they had that evening passed through had made a lasting impression upon them. The initiates neatly and orieflly replied. The W.M. then proposed a toast which he said was very near and dear to his heart, he—referred to "The Masonic Charities," Bro. Terry, who was present, he had no doubt would find a few words to say in reply. Bro. Terry was sure that if there was one brother who could do more justice to the toast than another, it was Col. Creaton. This lodge was certainly to be congratulated for several reasons—having a Past Grand Deacon as their first W.M., and that during his year of office he elected to the office of Grand Treasurer. It was also the first time that a W.M. of a lodge had presided as Chairman at a festival, which Col. Creaton did at the festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls in May last. Bro. Terry then went on to say that Bro. Johnson, their S.W. and W.M. elect, would act as Steward at his festival in February next, when he hoped his Institution would again score a success. Bro. Johnson was desirous of obtaining as large a list as Bro. Cattle had secured. Bro. Terry thought a good opportunity presented itself to the brethren of paying a great compliment to the outgoing and incoming W.M. by sending the Steward to the festival with a large amount. The outgoing Master was the Treasurer of the Institution, and the incoming Master was the Steward. The W.M. then proposed "The Health of the Visitors," which was acknowledged in an amusing manner by Bro. J. A. Rucker, P.G.D. Bro. Col. Creaton next gave "The W.M. elect," remarking that the brethren would never, he was sure, regret electing him to the office, he having always paid so much attention to Freemasonry in all its details. Bro. Johnson thanked the brethren for the hearty manner in which his health had been drank, and promised to do his best during his year of office. He had very much pleasure in announcing that he had already on his list sums amounting in all to £130, which, he thought, was a good foundation for his hoping to excel his Bro. Cattle's list of £238. Several other toasts were proposed, including "The Officers," acknowledged by Bro. Cattle, and "The Press," which was replied to by Bros. F. A. Kelly and Levy.

**SUNDERLAND.—St. John's Lodge (No. 80).**—The regular meeting of this lodge was held in the Masonic Hall, Toward-road, on Tuesday, the 9th inst., at four p.m. The lodge was opened by the W.M., Bro. Newton. The minutes of last lodge were read and confirmed. Supported by a large number of P.M.'s and brethren the lodge was opened in the Second Degree. The ceremony of installation took place. Bro. Douglass, P.M., presented Bro. Hawdon to the Installing Master, Bro. Turnbull, to receive at his hands the benefit of installation. The Secretary read the Ancient Charges, to all of which he gave his unqualified assent. The lodge was raised to the Third Degree, when the ceremony was done in a beautiful manner. The lodge was regularly closed to the First Degree. The W.M. invested the following brethren as officers for the ensuing year: Bros. Newton, I.P.M.; Kinmond, S.W.; Yela, J.W.; Godfordson, Treas.; Curry, Sec.; R. Yela, S.D.; Wilson, J.D.; Robinson, I.G.; and Thompson, Tyler. All business being done, the lodge was closed according to ancient custom.

**SUNDERLAND.—Palatine Lodge (No. 97).**—The regular meeting of this lodge was held in the Masonic Hall, Park-terrace, on Thursday, the 11th inst., at four p.m. The lodge was opened by the W.M., Bro. Watson. The minutes of last lodge were read and confirmed. A large number of Past Masters and visitors were present. The lodge was opened in the Second Degree: the ceremony of the W.M. then took place. Bro. Davis presented Bro. Tonkinson, S.W., to the Installing Master, Bro. Watson, to receive at his hands the benefit of installation, the better to qualify him for the work. The Ancient Charges were read by the Secretary, to all of which Bro. Tonkinson gave his assent. The lodge was opened in the Third Degree, when the ceremony of installation was gone through in a highly Masonic manner. The lodge was regularly reduced to the First Degree. The W.M. then invested the following brethren as officers for the ensuing year: Bros. Watson, I.P.M.; Leech, S.W.; Watson, J.W.; Twizell, Treas.; Moore, Sec.; McNamara, S.D.; Fairclough, J.D.; Clay, D.C.; Deans, I.G.; Thompson, Tyler; Wake, Org.; Vincent, S.S.; Patterson, J.S.; Singleton and Nasbit, Auditors. Bro. Clay, P.M., moved that two guineas be given to the Infirmary, two guineas to the Orphan Asylum, and one guinea to the Widows and Orphans Society. All business being done, the lodge was closed according to ancient custom.

**IPSWICH.—St. Luke's Lodge (No. 225).**—The installation ceremony of the W.M. for the ensuing year was performed on Wednesday evening, 10th inst., at the Freemasons' Hall, Soane-street, Ipswich. Bro. Wm. Goodwin Cunbold, S.W., was duly installed into the chair of King Solomon by his friend, Bro. Asher Barfield, W.M. Medina, 35, P.M. Zetland, 511, P.Z. Mount Sinai Chapter, 19, in his usual and impressive manner. During the Board of Installed Masters, Bro. Castley, W.M. 114, P.G. J.W. of Suffolk, acted as S.W.; and Bro. W. B. Jeffries, W.M. 376, P.G.S. of W. of Suffolk, as J.W. The retiring Master, Bro. T. J. Wentworth, P.G.S.D. of Suffolk, has during his year of office had the pleasure of seeing this good old lodge add many fresh laurels to its long and honourable career. It is the largest and one of the oldest in the province. During Bro. Wentworth's year of office the new Ipswich Masonic Hall has been built, owing its erection in a great measure to his energy. Bro. Cunbold was the first installed as W.M. for 225 in the new hall, and the way in which he was supported leaves no doubt of the old lodge keeping up its prestige under his presidency.

Bro. Cunbold, W.M., invested his officers as follows: Bros. Wentworth, I.P.M.; Napier, S.W.; Talbot, J.W.; Abbott, S.D.; Daniels, J.D.; Barber, P.M., Sec.; Clarke, P.M., Treas.; W. S. Westgate, P.M., P.P.G.D.C., as M.C.; Brooks, I.G.; Leathers, S.S.; Fisk, J.S.; Spalding, Tyler. Few lodges can boast of such an energetic and zealous Secretary as Bro. Barber, who is highly esteemed by every member. Letters of apology were read from the following brethren, who were absent from unavoidable causes: Bros. T. C. Cobbold, C.B., M.P.; Boby, P.M. 114, Whisstock, Doric; Grimwood, P.M. Sudbury; Fraser, P.M. 376; Townsend, P.M. 959, P.P.S.G.W.; Elkington, 376; Smith, B.S.R.W.; Butcher, Star of the East, and others. Up to the last moment the Very W. Bro. the Rev. C. J. Martyn, D.P.G.M. of Suffolk, P.G.C. of England, and Bro. Lucia, P.G.S. of Suffolk, P.G.S.B. of England, were expected, but were unfortunately prevented from attending by unforeseen circumstances. The W.M. having closed the lodge (before which the offertory was appropriated to a Christmas dinner for the poor children of Ipswich), the brethren in strong numbers retired to the banqueting hall, and partook of the good things for the body, prepared in his usual able manner by Bro. Harrison. Bro. Cunbold, W.M., presided, supported right and left by Bros. T. J. Wentworth, I.P.M., S.G.D. of Suffolk; Garwood, P.M.; Barber, P.M.; Napier, S.W.; Talbot, J.W.; Abbot, S.D.; Daniels, J.D.; Brooks, I.G.; Westgate, D.C.; Leathers, S.S.; Fisk, J.S.; O. T. Gibbons, Orton, Crawley, Turner, Buckingham, Sealey, Hammond, Tye, Canham, Holt, Crannish, Hillyard, Smith, Cooke, King, Senton, R. Senton, White, and others. Amongst the visitors were Bros. Castley, P.G.J.W., W.M. 114; Rev. Sanderson, P.P.G.C., W.M. 959; Barfield, W.M. 35; Dr. Mills, P.P.G.S.W., P.M. 376; Tracy, P.P.S.G.W., P.M. 376; Dr. Staddon, P.P.G.S.D., P.M. 376; Barber, P.P.G.O., P.M. 114; Sidney, P.M. 376; R. S. Anness, W.M. elect, 376; W. G. Elliston, W.M. elect 114; W. Spalding, Sec., P.M. 114; B. P. Grimsey, S.D. 114; F. Hammond, Hon. Sec. Hull Trustees; Cooke, Graystone, Steele, 959. The usual Masonic toasts were given by the W.M. The manner in which "The Healths of the W.M. and I.P.M." were received by the brethren shows the confidence they have in and the regard they bear to the rulers of the lodge. Fine selections of music were given during the evening by the talented Bros. Cooke, Abbot, Steele, and Graystone. A very pretty piece of impromptu poetry was received from the I.P.M. on resigning his office by the W.M. This was one of the many happy meetings that prove a lodge may be old but very fruitful. If the good will and "Hearty good wishes" of the members of his own lodge, of the brethren of the other lodges in the town, and the Provincial Grand Officers of the province may be taken as a test, Bro. Cunbold sails forth with every hope of a happy and prosperous year of office, and the year 1880 will, as regards 225, stand out as a year of peace, concord, and prosperity.

**LANCASTER.—Lodge of Fortitude (No. 281).**—The regular meeting of this lodge was held on the 10th inst., in the Masonic Rooms, Athenaeum. There was not a very large attendance. Bro. E. Cardwell, the W.M., occupied the chair of K.S., supplemented by Bros. Warbrick, S.W.; Croskell, J.W.; Atkinson, S.D.; R. Stanton, acting J.D.; Gregson, I.G.; and Bailey, S.S. The lodge was opened with the usual formalities, and the minutes of previous meeting read and confirmed. Bro. Warbrick, S.W., was unanimously elected Worshipful Master; Bro. James Hatch, P.M., was unanimously re-elected Treasurer; Bro. A. K. Allinson, Tyler; and Bros. Bailey, Thistlethwaite, and R. Bond, Auditors. On the motion of Bro. James Hatch, seconded by Bro. Duff, P.M., a vote of condolence was passed to Bro. R. Hartley, on the bereavement he had sustained through the sudden death of an only and much loved daughter. The installation meeting and festival of St. John was appointed to be held on Monday, the 29th inst. The usual proclamations were then made and responded to, and the lodge was closed in accordance with the custom observed among Masons.

**BATH.—Lodge of Honour (No. 379).**—The annual meeting of this lodge was held at the Masonic Hall, on Monday, the 8th inst., the only business being the installation of the W.M., and the appointment of officers for the ensuing year, under new arrangements. Hitherto this lodge has been restrictive in its selection of candidates, admitting only those connected with the professions or otherwise of a high social grade. It may be doubtful whether such a course is in accordance with the principles of Freemasonry, and it is certainly undesirable in places where the absence of other lodges prevents opportunities of entrance into the Order on the part of gentlemen of undoubted character and ample pecuniary resources, such as to allow them to participate in the great charitable objects of the Institution. One might have supposed that a lodge of this exclusive character would flourish in such a city as Bath. This appears, however, not to have been the case, and it became a serious question whether the lodge should be closed, or thrown open under arrangements similar to those of the other lodges which are so prosperous. After due consideration the latter course was determined upon, and it is earnestly hoped, not only by its few members, but by those of the sister lodges in the city, that a more flourishing state of affairs will be the result. At five p.m. Bro. Capt. Dickenson, W.M., took the chair, supported by V.W. Bro. R. C. Else, D.P.G.M.; Bros. Phillips as I.P.M.; Johnston, S.W.; Rev. Sanderson, J.W.; H. Culliford Hopkins, P.M., Secretary; Leder, P.M.; Bush, P.M.; and other officers. Among the visitors present were Bros. Col. England, W.M. 53; Braham, W.M. 41; General Doherty, P.P.G.S.W.; Dill, P.M. 906; Dr. Hopkins, P.P.G.S.W. for Warwickshire, &c. The lodge was opened in the First Degree by

the W.M., and the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The D.P.G.M. then took the chair, and having opened the lodge in the Second Degree, duly obligated Bro. Johnston as W.M. elect. The lodge was then opened in the Third Degree, and the new W.M. was installed in an unusually pleasing and graceful manner, the brethren present heartily joining in the customary greetings and salutations. Bros. Capt. Dickenson was invested as I.P.M.: Rev. Sanderson as S.W.; Bush, P.M., J.W.; H. Culliford Hopkins, P.M., Secretary, &c. A vote of thanks was passed to the D.P.G.M. for his kind attendance and services, and his consent having been obtained, as well as that of Dr. H. Hopkins, who had repeatedly given assistance in the lodge, both were proposed as honorary members, to be balloted for at the next meeting. "Hearty good wishes" were expressed for prosperity under the new regime, and the lodge was closed at 6.30, when an adjournment took place to the Castle Hotel for the usual banquet.

**HAMMERSMITH.—Ranelagh Lodge (No. 534).**—The December meeting of this lodge was held on Tuesday, the 9th inst., at the Bell and Anchor Hotel, and, taking into consideration the miserable state of the weather, the attendance was good, showing the popularity of the Craft in this western suburb. Punctually to the time named on the summons Bro. Watson, W.M., opened the lodge, supported by Bro. Fisher, I.P.M.; Lines, P.M., Treasurer; Alais, P.M., Secretary; Shaw, S.W.; Warner, J.W.; Festa (acting), S.D.; Ellingford, J.D.; Webb, I.G.; Oliver, Organist; Purdue, W.S.; and Church, Tyler. The P.M.'s present were Bros. Butt and Millis. The work of the evening consisted of raising two brethren, and initiating one gentleman into the mysteries of the Order. A warm discussion then took place as to the advisability of moving the lodge from its present quarters, and a Committee was appointed to gain some information of the capabilities of the buildings in the neighbourhood where they would be likely to meet with the requisite accommodation. The lodge being closed, the brethren dined together, and Bro. Mills (the host) is to be complimented on the able way he catered for his visitors. The loyal toasts were well received, and the W.M. from the lateness of the hour was obliged to only shortly preface the Masonic ones. The musical arrangements of the evening were under the direction of Bro. Oliver.

**SALISBURY.—Elias de Derham Lodge (No. 586).**—The regular monthly meeting was held on Thursday, the 11th inst., which was numerously attended. Bro. A. Tucker, W.M., presided, assisted by the following officers, viz.: Bros. Stokes, P.P.G.S.W. Wilts, as I.P.M.; Card, S.W.; Cross, J.W.; Futcher, P.M., P.P.G.D.C. Hants and I. of Wight, Treas.; Rumbold, P.M., Sec.; Hannan, S.D.; Bartlett, J.U.; Buttifant, I.G.; Silverthorn, Tyler; Goodridge, Asst. Tyler. The following were also present: Bros. Blackmore, P.M., P.P.G. Reg. Wilts.; Powning, Hulbert, Follitt, Larkam, Slader, Hall, Main, Harwood, Wiltshire, Motton, J. H. Dear, and R. Dear. Visitors: Bros. Clanter, 251; G. Parry, 195; and J. Ball, 1449. The minutes of the preceding regular meeting and lodge of emergency were read and confirmed, after which a letter was read from W. Bro. P.M. Ward, P.P.G.J.W. Wilts, who is now residing at Canterbury, resigning his membership, which was received with much regret, and it was proposed by Bro. P.M. Futcher, seconded by Bro. P.M. Stokes, and carried by acclamation, that Bro. Ward be elected an honorary member of the lodge. It may here be mentioned that no one has done more for the Craft in Wiltshire than Bro. Ward, during some fifteen years' residence in Salisbury, and his leaving the city has been felt in many ways. He was also well-known in the neighbouring provinces of Dorset and Hampshire as a good working Mason, and one always ready to do any ceremony he might be called on for. The ballot was then taken for Mr. C. C. Miles, which proving satisfactory, he was duly initiated into Craft mysteries by the W.M. in a manner which elicited the applause of the brethren. Mr. Fredk. Granville Christmas (who had previously been balloted for) was also initiated. The next business on the agenda was the election of W.M. for the ensuing year, and the voting resulted in the S.W., Bro. Card, being chosen to fill the chair of K.S. for the coming twelve months. Bro. Card returned thanks in a few well-chosen words for the honour conferred on him. Bro. P.M. Futcher was again nominated as Treasurer, and Bros. Silverthorn and Goodridge were elected Tylers. It was then moved by Bro. P.M. Futcher, that a suitable Past Master's jewel be presented to the outgoing Master, Bro. Tucker, at the installation meeting in January, as a mark of approbation by the brethren for the able way in which the ceremonies and business of the lodge had been conducted during his year of office; this was seconded by Bro. P.M. Stokes, and carried by acclamation. The W.M. expressed his thanks to Bros. Futcher and Stokes for the very kind words which had fallen from them, and to the brethren for voting him the jewel, which he said he should wear with a great deal of pride and pleasure. "Hearty good wishes" having been given by the visitors, the lodge was closed in peace and harmony at 9.30 p.m. The brethren subsequently sat down to a bread and cheese supper, and on the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and Masonic toasts were given and responded to.

**LIVERPOOL.—Derby Lodge (No. 724).**—The ordinary meeting of this lodge was held at the Masonic Hall, Hope-street, on Wednesday evening, the 26th ult. Bro. Asher Hart, P.M., was in the chair, owing to the absence of Bro. R. Crisp, W.M., in consequence of his father's illness. There were also present Bros. Henry Trevitt, S.W.; Maurice Hart, J.W.; Thos. Chesworth, P.M., P.P.G.D.C. for Cheshire, Treas.; George Gordon, Sec.; Jas. Pendleton, S.D.; J. Jacobs, J.D.; J. Comins,



I.G.; J. W. Ballard, P.M., P.G. Purs. West Lancashire, D.C. The members present were Bros. J. Humphreys, H. Ellis, D. Thomas, Sharples, McGauley, Beards, Esrkin, and others. The visitors' list included the names of Bros. J. H. Burgess, P.M. 1325; J. Brotherton, 241; E. T. Hall, 241; R. Seddon, 1035; W. Whiteside, 203; R. Foote, J.W. 1505; L. Peake, 1035; Jas. Jack, 1013; and others. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, and the ballot was then taken for Mr. William Stephenson, which proved unanimous in his favour, and then Messrs. Stephenson, Ramey, and Hall having been properly prepared were introduced, and initiated into the mystic Order, the ceremony being most impressively given by Bro. Asher Hart, I.P.M. Bro. Gordon, Sec., afterwards proposed, seconded by Bro. Asher Hart, I.P.M., "That the sum of £2 2s. be given to the widow of a deceased brother of 241," which was carried. This concluded the business of the meeting, and the lodge was closed in due form and harmony. The brethren then retired to the banquet, which was well served by Bro. Chaplin, the House Steward, and presided over by Bro. Asher Hart, I.P.M. The usual Masonic and patriotic toasts were duly honoured, interspersed by some capital singing by Bros. H. and J. Ellis, McGauley, M. Hart, Jacobs, Gram, and others.

**MANCHESTER.**—St. Thomas's Lodge (No. 992).—The installation meeting of this lodge was held on Wednesday, the 3rd inst., at the Griffin Hotel, Lower Broughton. There were present Bros. Peter Dow, W.M.; J. J. Meakin, S.W.; J. B. Broadbent, J.W.; Edwd. Hilton, Sec.; Thos. Ollerenshaw, S.D.; H. G. Rutten, J.D.; J. Hall, I.G.; J. Kirk, Tyler; H. Fisher, P.M.; J. Heiffon, P.M.; J. Hancock, P.M.; Jos. Warren, P.M.; Jas. Johnson, P.M.; Wm. Cramblehome, S. P. Salkeld, Geo. Howarth, Schofield, Cronshaw, Wm. Sharples, John Faulkener, and W. T. Edwards. Visitors: Bros. J. A. Birch, P.P.J.G.W.; J. Beresford, P.P.S.G.D. of C. Cheshire; F. Hollins, W.M. 1009; John Pryor, 1534; A. E. McBeath, 190; Robt. Williamson, 1055; Michael Scholefield, I.P.M. Ryburn Lodge; Wm. Parker, 993; Wm. Evans, 1055; Saml. Royle, 1730; John Cotterill, 1534; Robt. Leach, W.M. 1219; John Chadwick, Prov. G. Sec. E. Lanc.; T. Robinson, 1534; Thos. Shrier, N.Y., 103; Geo. Sharples, 1055; A. Morrison, 1055; and R. R. Lisenden, 317 (*Freemason*). The lodge was opened at 3.20, and the minutes of the last meeting read and confirmed. The Auditor's report, which had been printed, was handed round to each member of the lodge, and, there being no objections raised to it, was adopted. With respect to this matter, we have much pleasure in stating that, notwithstanding the absence of a single candidate for initiation during the past twelve months, the financial condition of the lodge is in a very healthy position. The Installing Master, Bro. J. A. Birch, then proceeded to install the W.M. elect, Bro. J. J. Meakin, into the chair of K.S., which was done in that usually masterly manner for which this distinguished brother is noted; in fact, we have yet to see his equal. On the re-admission of the M.M.'s, the usual announcement was made to them of Bro. Meakin's installation being *un fait accompli*. The W.M. was saluted in the customary manner, after which Bro. Birch gave the addresses, and invested the newly-appointed officers as follows: Bros. J. B. Broadbent, S.W.; Thos. Ollerenshaw, J.W.; H. G. Rutten, S.D.; J. Hall, J.D.; S. P. Salkeld, I.G.; E. Hilton (re-appointed for fourth time), Sec.; George Howarth and Wm. Cramblehome, Stewards. The ceremony of installation having been completed, "Hearty good wishes" were expressed by the visiting brethren, and the lodge was closed in peace and harmony at five o'clock. At six o'clock the brethren assembled in the lodge room, which had been gaily decorated with flags and bannerets, and sat down to a banquet, the serving of which, and the quality of the viands, being all that could be desired, and reflected great credit on the worthy host. The toasts of "The Queen and the Craft," "The Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family," "Bro. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M.," "Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro G.M.," "Col. Le Gendre N. Starkie, P.G.M. East Lancashire," and "Bro. George Mellor, D.P.G.M., and the rest of the Provincial Grand Officers," were proposed and duly responded to. Bro. John Chadwick, Provincial Grand Secretary, rose and said he did not know why he should be called upon to respond to the last toast, except it was that as one of the junior officers he was expected to do his share of the work. There was no doubt that our D.P.G.M. was the right man in the right place, as he was at all times willing to do what he could to benefit Freemasonry, and the same he thought might be said of the rest of the P.G. Officers, who were equally anxious to do their best, and there was no reason from what he knew to doubt their ability in the least. He thanked the brethren of the St. Thomas's Lodge for their kind reception and hospitable treatment. Bro. J. Beresford, P.P.S.G.D. Cheshire, also returned thanks on behalf of the Past Provincial Grand Officers. Bros. James Johnson, in proposing the toast of the evening, viz., "The W.M.," said the Worshipful Master elect was a brother highly esteemed by them all, and whom they all honoured and revered, and he had no doubt that Bro. Meakin would most creditably fill the position which he had attained; therefore, in asking the brethren to drink to "The Health of their New W.M.," he had no doubt the invitation would be heartily responded to. The toast was warmly received by all present, and accompanied by some excellent "fire." The W.M., in reply, said it was with feelings of very great pleasure that he returned thanks for so cordially receiving and responding to the toast of his health. He assured the brethren he should do his utmost to promote the interest of their lodge, and of Freemasonry generally. He liked Freemasonry, and considered, and firmly believed, that its teachings rendered us better husbands, fathers,

and members of society, and in having the interests of the St. Thomas's Lodge thoroughly at heart, he trusted he might be spared to hand over the charter pure and unsullied to his successor, as he himself had received it, and he felt very proud of the position to which he had been elected, and also for the kindly feeling the brethren had expressed towards him. Bro. Heiffon, in proposing "The Health of their I.P.M., Bro. Dow," said he had the pleasure of knowing Bro. Dow for many years, and he thought that he had ably filled the W.M.'s chair during the past twelve months, and he had great pleasure in presenting him with a gold Past Master's jewel as a token of the regard and esteem in which the brethren held him. He regretted that Bro. Dow had not opportunities during his Mastership of exhibiting his ability as a worker, but if an opportunity had arisen he was quite sure that their I.P.M. had the inclination to do his best, and he hoped he might long be spared to be present amongst them, and to exhibit on his breast the testimony of regard which the brethren of St. Thomas's Lodge had that day presented him. The I.P.M., in reply, said he felt very grateful to the brethren for their kind token of esteem, and he assured them he should highly prize it. He could not help feeling regretful that he had not some work to do during his tenure of office, but this was more his misfortune than his fault, and if he had given the brethren satisfaction while in the chair, he assured them it was more than he expected. Bro. J. L. Hine, in proposing "The Health of the Newly-Invested Officers," dwelt at length on their respective duties and responsibilities, and coupled with the toast the name of Bro. Edward Hilton, the Secretary, to whom he said it gave him great pleasure, on behalf of the lodge, to present with a "Secretary's" jewel, for the assiduity and zeal he had shown while acting in that capacity three consecutive years. The jewel, which was a five-pointed star, enamelled, with the cross pens in the centre, and bore an appropriate inscription, was handed round for the inspection of the brethren, and was much admired. "The Health of the Installing Master, Bro. James Arthur Birch," was next proposed, and responded to with the greatest enthusiasm, which clearly proved how popular this worthy brother is in the province. Bro. Birch, in a humorous and elaborate speech, returned thanks. Several other toasts followed, and the evening's entertainment was brought to a close shortly before 11 o'clock.

**LANCASTER.**—Rowley Lodge (No. 1051).—The monthly meeting of the brethren belonging to this lodge was held in the Masonic Rooms, Athenaeum, Lancaster, on the 1st inst., the W.M., Bro. N. W. Helme, presiding, supported by his respective officers. There was a fair attendance. The lodge having been open in the First Degree, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. On the motion of Bro. Moore, P.M., P.G.S.B. of E., &c., £5 5s. was voted from the funds of the lodge to the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys. The next business was the election of W.M. for the ensuing year, when Bro. Taylor, S.W., was unanimously appointed. Bro. Sly, P.M., P.P.G.J.W., announced his intention of resigning the office of Treasurer of the lodge. The book work, he said, was not much, but he considered it the duty of the Treasurer to attend the lodge each meeting, and as he could not do this, owing to business engagements, he had latterly had to depute his work to the Secretary, Bro. Longman, P.M., consequently he felt it his duty to retire from the office. He had no hesitation in doing this, knowing that the lodge possessed many members who were well qualified to fill it. Bro. Hannah was unanimously elected to succeed Bro. Sly. Bro. A. K. Allinson was re-elected Tyler. It was also resolved that the installation meeting should take place on Tuesday, January 6th, Bro. Moore consenting to accept the office of Installing Master. The usual banquet will follow. The usual proclamations were then made, which elicited "Hearty good wishes" from the visiting brethren, and the lodge was closed in peace, love, and harmony, and with solemn prayer.

**WARRINGTON.**—Gilbert Greenall Lodge (No. 1250).—The regular monthly meeting of this lodge was held on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst., at the Masonic Rooms, Sankey-street. There were present Bros. T. H. Sutton, W.M.; J. H. Galloway, S.W.; S. Wallhead, J.W.; Richardson, P.M., Treas.; D. W. Finney, P.M., P.G. D. of C. W. Lanc., Sec.; T. Hutcheson, S.D.; J. Jones, S.S.; J. Farrington, J.S.; Taylor, I.G.; Domville, Tyler; Woods, P.M.; Hawkins, P.M.; Edleston, P.M.; Grim, A. Potter, J. H. G. Potter, A. F. G. Potter, Bolton, Baird, Barlow, Houghton, Barber, Shilcock, Smethurst, Webster, Heaton, and others, and visitors: Bros. W. Sharp, P.M. 148, P. Prov. G.J.W. West Lanc.; J. R. Young, W.M. 148; Charles Skinner, 148; and A. T. Ireland, 484. The lodge was opened in the usual form, after which the minutes of the last regular meeting were read and confirmed. Bro. Finney, who had written a paper on "Some account of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys in London," was unable to read it from indisposition, and requested Bro. J. Farrington to do so. Bro. Farrington had great pleasure in doing so. Bros. Sharp, Wallhead, Richardson, Hawkins, the W.M., and others having spoken to the subject, at the end of the paper it was, on the proposition of Bro. Finney, seconded by the W.M., unanimously resolved to send a Steward to represent the lodge at the next annual festival of the Boys' School, on which occasion the D.G.M. of England, Lord Skelmersdale, will preside. Votes of thanks followed to Bro. Finney for writing, and Bro. Farrington for reading the paper. The brethren afterwards adjourned to refreshment, under the presidency of the genial W.M., Bro. Thomas H. Sutton.

**YORK.**—Eboracum Lodge (No. 1611).—At a meeting of this lodge, held on Monday, the 8th inst., Bro.

C. G. Padel, W.M., presiding, a presentation consisting of a Charity jewel, and an elaborately illuminated address, was made to the I.P.M., Bro. J. S. Cumberland. The address, which was handsomely framed, was most appropriately designed, each initial letter forming a different Masonic emblem. It was executed from the designs of Bro. T. B. Whytehead, P.M. The address was worded as follows:—"Worshipful Bro. J. S. Cumberland, I.P.M. We, the Master, Wardens, and Past Masters of the Eboracum Lodge, No. 1611, on behalf of the brethren of that lodge, beg your acceptance of the accompanying Charity jewel, the first gained by any member of the lodge, as a slight token of their appreciation of your services in the cause of the Masonic Charities, and of your unwearied exertions for the welfare of the lodge during your year of office. C. G. Padel, W.M.; J. T. Seller, S.W.; G. Simpson, J.W.; T. B. Whytehead, P.M., P.P.G.D.C.; Geo. Balmford, P.M., P.P.G.O.; Wm. Lawton, P.M., P.P.G.R.; James Kay, Sec. York. Monday, 8th Dec., 1879."

**HAMPTON WICK.**—Wolsey Lodge (No. 1656).—This flourishing lodge met in excellent strength at the White Hart Hotel, on the 8th inst. Among those in attendance were Bros. W. Hammond, P.P.G.D. Middx., I.P.M., acting W.M. in the absence of the Rev. C. De Crespigny, P.P.G. Chap. Middx., W.M.; J. Bond, P.P.G. D.C. Surrey, S.W.; J. Baldwin, P.P.G.P. Middx., acting J.W.; T. W. Ockenden, S.W. 1512, &c., Secretary; J. Hurst, P.G.A.P. Middx., P.M. 1512, W.M. 1793, S.D.; T. C. Walls, P.G.S.B. Middx., J.D.; Featherstone, acting I.G. and Gilbert, P.G.T. Middx., Tyler. Among the visitors were Bros. McIntyre, 144; Beauchamp, 1512; and Collier, 1793. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, Mr. F. Smith was impressively initiated into Craft mysteries by the acting W.M. The investment of Bros. Featherstone as I.G., and Piller as W.S. then took place. Bro. John Hurst was elected to represent the lodge at the next festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, and a notice of motion given that a sum should be taken from the lodge funds to head his list as Steward. The Secretary having reported that, in compliance with the resolution passed at the last meeting, he had forwarded a letter of condolence to the widow of the late Bro. Scott, I.G., the lodge was closed, and the brethren adjourned to the dining-room, where an excellent repast, ably catered for by Bro. Andrews, awaited them. In consequence of the extreme lateness of the hour, and the absence of the W.M., the after proceedings were necessarily shorn of their accustomed formality. "The Queen and Craft," "The M.W.G.M.," "The Grand Officers, Present and Past," and "The R.W. P.G.M." were briefly given and most heartily received. Bro. John Hurst responded upon behalf of "The P.G. Officers, Present and Past," and Bro. McIntyre for "The Visitors." "The Health of the Officers" followed, and was coupled with the name of Bro. Bond, S.W., who ably acknowledged the compliment. The remainder of the time at the disposal of the lodge was agreeably occupied by the vocal and dramatic contributions of Bros. Piller, Hurst, McIntyre, and others. The Tyler's toast at eleven terminated the proceedings.

**LIVERPOOL.**—Antient Briton Lodge (No. 1675).—The usual monthly meeting of the members of this lodge was held at the Masonic Hall, Hope-street, on the 25th ult. There were present Bros. J. R. Bottomley, W.M. (in the chair); T. Evans, S.W.; W. E. Coxon, Treas.; R. Fairclough, Sec.; Dr. J. E. H. Pugh, S.D.; H. Jones, J.D.; H. Pritchard, I.G.; J. Hughes, S.S.; F. Walker, J.S.; and M. Williamson, Tyler. The members present were Bros. Cowan, H. Williams, H. Hughes, J. Lewis, G. J. Hughes, J. Lees, O. Evans, R. Parry, J. R. Jones, J. Lloyd, G. Charney, G. Neville, J. Davies, J. Ireland, J. Pritchard, and others. The visitors included Bros. Bretherton, 241 E. George, Sec. 1356; T. Delamere, 1620; W. Heskett, 1620; R. Bethel, 1094; R. Jones, 1182; J. R. Goepel, P.P.G.D.C.; E. Paull, Treas. 1356; R. W. Lowry, 1356; J. Potter, 1182; J. Hill, 1609; R. Roberts, W. Thomas, H. Gill, 1086; E. Walsh, 1145; and others. The lodge was duly opened, after which the minutes were read and confirmed, and the ballot was afterwards taken for Mr. Richard Firman, which proved unanimous in his favour. As the candidate was not present, the bye-laws were read and signed by several brethren who had not previously done so. A lecture on the first Tracing Board was delivered by Bro. R. Fairclough, Sec., in a most impressive and masterly manner. On the motion of the W.M., seconded by Bro. R. Wylie, P.M., P.P.G.S.D., a cordial vote of thanks was given to the lecturer. After a proposition had been made, the lodge closed in due form, and the brethren adjourned for refreshments, a pleasant evening being spent.

#### INSTRUCTION.

**LONDON MASONIC CLUB** (No. 58).—A meeting was held on Monday, the 15th inst., at the Club, 101, Queen Victoria-street, City. There was a good attendance, the following brethren filling the offices: Bros. Chapman, W.M.; J. S. Fraser, S.W.; Bookman, J.W.; Becton, J.D.; J. B. King, I.G.; and Pulsford, Preceptor. The lodge having been opened in the First Degree, the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The initiation ceremony was rehearsed, Bro. Haynes acting as candidate. Bro. Smallpeice proposed an addition to the bye-laws, viz., "That a fee of 6d. be imposed on brethren visiting the lodge." This was seconded by Bro. J. S. Fraser, and carried unanimously. Bros. Bookman and King were unanimously elected members of this lodge of instruction. After the election of Bro. Fraser, as W.M. for the next meeting, the lodge was closed.



## Royal Arch.

**ROYAL JUBILEE CHAPTER (No. 72).**—A regular convocation of this old chapter was held at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, on Thursday, the 11th inst., under somewhat melancholy circumstances, the M.E.Z. having died very suddenly three days after the last convocation, and the companions, in consequence, appeared in mourning. Ex. Comp. Foxall, I.P.Z., occupied the chair of M.E.Z., supported by Ex. Comps. Nunn, H.; Lovett, J.; Webb, P.Z., Treas.; Comps. Dunn, S.N.; H. Lovegrove, P.S.; Salter, 1st Asst. S.; Potter, Janitor; Lasky, P.Z.; Dodson, P.Z.; Lean, Cox, Amis, Walker, and others, the only visitor being Ex. Comp. Thompson, P.Z. 507. After ballot, Bro. Reid was introduced, and duly exalted, the lectures being given by Comps. Foxall and Nunn in a very creditable manner. The installation of Principals was proceeded with by Ex. Comp. Foxall, the following being the complete list of officers:—Comps. Nunn, M.E.Z.; Lovett, H.; Dunn, J.; Webb, Treas.; T. Foxall, Scribe E.; H. Lovegrove, Scribe N.; Salter, P.S.; and Potter, Janitor. Comp. Salter invested Comps. Amis and Walker as 1st and 2nd Assistant Sojourners. It was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously, "That a letter of condolence be sent to the widow of Comp. Durkin, the late respected M.E.Z." After the transaction of some routine business the chapter was closed and the companions adjourned to the banquet, over which the M.E.Z., Comp. Nunn, presided.

**TWICKENHAM.**—Francis Burdett Chapter (No. 1503).—A meeting of this provincial chapter was held on the 3rd inst. at the Albany Hotel. Among the officers present were Comps. J. Tomlinson, M.E.Z.; Cama, P.G.S.B. Middx., H.; Charles Horsley, P.P.G.S. of Middx., acting J. and Treas.; W. Taylor, S.N.; T. C. Walls, P.G.D.C. Middx., P.S.; and Rushworth, 1st Asst. The minutes of the previous convocation having been read and confirmed, the subject of the bye-laws was fully discussed, and it was unanimously resolved that a Committee, consisting of Comps. Horsley, W. Taylor, Walls, Rushworth, and Saunders, should draw up the same, and submit them to the chapter for approval at the next regular meeting. The election of officers then took place with the following unanimous result:—Comps. Cama, M.E.Z.; S. H. Knaggs, H.; W. Taylor, J.; Charles Horsley, Treas.; Walls, S.N.; W. H. Saunders, S.E.; Rushworth, P.S.; and Harrison, Janitor. Comp. Rushworth having announced that he should appoint Comps. Saunders and J. Hays as his First and Second Assistants, the convocation was duly and formally closed, and the companions partook of a collation, which was well served. The only toasts proposed were "The Queen and Royal Arch Masonry," "The Principals," and "The Officers."

## INSTRUCTION.

**NORTH LONDON CHAPTER OF IMPROVEMENT (No. 1471)**—This chapter of improvement held a convocation at the Jolly Farmers, 113, Southgate-road, N., on Thursday, the 11th inst. Present: M.E. Comps. Hobbs, Z.; Braine, H.; Cusworth, J.; Mather, Preceptor; McMillan, P.S.; Halford, Treasurer; Hunter, S.E.; Weston, N.; Comp. Edmonds, Fysh, Lee, Griggs, Brasted, and Cogan. The M.E.Z. declared the chapter open for the purpose of improvement, and the minutes of the last convocation were read and confirmed. The ceremony of exaltation was rehearsed, Comp. Brasted acting as candidate. Comps. Lee, Brasted, and Cogan were elected members. The chapter was then closed.

## Mark Masonry.

**TRINITY COLLEGE LODGE (No. 244).**—An emergency meeting of this lodge was held at Trinity College, Weymouth-street, under the presidency of the W.M., Bro. Dr. Passawer, Prov. G. Reg. of M., assisted by his officers. The visitors were Bros. Davison, Grand Treas., D. Prov. G.M.M.; Dewar, G. Asst. Sec.; Broadley, Prov. G.M. Tunis and Malta; J. Stevens, P.G.J.O.; H. Lovegrove, Prov. G.S. of Wks.; and a distinguished Scotch brother, representing the Grand Chapter of Scotland. Bro. Hoare, jan., son of one of the founders of the lodge, was duly advanced, the ceremony being performed with full musical accompaniment, the voices being led by Bro. J. Stedman, the fine organ and excellent singing producing an effect rarely experienced in Masonic ceremonies. After the conclusion of the ceremony the brethren dined together at the Bodega, Oxford-street, when the usual toasts were duly honoured. Bro. Broadley made an excellent speech on Masonry in Tunis and Malta; and, assisted by the excellent vocal exercises of the brethren, a pleasant evening was spent.

**BRIXTON LODGE (No. 254).**—An emergency meeting of this lodge was held at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell, on Saturday last, the 13th inst. The W.M. being absent in the country, the lodge was opened by Bro. T. Poore, P.G.I.G., as W.M., supported by Bros. H. Lovegrove, P.G.S. of W., S.W.; G. Clark, J.W.; H. Baldwin, S.D. and Sec.; C. Axford, I.G.; and R. Potter, Tyler; with visitors Bros. Thrupp, P.G.J.O.; Richardson, G.J.D.; Clifford Lehman Barrett, P.G. Org.; and Anderson. The ballot was taken for Bros. Clapham and Kipping, and the latter brother being in attendance was regularly advanced to the Honourable Degree. The seats of the Overseers were filled by the three visiting Grand Officers, Bros. Thrupp, Richardson, and Barrett, so that Bro. Poore's effective rendering of the ceremony was ably assisted. At the close of the proceedings the brethren separated.

**WHITEHAVEN.**—Fletcher Lodge (No. 213).—The monthly meeting of this lodge was held on Friday evening last, the 12th inst., in the Freemasons' Hall, College-street. The lodge was opened by the W.M., Bro. Dr. Henry, P.P.G.S.W., supported by Bros. W. B. Gibson, P.G.M.O.; S.W.; E. Tyson, P.G.I.G., Sec., as J.W.; W. White, M.O.; G. Sparrow, S.O.; J. W. Miles, J.O., J. 216, as J.D.; J. S. Wilson, I.G.; G. Fitzgerald, Tyler; W. Holloway, G. Dalrymple, W.M. 216, P.G.J.D.; C. H. Hodgson, 216; T. Atkinson, 216; and others. The lodge being opened, the minutes were read and confirmed. A ballot was then taken for the admission of Bros. Dalrymple, Hodgson, and Atkinson, as joining members, whilst Bros. W. Sandwith, P.M. 119, and J. Rothery, 119, were balloted for as candidates for advancement. Bro. McKelvie (who had been previously accepted) and Bro. Rothery being in attendance, were regularly advanced to the Honourable D-degree. The W.M. having been re-elected to the chair of A., was duly installed, proclaimed, and greeted by the brethren, the whole ceremonies being ably conducted by Bro. Dalrymple, W.M. 216. The W.M. then appointed his officers as follows: Bros. W. B. Gibson, S.W.; W. White, J.W.; John Barr, M.O.; Ed. Tyson, S.O.; George Dalrymple, Sec., and Reg.; J. W. Miles, J.O.; Jas. Robertson, S.D.; J. S. Wilson, J.D.; Geo. Sparrow, I.G.; Geo. Fitzgerald, Tyler. There being nothing more for the good and welfare of the lodge, it was closed, and an hour was spent in harmony.

**COCKERMOUTH.**—Faithfull Lodge (No. 229).—The monthly meeting of this Mark lodge was held in the Masonic Hall, Station-street, on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst. There were present Bros. R. Robinson, W.M.; W. F. Lamonby, I.P.M. (Freemason); W. H. Lewthwaite, S.W.; R. W. Robinson, M.O.; T. C. Robinson, S.O.; H. Peacock, J.O.; W. Shilton, S.D.; W. Paisley, J.D.; T. Mason, I.G.; and J. Hewson, Tyler. Other members were unavoidably absent. The minutes being read and confirmed, a ballot was taken for Bro. Isaac Evening, Lodges 962 and 1002, which being unanimous, he was admitted, and regularly advanced to the Honourable Degree by the I.P.M. It having been intimated that the Provincial Grand Lodge meeting would be held at Carlisle on Tuesday, the 16th inst., under the banner of Cumberland Lodge, No. 60, the lodge was closed.

## PROVINCIAL GRAND MARK LODGE OF CUMBERLAND AND WEST-MORELAND.

The annual meeting of this province was held in the Freemasons' Hall, Castle-street, Carlisle, on Tuesday, the 9th inst., under the banner of Cumberland Lodge, No. 60, Bro. C. G. Hayward, P.M., W.M., P.G. I.G. of England, who was, however, confined to his bed through a severe illness. Bro. Colonel Whitwell, M.P., R.W. Deputy Provincial G. and Master, P.G.W. of England, presided, in the absence of the Earl of Bective, M.P., R.W. Provincial Grand Master; and amongst the others present were Bros. J. Nicholson, P.M. 151, P.P.G.S.W., as D.P.G.M.; G. J. McKay, P.M. 195, P.G.S.W.; Dr. Henry, W.M. 213, P.P.G.S.W.; G. Potter, P.M. 60, P.G. M.O.; W. B. Gibson, S.W. 213, P.G.S.O.; T. Mandie, P.M. 151, P.G.J.O.; J. A. Wheatley, P.M. 60, P.G. Treas.; P. de E. Collin, P.M. 151, P.G. Steward, P.G. Sec.; G. Dalrymple, W.M. 216, P.G.J.D.; J. Cook, P.M. 60, P.P.G.J.D.; J. C. Mason, 60, P.G. In. Works; J. Haswell, Sec. 60, P.G. Steward; J. Taylor, 195, P.G. Steward; J. Ewing, S.W. 60; R. Robinson, W.M. 229; W. H. Lewthwaite, S.W. 229; Capt. Sewell, J.W. 229; T. C. Robinson, S.O. 229; W. F. Lamonby, P.M. 229, P.P.G.A.D.C.; W. Cunningham, 60, P.G. Tyler; and others. The minutes of the last provincial meeting held at Keswick, in June, 1878, under the banner of the Bective Lodge, No. 147, having been read and confirmed, the Treasurer's statement of accounts, showing a balance of £6 11s. 6d. in the bank, was submitted and approved. The next business was the election of a Provincial Grand Master for the next three years, and Bro. Henry moved, Bro. Whately seconded, and it was unanimously resolved, that the Earl of Bective be re-elected. The officers were next appointed and invested; Bros. Nicholson and Cunningham being respectively elected by show of hands. The following is the list:—

Bro. P. de E. Collin, P.M. 151	... Prov. G.S.W.
" J. A. Wheatley, P.M. 60	... Prov. G.J.W.
" W. Court, P.M. 60	... Prov. G.M.O.
" T. Mandie, P.M. 151	... Prov. G.S.O.
" R. Nelson, P.M. 195	... Prov. G.J.O.
" J. Nicholson, P.M. 151	... Prov. G. Treas.
" Capt. Sewell, J.W. 229	... Prov. G. Reg.
" W. F. Lamonby, P.M. 229	... Prov. G. Sec.
" J. Gardiner, P.M. 151	... Prov. G.A. Sec.
" G. Dalrymple, W.M. 216	... Prov. G.S.D.
" E. Tyson, J.W. 213	... Prov. G.J.D.
" J. Godfrey, P.M. 195	... Prov. G.I.W.
" J. C. Mason, 60	... Prov. G.D.C.
" J. Haswell, Sec. 60	... Prov. G.A.D.C.
" R. Robinson, W.M. 229	... Prov. G. Swd. Br.
" Wilkinson, 195	... Prov. G. Std. Br.
" W. H. Lewthwaite, S.W. 229	... Prov. G. Org.
" Taylor, 195	... Prov. G.I.G.
Bros. Walker, 216; Mills, 213; and Ewing, 60	... Prov. G. Stewards.
Bro. W. Cunningham, 60	... Prov. G. Tyler.

The R.W. Prov. Grand Master in the chair, in investing the Prov. Grand Treasurer, said there were now a sufficient number of lodges to make the province a reality, instead of a sham. They had now a balance in the bank, and this was going to be a Provincial Grand Lodge of which the Order might well be proud. Next year it was expected the provincial meeting would be held at Cockermonth,

under the banner of Faithfull Lodge, when he hoped there would be a good report of the progress of the Order in the province. This was all the business, and the Provincial Grand Lodge was duly closed. Subsequently luncheon was partaken of at the County Hotel.

## INSTALLATION OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND PRINCE LEOPOLD AS KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

A Special Priory of the Religious and Military Order of Knights of Malta was held at the Masonic Hall, 33, Golden-square, on Saturday last, the 13th inst., at one o'clock, for the purpose of receiving into the Order their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught, Great Prior of the Temple for Ireland, and Prince Leopold, Past Preceptor of the Coeur de Lion Preceptory, Oxford.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Grand Master of the Order, was unavoidably prevented from being present and presiding, as he had intended doing, and the throne was consequently occupied by Lord Skelmersdale, the Great Prior of England and Wales, who was attended by the following Provincial Priors and Great Officers of the Order: Col. Shadwell Clerke, Great Sub Prior; W. W. B. Beach, M.P., Prov. Prior of Hants; Capt. N. G. Phillips, Prov. Prior of Suffolk and Cambridge; Rev. H. Giddy, Prov. Prior of South Africa; J. M. P. Montagu, D.L., Prov. Prior of Dorset; Capt. C. Beswicke-Royds, Prov. Prior of Lancashire; W. Kingston, Prov. Prior of Mediterranean; Genl. Studholme Brownrigg, C.B., Prov. Prior of Surrey; Col. J. W. Peard, Prov. Prior of Cornwall; C. Fendelow, Prov. Prior of Stafford and Worcestershire; H. D. Sandeman, P. Prov. Prior of Bengal; Col. Somerville Burney, P. Prov. Prior of Essex; S. Rawson, P. Prov. Prior of China; Maj.-Gen. H. Clerk, P. Prov. Prior of Kent; Col. G. N. Boldero, P. Prov. Prior of Mediterranean; J. L. Sim, P. Prov. Prior of Ceylon; J. E. Curtis, Arch. Treas.; the Rev. Ambrose Hall, Prelat.; Alex. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., Chancellor; Col. Francis Burdett, Constable; R. H. Thrupp, Reg.; Charles Gooden, Treas.; G. Lambert, Warden of Regalia; W. Tinkler, Vice-Chancellor; W. Spencer, Sub-Marshal; and the following Past Grand Officers, and others: Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Q.C.; Sir Michael Costa, Genl. H. E. Doherty, C.B.; M. Genl. C. Randolph, Rev. T. Cochrane, James Gibbs, C.S.I.; Col. Haldane, Dr. W. B. Brodie, F. Richardson, J. Keene, Louis Desanges, Rev. W. R. Sanderson, Dr. M. B. Tanner, Magnus Ohren, Dr. C. J. Smith, Major J. Browne, C. Chanos P.L.; E. Letchworth, Major C. Caldwell, W. H. Pullen, W. C. Willing.

Their Royal Highnesses arrived from Buckingham Palace precisely at one o'clock, and were received by the acting Marshals, Gen. Studholme Brownrigg, C.B., and Capt. N. G. Phillips, and were subsequently duly admitted, proclaimed, and installed "Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta;" the interesting and impressive ceremonial being conducted by Col. Shadwell Clerke, the Gt. Sub-Prior of the Order.

The hall, which, on this occasion, was fitted as a chapter house of the Knights of Malta, presented a beautiful and picturesque appearance, being entirely hung round with the banners of the knights, and otherwise decorated with the furniture peculiar to the Order, whilst the scarlet tunics and black cloaks, both charged with the eight-pointed white cross, in which the knights were habited, added a rich effect to the scene.

During the ceremony, Capt. N. G. Phillips, Prov. Prior of Suffolk and Cambridge, made a very interesting presentation to their Royal Highnesses of two antique rings, which had in former times been worn by Commanders of the old Order of Malta, and which had come into Capt. Phillips' possession when quartered in that island in 1857. These rings display the eight-pointed cross, in white enamel, surmounted with a crown (the badge of a Commander) in an oval of gold, pierced, and were two of the rings of profession, worn in former times by all members of the Order. Their Royal Highnesses expressed themselves as much gratified at receiving these rare souvenirs.

## CONSECRATION OF THE DARLINGTON MARK LODGE, No. 250.

This event took place on Saturday, the 13th inst., in the Masonic Hall, Archer-street, Darlington, and was attended by about fifty brethren. A lodge having been opened at two p.m. by the R.W. Prov. G.M., Canon Tristram, fifteen candidates were advanced to the Degree by Bro. T. B. Whythead, P.M. of the York Mark Lodge, T.I., at the request of the P.G.M.

The lodge was then consecrated by the Prov. G.M., and the W.M. designate, Bro. J. M. Meek (York Mark Lodge), of Darlington, was installed by the Dep. Prov. G.M., Bro. J. Y. Strachan, of Newcastle.

The W.M. appointed and invested his officers as follows: Bros. J. Bailey, S.W.; S. F. Bousfield, J.W.; R. A. Luck, M.O.; C. R. Fry, S.O.; H. E. O. Muller, J.O.; F. Parr, Sec.; W. Lear, Reg. of Marks; F. Tovey, Org.; J. C. Martin, S.D.; W. Hobson, J.D.; J. J. Wilkes, I.G.; T. Garget, Tyler.

The brethren and visitors afterwards dined together, the W.M. presiding, when the usual toasts were duly honoured.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold by auction on Monday last the autograph score of Handel's opera "Amadigi" for £35 10s., and that of Mozart's Quintetto in D major for forty-three guineas. They were from the collection of the late Mr. F. Smee, of the Bank of England.

## NOTICE.

The *Freemason* for next week will be issued to the Trade and delivered to Subscribers on Wednesday morning instead of Friday.

## To Correspondents.

The following correspondence was received too late for publication, and is held over until next week:—

"The Royal Masonic Institution for Boys and Bro. Wilson."

The following also stand over:—

Stockwell Lodge, No. 1339.

Mark Master Masons and Royal Ark Mariners.

Brixton Lodge, Royal Ark Mariners, No. 113.

Duke of Connaught Lodge of Instruction, No. 1524.

St. John's Lodge, Stockport, No. 104.

York Lodge, York, No. 236.

Lodge of Affability, Manchester, No. 317.

Zetland Lodge, Salford, No. 852.

Falcon Lodge, Thirsk, No. 1416.

Old England Lodge, No. 1790.

Mark Lodge, No. 276.

## BOOKS, &amp;c. RECEIVED.

"East Sussex News," "West Middlesex Advertiser," "Hull Packet," "Brief," "Alliance News," "Royal Cornwall Gazette," "Broad Arrow," "Chelmsford Chronicle," "Weston-super-Mare Gazette," "The Newcastle Daily Journal," "Der Triangel," "Masonic Eclectic," "Dramatic Notes," "Our Actors and Actresses," "Birmingham Daily Gazette," "The London and Suburban Official Programme of Amusements," "The Freemasons' Monthly," "Boletín Oficial," "Liverpool Daily Post," "Hebrew Leader," "Die Bauhütte," "The Atholl Lodges," "The Illustrated Household Journal," "Masonic Newspaper," "Truth," "Keystone."

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[The charge is 2s. 6d. for announcements not exceeding Four Lines under this heading.]

## BIRTH.

ARROWSMITH.—On the 15th inst., at Batholomew-road, N.W., the wife of E. B. C. Arrowsmith, of a son.

## DEATH.

SMALE.—On the 11th inst., of bronchitis, John Smale, of 19, Great Marlborough-street, aged 63 years.

## THE FREEMASON.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

1879.

We think it right in this our Christmas number of the *Freemason* to give our annual summary of Masonic sayings and doings in 1879. True it is that the old year has not yet quite disappeared from the Masonic Calendar, but in these anticipatory remarks we feel sure that we shall be consulting the wishes and interests of our readers as well as our own. We trust, too, that our view of the "situation" will be accepted by our patrons and friends. It is a mistake, in our opinion, to spin out with too great a detail and with verbose prolixity, records which none can remember and very few care to read. To enter into minute explanations of debates and difficulties which have only a passing interest, to load our pages with conclusions in which nothing is concluded, and statements in which nothing is stated, transactions in which nothing is transacted, always has appeared to us, we confess, the height of inane and worthless padding. All that the Masonic reader wants, in our opinion, is, though we admit we may be perfectly wrong, a clear and concise statement of leading facts, so as to refresh his memory and renew his interest when he is leaving an old year for a new one, and when Freemasonry is passing from a twelvemonths' struggle to face the labours, and difficulties, and animation of another year. It is with these feelings that we venture to commend our summary of Masonic life in 1879 to the notice of our many kindly and cultivated readers, seeking for it, what we know it will receive at their hands, sympathetic attention and fraternal criticism. The New Year began for us, as all New Years begin, with a mingled "yarn" of joy and sorrow, grief and glee, the normal skeins of life are ever partly bright and partly dark, and so with our Masonic Calendar—it witnesses always of the sorrows and joys of us poor mortals, and like our chequered floor-cloth tells in unmistakable witness of mingled scenes and memories—joyous and depressing. The last strains of rejoicing had scarcely died away which announced our Pro Grand Master's happy marriage, when we had to deplore the

deaths of three distinguished brethren in Freemasonry; Bro. Capt. Duff, M.P., and Bros. Head and Boyd, the last two being most eminent and respected members of our Order, whose services to the Craft had been most meritorious, whose memory will long linger among the brethren. It is pleasant to remember that 1878 closed with this fact, announced by the Secretaries, that £45,312 4s. 3d. had been contributed to the Masonic Charities during the past year of light and grace. A goodly fact, my masters! The New Year opened properly enough with the annual New Year's Entertainment to the inmates of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution. Bro. Hobbs, Secretary of the Alfred Lodge, 340, Oxford-street, early in this month received a jewel and a purse of fifty guineas as an acknowledgement of his services as Secretary for twenty-five years. On the 6th there was the usual Twelfth Night Entertainment at the Girls' School. The monthly Lodge of Benevolence on the 22nd voted £970 in all for gratuitous aid to suffering and needy brethren. On the 24th a deputation waited on the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro Grand Master, with an address of felicitation on his marriage. And thus January passed away amid much activity of our London Lodges after the Christmas Holidays were over.

FEBRUARY.—On the 5th was the Quarterly Communication of Grand Chapter, at which warrants for three new chapters were granted, and the Hervey Chapter received permission to call itself the John Hervey Chapter. On the 12th the Anniversary Festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution was held, under the presidency of Bro. Lieut.-Col. Le Gendre N. Starkie, P.G.M. E. Lancashire, before a crowded hall, and with 288 Stewards, Bro. A. F. A. Woodford, Chairman. The amount realized—the highest ever known on any similar occasion—was £13,926, which was greeted with deafening cheers when announced by the indefatigable Secretary, Bro. Terry. On the 19th the Lodge of Benevolence met, and granted £580 in relief of distressed brethren. The third annual ball of the Carnarvon and Morpeth Lodges took place at the Cannon-street Hotel with much success. The death was announced this month of Bro. Joseph Bowles, D.D., Archdeacon, P.G.M. for Oxfordshire since 1848.

MARCH.—The Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge took place on the 5th, when our distinguished Bro. Lieut.-Col. John Creaton was elected by an overwhelming majority Grand Treasurer. During this month Bro. Creaton received the presentation of his portrait by the Lodge of Antiquity for honorary services to the lodge. In this month the Lodge of Benevolence granted £667 in Masonic Charity.

APRIL.—In April the Craft heard with regret of the resignation of that excellent Mason, Bro. John Huyshe, of his office of Prov. Grand Master of Devonshire, through age and ill health. The elections for the Boys' and Girls' Schools took place in this month, the former electing eighteen out of a list of forty-seven applicants, the latter sixteen out of a list of sixty-eight applicants. The Lodge of Benevolence on the 23rd granted £639. The Grand Festival took place on the 30th, when the appointment of new Grand Officers was announced. The death of Bro. John Tunnah, the veteran Prov. Grand Secretary for East Lancashire, aged 72, occurred on the 27th of this month.

MAY.—May opened with the loss of our excellent and worthy Bro. Charles Bryant Payne, Grand Tyler. On the 7th Supreme Grand Chapter met, when the installation of new Grand Officers took place, and the warrants for five new chapters were granted. On the 14th of this month the Festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls took place, under the presidency of Bro. Lieut.-Col. Creaton, Grand Treasurer. About 500 brethren and 300 ladies were present. The unusually large sum of £1171, 3s. 3d. was announced amid great cheering. The Lodge of Benevolence of May 21st granted £530 in benevolence.

JUNE.—Grand Lodge met in Quarterly Communication on the 4th, when Bro. H. Sadler was appointed Grand Tyler. Bro. Tyrrell Leith was appointed District Grand Master Bombay. On the 18th the Lodge of Benevolence granted £635; on the 25th June the Festival of the Royal Ma-

sonic Institution for Boys took place, the Earl of Rosslyn, K.T. and P.G.M. for Scotland, presiding, at the Alexandra Palace, in the presence of about 900 ladies and brethren, when £10,534 10s. was announced.

JULY.—On the 2nd July Lord Tenterden, U.S. of State for Foreign Affairs, was installed as Prov. G.M. for Essex before a numerous gathering by the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro G.M., who made a most excellent speech on the occasion. The 11th Annual Festival in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Grand Lodge of Mark Masters took place in this month, Lord A. Hall presiding, when £528 16s. was reported to have been received. In this month a complimentary dinner was given at the Star Hotel, Richmond, to Bro. the Rev. Dr. P. H. Ernest Brette, by the members of the Aldersgate Lodge, No. 1657, a compliment well deserved by our worthy brother. At the meeting of the Lodge of Benevolence in this month £700 was voted. In July the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to Grimsby, when an address was voted to our Royal Grand Master by Lodge 792. During this month the second festival of the Peckham Lodge, 1475; Metropolitan, 1507; and Royal Savoy, 1744, took place.

AUGUST.—Grand Chapter met on August 6th, when charters for ten new chapters were granted. In this month the Lodge of Benevolence granted £425. The normal mode of Masonic initiation was varied in this month by the announcement that a profane had been initiated in a balloon called the "Captive of Paris," by a French lodge, under the Rite Eccosais. Some Masonic writers have affected to find fault with this proceeding—for our part we think the least said is the soonest mended; indeed, as a little variety to the disagreeable situation of French Masonic Officers, we are rather inclined to approve of this airy flight of Masonry.

SEPTEMBER.—The Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge took place this month. At a meeting of the Lodge of Benevolence a sum of £390 was voted to indigent brethren. On the 17th a meeting of the Wentworth Little Memorial Fund Committee was held, and subscriptions to the amount of £251 18s. 6d. announced.

OCTOBER.—Few events of importance to the Craft occurred in October—the usual half-yearly election to fill vacancies in the Girls' and Boys' Schools being the most noticeable. In the former eighteen were elected out of a list of forty-eight, and in the latter sixteen were successful out of a list of seventy-seven. At a meeting of the Lodge of Benevolence in this month the sum of £755 was voted in Charity. The Provincial Grand Lodge of Oxford was held on the 29th, and was presided over by Prince Leopold.

NOVEMBER.—In this month Masonry, especially in the metropolis, shows signs of returning life and activity. Summer lodges and holiday outings at suburban places of meetings are things of the past, and real earnest work begins, and the record of Masonic labour becomes fuller. On the 5th Supreme Grand Chapter met, and granted warrants for four new chapters. At Reading the foundation stone of the New Public Buildings was laid, with Masonic ceremony, by the Pro Grand Master, the Earl of Carnarvon. On the 19th the Lodge of Benevolence met and granted various sums, amounting to the large sum of £1035. A pleasant gathering took place on the 18th, when the members of the Board of General Purposes and Colonial Board dined together. An important matter came before the Governor and Subscribers of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls at their meeting on the 22nd. On the recommendation of the Building Committee the following resolution was unanimously carried: "That the sum of six thousand five hundred pounds (£6500) be expended in the purchase of Lyncombe House and grounds (freehold), the property of Wm. Evill, Esq., adjoining the grounds of the Institution, at St. John's Hill, Battersea Rise, S.W." Among Craft meetings may be noticed the installation of Bro. Edwin Swanborough as W.M. of the Asaph Lodge, on which occasion a complete set of Masonic clothing was presented by the W.M.'s mother, Mrs. Swanborough.

DECEMBER.—This month the Craft heard with grief and sorrow of the resignation of its

most esteemed Grand Secretary, Bro. John Hervey. He had long been suffering from ill-health and a painful malady, but his services to Masonry never grew slack, and his zeal for Masonry was never extinguished. He discharged his important duties to the very last, until weakness overpowered him, with that assiduity, address, and amiability which have rendered the name of John Hervey a household word among Freemasons. At the Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge, held on the 3rd, his resignation was officially announced, and he was granted a retiring pension of £500 a year, and an immediate gratuity of £300. Among other matters of importance discussed at this meeting of Grand Lodge was the resolution of Bro. Stevens for an enquiry into "Uniformity of Working," which was carried, a numerous and most influential minority voting against it, and an alteration of the regulations with regard to Charity jewels. Bro. Clabon's motion for appropriating a portion of the funds of the Lodge of Benevolence for other objects was postponed until the next communication. In its present form it cannot, in our opinion, legally be passed. Warrants for thirteen new lodges were granted. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was again nominated as M.W. Grand Master, amid the plaudits of all the assembly. Grand Mark Lodge met on the 2nd, when Lord Skelmersdale was re-elected Grand Master for the year ensuing; and warrants for five new lodges were granted. Official information was received of the recognition of the Grand Mark Lodge by the Supreme Grand Chapter of Scotland. The records of this month would be incomplete without mention of the festival of the Emulation Lodge of Improvement, under the Presidency of Lord Kensington, and the banquet and congratulatory address presented to our gallant Bro. Major Chard, by the members of his lodge at Exeter.

Thus have we gone through the somewhat dull and even tenour of our Masonic course during the last twelve months. If English Masonry has had nothing striking to record, no vexata questio to move it, no bone of contention to rend it in twain, happily for the peace of the Order, its historian can gladly proclaim to-day that its material prosperity has been great, and its advance in prestige and popularity unprecedented. One historical fact must, however, here be noticed, viz., the resignation of Bro. John Hervey, G.S., through ill-health. Of his labours for Freemasonry who can speak in fitting terms? of his actual loss to our Order who can venture to doubt? Kind and courteous, polished and urbane, accessible to all and difficult to none, he has left a mark on English Freemasonry which none of the brethren who witnessed his work or shared his labours can ever underrate or forget. During his tenure of office several hundred lodges have been added to our roll, and the office work at Freemasons' Hall has become both a heavy duty and a serious responsibility; and here we leave the matter, for it is not for us to indulge in conjectures as to whom the Grand Master in his wisdom shall confide the important office of Grand Secretary. We could not, however, leave the summary of 1879 in the *Freemason* without referring in heartfelt terms of sincerity and admiration to the Masonic services and engaging personal character of Bro. John Hervey. Our readers will perceive that our English Masonic life has sped away in 1879 in the quiet discharge of lodge routine and the warm support of Masonic charity, amid depressing difficulties of trade and agriculture. Never at any period were our lodges better attended; never at any time in our history has the great cause of Charity witnessed more abundant proofs of the large-hearted liberality of our English brotherhood, and so we leave 1879 and welcome 1880 with just confidence and pride in our good old Order, trusting that it may please the G.A.O.T.U. to preserve it in its unity, integrity, efficiency, and reality, for the welfare of the brotherhood and the happiness of mankind. Abroad we have very little to report, either what is interesting or satisfactory. The spirit of agitation and violent change which prevailed, unfortunately, in the Grand Orient of France a couple of years ago and led to a most hurtful and unsound revolution, which placed French Craft Masonry out of harmony entirely

with Cosmopolitan Masonry, affected the Rite Ecossais to some extent in 1879. A proposal was made, supported by violent speeches and bitter pamphlets, ignoring the whole history and very principles of the "Rite Ancien et Accepté," to make it practically a second Grand Orient; and to render the whole body subservient to the ruling of Master Masons. Properly speaking, the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite ought not to meddle with Craft Masonry, for it is quite clear that its own principles are utterly antagonistic to the idea of a Craft Grand Lodge as its governing body. We were appealed to because we were Craft Masons, and had a Grand Lodge, to support this incoherent proposal, but as we "could not see it" in any form or light, we preferred to uphold what was just and right, even at the expense of a little popularity among some of the movers of this unwise and un-Masonic agitation. It only shows how sentiment overpowers right reason and logic. The Convent of the Grand Orient, 1879, witnessed, indeed, a certain spirit of calmness and conciliation, but we fear that such a happy change is to a great extent only on the surface. Bro. St. Jean has retired from the presidency of the Conseil as if he feared a coming storm, and that the comparative quietude of 1879 was but a prelude to other and more violent proceedings in 1880, for it must be borne in mind that a revision of the ritual has taken place, and, if we are correctly informed, the only result will be, and can be, that the name of the G.A.O.T.U. must ere long entirely disappear from all French Masonic ceremonial. The Grand Orient of Belgium has followed suit, and in some jurisdictions there seems an unhappy tendency to imitate the unwise example of the Grand Orient of France. Happily other jurisdictions stand firm to their duty and the true teaching of Cosmopolitan Freemasonry, such as the Grand Lodge of St. John, in Hungary, the Grand Orient of Egypt, the Grand Orient of Italy, the Grand Lodges of Sweden and Denmark, the Grand Orients of Spain and Portugal, and, we believe, the majority of the lodges in Germany. In America and Canada and the Antipodes Freemasonry holds on its prosperous way, its loyal adhesion to the religious tenets of our Great Order; indeed, the simple fact that in the United States there are 700,000 Freemasons is a remarkable fact in itself, and one deserving the attentive notice of the opponents and calumniators of Masonry, for, strange to say, as if the Roman Catholic Church had nothing better to do, it has given itself up in 1879 to the amusement of cursing and persecuting Freemasonry wherever its influence extends. Like the famous Jack-daw, immortalized by Barham, Freemasonry seems to heed neither ban nor blessing, but moves on with unruffled feathers, uninjured and undaunted, and long may it so continue—may its beneficent and tolerating principles spread from pole to pole, proclaiming in unmistakable language the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

We have had to deplore during the last twelve months the melancholy loss of many excellent comrades and distinguished brethren from the ranks of Masonry. Among them we note Bros. Wm. Archer, P.G.D.W. Lanc.; W. H. Bartle; Bedford, W.M. 581; P. W. Benham; J. Wade Bennett; Sir E. R. Borough, Bart., Past D.G.M. Ireland; Rev. Dr. Bowles, P.G.M. Herefordshire; J. Boyd, P.G.P.; W. Brown; H. Browne; W. A. Butt; J. H. Cox, P.M., P.Z.; J. S. Cuthbert; Duff, M.P.; T. Durkin; J. S. Ellison; J. Francis; H. J. Frew, P.M. 825; R. W. Haynes; B. Head, P.G.D.; John Hegarty; E. Hughes, P.M. 249; John Johnson, 140; George Kelly King, P.M., &c.; Jno. Lazar, R.W.D.G.M. Westland, N. Zealand; R. Lister; E. Martel, P.M., &c.; T. S. Mortlock; E. J. Page, P.G.S., &c.; C. B. Payne, Grand Tyler; Payne, I.P.M. 342; G. Phythian, P.M. 22; Jos. Poore; C. H. Pulham; Alex. Riddell; R. Rodda, P.P.G. Reg. Devon; John Seager; Jno. Shaw, P.M. 79; W. Jenkin Thomas; George Thompson, P.M., &c.; John Tunnah, P.G. Sec. East Lanc.; Rev. G. T. N. Watkins; Capt. George Wattson; A. J. Wheeler, P.M. 140; Thos. White, P.M. 22; A. Winkup, P.M. 1356; H. Winton; and Bryan Wormald.

The following consecrations have taken place

during the year:—Craft Lodges—Abercorn, 1813; Alliance, 1827; Atlingworth, 1821; Burrell, 1829; Clapham, 1818; Coborn, 1804; Cornhill, 1803; Creaton, 1791; De Vere, 1794; Duke of Cornwall, 1839; Fidelis, 1809; Here-taunga, 1812; Hervey, 1788; Lullingstone, 1837; Old England, 1790; Penge, 1815; St. Andrew, 1817; St. Leonard's, 1842; St. Petroc, 1758; Sir Charles Bright, 1793; Sir Thomas White, 1820; Southdown, 1797; Ubique, 1789; and Zion, 1798.

Royal Arch Chapters—Dinbych, 1177; Duke of Connaught, 1524; Eryri, 1509; Etheldreda, 809; Granite, 1328; Marlborough, 1399; Marquis of Dalhousie, 1159; and Nicholson, 371.

Mark Lodges—Darlington, 250; Prince Leopold, 238; Royal Naval, 239; and St. Andrew's, 237.

Royal Arch Mariners—Brixton, 234; Pan-mure, 139; and United, 34.

## THE APPOINTMENT OF GRAND SECRETARY.

Up to the present no appointment has been made. We have heard of seven candidates for the office, though, we confess, we somewhat doubt the propriety, Masonically speaking, of brethren putting themselves forward, and in any way canvassing for support. The appointment is purely within the prerogative of the Grand Master, who is responsible to Grand Lodge for a proper appointment, and all public anticipations of the brother ultimately selected by the Grand Master are we venture to deem alike inopportune and unwise. We will only venture to express our hope, as, indeed, we doubt not, that the appointment when made will tend to maintain the prestige and independence of the greatest Craft Grand Lodge in the world.

## Original Correspondence.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for, or even approving of, the opinions expressed by our correspondents, but we wish in a spirit of fair play to all, to permit—within certain necessary limits—free discussion.]

### UNITY OF RITUAL.

Dear Bro. Kenning,—

As Bro. Perceval has in a long letter mentioned my name in connection with a recent discussion in Grand Lodge, with reference to Bro. Stevens's motion, and has characterized my speech as "illogical," will you allow me in your crowded columns a little space, to point out how unreasonable, in good truth, are his remarks, and how much more fitly the word "illogical" applies to his letter than to my speech?

It is quite clear to myself, and I fancy it will be equally so to many more, that Bro. Perceval has not yet clearly understood what my argument was! Simply and shortly stated, it was this. Bro. Stevens based the necessity of his motion, first on the old Grand Lodge resolution, secondly on diversity of ritual on many points, and certain alleged illegal practices, and thirdly on the desirability of having one authority for the ritual and ceremonial of our Order.

In answer to this argument, I ventured to submit that neither before the Union nor since the Union was that unity really attainable. Before the Union there were notoriously six or seven systems in vogue, and that, though at the Union a Lodge of Reconciliation was formed to endeavour to form one ritual, and a fresh ritual was drawn up, yet, as four systems at the very least still prevail in England, Grand Lodge, in its wise toleration, has never attempted to enforce what was at the best a compromise in 1813. There was an "established mode" of "working" alluded to in the Book of Constitutions, but most wisely Grand Lodge had simply required that the great "essentials" should be observed.

I illustrated the difficulty of the position of Grand Lodge by the fact of the difference about the "Star in the East," to point out, however willing Grand Lodge might be to attempt to enforce the particular injunctions of 1813, it failed to do so when they ran counter to the feelings and traditions of the Craft. I have, as you know, spent much of my Masonic life in the provinces, and, despite Bro. Bodenham's hasty remarks, I fancy that very few people know the depth of the feeling of the provincial lodges on such matters of old ceremonial.

I also pointed out, that such a motion, to be good for anything, must lead to a revision of the ritual of 1813, and we should soon then find ourselves in the face of unsurmountable difficulties. Therefore, it was that I recommended Grand Lodge "quieta non movere," and to leave the matter where the designed inaction of Grand Lodge since 1870 had left it. I may be wrong in my facts, but if my facts are right, I certainly am not illogical, my premises and my conclusion are equally sound. The word "illogical" however, very forcibly (though I always object to "tu quoques") applies to Bro. Perceval and Stevens, who assume that because they have, as they say, found certain irregularities in ritual, therefore, they prove the necessity of a uniform ritual. The whole argument rests upon a pure fallacy.



They have proved, if their statement be verified, the need of authoritative interference, but they do not touch the question of unity of ritual. Far from it. But have they proved these abuses? So far they rest on the sole authority of Bro. Stevens. I have been W.M. of three very distinguished lodges, I have been in many provincial and metropolitan lodges; I have never even heard of any such grotesque absurdities.

There are in many lodges little ceremonies which have been kept up from time immemorial, and which are in excess somewhat of our recognized ritual, but so long as they do not contravene it on any positive order of lawful authority I, for one, think they have no harm in them.

But I deny that in any respectable lodge any brother would be guilty of some of the practices so graphically described, I venture to think, with the pardonable exaggeration of "Puff," in the "Critic." Indeed, it is an insult to all our Worshipful Masters to say so. I have, indeed, heard of brethren offering books and jewellery and the like for sale, but though that, no doubt, is disagreeable it is not positively wrong. But, at any rate, it does not touch really in any way the question of ritual.

Unity of ritual at present can only land us eventually in a region of "cribs and crams," and will make the fortune of one or two accommodating brethren, and, therefore, I do most strongly urge on all the educated members of our Order, who have its lasting interests at heart, above fictitious sentimentality and excited rhodomontade, to leave things as they are, and put a stop to a foolish agitation, which can lead to no practical result, and may conduce to disastrous controversies and hurtful complications.

I am, dear Bro. Kenning, yours fraternally,  
A. F. A. WOODFORD.

To the Editor of the "Freemason."

Dear Sir and Brother,—

Is Bro. Stevens really correct in claiming Grand Lodge in favour of his resolution? No doubt he is right in stating, as he does so constantly, in Grand Lodge and out of Grand Lodge, (and especially in that remarkable and original book, price 3s. 6d., in which too, if I remember right, he quotes from Carlyle), that he got a resolution in his favour, December 4th, 1869, with little of discussion, however, as the reports will show.

In March, 1870, his proposal to appoint a Committee was deferred on amendment to next Quarterly Communication, and at the next Quarterly Communication, June, 1870, his reiterated proposal was again negatived on amendment by a majority.

He may, indeed, complain of the "masterly inactivity" of Grand Lodge, but has it not a sufficient vindication in the utter uselessness and impracticability of the propositions, in my humble opinion unwise and mischievous in the highest degree? Of course Bro. Stevens may fairly say, why did Grand Lodge pass such a resolution then? Simply because, as I read the reports of the meeting—because, I repeat it, the subject was not fully discussed. I am not going to contend that something may not be said for the motion, because, no doubt, there can be a good deal advanced, but for my own part, I do not think, despite an accidental majority, that Bro. Stevens can fairly say Grand Lodge has pronounced itself until last meeting strongly in favour of his motion. At any rate, whatever was the decision of December 4th, 1869, it was practically reversed in March and June, 1870, and if the decision of Grand Lodge ought to be respected, (as it ought to be,) in one case, it ought equally to be respected in the other two cases. The last vote of Grand Lodge was taken, in my opinion, on a false issue, for Grand Lodge had forgotten the proceedings in 1870.

In the recent debate, the main objection taken by the mover of the amendment, (with which some did not concur), was based on the inadvisability of change, on practical grounds of common sense, judging from the "history of the Craft." A good deal might fairly have been said on the reversal of opinion by Grand Lodge itself and its silence for ten years. But here I pause to-day, as I may recur to the subject on another occasion, and am, yours faithfully and fraternally,

ONE WHO WAS IN GRAND LODGE.

To the Editor of the "Freemason."

Dear Sir and Brother,—

I have read your excellent article as to this in last week's number, also Bro. Perceval's letter, but I cannot agree with him, being convinced you published (if anything), far too much of what was stated on this subject in last Grand Lodge.

It often amuses me when I hear brethren advocating "Uniformity of Ritual" in non-essentials. I have never come across a strong advocate of this "myth" but I found he had never travelled, and knew nothing of any ritual save the working of the few lodges around where he lived, a Dublin brother lately going even so far as to insist "every lodge all over the world should adopt" what he called "True Irish Ritual," he being quite ignorant of the facts that one of the Cork lodges boasts of having received its ritual direct from Bro. Oliver, and a Belfast lodge is working nearly a pure Scotch ritual, and all this after our late V.W. Bro. John Fowler getting on 18th September, 1817, an order that "his" ritual, and none other, should "henceforth be observed or used," and he, even in 1822, offering prizes for the best worker of it.

One of our greatest safeguards are these small variations, as is well known to every one who has really looked into the matter.

Will our Bros. Stevens, Perceval, and others come and visit some of our Scotch, Irish, and American lodges, or even our English provincial lodges, before they go further with their useless undertaking? If they do they will go back wiser men, and give up following this "Will-o'-the-

Wisp," and do their duty (as it is their duty, knowing the facts), as to the "farce and mummery" alluded to by Bro. Perceval in his letter, by bringing the members of the lodges where such is carried on before their Provincial Grand Master, under page 46, article 4, of Grand Lodge Constitutions, or before the Board of General Purposes, under page 109, article 8, when the Board will know how to deal with the lodges guilty (as they allege) of such strange, and, surely, most un-Masonic conduct.

These brethren not having done so long since is, to say the least of it, rather strange, and cannot be justified.

Yours fraternally,

JAMES H. NEILSON.

32, Leeson-street, Lower Dub'in,  
16th Dec., 1870.

A QUERY.

To the Editor of the "Freemason."

Dear Sir and Brother,—

In my lodge we elected our W.M. on the first Tuesday in this month, and on the following Tuesday he consulted the Past Masters as to his officers, and they cordially approved his selections, including that of Secretary. For the latter office a very unpopular brother considered he had a strong claim, but the W.M. elect and the Past Masters preferred another brother, in consequence whereof, the disappointed brother has publicly stated that he and his friend will blackball every candidate proposed during the coming Mastership. My doubt is this. Will the Past Masters be doing their duty by quietly permitting this un-Masonic threat to pass, or should they submit a statement of the facts to Grand Lodge?

As a member of an old lodge in a cathedral city I shall feel much obliged by your publishing this letter in your excellent *Freemason*, and replying to it in a foot note.

I am, dear Sir and Brother, truly and faithfully yours,  
HOMO.

16th December.

[We are of opinion that, though the brother complained of acts most improperly and un-Masonically, it is very doubtful whether his foolish speech, supposing it was out of lodge, constitutes a direct Masonic offence. Is there any bye-law of the lodge relative to balloting, &c.?—Ed. F.M.]

THE BOOK OF CONSTITUTIONS.

To the Editor of the "Freemason."

Dear Sir and Brother,—

In reading your valuable paper week by week I am often struck by the want of knowledge shown by some of your correspondents with regard to the Book of Constitutions.

Had "A Mason" been conversant with the laws of our Institution he would have known that a lodge cannot be removed by the will of the W.M. without the consent of a majority of the members, and not even then until after the matter has been properly brought before the lodge.

Whilst not disputing the facts as mentioned by "A Mason," I cannot conceive how any W.M. could have forgotten that he promised at his installation to submit to and support all laws laid down in the Book of Constitutions.

The case appears one which should be brought before Grand Lodge.

Fraternally yours,

A. TUCKER,

W.M. 586.

Reviews.

BRO. GOULD'S "ATHOLL LODGES."

Without presumption we think facts will warrant us in thanking Bro. Gould for his "History of the Atholl Lodges" (dedicated to dear Bro. Hervey, G. Sec.) on behalf of the Craft universal. It is not well for any one or more Masons generally to assume they represent the whole body, but in this case it can be legitimately done by those who are amongst the first to speak of this deeply interesting book. Ever since our initiation we have met on all hands expressions and desires for an authentic history of the "Ancients," and, indeed, in Bro. Hughan's "Masonic Register" (1870), he had promised to do his best to supply such a generally felt want. Happily Bro. Gould has supplied the lack in our historical volumes, and, what is more, has done it so effectually that now we are enabled to trace every "Ancient" or "Atholl" lodge from its original constitution, through all its various vicissitudes to the present time. Important and invaluable as we deem the "Four Old Lodges," the memorial of the "Atholl" Lodges is still more so, for whereas by dint of patient research we, as Masonic students, have from time to time been collecting the calendars and Engraved Lists of the "Moderns," or regular Grand Lodge, we have all utterly failed to obtain anything like an approximate register of the "Ancients" from 1753. True, our friend, Bro. Constable has done good service in his collecting and editing of the "Old Warrants," and to him Bro. Gould most fraternally refers, as he does to all sources of indebtedness in the compilation of his work. All such attempts, however, useful and invaluable as they are become superseded by the present volume, and though handy for reference, and especially for the preservation of the names of the founders of the original or revived lodges, yet by the side of this most handy and compact account of the "Ancients" they must always prove to be but a tributary stream to this ocean of information. The system Bro. Gould has adopted appears to us very easy of identification, and so are the notes appended to the various lodges, when any such are deemed necessary. Those still on the roll of the "United Grand Lodge of England" are immediately recognised by the present numbers being printed in conspicuous figures on the margin of each page, and the "Ancient" numbers follow in smaller figures, so that not only is the numeration preserved of 1863, but under each

number of the "Atholls" are all the lodges which at various times were so distinguished on the roll. This Grand Lodge had no renumberings from 1753 to 1813, as with the "Moderns," but lapsed numbers were revived by new warrants, about 600 Charters thus issued for different lodges at the different periods being all exhibited throughout by the several numbers. Of course, some lodges never changed their numbers up to the "Union," whereas others by purchase or favour obtained much higher numbers than their dates of constitution alone warranted. As Bro. Gould points out, these purchases again left blanks, which were filled in by still younger lodges, their blanks thus created being again used by fresh warrants or for entirely new lodges. It will be seen, therefore, that to trace all these changes, which can alone be accomplished by a most careful scrutiny of the "Ancient" Records preserved in the archives of Grand Lodge, to place the lodges under the special numbers so affected, and to present the whole, from 1 to 350, arranged in chronological and numerical order, represents months, if not years, of labour, that can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have attempted a similar work and failed, or have in an efficient manner accomplished for a small portion, what Bro. Gould has done so thoroughly for the whole. Whenever any military lodges have been chartred by other Grand Lodges—Ireland, Scotland, &c.—as well as by the "Ancients," these are also duly noted. In fact, all that can be done, or expected to be done, has been fully accomplished by Bro. Gould, and throughout all time or, at all events, so long as Freemasonry is studied, his "History of the Atholl Lodges" will endure, and prove to be a monument of accurate and well-directed researches, for which the Craft can never prove too ready or too grateful to appreciate and admire. The book has been handsomely printed, and, whoever has been the "reader," evidently the pages have been "proofed" by a master-hand, for we have failed to detect a single error as yet. In all heartiness and sincerity, for two such works as the "Four Old Lodges" and the "Atholl Lodges," we beg to thank our able Bro. R. F. Gould on behalf of our wide-spread Fraternity.

GREENHOUSE FAVOURITES, Part VI. London: Groombridge & Sons.

This number treats of that truly noble plant the Azalea, which fittingly finds a kading place among greenhouse favourites; indeed, for the decoration of the conservatory it is unsurpassed for beauty among all our flowering shrubs, and takes first rank. The most minute details are given as to its cultivation. Tricolour Pelargoniums, however, are the subjects for illustration, and we can say that anything more gorgeous in the way of flower painting we have never seen. The well-known L'Empereur and other tricolour-leaved varieties are shown to the life, and, unless greatly overdone, they show that Mrs. Pollock has at last been deposed from her sovereignty.

THE FREEMASONS' MONTHLY. Kalamazoo, Michigan.

The "Freemasons' Monthly" for November is as usual admirably edited and well worth reading.

CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

The "Canadian Craftsman" continues to be an able and conscientious record of Canadian Masonic sayings and doings.

Masonic Notes and Queries.

THE INIGO JONES' MS.

I have been much interested in reading the brief account of the MS. lately obtained by the indefatigable "Masonic Student," Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, my only regret being that the notice was such a short one. Undoubtedly, it is a most valuable discovery, and especially because of its omissions or differences from the ordinary MSS. (from the "Landsown" down to those of the last century). I daresay Bro. Woodford will oblige us with an exact transcript either in the *Freemason* or "Masonic Magazine."

In my "Old Charges of British Freemasons" is a reference to a MS. once in the possession of Nicholas Stone, a "curious sculptor under Inigo Jones," and the extract is reproduced as given in Dr. Anderson's Constitutions of A.D. 1738. Bro. Woodford has, doubtless, ere his compared the two, and it will be strange if his MS. and Stone's turns out to be the MS. in question, as Stone's is declared to have been destroyed at the "conflagration of 1720," of which so much has been made Masonically, but apparently without much cause. I have sent Bro. Vernon's excellent transcript of the "Melrose MS.," No. 2, for insertion in the "Masonic Magazine," and hope to see it in print ere long.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

The Kidderminster Masonic Hall and Club was opened under the auspices of Lodge Hope and Charity, No. 377, yesterday (Friday) by the R.W. the Prov. Grand Master, Sir E. A. Lechmere, Bart., M.P. We hope to give an account of the proceedings in our next.

A weekly edition of the *Echo* is shortly to be published, price one penny.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Rheumatism and Neuralgia.—It is sometimes difficult to determine which of these diseases is afflicting the sufferer, but this ignorance will not matter if Holloway's remedies be used. They alleviate and cure the muscular and nervous pains. In hereditary rheumatism, after bathing the affected parts with warm salt water, Holloway's Ointment should be well rubbed upon the spot, that it may penetrate and exercise its soothing and regulating properties on the deeper vessels and nerves which are unduly excited and cause both the pain and swelling. Holloway's treatment has the merit of removing the disease without debilitating the constitution, which was the inevitable result of the bleeding, mercury, and colicium practice formerly adopted in these complaints.—[Anvt.]

PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF  
SOMERSETSHIRE.

The members of the Weston-super-Mare Lodge, St. Kew, No. 1222, had the honour on Thursday, the 11th inst., of receiving the members of Provincial Grand Lodge. The occasion was an eventful one in the local annals of Freemasonry, there not having been so large and distinguished a gathering in Weston of "the brethren of the mystic tie" since the laying of the foundation stone of the West of England Sanatorium, by the R.W. the P.G.M. of Somersetshire, the Earl of Carnarvon. The members of the St. Kew, justly proud of the honour of entertaining so august a body, determined to give their brethren in the Craft a truly fraternal welcome, and a reception befitting their Masonic dignity. The ordinary lodge-room being too small, the Town Hall was engaged, the hall itself being fitted up for the lodge, and the various offices furnished for the reception of the D.P.G.M. and the Provincial Grand Officers. The arrangement of the hall for the business of the lodge was most effective and comfortable. The throne was situated on the platform, surmounted by a canopy curtained with crimson drapery with golden Masonic emblem in the centre. A flight of steps led from the floor of the hall to the foot of the throne, stove and greenhouse plants being effectively grouped on each side. Both steps and dais were covered with crimson carpet of fleur de lis pattern. The room was also decorated with plants, and the banners of the various lodges added much to the general effect. Conspicuous among these latter was a very handsomely worked one belonging to St. Kew Lodge, representing the Saint in the act of imparting instruction. A portion of the lower end of the hall was screened, and formed a reception and clothing room for the general body of brethren.

It had been confidently hoped that the Provincial Grand Master himself would have been in attendance, but this hope at the last moment was doomed to disappointment, a letter being received from the noble earl conveying the unwelcome intelligence that he was confined to his room at Pixton-park, his Somersetshire seat, by an attack of the gout. In his absence, therefore, the V.W.D.P.G.M., Bro. R. C. Else, presided, and the gratification of the brethren was much increased by the presence of the most popular P.P.G.M., Bro. Col. A. W. Adair. The following brethren recorded their names:—Bros. J. J. Knox-Fletcher, P.G. Chaplain; B. Cox, P.M. 1222, P.G. Treas., pro tem.; J. C. Hunt, P.G. Sec., pro tem.; S. Toms, P.G.S.D.; Newington Bridges, P.G.J.D.; and J. Tompsett, W.M. 814, P.G.S. We have arranged the names as the members were arranged in Prov. Grand Lodge under their respective banners, with the exception of those wearing purple, or the Provincial Grand Officers, who were seated right and left of the D.P.G.M. The lodges are in the order of their seniority:—Bros. Philip Braham, W.M., F. J. Brown, P.M., P.P.G.S.W., T. B. Moutrie, P.M., P.P.G.S.W., Capt. Peel Floyd, P.M., and H. L. Brown, of Royal Cumberland Lodge, No. 41, Bath; Col. England, W.M., Cannings Collins, I.P.M., J. L. Stothert, P.M., P.P.G.S.W., Gen. Doherty, P.M., and Otto Sondermann, S.W., of Royal Sussex Lodge, No. 53, Bath; J. C. Small, W.M., James Leaker, P.M., P.G.J.D., J. R. Treliving, J.W., Rev. F. P. Seale, P.G.C., C. Ricks, P.P.G.J.W., and J. Rich, of Perpetual Friendship Lodge, No. 135, Bridgwater; W. Adams, W.M., A. Villar, P.P.G.S.W., F. Haynes, Secretary, L. H. Bonn, Thomas Meyler, P.P.G.R., W. Bidgood, H. Allen, G. Strawbridge, F. T. Elworth, and A. Lewis, of Unanimity and Sincerity Lodge, No. 261, Taunton; Rev. W. J. Mooney, Chap., and John Butler, P.M., of Love and Honour Lodge, No. 285, Shepton Mallet; B. S. Fisher, W.M., Robert Brodie, I.P.M., F. Vizard, P.P.G.S.W., J. B. Marwood, P.P.G.J.W., H. M. Kemmis, S.W., J. T. Dunsford, Secretary, Rev. J. C. Lyons, Chap., W. Kellaway, J. Matthews, E. Strode, F. A. E. Withers, W. Hickman, and W. Woodward, P.G. Tyler, of Rural Philanthropic Lodge, No. 291, Highbridge; R. J. Damon, W.M., F. Cox, P.M., W. Cox, P.M., P.P.G.S.W., J. K. Farley, P.M., P.P.G.S.D., W. S. Gillard, P.M., P.P.G.S.D., Dorset, H. T. Edgar, S.W., A. E. Price, J. D., James Harvey, and C. H. Penny, of Brotherly Love Lodge, No. 329, Yeovil; Edward E. Phillips, P.M., and H. C. Hopkins, P.M., of Honour Lodge, No. 379, Bath; L. E. Newnham, W.M., and J. H. Holloway, P.P.G.A.D.C., of Benevolent Lodge, No. 446, Wells; F. W. Wood, I.P.M., A. S. Baily, and H. Hawkin, of Pilgrims Lodge, No. 772, Glastonbury; J. Tompsett, W.M., E. W. Combes, J.W., G. Summers, P.P.G.D.C., J. Burdge, jun., P.P.G.J.D., of Parrett and Axe Lodge, No. 814, Crewkerne; Lawson Howes, W.M., James Tuckey, S.W., Jesse Hayward, J.W., W. E. Reeves, P.M., P.P.G.O., W. H. Dill, P.M., P.P.G.P., and W. H. Young, of Royal Albert Edward Lodge, No. 906, Weston, Bath; T. Gullick, S.W., A. R. Baily, P.M., John Baily, P.M., and Alfred Hayman, P.M., of Royal Somerset Lodge, No. 973, Frome; J. Stewart Boyd, W.M., Rev. C. Winter, Chaplain, and J. E. Haynes, of Royal Clarence Lodge, No. 976, Bruton; John Hughes, W.M., and A. Sargent, of Nyanza Lodge, No. 1197, Ilminster; T. J. Scoones, W.M., J. E. Jefferies, I.P.M., and W. Reece, of Agriculture Lodge, No. 1199, Congresbury; E. S. Blundell, W.M., S. Lewis, I.P.M., J. J. E. Willmott, S.W., W. E. Perrett, J.W.; P.M.'s General Munbee, P.P.G.S.W., B. Cox, Sidney Jones, P.G.A.D.C., W. M. Forty (Sec.), P.M. 291, and P.P.G. Supt. Works, Joseph P. James, W. A. Scott, P.M. 610, and P.P.G.S.W. Bristol; Felix Thomas, Treas., G. Yates, S.D., E. T. Dew, J.D., Ernest E. Baker, I.G., G. Gibbons, S. E. Baker, A. Wickenden, W. L. Gaskell, W. B. Frampton, Captain Spooner, Alfred Howell, J. R. Britton, George E. Alford, F. W. Wicksteed, J. Tytherleigh, S. Norton, G. H. Perrett, H. Hyssett, and W. Cousins, of St. Kew Lodge, No. 1222, Weston-super-Mare; Capt. W. Long, I.P.M., P.M. 1199, and P.P.G.S.B., of Coleridge Lodge, No. 1750, Clevedon; T. W. Hardwick, W.M., C. E. Daniel, I.P.M., John B. Halford, P.M., Robt.

Compton, and E. G. Grubb, of Eldon Lodge, No. 1755, Portishead; R. W. Thomas, W.M., W. Roberts, J.W., and A. W. Campbell, S.D., of St. Keyna Lodge, No. 1133, Keynsham. Visiting brethren: R. M. Worlock, P.G. Sec., Bristol; J. R. Shorland, 610, P.G.S.W. Bristol; H. Grath, 471, P.G.S.W. Monmouth; W. Blundell, 858; Gabriel Williams, 686; G. Glossop, P.M. 887; H. M. Tainsh, 482.

The Provincial Grand Lodge was opened shortly after twelve o'clock. The Provincial Grand Officers entered in procession, and were received with the customary honours by the assembled brethren. The D.P.G.M. took his seat on the throne, supported on the right by Bro. General Munbee, and on the left by the P.P.G.M., Col. Adair. The D.P.G.M. expressed his regret at the absence of the P.G.M., and read a letter of apology from the noble Earl assigning illness as the cause of his absence, and sending his "Hearty good wishes" to the brethren. The lodge was opened in due form, and with prayer by the P.G. Chaplain, Rev. J. J. Knox-Fletcher. The office of P.G. Secretary being vacant by the death of Bro. Prideaux, his place was supplied by Bro. J. C. Hunt. The P.G. Treasurer, Bro. E. T. Payne, was absent on account of illness, and Bro. B. Cox acted for him, submitting the accounts. These showed a total income of £240 3s. 2d., including a balance from last account of £75 3s. 8d.; the lodge dues amounted to £106 13s. 6d. The amount subscribed for the Masonic Charities was £52 10s. The account closed with a balance in hand of £69 10s. 5d. The accounts were unanimously passed, and upon the motion of Bro. Munbee, seconded by the P.G.J.W., Bro. Payne was re-elected P.G. Treasurer by acclamation.

The various offices having been declared vacant the appointment and investment of new officers were proceeded with, collars being bestowed upon the following:—  
Bro. Capt. Long, P.M. 1199 and 1750 Prov. G.S.W.  
" E. S. Blundell, W.M. 1222 ... Prov. G.J.W.  
" Rev. W. J. Mooney, 285, and }  
" the Rev. J. C. Lyons, 291 ... } Prov. G. Chaps.  
" E. T. Payne (Bro. Cox received the }  
" collar for him) ... } ... Prov. G. Treas.  
" A. R. Baily, 973 ... } ... Prov. G. Reg.  
" J. C. Hunt, 291 ... } ... Prov. G. Sec.  
" R. Brodie, 291 ... } ... Prov. G.S.D.  
" J. E. Jeffries, 1199 ... } ... Prov. G.J.D.  
" C. E. Daniel, 1755 ... } ... Prov. G. S. of W.  
" H. C. Hopkins, 379 ... } ... Prov. G.D.C.  
" R. J. Damon, 329 ... } ... Prov. G.A.D.C.  
" J. Butler, 285 ... } ... Prov. G.S.B.  
" L. H. Bonn, 261 ... } ... Prov. G.O.  
" A. Sargent, 1197 ... } ... Prov. G.P.  
" F. U. Wood, 291 ... } ... Prov. G.A.P.  
" W. Woodward ... } ... Prov. G. Tyltr.  
" A. J. Salter (Bath) ... } ... Prov. G.A.Tyler.  
Bros. J. S. Boyd, 976; J. Tuckey, }  
906; H. S. Brown, 41; F. T. }  
Elworthy, 261; W. E. Perrett, }  
1222; and W. Reece, 1199... } Prov. G. Stewards.

In bestowing the Senior Warden's collar upon Captain Long, who received a most cordial greeting, the D.P.G.M. informed him that it was given by the P.G.M. to mark his appreciation of the services he had rendered to the province as the chief promoter and first Master of the Coleridge Lodge at Clevedon. The collar of J.W. was given to Bro. E. S. Blundell, as the W.M. of St. Kew, the receiving lodge.

Upon the motion of the D.P.G.M., a sum of £50 was unanimously voted to the widow of Bro. F. R. Prideaux, the late P.G. Secretary. Bro. J. L. Stothert, in the absence of the Treasurer, proposed that a sum of fifty-two guineas be paid to the Girls' School, in order to constitute the lodge a Vice-Patron of the Institution. Bro. C. R. Davy seconded the motion, which was carried. The D.P.G.M. said the Treasurer had ascertained that £21 more would be needed, but this must be deferred. The sum of £21 was, upon the motion of Bro. Reeves, seconded by Bro. Moutrie, voted to the widow of Bro. E. S. Appleby.

The P. G. Secretary read the report of the Charity Organisation Committee of the Province, which stated that the whole of the twenty-two lodges had appointed delegates, who performed their duties in the most efficient manner. The very gratifying statement was made that from the date of its inception to the present time the Committee had succeeded in carrying every case it had taken in hand. The report was received and adopted, upon the motion of Bro. Newington Bridges, seconded by Bro. Marwood. Bros. J. L. Stothert and Gen. Munbee spoke very highly of the efforts of the D.P.G.M. to promote the success of the scheme, and a cordial vote of thanks was passed to him for his zealous labours.

The alms collected at the lodge, amounting to £6 0s. 8d., were, upon the proposition of Bro. J. J. E. Willmott, seconded by Bro. C. R. Davy, voted to the West of England Sanatorium.

At the close of the Prov. Grand Lodge the brethren adjourned to the Old Assembly Room, Railway Hotel, where the banquet took place. The menu was that of a high-class dinner, served à la Russe. The viands were of the choicest, the service was as efficient and satisfactory as it could well be, and the wines were of the best vintages. Great credit is due to Bro. J. R. Britton, as well as to Mrs. Britton, for the excellence of their entertainment.

The D.P.G.M. presided, being supported by some of the more distinguished brethren. Due honour having been paid to "The Queen and the Craft," and "The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master," "The Pro Grand Master and Officers of Grand Lodge" were toasted.

Bros. Col. Adair and Rev. C. R. Davy responded, the last-named brother expressing a hope that the much respected D.P.G.M. of this province (Bro. Else) would before long be elected a member of Grand Lodge—a hope that evoked a hearty "hear, hear," from every one present.

In proposing "The Health of the P.G.M.," the D.P.

G.M. again adverted to the cause of his absence, and stated that his lordship requested him to assure the brethren that nothing but the distinct and positive orders of his physician would have kept him away.

In very warm terms the D.P.G.M. proposed "The Health of the late much beloved P.G.M., Col. Adair," who suitably responded, and proposed that "The D.P.G.M. and the rest of the P.G. Officers, Present and Past." He traced the rise of the D.P.G.M. from the time when he accepted the collar of Assistant Secretary, and testifying to his unwearied labours in the cause of Masonry he re-echoed the wish expressed by Bro. Davy. Acknowledging the services he received from the officers when he occupied the post of P.G.M., he mentioned that it was twenty-six years since he received the collar of the P.G.J.D.

The D.P.G.M., in returning thanks, assured the brethren that if any honour were conferred upon him he should consider it as bestowed upon the province. Reviewing the past year, he congratulated the brethren of Taunton upon the dedication of the Masonic Hall, the effect of which would, he said, elevate the tone of Masonry, and said that nothing tended more to contradict the idea that Masons were mere "knife and fork men" than the establishment of these halls, and the promotion of the cause of charity. The other events were the consecration of the Keynsham Lodge and the death of the P.G. Secretary, to both of which he alluded.

The P.G. S. Warden (Bro. Captain Long), Bro. W. A. Scott (in the absence of the P.G.J.W.), and Bro. General Munbee responded.

Bro. Grath, of the Province of Monmouth, replied for "The Visiting Brethren," as did also Bros. Worlock and Shorland.

Bro. J. L. Stothert submitted the toast of "The Masonic Charities," referring to the success which attended their candidates at elections, and acknowledging the co-operation of the Provinces of Bristol and Monmouth.

Bro. Bridges responded, and thanked the Somerset Charity Association for the assistance given to him in securing the election of a London candidate. He promised in future not only to place his votes in the hand of the D.P.G.M., but to represent the province as Steward for the Boys' School the festival after next.

In proposing "The Health of the W.M., Officers, and Brethren of St. Kew," the D.P.G.M. said he did not remember an occasion when the arrangements were more complete, more satisfactory, or more comfortably carried out than they were in the Town Hall, and the reception at the hospitable board was most handsome.

In the absence of the W.M., who was obliged to leave, the toast was responded to by the I.P.M., Bro. Sidney Lewis, and likewise by Bro. W. M. Forty and Bro. Willmott.

Bro. Villa, the I.P.M. of Taunton, in replying for the Masters and brethren of other lodges, said the hopes the brethren at Taunton entertained in providing a Masonic Hall had been more than realised, since the tone of Masonry had been raised and the number of members increased. The experiment he thought should encourage the brethren in other towns to follow their example.

"The Host and Hostess," with thanks for the dinner, was proposed, and the Tyler's toast completed the programme.

PROVINCIAL GRAND MARK LODGE  
OF NORTHUMBERLAND & DURHAM.

The annual meeting of this Provincial Grand Mark Lodge was held at the Town Hall, Alnwick, on Thursday, the 11th inst., presided over by Bro. Canon Tristram, LL.D., F.R.S., the R.W. Prov. G.M.M.M., supported by Bros. T. Y. Strachan, D. Prov. G.M.M.M.; Capt. Forbes, of Berwick, P.G.S.W.; Fisher, of Hartlepool, P.G.J.W.; Rev. W. G. Cooley, P.G. Chap.; and a large number of Prov. G. Officers.

Satisfactory accounts were given of the position of the various lodges, and £21 was voted to the educational branch of the Benevolent Fund.

On the motion of Bro. Rev. G. Selby Thomson, P.P.G. Chap., it was resolved with acclamation to again submit the name of Bro. Canon Tristram for re-election as Prov. G.M.M.M.

The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—

Bro. T. Y. Strachan ...	...	Prov. D.G.M.M.M.
" W. Cockburn ...	...	Prov. G.S.W.
" Jeno. Jensen ...	...	Prov. G.J.W.
" H. H. Blair ...	...	Prov. G.M.O.
" Jno. W. Bowey ...	...	Prov. G.S.O.
" W. T. Tate ...	...	Prov. G.J.O.
" Rev. G. R. Bulmen ...	...	Prov. G. Chap.
" R. H. Holmes ...	...	Prov. G. Treas.
" W. J. Watson ...	...	Prov. G. Reg. M.
" T. J. Armstrong ...	...	Prov. G. Sec.
" R. L. Armstrong ...	...	Prov. G.A. Sec.
" T. Twizell ...	...	Prov. G.S.D.
" Christ. Hopper ...	...	Prov. G.J.D.
" Edwd. Hudson ...	...	Prov. G.D.C.
" Luke Armstrong, M.D. ...	...	Prov. G. Ins. W.
" J. W. Moors ...	...	Prov. G. Org.
" Adam Robertson ...	...	Prov. G. Swd. Br.
" Richd. Lorke ...	...	Prov. G. Std. Br.
" W. Brandt ...	...	Prov. G.I.G.
Bros. J. Wood and J. S. B. Bell ...	...	Prov. G. Stewards.

A banquet was afterwards held at the White Swan Inn, presided over by the R.W. Prov. G.M.M.M.

Bro. John Hervey, for many years Past Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England, has been induced by his failing health to resign his office. Bro. Hervey is known and respected in America as well as England, and his retirement will be universally regretted.—The Keystone, Philadelphia.

## Knights Templar.

PORTSMOUTH.—Naval Preceptory (No. 2).—A meeting of this preceptory was held on Wednesday, the 10th inst., at the Masonic Hall, High-street, at which Sir Knight R.W. Bradley, P.E.C., performed the ceremony of the installation of Sir Knight R. Loveland Loveland, E.P. for the ensuing year, in his usual able and impressive manner. Sir Knight Loveland then appointed his officers as follows: Sir Knt. Rev. G. H. De Fraine, Chaplain; Sir Knts. G. F. Lancaster, Constable; Henry Reed, Marshal; H. M. Green, Sub-Marshal; H. Reed, Registrar; and Sir Knt. Hayman, Capt. of Guard and Treasurer. The E.P. then proceeded to instal Comp. A. Platt Wilks, as a K.T. Among the visitors were Sir Knt. the Rev. G. N. Palmer, of Oxford, and Sir Knt. R. Osborne, of Royal Gloucester Preceptory. Sir Knt. F. H. McCalmont, the E.P. of the Royal Gloucester Preceptory, together with his officers, were invited to attend, but the M.E.P. having been suddenly called away from Southampton, he was unable to be present. After the work had been concluded the Sir Knights adjourned to a banquet, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

## Masonic and General Tidings.

The Lord Mayor, for the second time, has been unanimously elected Worshipful Master of the Grand Masters' Lodge No. 1 of Freemasons.

The Postmaster General announces that on January next Venezuela will enter into the Postal Union.

On Monday, the 6th January next, Bro. E. Barber, S.W. of the Lodge of Unanimity, No. 113, Preston, will be installed as W.M. of the lodge. On Monday, 29th December, Bro. W. Warbrick, S.W. of the Lodge of Fortitude, No. 281, Lancaster, will be installed as W.M., and on Tuesday, the 7th January next, Bro. G. Taylor, S.W. 1051, will be installed as W.M. of the Rowley Lodge, Lancaster. In each instance Bro. Dr. Moore, P.G.S.B. Eng., of Lancaster, will officiate as Installing Officer.

ERRATA.—Letter in last week's *Freemason*, headed "The Last Meeting of Grand Lodge," second paragraph, twelfth line, for "that sum for ten years," read "that sum for not quite two years."

There have been lately sold in Edinburgh some interesting relics of Burns, being his Masonic apron, and the mallet and minute-book of the Lodge of St. Andrew, Dumfries, of which the poet was an affiliated member. The minute-book bears his signature to the bye-laws. There was a keen competition, but the lot was knocked down to Bro. D. Murray Lyon, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Scotland (acting for Bro. Sir Michael R. Shaw Stewart, Bart., M.W.G.M.) for twenty guineas. The relics will be formally presented to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, by Sir Michael.

Bro. Francis Bennoch has been elected by the directors of the London Steamboat Company deputy chairman in succession to the late Right Hon. J. A. Roebuck, M.P.

The North London Chapter of Improvement meets every Thursday at eight o'clock, at the Jolly Farmers, Southgate-road.

A photograph of H.R.H. Prince Leopold was taken at Windsor on Friday, by Messrs. Lombardi, of London and Brighton.

We are asked to state that the meetings of the St. Peter's Lodge, No. 442, will be held on the first Friday in each month, instead of the first Thursday, as heretofore.

Bro. T. W. Boord, accompanied by Bro. Baron Henry de Worms, addressed his constituents at Greenwich on Monday last.

Tuesday night's "Gazette" contains Her Majesty's proclamation further proroguing Parliament from Dec. 19th inst. to Thursday Feb. 5th 1880.

Bro. Captain Bedford Pim R. N., read a paper on the Panama Canal at the Society of Arts John-st. Adelphi on Wednesday evening.

At the Bow and Bromley Institute the last recital before Christmas takes place this day (Saturday), when Mr. F. Meen will play, and the choir of St. Mary's Stoke Newington, will sing a selection of anthems. On the following Monday, a selection will be given from Handel's *Semele* by the choir of the institute, with Miss Annie Marriott, Miss M. Jones, and Mr. J. W. Turner as soloists.

The consecration of the Ewell Lodge, No. 1851, takes place this (Saturday) afternoon, at the Glyn Arms Hotel, Ewell, Surrey, at half-past two o'clock. The ceremonies will be performed by the V.W. Bro. the Rev. W. C. Arnold, P.G.C., D.P.G.M. of Surrey, assisted by Bro. C. Greenwood, P.G. Secretary. The musical arrangements will be under the direction of Bro. G. S. Graham. The officers designate are Bro. S. A. E. Taylor, W.M.; George Moss, S.W.; and W. H. Paddle, J.W. A report of the proceedings will duly appear.

We have been requested to correct the following errors which appeared in the report of the Prov. Grand Chapter of Lincolnshire. The Prov. G.H. *Pacock*, should be *Lock*, P.G.S.B. (*Low*) should be P.G. Std. Br. The name of Comp. Robt. Thorpe, 272, P.G.S.B., was also omitted from the list of those present.

The third annual ball in connexion with the Eccleson Lodge, No. 1624, will be held at the Grosvenor Hall, Ebury-square, S.W., on Friday, Jan. 2nd, 1880. The band will be under the direction of Bro. F. Godfrey.

WORDSWORTH'S "COCA PILLS" the successful remedy for cephalalgia, neuralgia, and Hay fever. 2s. per box. Homeopathic Chemist, 6, St. Anne-street, London.

The general Committee of the Royal Masonic Institution for girls will meet on Wednesday the 24th inst. instead of Thursday the 25th.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has sent a present of 30 pheasants for the patients in the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. The Prince has also forwarded 15 brace to the Great Yarmouth Hospital.

A meeting of the Grand Master's Council, No. 1, of the Cryptic Degree, was held at the Masonic Rooms, No. 2, Red Lion-square, on Thursday, the 4th inst., when R.W. Bro. A. M. Broadley, Prov. G. Master of Tunis and Malta (Mark), and Bro. J. E. Anderson, of the Hiram Mark Lodge, No. 13, were duly admitted into the Degrees of Most Excellent, Royal, Select, and Super-excellent Master. The former distinguished brother is about to return to his united province, where he proposes to open councils, both in Tunis and Malta, in both of which places he believes the Cryptic Rite will be highly appreciated.

The Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar, Diary, and Pocket-book for 1880. (London: George Kenning.)—"No Mason who is in possession of this compact and well-got-up calendar, diary, and pocket-book need look out for another, because he will find in it all that specially interests him, as well as all the information usually contained in such works."—*Naval and Military Gazette*, Dec. 17th.

A report of the meeting of the Metropolitan Lodge, No. 1507, which was held on Wednesday last, will appear in our next.

COSMOPOLITAN MASONIC POCKET-BOOK.—So great has been the demand for the first edition that it was completely exhausted, and the publisher has issued a second edition, with much additional matter and many corrections up to date. All brethren wishing to obtain a copy had better order it at once, as there is, we are happy to say, a considerable "run" for it.

At the meeting of the Lodge of Fortitude, No. 131, Truro, on Tuesday, the 9th inst., Bro. T. W. Willcocks was elected W.M. for the ensuing year, and W. Bro. T. Chirgwin, P.M., &c., re-elected Treasurer. The W.M., on his retiring from the chair, presented the lodge with a very handsome set of ebony gavels, with silver mounts, for which he received a very hearty vote of thanks.

H.R.H. Prince Leopold, R.W. Prov. Grand Master of Oxfordshire, has kindly consented to take the chair at the next anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls.

The members of the Liverpool Dramatic Lodge, No. 1609, gave a grand entertainment at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on Wednesday evening, in aid of the Masonic Charities, under the patronage of Bros. Lord Skelmersdale, Lord de Tabley, Major Le Gendre Starkie, Col. Stanley, the Mayors of Liverpool, Bootle, Salford, and others. A full report of the admirable performance will be given next week.

## METROPOLITAN MASONIC MEETINGS

For the Week ending Friday, December 26, 1879.

The Editor will be glad to receive notice from Secretaries of Craft Lodges, Royal Arch Chapters, Mark Lodges, Encampments, Conclaves, &c., of any change in place, day, or month of meeting.

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20.

Lodge 1364, Earl of Zetland, Old Town Hall, Hackney.  
" 1641, Crichton, S.M.H., Camberwell.  
" 1732, King's Cross, Anderson's Hot.  
Mark 205, Beaconsfield, Chequers, Walthamstow.

## LODGES OF INSTRUCTION.

Manchester, 17, London-st., Fitzroy-sq.  
Star, Marquis of Granby, New Cross-rd.  
Eccleston, King's Head, Ebury Bridge, Pimlico.  
Hyde Park, The Westbourne, Craven-rd., at 8.

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 22.

Lodge 1632, Stuart, S.M.H., Camberwell.

## LODGES OF INSTRUCTION.

Lily, Greyhound, Richmond, at 7.  
London Masonic Club, 101, Queen Victoria-st., E.C., at 6.  
Wellington, White Swan Hot., High-st., Deptford.  
St. John, Gun Hot., Wapping, 8 till 10.  
Prince Leopold, Lord Stanley Tav., Kingsland.  
Strong Man, Old Rodney's Head, Old-st., E.C.  
Sincerity, Railway Tav., Fenchurch-st. Station.  
Camden, 174, High-st., Camden Town, at 8.  
Tredegar, Royal Hot., Mile-end-rd.  
St. James's Union, Union Tav., Air-st.  
Perfect Ashlar, Victoria Tav., Lower-rd., Rotherhithe.  
Upper Norwood, White Hart Hot., Church-rd., at 8.  
Marquis of Ripon, Pembury Tav., Amherst-rd., Hackney.  
Loughborough, Cambria Tav., nr. Loughborough Junc.  
West Smithfield, New Market Hot., West Smithfield.  
St. George's, Globe Tav., Greenwich.  
Doric Chapter, 248, Globe-rd., Mile End-rd., at 8.  
Royal Commemoration, R. Hot., High-st., Putney, 8 till 10.

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23.

Lodge 166, Union, Holborn Viaduct Hot.  
" 205, Israel, Cannon-st. Hot.  
" 1744, Royal Savoy, Ashley's Hot., Covent Garden.

## LODGES OF INSTRUCTION.

Metropolitan, Moorgate-st. Restaurant.  
Yarborough, Green Dragon, Stepney.

Domatic, Surrey M.H., Camberwell New-road.  
Faith, 2, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-st.  
Prince Fredk. Wm., Lord's Hot., St. John's Wood.  
Prosperity, Hercules Tav., Leadenhall-st.  
Dalhousie, The Sisters' Tav., Pownall-rd., Dalston, E.  
Florence Nightingale, F.M.H., William-st., Woolwich.  
Constitutional, Bedford Hot., Southampton Bldgs., at 7.  
Israel, Rising Sun Tav., Globe-road.  
Wandsworth, Spread Eagle Hot., Wandsworth.  
Royal Arthur, Prince's Head, York-road, Battersea.  
Beacontree, Red Lion, Leytonstone.  
Excelsior, Commercial Dock Tav., Rotherhithe.  
St. John of Wapping, Gun Hot., High-st., Wapping.  
Islington, Three Bucks, 23, Gresham-st., at 7 p.m.  
Leopold, Gregorian Arms, Jamaica-rd., Bermondsey.  
Mount Edgumbe, 19, Jermyn-st., St. James's.  
Duke of Connaught, 1558, Palmerston Arms, Grosvenor Park, S.E., at 8.  
Sir Hugh Myddelton, 162, St. John's-st.-rd.  
Metropolitan Chapter, Jamaica Coffee Ho., Cornhill.

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24.

Gen. Com. Girls' School, at 4.  
Lodge 238, Pilgrim, F.M.H.  
" 507, United Pilgrims, Surrey M.H.  
" 1017, Montflore, Regent M.H.  
" 1540, Chaucer, Bridge House Hot.

## LODGES OF INSTRUCTION.

Confidence, Railway Tavern, Fenchurch-st., at 7 till 9.  
Urban, 23, Gresham-street, City, E.C., at 6.30.  
New Concord, Jolly Farmers, Southgate-rd., N.  
Mt. Lebanon, Horse Shoe Tav., Stones-End, E.  
Pythagorean, Portland Hot., London-st., Greenwich.  
La Tolerance, 2, Maddox-st., W., at 7.45  
Peckham, Maismore Arms, Park-rd., Peckham.  
Finsbury Park, Earl Russell, Isledon-rd., Holloway, at 8.  
Southwark, Southwark Park Tav., Southwark Park.  
Duke of Connaught, Royal Edward Hot., Mare-st., Hackney.  
United Strength, Hope and Anchor, Crowndale-rd., N.W.  
Whittington, Red Lion, Poppin's-court, Fleet-st., at 8.  
Royal Jubilee, 81, Long Acre.  
Langthorne, Swan Hot., Stratford.  
Temperance in the East, George the 4th, Ida-st., Poplar, 7.30.  
Thistle, M.M.M., The Harp Tav., at 8.

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26.

House Com. Boys' School, at 4.  
Chap. 749, Belgrave, Ship and Turtle, Leadenhall-st.

## LODGES OF INSTRUCTION.

Robert Burns, Union Tav., Air-st., Regent-st.  
Belgrave, Harp Tav., Jermyn-st., W.  
Unions Emulation (for M.M.'s), F.M.H.  
Temperance, Victoria Tav., Victoria-rd., Deptford.  
Metropolitan, Portugal Hot., Fleet-st., at 7.  
St. Marylebone, British Stores Tav., St. John's Wood.  
Westbourne, Lord's Hotel, St. John's Wood.  
United Pilgrims, Surrey M.H., Camberwell New-rd.  
St. James's, Gregorian Arms, Jamaica-rd., S.E.  
Duke of Edinburgh, Silver Lion, Penny-fields, Poplar.  
Doric, 79, Whitechapel-rd., at 8.  
Burgoyne, The Red Cap, Camden Town, N.W.  
St. Luke's, White Hart, King's-rd., Chelsea.  
Chigwell, Prince's Hall, Buckhurst-hill.  
Royal Standard, The Alwyne Castle, St. Paul's-rd., N.  
Ranelagh, Bell and Anchor, Hammersmith-rd.  
Finsbury Park, Earl Russell, Isledon-rd., Holloway, at 8.  
William Preston, Feathers Tav., Up. George-st., Edgware-rd.  
Earl of Carnarvon, Mitre Hot., Goulbourne-rd., Notting-Hill.  
Stability, Guildhall Tav., Gresham-st.  
Pythagorean Chapter, Portland Hot., London-st., Greenwich.

## MASONIC MEETINGS IN WEST LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

For the Week ending Saturday, December 27, 1879.

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 22.

Lodge 613, Unity, Palatine B., Southport.  
" 703, Clifton, Clifton Arms, Blackpool.  
" 1325, Stanley, M.H., Liverpool.  
Chap. 241, Friendship, M.H., Liverpool.  
Derby L. of I., M.H., Liverpool.

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23.

Lodge 897, Loyalty, Fleece Inn, St. Helen's.  
" 986, Hesketh, Grapes Inn, Croxton.  
" 1256, Fidelity, Bull Hot., Poulton-le-Fylde.  
" 1609, Liverpool Dramatic, M.H., Liverpool.  
Chap. 721, Grosvenor, M.R., Chester.  
" 823, Everton, M.H., Liverpool.  
Merchants L. of I., M.H., Liverpool.  
Prince Arthur L. of I., 80, N. Hill-st., Liverpool.

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24.

Lodge 327, St. George's, Adelphi Hot., Liverpool.  
" 86, Loyalty, Crown Hot., Prescot.  
" 220, Harmony, Wellington Hot., Garston.  
" 484, Faith, Gerard's Arms, Ashton-in-Makerfield.  
" 580, Harmony, Wheat Sheaf, Ormskirk.  
" 724, Derby, M.H., Liverpool.  
" 730, Ellesmere, Royal Oak, Chorley.  
" 758, Ellesmere, M.H., Runcorn.  
" 1756, Kirkdale, Skelmersdale H., Liverpool.  
Chap. 1052, Callendar, Public H., Rusholme.  
De Grey and Ripon, L. of I., 80, N. Hill-st., Liverpool.  
Neptune L. of I., M.H., Liverpool.

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26.

Chap. 680, Sefton, M.H., Liverpool.  
" 1086, Walton, Skelmersdale H., Liverpool.



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

ON

# THE FREEMASON

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

## Christmas.

CHRISTMAS is here once more with all its sacred and social associations, and seems to bid us welcome once again as we journey on amid the cares and troubles of life. Christmas is an old friend to us all, and we always, if we are rightly constituted beings, hail its appearance with pleasant sympathies and pleasing memories. It is a period of religious association, domestic reunion, and social festivity all combined, which seems to speak full-voiced ever in most attractive tones to our worn and wearied humanity year by year. Remembering what Christmas proclaims from age to age, its message of peace, brotherhood, and goodwill, it seems to accord so thoroughly with every portion of our Masonic lore that words are useless to proclaim its blessedness, its reality, its appropriate teaching, and its elevating memories. Indeed, it is not so much to dilate upon Christmas, or to moralize on Christmas, that we pen these lines to-day, but simply to offer to all our readers and friends, and our kind patrons, many of them far, far, away, our heartiest aspirations for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to them and theirs. Wherever Masons are found there the *Freemason* is read, and with this our Christmas number we are anxious to convey our most "heartily good wishes," as well for this festive season as for the new year, to all who peruse our pages or support our efforts to diffuse a sound, a readable, a healthy Masonic paper. To all associated in happy homes to-day, when the scattered surviving members of the family have gathered once again in time round the "old hearth stone," whether old or young, we tender our sympathetic congratulations and our warmest hopes that as Christmas Day, 1879, is leaving them in health, happiness, and peace, so their onward career in 1880 may be dimmed by no cloud and marred by none of the storms or tempests of life. As on Christmas Day they assemble from all quarters round the family dinner table or the Christmas Tree, may all of undimmed felicity be theirs, and with light hearts, rejoicing strains, and general greetings, and kinder memories, may they hail the precious hours of a transient Christmas season. A few years make a great havoc in loving circles and happy families. Some are missing, some are far away; those who constituted our pride and our grace are perhaps lying in their graves, and when we close up our ranks we see how many of our dearest comrades are missing, for the roll-call tells that, alas, they cannot be here to answer to their names or join in our harmonious and harmless revelry. Christmas has always two voices for us—a voice of cheeriness and sadness; a voice bidding us rejoice, a voice bidding us reflect. And we shall best enjoy the good things of our gay and genial gathering if we remember two points, most Masonic both in utterance and reality, that some are not so blessed as we, and that Christmas inevitably recalls to us the loved and the lost. But we do not wish to seem to sermonize or moralize to-day. We have thought it well thus lightly for the moment to touch upon obvious truths and solemn duties and sacred associations and tenderest memories, and we wish, with all unfeigned sincerity, to our readers for themselves and their families, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## Our Christmas Freemason.

OUR Publisher has thought that a Special Christmas *Freemason* might be acceptable to our many readers at home and abroad. We feel sure that in this respect his expectations will be realised and his anticipations rewarded. Wherever the *Freemason* reaches on this wide earth to-day, wherever it is read, and liked, and cared for, as we have often flattering tokens and pleasant reminders, we trust that the Christmas Number will be Masonically hailed and kindly received. Indeed, we have ourselves no doubt whatever of its seasonable form and its opportune appearance, and therefore it is that the publisher wishes to commend it to-day to all his friends and patrons, as containing not only what is needful for the Masonic reader and student, but what is pleasing, amusing, and edifying to the general public. The *Freemason* is, of course, primarily and mainly intended for Freemasons, and "bright" Freemasons too; but at this special season of the year, the publisher very wisely conceives, in our opinion, that it may be made "for the nonce" equally acceptable to the members, old and young, of all Masons' families, and that even the outside world may be pleased and profited by its careful perusal. And so once more he begs to call the attention of his readers to this his Christmas number of his widely circulated *Freemason*, and asks for it the friendly criticisms of non-Masons, and the warm support of all Freemasons, not only up and down Great Britain, but everywhere where Lodges exist, Masonic principles prevail, and the good old banner of Masonry holds out its pleasant folds to friends and foes. The publisher begs to thank his many kind friends for their original tales, whose merit, from a literary point of view, is not a little striking, and also his Masonic contemporaries, such as the *Key-stone*, *Masonic Advocate*, and *Voice of Masonry*, from whom, "paco" their fraternal permission, he has ventured to reprint a few interesting stories for his Christmas number.

## Aliquaq.

BY AN OLD MASON.

It has often struck me, in Masonic meetings, how very wonderful are two facts connected with Freemasonry, namely, its Antiquity and its Universality. I need not here dilate upon the former, for fear of making my little communication too prosy; and the more so, as I wish to illustrate the latter by a little incident of which I was an eye-witness, and which, though it happened many, many years ago, is as vividly impressed upon my tenacious memory as if the scene and the persons depicted were only of yesterday.

Someone has said, "As we grow old we forget, and oblivion steals gradually from a weakened memory the things that were;" but for my part, I find to-day how very retentive is the "silent warder of the mind" of old days and scenes and friends—how loth to forsake them and reluctant to part from them. And so I am able, in these friendly pages, to "point the moral and adorn the tale" by the narration of a fact, as clear, as certain, and as undoubted as anything well can be which is governed by the laws of human testimony as evidence.

Yes, the universality of Freemasonry is a wonderful thing, look at it which way you will, for there is Freemasonry in its mysterious adaptations and secret organizations "cropping up" from beneath your very feet, in the most unlikely places and in the most distant realms. Amid nations civilized and barbarous, among

the houseless tribes of the desert, and the dwellers of crowded cities; there it is unmistakably, permanently, vitally, apparently testifying of that remarkable period in the world's history which we term to-day the "time of the mysteries," and which links us distinctly with the patriarchal ages and antediluvian truths! Of course, there is also the operative sodality side to this great feature of Universal History, and a most striking phenomenon it is, too, and the two combined make up that "perfect whole" of the real true history of Freemasonry, without which, perhaps, its wondrous annals at first sight appear to some an embarrassing enigma or a childish paradox.

It has been long known to many travellers that in the East especially, there lingers a secret fraternity, very much akin to Freemasonry, if not altogether identical, now, in aim and practice, but which has this great peculiarity, that it preserves the same great landmarks of Universal Freemasonry as we do, and we in England and they in the East are able, by the mysterious laws of Recognition to make ourselves known to one another. This fraternity exists equally among the Arabs and the Druses, the Turks and the Egyptians, the Maronites and the Ausyric, and extends all over Africa, and is to be found as well in the Sahara as at Fez and Mogadore.

Some years ago, when a very young Mason, and that is why the incident made so deep an impression on my mind, I went over from Gibraltar with a large party of English ladies and officers to Tangiers. Tangiers, as some of my readers well know, is in the Straits of Gibraltar, and once belonged to us, being part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, wife of King Charles II. It was afterwards abandoned by us. It is a curious town in some respects, and has an interest for travellers even to-day. Just before our visit to Tangiers, several outbreaks of fanaticism had occurred in Tangiers on the part of the "santons," or holy men of Africa, towards all Europeans—not English especially, but rather all "unbelievers," and our then respected Consul-General, Sir J. D. Hay, had officially warned the garrison to be very careful not to offend any of these unfortunately dirty and repulsive representatives of a dominant belief, when on casual visits or shooting excursions. One of the favourite proceedings of these aroused Mohammedans, aroused by the mere presence of an unbeliever, was to "spit in his face," and then to raise the people by accusing him of "insulting the religion of the Holy Prophet!"

"Mashallah!" as they say themselves, this was a very fine position of affairs. So, after many injunctions to be very careful, we started in high spirits for Tangiers.

The day was cloudless and the sea tranquil (which it is not always in these straits), and we soon made our "run" over to Tangiers, where we were met by the politest of consuls, and, after repeated good advice from him, and a "soldier" given us to take care of us, we started in a broiling sun to see Tangiers. Oh! happy days of youth. To-day, when we who survive are weak and shivering old men, what a bright memory of stalwart youths and gay and gracious dames comes before me as I write.

We held a "council of war" what we were to do, and the first point determined upon, especially by the ladies (dear, self-willed creatures that they are), was to see the mosque. In vain "caution" was preached and "danger" was pointed out—see it they would. So "Allons, enfant de la patrie," we said, and away we went. "Beware," said Sir J. D. Hay, "of a santon." The writer of this was leading the joyous party, whose laughter made the staid soldier stare, and did not raise us, I fear, in his opinion, when we came full upon the mosque, and I saw to my horror a santon, sitting close to the door, counting his chaplet, for there are chaplets in the East as well as in the Roman Catholic Countries. Even the soldier seemed uneasy.

All of a sudden, I remembered the statement I had had from good authority, and, stepping forward, unperceived by the party, I made a Masonic sign to him, known to all my readers, dropping a small golden dollar piece into his lap! To my intense delight—he answered it, and made a bow with his head, and then without raising his head any more, he remained in a bowed attitude, and allowed the party and myself to file peacefully into the Mosque.

When we came out he was gone. The soldier was so astonished that he kept staring at me and him. And thus it is, believe me, explain it as we will, that Freemasonry is everywhere to day! May we not say, as a great personage said of old, according to our traditions, when we consider the actual existence of Freemasonry, and realise its mysterious influence in the wide, wide world, and position in all countries at the present time—"Oh, mighty brotherhood! oh, wonderful Masons!"

## The Ghost of Marney Castle.

## THE CASTLE.

MARNEY Castle was a gloomy but magnificent ruin, lying on the borders of the New Forest. It had been practically uninhabited for years, with the exception of a few rooms in one of the farther wings, which had been fitted up for Lord Marney for shooting purposes. The remainder of the castle was a wonderful but discordant ruin, inasmuch as until the beginning of this century it had been occupied, and so had been repaired and restored. Thus you saw the debased ideas of the Caroline and Georgian period commingling with the older aspect and character of Mediæval architecture.

Marney Castle had two courts—the outer and the inner. The outer, which was separated by a castellated wall and a moat from the village green, was almost entirely in ruins. In the inner court on one side were the rooms which still were occupied, and on the other was a great armoury connecting itself with an immense banquet hall, which again communicated with the eastern side, in which some old panelled rooms, as I said before, still were used from time to time. Under the great armoury were vaults, which no one had penetrated into for years, and as these vast structures were not professedly kept in repair, and many of the windows were blown in, and all the furniture and armour had long since gone to adorn Lord Marney's other place, Streighton Hall, in Wiltshire, they were as sad and desolate as well could be, dreary and disconsolate beyond description.

But such was the great castle which dominated the village of Marney, and of which, for the purpose of my story, I have given a sufficient description.

## THE LEGEND.

Now this great castle had a legend, which was firmly believed in by the peasantry for miles around, and if not believed in by the upper classes as fully perhaps, it was said so deprecatingly and hesitatingly. The truth was, I believe, that everybody credited it, but did not like to admit it; for, say what we will, such is the innate credulity of man, that he is ready to believe anything, however incredible, *per se*. And in this, our age, we have witnessed the strange paradox or rampant absurdity that, whereas some affect to disbelieve the supernatural element of the Bible, simply because it is supernatural, they will believe greedily in any imposture of table-rapping or so-called spiritualism, and swallow with avidity the nauseous lies of the impostor, the swindler, and the charlatan!

But to the legend itself. A very wicked Lord Marney had a still more wicked wife. She was what someone has called an "out-and-outer," for she was credited not only with every possible crime, but even with witchcraft itself! Her main idea was to make herself as odious to the others generally, and particularly to her husband, as well could be! Accordingly, she led him a miserable life. She brought into the Castle a Confessor, who was said to be addicted to the "forbidden art." She fitted up a laboratory in one of the lower vaults to which she had access by a private passage, and there she carried on what the people about, in undertones, declared were her "sorceries and her devilries." At last, one day, the patience of her lord was exhausted. He found her preparing some horrible "philtre" or broth, and, supposing it was for himself, he drove her before him with a fearful iron belt, striking her until she screamed again,—until she jumped into the lake, and so ended her wicked life and the misery of the neighbourhood. The Church would not bury her, and so she lay in unconsecrated ground. Lord Marney lost his life before the walls of Ascalon.

Such was the legend; and the superstition of the neighbourhood had added to it the belief that the quiet spirit of that most unquiet woman walked in the great hall or long gallery, uttering piercing shrieks, which were supposed to be still inflicted by the iron belt of Lord Marney. Indeed, such was the strong persuasion of all in the immediate vicinity that none would venture into the great hall or armoury at night, and as the family, for some reason or other, had left Marney Castle about the beginning of the century, under peculiar circumstances of haste and anxiety, it was further generally believed that to some such appearance might be attributed the non-residence of that noble house. With the exception of an occasional visit for shooting, even the rooms which still were inhabited were seldom visited, and it was stated that nothing but extra wages induced old John Hall and his wife Ann to keep them in order.

An explanation had been tendered by a bold coast-guard officer that the alarm in the beginning of the century had been created by smugglers, but this explanation was generally scouted by the lovers of the marvellous as most unworthy of acceptance; and at the time my story opens the belief in the White Lady of Marney was widespread and firmly held.

## THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE GHOST.

LORD Marney had written to say that he was coming for a few days' shooting, and therefore Mr. Goldsworthy, the agent, a highly respectable man, had gone over to see that the upholsterer had sent in the necessary additions, and that all was ready and comfortable for his lordship's reception on the following day. Mr.

Goldsworthy lived a few miles distance from Marney, in the New Forest, and therefore drove over in his dog-cart, meaning to return home for his supper at nine; but as he often went from place to place, and from farmhouse to farmhouse, in his long rounds, his family never expected him after nine.

He reached the castle in the early afternoon, having dined at a friend's, "en route," and, putting up his horse in the stable, knocked at the door, which, after some time, was opened by old Hall.

Mr. Hall was evidently in a most uneasy state.

"What's the matter, Hall?" said Mr. Goldsworthy.

"Nothing, sir; nothing, nothing," stammered the old man.

"Ah, but there is something," replied the astute steward; "I see it by your manner and voice."

"Nothing, sir; nothing, nothing," again repeated Hall, in a tremble.

"Come, Hall, out with it," said Mr. Goldsworthy, laughingly; "you've seen the ghost!"

"I—I—I—sir," said Hall; "no, sir, but my missis has."

Mr. Goldsworthy burst out laughing.

"Where is your old woman?" he said, at last; "let's hear her wonderful story."

But when the old woman appeared she would say nothing. She only shook her head, and declared that her husband was an "old goose."

It suddenly flashed across the steward's mind that there was a trick in all this, and he determined to try and find it out. So having dismissed the subject, apparently, and gone through the rooms, and seen that the fires were lighted, and the beds aired, and the servants' rooms got ready, and that the provisions were ordered in, as the cook and others were expected in the morning, he asked old Mrs. Hall to give him some tea; and after tea he quietly told her that, as he had some accounts to make up for Lord Marney, he would sleep there for the night.

Much to his astonishment the old woman seemed delighted, but she said nothing. And so, selecting a small panelled bedroom at the end of the passage nearest the old gallery, he lighted a pipe, took out his papers, and set to work. At nine Mrs. Hall brought him up a couple of mutton chops and a jug of Marney beer, and, with a bit of cheese, he made a very good supper, the old lady having offered him a curious old black bottle, which, she said, was one of many in the cellar, for old Hall had once been the butler, and still kept the keys, and which some bottle turned out to be Schiedam. Mr. Goldsworthy made himself a comfortable "night-cap," and at ten o'clock, as was his wont, turned in.

He was woken after some hours by a sort of grating noise. As he had a repeater, he struck it, and it sounded two. All of a sudden a door in the panel seemed to open, and a woman in white, uttering a shriek, appeared, and then vanished. There was a creaking of locks and as of chains, and then all was still again.

Poor Mr. Goldsworthy had fainted away. In the morning he was in a very depressed condition, and the old woman said triumphantly to her husband, "I said nothing yesterday, but I knew he would see her." When Lord Marney was told the story, he said, "It is quite clear to me that old Goldsworthy drank too much Schiedam."

## THE SECOND APPEARANCE OF THE GHOST.

WHEN Mr. Goldsworthy got home next day, his family was not slow in finding out that something had happened. His eldest daughter, Julia, who was his favourite, soon extracted from the agitated Goldsworthy what had really taken place. She had engaged herself to the Reverend James Morley, the Curate of Marney, and, as he was staying at the house, she went at once to him for "spiritual" consolation. He was a very worthy young man, with too great a trust in his own powers of argument and persuasion, which were more limited in other people's opinion than he would have liked to think or to know. But he was not without "pluck," and so he volunteered to go and call on Lord Marney, and offer to sleep in the same room, as he felt sure that it was a gross imposture or Satanic agency.

Julia naturally objected on principle to this encounter of her "young man" with the "Woman in White," but her scruples were overruled, for, as Mr. Morley said heroically, "he had his duty to perform." Therefore, bold in a good cause, he started to pay his respects to Lord Marney and offer to endeavour to solve the mystery.

No sooner had he reached the castle, and seen Lord Marney, and told him his mission, than Lord Marney, who treated the whole affair as an excellent joke, and whose ladies were coming that very evening as well as some young officers from London, asked Mr. Morley to stay, and ordered Mr. Goldsworthy's room to be prepared for his reception. There was a sardonic smile on old Mrs. Hall's face when she heard the news, and she said, "I warrant me, the parson won't like the Lady in White when he sees her." Lord Marney told all his guests, when they arrived, the story, so that Mr. Morley was for once a hero. He was petted and pitied alternately, and when they all separated for the night Lord Marney said, "If you want help, Mr. Morley, wake up these idle nephews of mine, or my son, who will immediately come to your aid."

The Curate went to his room about half-past eleven or a quarter to twelve, and having looked carefully round the room and tapped the panelling to try if there was a secret door, after commending himself to God's protection, he went to bed. He had slept for some

time, when he, too, was woken by a grating noise, and then again, all of a sudden, a door in the wainscot was thrown open and a female figure in white, shrieking loudly, appeared in the room of the startled Curate. The Curate knew nothing more until he opened his eyes and saw daylight streaming in through the windows. He got quietly up, examined the walls again carefully, and, finding nothing (by this time he had become comparatively composed) sat down and wrote his statement of what he saw until oblivion overcame him!

When he descended to breakfast his pale looks assured the company that something had happened, and when, after breakfast, Lord Marney asked him to come into his little study, and when the door was closed, he again asked him what he had seen, Mr. Morley showed him his statement, which made Lord Marney smile—for he believed that the young men, and perhaps the young ladies, had played a trick on a timid Curate.

Finding that the Curate was anxious to get home, he soon after let him go, expressing his conviction to his family that he had been frightened by old Goldsworthy, or perhaps by a trick!

"A trick," said Lady Lucy, his favourite daughter; "who could or dared play such a trick here, papa?"

Captain St. Denis, a gay Guardsman, who was present, said he had a mind to try and find out the ghost, and as Lord Marney's nephew, Charles Marney, offered to bring him company, it was settled that, without saying a word about it to the servants, these two should occupy the chamber after twelve.

## THE THIRD APPEARANCE OF THE GHOST.

AT twelve precisely, Captain St. Denis and Charles Marney proceeded to the haunted room. They took with them some cigars and B. and S., and two good sticks. They made a close examination of the room, but could discover nothing, except that two panels seemed to give, on minute inspection, a more hollow sound than the others.

"This, then, is the door," said Captain St. Denis, and he tried to open it, but all in vain.

One o'clock struck, and still the two young men sat talking and smoking. Soon after one, Charles Marney said, "I'm very sleepy, and will lie down on the bed," and soon after went to sleep; and Captain St. Denis, tired of keeping awake, soon followed his example.

The next thing Captain St. Denis remembered was finding himself surrounded by a flash of light, Charles Marney calling out, and a woman in white shrieking loudly, staring at them both. The unearthly appearance which had so unmanned Charles Marney seemed for the moment to have paralysed the bold Guardsman, for, before he could collect his scattered thoughts, a clanking of chains and a creaking of bolts were heard and the vision had disappeared, and they were both in utter darkness.

"By George," said Captain St. Denis, "we are in for it. Yet, after all, I believe it is a hoax."

A solemn voice was heard to say, "Madman, on the peril of your life, be silent," and then all was again quiet as the grave.

When Lord Marney heard the story in the morning he shook his head, and, leaving Marney in a few days, has never since returned to visit it. Captain St. Denis, who married Lady Lucy, never likes the subject mentioned; Charles Marney still turns pale when Marney Castle is mentioned; and the White Lady is a forbidden subject of conversation in the Marney family.

I am speaking of some years ago. Probably now these terrors have passed away from their minds, for, as science and civilisation spread their wholesome sway each year, more and more, "some dear delusion fades and dies." You will not wonder that all these events combined to create a deep impression in the neighbourhood of Marney Castle, and increased the belief of the "Woman in White."

## L'ENVOI.

NORWITHSTANDING the universal belief in the county of the ghost, there were those who had their doubts; but still, as credulity has its fanatics as well as unbelief, for some time, at any rate, he was a bold man who ventured to dispute the three appearances of the White Lady of Marney Castle. Indeed, I believe nothing would ever have shaken the more educated from their belief, or, rather, their doubts—and many firmly cling to the ghost still, despite everything—had not a curious trial at the county assizes induced many people to think, after all, that the White Lady of Marney Castle was a substantiality in the flesh, and therefore no ghost or spirit at all.

A trial before the Lord Chief Justice for "coining" took place, and the county police, assisted by some of the police of Scotland Yard, had broken up one of the most desperate gangs of smashers which had ever troubled either the metropolis or the provinces! It was then I made acquaintance with Detective Robinson—Inspector I believe he is now—who had been sent to assist the county police. After the trial I was talking to him of the ghost story.

"Ah," he said, "I think I can give you a clue to the Lady in White. Why, she was the wife of that chap we got fourteen years for."

"His wife," I said; but how then do you account for her appearances and her screamings?"

"Well," he replied, "in this way. No doubt she dressed herself for the part, and it was their game to keep that portion of the castle free from intrusion, for they had, in those old vaults, a splendid place for their practical operations. When we were examining the old

castle, we found a staircase from the vaults, which led up to a panelled room, the door of which was fastened outside by rusty chains and bars."

"Yes, but you know," I said, "the legend that the wicked Baron beats her for her intense wickedness, though, if the legend itself be true, he and she were six of the one and the half dozen of the other."

"Well," said Inspector Robinson, "it's all plain sailing after all. No doubt Jimmy, for that is what we always called Dodds, did beat his wife, and no doubt she really screamed when he beat her. The night, or rather the morning, those two officers saw her, he had been simply strapping her, and probably followed her upstairs, and no doubt her screams were real and piercing. Ah, sir, she's a bad one! Her name is Margaret—she goes by the name of Ramping Meg, and she has given me more trouble than a half-dozen men! She tried Jimmy very hard."

"And," continued the inspector with a gravity which impressed me deeply, as if he felt what he said, "there is no such aggravating thing for a man as a knagging woman. I know its against the law, and the Lord Chief Justice would say that its a "gross illegality and a grave impropriety," but for all that, though you need not repeat what I say, there are some women for whom nothing on earth will do but a little judicious 'strap-oil.' Meg was the White Lady, and had those two young officers not been so scared by her screams and her white dress, the ghost would have been found out long ago. We don't believe in ghosts at Scotland Yard. The only ghost I ever saw was one who would walk into other people's bedrooms, but as that ghost always took articles of jewellery away, we took her at last. She was a fine, fat, booming ghost when we took her!"

"Well," I said, "you see they'll still believe in the ghost in the country, and so many to this hour declare that the "White Lady walks in the ruins of Marney Castle."

## "De Gustibus."

By Bro. S. POYNTER, P.M. AND TREAS. BERGOYNE 902, P.M. AND FOUNDER ATHENÆUM 1491.

**A**MA VIRUMQUE CANO, and as I propose carolling on a congenial subject, I mean to tune up lustily. The arms I sing about are offensive weapons, *ex gr:* a knife proper grasped dexter, a fork proper, argent, displayed sinister; and the man I warble of is "a man and a brother," and wears a lambskin apron across that portion of his anterior anatomy which patrons of the P.R. term, or used so to phrase it, "below the belt." My brother, I am about to moralise musically upon you in "the fourth degree;" I mean to apply my title to you in its most material and even vulgar sense. I do not propose to discourse of the attribute of taste in its æsthetic or moral application; that is to say, I am not about to be didactical on the modern renderings of the famous proverb which runs in English—"Every one to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow," and in French—"Chacun à son goût." No; my psalm shall be of palpable physical enjoyment; the tangible sensation communicated to the animal palate; the enjoyment that is experienced in the actual reception, mastication, and deglutition of good food and drink. And why not? We have poetical authority for asserting that "good wine is a good creature," and the resplendent genius who is responsible for this proposition has not disdained to expatiate also upon "flawn and custards," and honest "beef and mustard." Another poet assures us that—

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

And it seems to the mind of a writer whose feet, like Thackeray's, have been "under the mahogany of many men," that there is the same touching fitness of idea existing between Christmas and feasting that Tennyson and Shakespeare establish between youth and amorousness, and that the earlier poet also ascribes to the association of old age with covetousness.

Touching old age, was the "swan of Avon" quite accurate when he described the senile one in the immortal recapitulation of humanity's scenes as "sans taste?" I confess I have not yet qualified to give an opinion founded upon personal experience on this knotty question, but I am, alas! in process of doing so. I remember that once, many years ago, an octogenarian Alderman, with his serviette well tucked under his chin—as you see his predecessors represented in Hogarth's picture, "Master Goodchild elected Sheriff of London is entertained by his Company"—challenged me to join him in feed punch. His Worship's mouth was very full of callipash and callipee, almost too replete to enable him to gasp out, apoplectically, "Stick to the table, young sir—stick to the table; it's the only pleasure that lasts to the end—lasts to the end." I suppose the gourmand in that other picture of Hogarth's—in that pitiable state after the surfeit of oysters, you remember—held the same creed—but there, "something too much of this," as Hamlet says.

We have, all of us, been taught that Freemasonry is a peculiar system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols; and probably, from the very invention of the order—and by its invention I mean from the very inception of the idea of formulating a cult from the practice of operative Masonry—some

method of communicating notions of rectitude, combined with technical skill, was desiderated by the craftsmen. From the necessity so experienced, I assume ritual originated, and I do not think it at all improbable that the most convenient opportunity for communicating the moral lessons this ritual was intended to convey, and at the same time perfecting the ritual itself, was found in the intervals when master and foremen and workmen assembled together for necessary refreshment after—or in the intervals of—labour. By imperceptible degrees—by a process extending over a long period—this mode of communicating instruction would develop or degenerate—call it which you please—into the easy and convenient practice of some learned and skilled brother discoursing, or reading in monologue, for the instruction and presumably the entertainment of his companions, while they recruited exhausted nature, the lector finding other opportunities for taking his necessary refreshment. This system, we know, prevailed in monastic communities. It was, until comparatively recent times, the practice in our Universities, and in the Inns of Court. In each of the latter to this day a reader is appointed once a year, and although his office has become a sinecure, he enjoys the *kudos* of beholding, at the end of his year of nominal services, his armorial bearings emblazoned on a panel in the hall of his legal *alma mater*. Most of us remember how the monastic lecturer is introduced by Longfellow, when the monks "are merry in hall, when beards wag all," and

"The reader droned from the pulpit,  
Like the murmur of many bees,  
The legend of good St. Cuthbert,  
Or St. Basil's homilies!"

at that great feast, when the fathers toasted the whole of the hagiology, one by one—a bumper and no heel taps for each—and how my lord the Abbot succumbed at the last, and was found to have quietly departed for the "land of the leal," as Lady Nairne has it; and how the hearty roysterers improved the occasion by improvising a canonization on the spot—

"But not for this their revels  
The jovial monks forbore,  
For they cried, 'Fill high the goblets,  
Let us drink to one saint more!'"

A companion to this story is a yarn told by Sir Walter Scott, somewhere, of the astonishing composure evinced by an old Caledonian toper at the sudden death of one of his convives—we will call him "the laird o' Cairngorm." A party who had spent "a very wet evening," separating in the small hours of the morning, one of the number observed that a guest appeared to be sleeping, and remarked a very peculiar pallor upon his face. "Cairngorm's unc'o' gash," he whispered to his neighbour. "An' weel he may be," was the reply; "he's been gane these two hours; I saw him pass awa', but I deed na' levee to deesturb quid company."

I need not say that in Collogo and University life, while the system of commons is still maintained, its accompaniment of the droning lector has become obsolete. Thoughtful observers have long been convinced of the moral utility of "keeping commons;" and there is extant a strong and not unreasonable prepossession for those seats of learning where this mode of educational association is still practised, while there is an equal and equally not unreasonable prejudice existing in the minds of many against those institutions where this method of fitting their alumni for the battle of life by wholesome attrition with their fellows and future co-labourers has never been adopted, or has been allowed to fall into disuse. As to readers, their nominal appointment as such is not unfamiliar to us in certain ecclesiastical establishments of this day, in the pulpits of which those monologists constantly appear, although to modern minds in this connection the difference between a preacher and a reader is rather less explicable than the distinction between a crocodile and an alligator.

Something of the same feeling of veneration for ancient usages, I venture to assert, exists—notwithstanding how philosophers may theorise—among the convivial observances of Freemasonry. The day, thank Heaven, has long passed by when it behoved a brother to seriously buckle on his armour and defend the beloved Craft from the vulgar charge that it was only an excuse for feasting, for gormandizing, for indulgence in alcoholic excess. Excesses, either in meats or drinks, are now—and the fact is universally recognised—very much the exception rather than in any degree the rule in Masonic "refreshment;" while, on the other hand, slackness, slovenliness, inaccuracy, or lukewarmness in the performance and rendering of the beautiful "working" and ritual arc also as conspicuously infrequent. We have nothing to apologise for, but little to defend; the charges involved in that little we may perhaps be sometimes put to vindicate, but the answer need be but brief, and I certainly do not propose to excite the ridicule of my readers by donning harness to repel the sprinkles of penny squirts.

There are so many things it is cheap and easy to laugh at. I personally enjoy the annual procession of Lord Mayor's Show, and shall continue to do so, call you it gimcrack gingerbread never so much. Perhaps to me it has some occult meaning, and its gilding goes deeper than the surface; but I am not necessarily a dotard because your ocular organs have not the same focus as mine. I rear at two or three pantomimes every year, and the spectacle of a fat, apoplectic looking middle-aged gentleman, choking with laughter until the tears run down his cheeks, once or twice per annum—at Mr. Clown purchasing a pound of butter in order to grease the pavement before the cheesemonger's door,

so that, when that honest tradesman emerges, his slithery slide may culminate in an undignified sprawl—may be contemptible to you, dear reader; but then I may see in it "excellent fooling," and reflect, if permitted to philosophise over so puerile a subject, that it may not be altogether unwise to be sometimes for a brief minute or two in this world of woo "even as a little child."

And so with other things. When I dine, as I frequently have the honour of doing, with my noble friend the Right Honourable Geoffrey Plantagenet Fitz-Stangate, Earl of Lambeth, Viscount New Cut, and Baron of Pedlar's Acre, K.G., etc., etc., I do not expect that exalted nobleman to take wine with me—it isn't done in society now, you know; that's information for you, dear reader, isn't it? I do not feel slighted if, in the presence of the two solemn be-laced ones, upright behind my chair, my noble host does not give his curiously cut *tasse* a knowing cock, and audibly announce that he "looks towards" me, or affectionately preface his draught, *à la Gamp*, with "here's wishin' you luck." I am perfectly aware that I can imbibe as much or as little as I please at my lord's mahogany, and that the decorous plain—the champagne—I mean the country not the liquor—"the lie of the land," to use a Cambridgeshire term—of talk in decorous subdued tone, will not be disturbed by acclivities of heartiness and volcanic eruptions of expressions of friendliness, affection, and goodwill. I say, I take my right honourable friend as I find him; I accept a sort of aristocratic pot-luck, as it were; I accommodate myself to princely circumstances, because I am not proud and don't pretend to look down upon peers of the realm, as some folks do. But then I also am found equal to the situation in a Freemason's lodge, and I do not, and I will not, denounce the continuance of the old hearty fashion of "Waes hael," of demonstrating openly the hospitality we are delighted to extend, the affection we are happy to be able to feel when we brethren meet, and amicably—and I hope we always all of us do so amicably—break bread together.

"Turkey and chine," "Roast beef and plum pudding," "Rum punch and sparkling hock!" "What an enliger of your mandise you are!" I think I hear some of my readers exclaim. Read between the lines, my friends, and you shall see that this panegyric implies a deep concern for the good fellowship in its higher sense which these tangibilities symbolically represent. The glass of wine that I take at refreshment after labour with a brother whom I have never seen before, constitutes the recognition of the value of one of the great principles of our fraternity, emblematises the great virtue, whether displayed by savage or by civilised man, the ready and cheerful practice of hospitality. Again, over that glass of wine, sipped at the same moment with the friend of your heart, expressive eyes meeting in sympathetic glances, how many dear memories may not be evoked, our many tender chords may not be restruck—sounded anew? Nay, more. We of the esoteric can afford to admit that sometimes it may be derisively asked—even of us—*Tantum animis caelestibus iræ?* but how often—do we not know, brethren!—how often an answer to this sneer is at lodge refreshment anticipated by a flask of Marcobrunner, quenching the flames of wrath as effectually as Captain Shaw's new India-rubber hose pipes squirt out the fire in an incandescent Metropolitan shop. Jones and Green eye the table-cloth between them as the lists, the tourney field—which, indeed, it is in the sense of being bounded by the selvages of the napery—wherein they two meet, not unwilling, to exchange wordy blows and tongue-banging battle, so far as the W.M. will allow them, and to reap up that old affair about the—well, never mind what—but somehow the pair of eyes of one of the combatants twinkles over the tall green flasks in the interval between soup and fish; and those sparkling orbs by chance, looking across the intended battle-ground, encounter another pair twinkling, by no means antagonistically, but contrariwise, opposite. "With you, old boy!" stammers Jones, the fierce foe, hesitatingly to Green, the implacable enemy. Retorts Green, the E. E., heartily, and as if immeasurably relieved, to Jones, the F. F., "With all the pleasure in life, brother Jones; what shall it be, hock or sherry?" and imagination need not be accused of being very extravagant if you fancy you can read, inscribed on the diaper, *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est*, or, think you hear, in the clink of the weapons of these two doughty combatants—I mean in the clink of their encountering goblets—our good old English ballad rendering of Terence's famous adage, "The falling out of ancient friends renewing is of love."

"So mote it be!" And here let me conclude. I had purposed, gentle reader, to point out to you that our after dinner speeches, the which are not without their uses—let a flippant generation say what it will—uses of exhortation, of encouragement, of admonition, of explanation, are the survivals of the ancient fashion of employing an orator to "improve the occasion" of refection, but I forbear. *Rien sacré pour un sapsour*; and if, as we have seen lately, even that—if not venerable, at all events, grave and solemn—institution, the wedding breakfast—is not sacred from the flippant sneer of the cynic, how can we expect that an apology for post prandial discourse "across the walnuts and the wine" will be gravely, or even patiently received? So, hoping that I have achieved the great success in composition indicated by that eminent literary authority, Mr. Samuel Weller, as "pullin' up short, and then you makes 'em wish for more," I very fraternally and respectfully bid my readers farewell and "Waes hael," and wish them all and each "A very merry Christmas, and a happy, prosperous New Year."



## His Five Mothers-in-Law.

MOST husbands and wives, if we may credit all they say, find it difficult to live in the same house with a mother-in-law, but Old Sol B— (as he was commonly called), of Boston, dwelt in peace and comfort for several years with five ladies bearing that relation to him. When I first knew the old gentleman he appeared to be about fifty, but was in reality about sixty-eight, and had a charming wife who was then twenty-six, and two lovely children, a boy and a girl, one seven the other five. His children by his first wife were all married, and some of his grandchildren were also married, and themselves had children older than Mr. B—'s two youngest.

On the first day of my visit at his pleasant home, not many miles from Boston, as I took my place at the dinner-table with Mrs. B—, I was surprised to see five old ladies come into the room together, and to be introduced to each of them in succession as follows: "My own mother, Mrs. B—, senior; my next mother, Mrs. Henry; my third mother, Mrs. James; my fourth mother, Mrs. William; my fifth mother, Mrs. John."

Mrs. B—, senior, who seemed the youngest of the old ladies, laughed aloud at my look of consternation—a melodious laugh for one of her years—and everyone smiled but Mr. B—, who invoked the blessing with his usual air, and led the table-talk on indifferent topics. That evening, in the parlour, young Mrs. B— gave us some music, and the old ladies retired early, one after another, the "own mother" going last, when she was tenderly assisted upstairs by her son. On his return Mr. B— said to me, with a smile of amusement: "I see that you are, as the ladies say, 'dying to know' what all this means. I purposely did not tell you that I have five mothers-in-law, because I always like to see the effect produced by my household on other people. You, for instance, live so differently, all alone; how do we appear to you?"

"Harmonious and happy; but I have seen you together only a very short time. What is your every day experience?"

"Much the same, especially since my dear wife came into our household. I had all the old ladies when she arrived."

"But where did you get them all; they cannot all belong to you?"

"Yes, every one of them. I have four mothers-in-law, and as my own mother is my wife's mother-in-law, of course that makes five mothers-in-law in our house. Now, as my wife is just going to her little ones' nursery, I will tell you about my old ladies."

"When I married my first wife, her mother, who was a widow, came to live with us. She was a good creature, and had seen pretty hard times, having supported herself by school-teaching and sewing for several years, and she seemed greatly to enjoy my comfortable home—I was always a thriving man of business. So one day I said to her, 'Now, mother, there is no reason why you shouldn't make your home with us always while you live; you can bring your own furniture if you choose, or you need not; the room you now occupy shall be your own always, and, beside what my wife may do, I will give you fifty dollars a year for your clothes (that was an ample sum for a woman to have all to herself in those times). And if sometimes you are displeased, you must go to your room and pout it out alone, and only join us again when you feel pleasant. For I won't be worried, and least of all will I have my wife worried by anybody. Now, mother, what do you say?'"

"She only said, 'You are a good man, Solomon B—, and the Almighty will reward you, and I thank you from my heart. I will do my part.'"

"So I never had any trouble with her."

We all lived together twenty years, and then my wife had an attack of pneumonia, and died; and soon after that my own mother was left a widow, and came to live with me. My mother is only sixteen years older than I am, and, being so lively and smart, she seemed quite like a younger sister to mother Henry, and they got on easily together. But after a while, when the children were all about grown, I got so lonesome that I coaxed a real, nice, sensible lady of Philadelphia, not handsome, but just as good as gold, to marry me. I told her all about my old ladies, and found she had two mothers living with her—her own mother and her husband's mother. They had neither of them any property, but she owned a house, and took boarders in it to support them all.

"Well, I made the same proposition to her old ladies that I made to my mother-in-law, and they both agreed. Then I went home and built an addition to my house, and soon brought my second wife and her mothers there. We had some occasional pointing at first, but I always held two points without yielding—I was the master in my own house and would never let anybody worry my wife. So, pretty soon, my four-in-hand learned to travel smoothly together."

"Ah, me! I looked forward to a happy old age with that dear wife, but in two years she was killed by a railway accident. I was with her on the train and was badly hurt, lying for weeks in a state of unconsciousness. When I recovered my dear wife's grave was green. I felt so bad and my health was so poor that I did not care for a woman again until all my children were married, and I was left alone with my four old ladies. Then I met a pretty little romantic widow, husband and eldest child died of contagious fever, three who was 'so sorry' for me. She wrote poetry and painted pictures, and was dying all the while of con-

sumption, that scourge of our city; and I thought as she had a struggle to take care of herself and her husband's mother, I would smooth her passage to the grave.

"So I married her and her mother—I mean—well, you know what I mean. I treated her mother-in-law just as I did the other old ladies, and that wife lived seven years after all. I made her so happy that she adored me, and we had the sweetest baby you ever saw! Oh, what a lovely creature that child was—a little angel! She lived only three years, and then faded away. But I have several beautiful pictures of her, painted by her mother."

"And did you have no trouble with that mother-in-law?"

"Not while her daughter-in-law lived; she was always taking care of her sick child and grandchild. But when Emma was gone, and all seemed quiet again, the old lady wanted to marry me!"

"What! Emma's mother-in-law?"

"Yes. She was a handsome woman still, and she knew it; about my age, and no relation whatever; so she set her cap at me."

"And that made a commotion in the house?"

"Well, yes. Yes, it did. I never knew my mother to get into a real rage till then. She was mad! She told me to go right off and get a young wife—the younger the better! Then I got mad. I stormed away at all my old ladies together; threatened to break up housekeeping and turn them out upon the world, away from the pleasant home which they had enjoyed so long that they really believed to be theirs. Finally I declared I would leave them in it, to fight like Kilkenny cats, while I would live at an hotel in the city. And I kept my word. I lived at one hotel after another, but always went home on Saturday nights to go to church the next morning as usual, and take my old ladies for a drive in the afternoon as usual, so that the neighbours should not be gossiping about us. How good they were to me then! They lived together like a nest of kittens. But my mother assured me that peace would not last long if I lived at home without a wife; so when I met a pretty little orphan girl who had not a relative in the world, I told her all about my affairs, and the sweet creature, with tears of pity in her eyes, consented to marry me and be good to my old ladies. And she has kept her word, both letter and spirit, and I am thankful that life has given me so many blessings."

The story is from life, excepting that I have changed all the names. Sol B— has been dead some years; tho will he left was as just and manly as his other acts.

## A Wife's Appeal.

THE Wise people—those who manage their neighbours' affairs in theory much better than they do their own in practice—shook their heads in solemn conclave when Mr. Hepworth married the second time, but an added shade of venom was in their counsels when the village paper noticed, in flowery paragraph, the birth of a son and heir at the great house. She was very beautiful, and many had thought it a great sacrifice when she married a man as old as her own father, yet in her sweet humility she only prayed to be worthy of the love bestowed upon her.

A low knock at the door aroused her, and rising to her feet, she answered the summons.

Upon the threshold stood a woman, a few years older than herself, who led by the hand a handsome boy, who had seen two summers only.

The woman was poorly dressed, in a shabby mourning, but the child wore dainty white garments.

"Did you wish to see me?" Mrs. Hepworth asked, smiling upon the child.

"May I come in?" was the woman's question in return.

"Certainly. You look tired."

The stranger accepted chair, and looked sadly round the room.

"Everything is altered," she said, in a mournful voice. "Perhaps I had better stayed away. Mrs. Hepworth, you have heard of Clarice Manderson?"

"I have not," was the reply. "I am almost a stranger here. We have been travelling ever since I was married, until a few months ago."

"And you never heard of me?" said the stranger, the tears rising in her eyes. "Then my errand here is indeed hopeless. If, in his new happiness as your husband, my father never even spoke of my name, it is useless to hope he will forgive me."

"Your father? Mr. Hepworth your father? He told me he had lost his only daughter."

"Not that I was dead; I was lost to him by my own disobedience. You love my father?"

Just a smile, proud, happy and tender, answered her.

"Then you will understand me," said Clarice, "when I tell you I loved my husband better than father, home or duty. Father would not hear of our marriage and sternly forbade me to speak to Lucien Manderson, assuring me that he was a fortune hunter, a gambler, and unworthy of my love. When the letter imploring forgiveness was returned to me by my father, with a few brief words casting me from heart and love, my husband proved what I had so fondly hoped was false. He had married the only child and presumed heiress of Hepworth, the millionaire, and found himself burdened with a penniless wife. I spare you the history of the four years of married misery that followed. Then my months later, on the very day this boy was born. I heard of my father's marriage. I returned here, hoping for pardon: but the house was shut up. When you

came, I determined to make one more effort for forgiveness, hoping you would plead for me. Oh, by your love for your child, plead for me. Think if he was an outcast from his father's love, sorrowing, and penitent, and begging of a stranger the gift of his birth-right!"

"If my prayer will keep you here, Clarice, you shall not leave your father's house again. Mr. Hepworth is in the library, and I will speak to him at once."

She waited a moment to bathe the traces of tears from her face, and came again, smiling, to the anxious group.

"Cheer up, Clarice," she said, bravely. "What is your little boy's name?"

"Stephen. It was the name of my brother who died. My first boy was called after my father."

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, opening her arms. "Come here, darling, and kiss your grandmother."

The child sprang at once to the lovely grandmother, kissing her again and again.

Putting him into his mother's arms the young wife lifted her own baby from its cradle and left the room.

In the darkly-furnished library, Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his arm-chair.

A light step roused him from his reverie, and his wife stood before him.

Her husband opened his arms to caress both, and laughed, as he said:

"Oh, these mothers! Do you suppose, Madame, that babies are admitted into the sanctuaries of legal gentlemen?"

"I do," said the mother, "if the legal gentlemen have the additional honour of being their papas."

"Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lip quivering slightly, as she felt the deep import of her words, "that this is my birthday, and you have given me no gift?"

"You are impatient, little wife," he answered, thinking of the costly bangle that was to come without fail by noon.

"But I would like to choose my own gift," she persisted.

"What can I give my rosebud that she has not already?"

"Does your office include the power of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face pallid with earnestness.

"In a limited degree it does," he replied. "But dear one, I shouldn't like it to be known that I had shown clemency to a criminal upon your solicitation. You would be constantly annoyed by the loving relatives of scamps and rogues trying to move me to pity through your intercession?"

"But this is not a case of rognery, Harold—only a true penitent; one who erred in extreme youth, was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you not know for whom I would plead? Cannot you guess for whom I would beg your pity and forgiveness?"

"Clarice," he asked, hoarsely, "who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness."

"She is here?"

"Yes. You will forgive her? For the sake of our own boy, Harold, let this be a home for her and Stephen."

"Stephen!" he cried, starting.

"Her son. Her husband is dead. She is widowed, poor and lonely. Let her return to your home and your love, Harold!"

There was a moment of silence, and the mother softly carried the strong, right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down and said:

"I will grant your birthday wish, Meta. Take me to Clarice."

With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand that still rested upon her child's head, Meta led the way back to her pretty sitting-room, where Clarice waited the result of her errand.

As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up, holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs, her eyes dilated with suspense, and her whole figure quivering with intense emotion.

It was this eager, flushed face that met the father's eye as he opened the door—the face of the child to whom he had given the entire strength of his love for years.

He forgot her waywardness, her disobedience, and the six years of absence.

He remembered only that she was his only daughter, the child of his dead Clarice, and he opened his arms, with a smile that carried love and forgiveness to the sore heart.

There was a cry of—

"Father, dear, dear father!"

And they were folded fast in each other's arms, while Meta drew wondering Stephen into an inner room and closed the door.

Not even for her ears, she felt, were those first words of reconciliation.

It was not long that Stephen was withheld from his grandfather's kiss, for father and daughter alike turned to the gentle influence that had united them once more.

The gossips are divided in their opinion as to the exact amount of hatred and jealousy existing between the young widowed daughter and the young wife at the great house, but it would be quite beyond the power of their narrow minds to understand such true sisterly love as exists between Clarice Manderson and Mr. Hepworth's second wife.

## The Ghostly Compact.

—“Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?”—*Macbeth*.

IN the beautiful suburbs of the grand old city of London lived the happy and affluent family of the Pherwells. The father had been a successful merchant, and retired with his gains into the country, whither he took his wife. Their two sons' pretty residences were near them, where they had gathered round them small families. It is of these two we wish to treat more especially. They were twins,

“The one so like the other  
As could not be distinguished but by names,”

and they have attained the age of twenty-five years. One is an eminent engineer, and the other a noted bookseller. From the cradle it had been hard to distinguish which was which, and they had always evinced a remarkable affection for each other. If it had not been for a slight mark on Hubert's shoulder (who was generally considered the elder), they would hardly have been able to have told him from Harry. Their parents had always been proud of their similarity, and had done all they could to preserve it, dressing them alike, parting their flowing black locks in the same manner, and giving each of them the same instruction. The neighbours all marvelled at them, and they were general favourites, all agreeing they never saw two brothers so loving and kind. Thus they were brought up, and as they became older, instead of growing dissimilar, they seemed to get more and more alike, and many were the mistakes and ludicrous blunders made by their friends. Hubert would answer for Harry, or Harry for Hubert, and they were eternally getting mixed, until they almost thought of re-naming them. At school they did each other's lessons, got into one another's scrapes, and received each other's favours. One day Hubert broke a slate, and Harry got camed for it; the next day Harry knew his lesson the best, and Hubert got the marks. If Harry asked for a holiday, Hubert was sure to get it, and if Hubert had the headache, Harry was bound to be let off his lessons. Thus they were always confounded, and their schoolfellows called them “the boy and his shadow,” though they didn't know which was the boy and which was his shadow. At the end of the session Hubert was at the head of the school, and the master congratulated him, but presented the prize to Harry.

The difficulties only increased when they left school, and were both placed in the book trade. But it was soon found impossible for them to work together; they were always making mistakes in orders from conflicting instructions. Imagine one of them bringing a bottle of ink filled with sand, and the other splashing ink over a valuable document. They really could not exist in the same place, and as it was absolutely necessary for them to be separated, Hubert was apprenticed to the hard life of an engineer. Even then they would be met in the streets, and the bookseller confidently asked his opinion upon technical points of machine construction, while the young engineer was similarly favoured with large orders for books; or some particular friend would meet the wrong one, and tender him the sovereign he had lent him, with an apology for forgetting it. It was well they had no secrets, or they would certainly have leaked out.

Singularly enough, at about the age of twenty, they became acquainted with two charming girls “as like as two peas,” and also twins. They were named Cora and Constance Souvenir, and by a sort of simultaneous sympathy, became very much attached to Hubert and Harry Pherwell. But, though they sincerely loved, neither of them could tell which one had gained his or her affections. This complicated state of things could last no longer, and to avoid evident confusion and endless mistakes, Hubert married Cora, and Harry, Constance. Yet blunders still occurred, and Harry would meet Cora and give her his instructions, while Hubert would upbraid Constance with going out with her severe cold. The families were so attached to one another that they furnished their houses alike in every particular, and each imitated the other in anything new, and if Hubert were to subscribe to some charity Harry would too; or if Constance bought a new shawl Cora would do the same; so that you could never tell whose house you were in. This was all very well in its way, and certainly unique, but extremely puzzling, and they, at least, found it necessary to separate, in spite of their bosom friendship. Before doing so, the brothers made a solemn compact between themselves. They had always studied the same books, and even took an interest in each other's trades, and one of their favourite studies had been that of “Animal Magnetism,” or “Sympathetic Influence,” and “Spiritual Visitation.” They had read many authentic accounts of dear friends being visited by the spirits of departed ones, and they determined to enter into an agreement between themselves. It was this: whoever died the first was to appear to the other in the spirit, if possible—even though he had to pass through imminent danger to do it, and they solemnly agreed to keep their vow. Hubert then exchanged his situation for one in Glasgow, and bade a tearful adieu to his brother and family.

So mutual was their attachment, and such an effect had their compact, that they both had horrible dreams that night, and simultaneously wrote to each other. The following letters show the similarity of their

thoughts, a little differently expressed according to their trades:—

“Glasgow.  
“Dear Harry,—We arrived all safe and well, and my little wife is considerably better; but last night I had an awful dream that has made me feel very uneasy. I know not what it portends, but it has caused me to be very anxious about you. I did not exactly see you, but dreamt that the mechanism of my life was thrown adrift, and that no earthly power could put it together again. Perhaps it is only a foolish idea, but write immediately and say if you are all right. The house we have secured seems to be a very nice one.—Much love to all yours, from yours very expectantly,  
“HUBERT.”

“P.S.—In haste. I will write again soon.”

“London.  
“Dear Hubert,—I hope you arrived all safe and well, and that your charming wife is better. Last night I had a terrible dream, which has quite unnerved me. I know not what it means, but feel very concerned for your sake. Your wraith did not appear, but everything seemed to have gone wrong, and got unbound, so that it was impossible to be put right again. I upbraided myself with it as a foolish idea, but let me know at once if all is well. I hope you have succeeded in getting a comfortable home. Much love to you and yours, from your very anxious brother,  
“HARRY.”

“N.B.—I have not time for more, but will write further.”

Each on receiving these letters was astounded that they should both be similarly affected and write in the same tenor, and attributed it to the powerful influence of “sympathetic magnetism.” Here was, indeed, corroboration of the mysterious principle, and now they felt satisfied that should anything happen to either of them the other would be immediately apprised. All their friends “pool-pooled” the notion, but the brothers devoutly believed in the existence of this power.

Hubert soon established himself in Glasgow, and his situation was worth much more than the one he had held in London. Hardly a day passed but he had a letter from Harry, relating his success in business, or some London news; and he regularly wrote back again with a similar purpose from Glasgow.

Nothing of importance occurred until one foggy morning. Hubert was walking as usual to the works, but was in unusually depressed spirits. He could not tell why, but he felt that some calamity was close at hand, and he shuddered as he tried to shake off the feeling, and failed. Nothing had gone wrong; his wife and family were in their usual health, and nothing had arisen to cause discontent. He left them lovingly, and had no fear on their score. His business, too, was more prosperous than ever, and seemed on the increase. The news from London had been favourable that morning, and his breakfast had been good. All was well except himself; what could be the reason? he asked himself. True, the weather was dull and foggy, but something more than dullness oppressed his mind. He was thinking of his brother, and how he should feel if he died first, and his spirit appeared to him. The thought seemed to be haunting him, and he could not dismiss it. Was it some premonitory warning? He imagined his brother was following him, and that he should soon see his spirit, and he shivered with alight at the thought. He hardly dare look round from fear it should meet his gaze. Suddenly, he straightened himself, and said, “Fool, fool! why torture yourself with these fretful baby fancies! away with them! and he hurried onward. But no sooner did he turn his head round, than there, in the mist, but plain and distinct, was the form of his brother walking at his side. Horrors! then his brother was dead. There was his figure, perfect as in life, following him, looking fixedly at him with his face ghastly pale! He tried to escape it, but it noiselessly, and without any exertion, followed him. He stood still, and it became stationary at exactly the same moment. He felt himself in the presence of the supernatural, and, notwithstanding all his theories, he was afraid. In broad daylight, too; it was no spectre of the imagination—no simple hallucination. No; there, plain enough, was the departed spirit of his poor brother, perfect in every delineation as he had last seen him, and his forebodings had not been false. Perhaps he has passed through intense agony to appear thus to me and fulfil his compact. Coward and ingrate that I am, I will speak to it.”

These were his thoughts as he perspired from every pore, and he imagined the spirit wore a reproachful countenance. In a husky, hollow voice he hoarsely said, “Are you dead?” But his voice was buried in the fog, and no answer was returned, the figure remaining as still as ever. “Speak!” he cried, but the sound seemed to cling to him, and never reach his brother. Intensely excited, he took a step forward; the figure retreated. He quickened his speed; the spectre did likewise. He rushed wildly at it, and clutched the hedger, whilst his brother vanished through it! This brought him to himself, and made him think. It was no phantom of the brain. No, it was too real for that. It was certainly the spirit of his brother, who must have at that moment departed this life. Was it not according to the agreement?

These thoughts tormented him, and he was now filled with grief for the death of his brother. The fog now lifted, and left the earth fair and beautiful, but it had no delight left for him. A labourer trudged past him with shuffling, noisy tread, and reminded him of the material world. But he had just come from the presence of the immaterial. He hurried home as though

in a dream. He related the event of the morning in a tone of horror to his wife, who could not help believing with him that his brother Harry was dead. He prepared to depart immediately, and telegraphed his intention to London, but could not wait for a reply, as the express was ready to start. Oh, the strange thoughts that filled his brain as he was swiftly hurled along, but seemed to himself to be hardly moving at all. Where was his brother now? Was he in a state of coma, or unrest, or bliss? Oh, that the spirit might have spoken to him and revealed his situation. But such was impossible; he felt that it bordered upon the unknowable—the eternal.

Such harrowing thoughts occupied him the whole way, and he wondered if he should soon follow his beloved brother. He has at last arrived, and he mournfully hurries to the house, but what sounds greet his ears? dancing and music? and his brother's house one brilliant blaze of light? What can it mean? Are they keeping an Irish “wake” over his brother's body? He is bewildered, and rubs his eyes; no, he is not asleep. He hastens to penetrate the awful mystery, when, who should meet him at the door but his brother Harry himself!

“Well, my boy, how are you, and what's the hurry?” Harry asked, jovially.

But the revulsion was too great for Hubert, and he fell down insensible. His brother, astonished and alarmed, procured immediate assistance. Nothing, however, could arouse him, and he was placed into a bed in a lethargic state, under the constant care of his brother. The doctors could not understand it. Harry telegraphed to his sister-in-law for his brother's reason for coming in such haste, and received the particulars in the morning. He was astonished at the extraordinary news, and could not comprehend it. Hubert showed signs of improvement, though at the same time symptoms of fever, and still remained unconscious. Harry could not help pondering over the vision Hubert had seen, and wondered if it portended his or his brother's death. He revealed the matter to the doctor, who, after careful consideration, explained the cause. It was this: Hubert had certainly seen the spectre, but it was his own shadow or reflection perfectly mirrored, and he and his brother being exactly alike, he had, under the circumstances, taken it for his brother's wraith. Such phenomena were a rare occurrence, and only happened in fogs, and then only under very peculiar conditions. It was one of these that had deceived Hubert, and his present illness was owing to the excitement he had experienced. The feelings he had gone through were enough to shake any man's nerves.

His illness lasted a long time, with periods of delirium, and at one time the doctors despaired of his life. But under the careful nursing he received from his poor little wife and friends, he slowly recovered, and the doctors advised a long sea journey as requisite to bring him back to health. He was very much altered, and almost worn to a skeleton, and there was no longer that striking resemblance between him and his brother. Cora, too, had altered greatly, and change of air and scene was quite as necessary for her health. Hubert had had the whole mystery explained to him, and, ashamed, he no longer believed in “spiritual visitation,” and Harry quite concurred with him. Consequently, when they parted the vow was no longer mentioned or believed in, and Hubert and his family sailed in the *Alexandrine* for Australia.

Eighteen months had passed away, and Hubert had again arrived in London; but not the same Hubert or the same Cora. Travel had made a strange alteration in them. They were perfectly brown, and had become very stout, but were healthy and strong. They had been to Africa, Australia, and America, and it had this astonishing effect. When they got to their brother's residence nobody recognised them, and Harry and Constance could hardly be convinced that the two portly persons were once mistaken for themselves. There was now no danger of mistaken identity; climate and its effects had completely rubbed off all resemblance. Hubert's tour had quite restored him, and he, with his wife, had acquired an insatiable love of travel into foreign countries. He had no longer a situation, but his late employers offered him a tempting one with their agents at Bombay, and Hubert could not resist accepting it. There he rapidly succeeded, and increased his wealth; but the climate did not agree with him, and after six years of it he died of the fever so fatal to Englishmen. His distressed wife and children embarked for England, and Harry did not receive the news of his brother's death until three months after.

## What Masons Taught in Days of Yore.

THE Grammar teaches instruct the tongue and pen,  
Rhetoric teaches eloquence to men;  
By Logic we are taught to reason well,  
Music has charms beyond our powers to tell.  
The use of numbers numberless we find,  
Geometry gives measures to mankind,  
The heavenly system elevates the mind.  
All these and many more  
The Masons taught in days of yore.—*John Locke*.

## Sawd by a Sign;

OR, THE WRECK OF THE CUMBERLAND.

A MASONIC STORY.

By BRO. W. FRED. VERNON, P.M. 261,  
W.M. AND BARD 58, S.C.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"The bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column,"—*Coroner.*"Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."—*Byron.*

"GOOD morning, my dear," said Mr. Richmond, as he entered the breakfast parlour and received his usual morning salute from his daughter, "Good morning. I see the letters are in; are there any for me?"

"Oh yes, papa, there are two or three for you, and only one for me," replied the young lady, as she handed her father those addressed to him.

"We will discuss their contents and our breakfast at the same time," said he, seating himself at the breakfast table. After invoking a blessing upon the meal, he leisurely opened the epistles and gave a hasty glance at their contents, putting aside those of a business nature; retaining one, he remarked to his daughter, "This letter is from your aunt, accepting of our invitation for Christmas."

"I am so glad aunty's coming," replied the young lady; "I was afraid she might have pleaded her late illness as an excuse. My letter is from Harry, saying he intends coming home in time to hear you preach on Christmas day, and—and—taste my pudding after the sermon."

"I suspect the pudding, or the maker of it, will have stronger attractions for him than my sermon," said her father; then, seeing his jocular remark had caused her, "blushing like the morn," to avert her head, he added, "however, I am glad old Harry is coming home again; it is but two short years since he went away, and yet it sometimes looks like ages."

This last remark of her father's found a ready response in the heart of the daughter, and for a brief period they were both silent, as their thoughts carried them back to the past. Presently the silence was broken by the clergyman asking, "By the way, Grace, does Harry say by what ship he sails, and when?"

"Oh yes, papa. He says—let me see," said she, referring to the letter; "he says, 'I have secured my passage home on board the Cumberland, which sails on the tenth, so I'm bound to be home long before Christmas.'"

"He can't very well be home long before Christmas if he sailed on the tenth; but, I suppose, he means a few days before. Well, if he sailed on the tenth he ought to be more than half way home now, as this is the fifteenth. We may expect him next week. You'll see to getting a room ready for him, I suppose."

"Of course, papa, you know I always attend to the household arrangements."

"Very well, my dear, and now we have finished breakfast, I'll go into the study and write some letters and have a peep at the *Times*, and when you have attended to the household arrangements aforesaid, you know where to find me if you feel inclined for a walk." Saying which he gathered up his letters and papers, and left the room.

The conversation with which we open our story took place at Grassvale Rectory, between Mr. Richmond, the rector, and his daughter Grace. Before going further, it will be necessary for us to describe the individuals who form "the head and front" of our little narrative.

The Rev. Reginald Richmond was the younger son of Squire Richmond, of Appletree Park, Cidershire. The estate, while it supported the squire of former days in somewhat luxurious style, had by subdivision, as each succeeding heir had been blessed with large families for the education and maintenance of which the estate had to be taxed, dwindled down to a comparatively small inheritance. Reginald's father had had six children, four daughters and two sons, all of whom had to be provided for. The elder son went into the army, while the younger, who was of studious habits, took holy orders after his University career, and after a probationary experience, as curate in charge, in a populous and poverty-stricken locality, he was presented to the incumbency of Grassvale. Mr. Richmond was what is called "middle-aged" before he married, nor did he enjoy his marital life for very long, for his wife died a year or two after their union, leaving him an infant daughter. The little Grace, by her winning ways and affectionate disposition, had almost filled her mother's place in her father's heart, and as she grew up she strove to supply it in the house by attending assiduously to household matters, and particularly to her father's comforts. In person she was rather *petite*, in temperament cheerful and good natured, and in manners lively and engaging. Her features were regular and pleasing without being beautiful, although by most of the young men about Grassvale she was considered a rare beauty, and no wonder, for her frank and genial nature won the hearts of all, and there were few amongst the poorer classes in the parish who did not think she was as beautiful as an angel, as she was useful in her ministrations. Many a hearty "God bless her" was uttered from the hearts of the villagers, as she tripped past their cottages on some errand of charity.

The aunt, whose letter announced her intention of spending Christmas at the Rectory, was Mr. Richmond's youngest sister, who had been left a widow with one son, some years previous to the date of our story. She had married a wealthy merchant of the name of Warburton, whose estate of Grassvale Grange was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Rectory. Her son Harry and his cousin Grace had been playmates when children, and it is not surprising that the childish affection they then felt for each other should have strengthened and developed, as they grew up, into a warmer and more lasting passion. Harry would have married his cousin when his collegiate course was finished, but Mr. Richmond suggested that, before settling down at the Grange, he should travel and see a little of the world; accordingly, for the last two years he had been rambling in the New as well as the Old World, picking up ideas of men and things from his own point of vision, instead of trusting to the smoked glasses or rose-coloured spectacles of others. During his absence, the widow, finding the Grange too large and too dull for her residence, with his approval as heir to the estate, let it to an officer who had come over from India on furlough with his family, she herself residing occasionally at the Rectory, but for the most part in London.

Harry, when he left home on his travels, was a strapping, well-built fellow of about two-and-twenty, with fair complexion and laughing blue eyes. At college he was a noted athlete, famous at running, boating, and cricket, but he was more noted for another quality among his fellow-students, and that was his coolness or *sang froid* in any danger or difficulty, which had earned for him the sobriquet of "Old Harry."

The letter which we have seen had been received from him was from America, where he had been sojourning for the last year, and his intimation of returning home indicated to his cousin, with whom he regularly corresponded, that he was coming to claim her and settle down on his own estate. Although this was not expressed in the letter in so many words, yet it was understood, and the Rector, when he retired to his study, could not help feeling a slight pang at the prospect of soon losing his darling. The only objection he had to the match was now overcome, for, when Harry had asked her hand of him, the father pleaded her youth, she then being under twenty, but he promised that if they were both of the same mind after two years' separation he would give his unqualified consent; that period was now at hand, and the father could not but feel a pang of sorrow at the approaching loss of his daughter, whose bright smile and cheering presence had been to him and his house a ray of sunshine since his wife's untimely death.

When Mrs. Warburton wrote accepting the invitation to Grassvale Rectory she little knew at the time that her son purposed being there too, for her letter had been written and dispatched before she received her son's. When she read her son's letter she knew well what his coming home meant, and looked forward to his marriage with every satisfaction and pleasing anticipation; for she loved Grace as her own daughter, and felt that pride in her and her son which only mothers can feel in the happiness of their children. About a week before Christmas, a few days earlier than she intended at first, she went down to the Rectory, so that she might be present when her son arrived and assist in giving him a welcome home. We will not tire our readers with the conversations between Grace and her aunt in anticipation of the long-looked-for event; to them the one engrossing topic was—Harry. It was no matter what commenced the conversation, or how foreign any stranger might think the subject was to what it led to—the weather, the washing, the doctor, the dinner, the decorations, the poultry, the pigs—in fact, whatever they began to talk about ended always in the inevitable—Harry. They wondered if he had changed much in appearance during the three-and-twenty months he had been away, wondered what he was doing at that moment, wondered how many more miles he had to travel, wondered at what hour he would arrive, and if they would actually expect him when he did come, or be taken by surprise at last—in fact, they wondered a good many things which could not be satisfactorily answered or settled until the arrival of the expected one. They had counted the days, but now they summed up the hours, the hours flew by, and they were fain to allow a day or two longer for the arrival of the ship with its long-looked-for freight—that freight being composed, to them, of one individual only—Harry.

In answer to their frequent inquiries and numerous surmises at Harry's non-arrival, Mr. Richmond told them to have patience, for it was nothing unusual at this season of the year for a vessel to be several days overdue, owing to adverse winds and dense fogs which generally prevailed, which answer, while it silenced them for a time, did not altogether satisfy them, for their wonderings and questionings recurred at more frequent intervals as time sped on.

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"O, I have passed a miserable night!

O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks—  
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon."

Shakespeare—"King Richard III."

The year was fast wearing away, and now it wanted but three days till the great Christian festival came round. The scene is the same as the former one—the

breakfast-table at the rectory, but the company is increased by one, viz., Mrs. Warburton, the rector's sister, and they were discussing, as usual, the expected arrival of Harry.

"I wonder if he'll be here to-day; I declare I'm getting quite anxious about him," said Mrs. Warburton. "Master Harry will have to look sharp now," said the rector, "or else he will let Christmas get here before him."

"We counted upon his being here several days ago, so he can't be very long now, can he, aunt?" somewhat illogically reasoned the niece addressing her aunt; then seeing the rural letter-carrier pass the window she exclaimed, "Oh, here's the post; perhaps he brings us news!" and rushing from the room, she had opened the front-door before the postman could ring. Returning almost immediately she said, as she ran her eye over the addresses on the covers in her hand to see if she could detect the fond familiar handwriting. "What a lot of letters there are this morning, papa," and then, in a tone of disappointment, "but they're all for you!"

"Are they, indeed, my dear," remarked he, glancing at the correspondence she placed before him; "and to judge from the appearance of most of them, I think they will prove, on opening, to be begging letters or circulars from cheap wine merchants. But would you not like to see the papers?" added he, and suiting the action to the word he tossed over a number of newspapers and magazines towards the ladies, who, selecting what they fancied most, opened, and began to read in silence, seeing the rector was busily engaged in opening and perusing his correspondence. Suddenly both father and daughter were startled by a piercing scream from the elder lady, followed by the words, "My child! my child!" Before they could collect their thoughts or run to her assistance she had fainted away. Placing her upon a couch, they endeavoured to restore her to consciousness, but without success. The clergyman, therefore, despatched a messenger for the doctor, and while continuing his efforts to restore his sister, he wondered in his own mind what could have caused the sudden fit. Associating the exclamation she had made with a newspaper she had dropped by the side of her chair, he picked it up, and, glancing rapidly over the summary of news, read the following:—

"The steamship Cumberland, from New York to Liverpool, some days overdue, is reported wrecked off Cornwall."

Running his eyes over the columns as an experienced newspaper reader generally does, he soon lighted upon the announcement, in large type, under the head "latest news," of "The foundering of the Cumberland off the coast of Cornwall; loss of crew and passengers." Grace was too much concerned about her dear aunt to observe her father, who, subduing his agitation as much as he could, leant upon the table to steady himself while he read the following particulars:

"We regret to announce that we have received the following telegrams from our correspondent in Cornwall with the news of the foundering of a large vessel which, there is too much reason to fear, is the missing Cumberland:—Last night, about eleven o'clock, the coastguard brought word to the life-boat station that repeated firing had been heard out at sea as if from a vessel in distress. The crew of the life-boat lost no time in proceeding in the direction indicated, but owing to the very heavy sea and dense fog were unable to fall in with her, and, after rowing about all night, returned this morning without any tidings of the ill-fated vessel, for there can hardly be any doubt as to its fate on such a coast and in such a night." Then followed a long description of the vessel; her age, tonnage, and capabilities, with other particulars furnished by the owners, and then in another column, just squeezed in at the top as the paper was going to press, was the following:—

## "LOSS OF THE CUMBERLAND.

## LATEST PARTICULARS.

## BODIES WASHED ASHORE.

"Word has been brought to the coastguard station by a messenger from Bleakpoint that bodies have been washed ashore there, along with a number of broken pieces of timber and spars. He brought with him a broken piece of board, on which was painted 'ENGLAND,' evidently a portion of one of the ship's boats, and there can scarcely be any doubt that it belonged to the Cumberland, from New York to Liverpool, now overdue. The bodies have been taken to the church to await identification and inquest." On perusing the above, Mr. Richmond quietly folded the paper, and, without a word to his daughter, for he could not trust himself to speak, or even look at her, he went straight to his study, where, falling upon his knees, he gave vent to his pent-up feelings, and poured forth his sorrow at the feet of the Great Consoler. We will leave him in his solitude and sorrow.

Grace found she had her hands full that day in attending to her aunt and obeying the doctor's instructions. He had considerably told her to pay no attention to her ravings, for over anxiety for her son, added to the delicate state of health she had been in for a considerable time past, had evidently affected her mind. This to some extent allayed the fears which had arisen in her mind in consequence of her aunt's sudden illness, and the extraordinary remarks she made. The poor lady, when she regained consciousness, alternately laughed and cried, and talked of going to see her dear boy, whom she wouldn't let them drown; she would alternately caress her niece, and ask her not to leave her, and then scold her for not going to save her son from the cruel waves. Under the influence of a composing draught which the doctor had administered she at



last fell asleep, and the doctor insisted upon Grace going at once to her own room and taking a little rest, as she was harassed and agitated, and would be unfit, he said, to wait upon her aunt if she did not have sufficient rest and repose. Her father, too, added his persuasions to those of the kind physician, and alluded very tenderly to his sister's illness, and her over anxiety about her son, reminding his daughter that we were all in the Lord's hands, whose very word the winds and the storms obeyed, and that nothing could occur but at His pleasure. From this she had obtained some crumbs of comfort, for the bare thought of the loss of her lover, which was suggested to her by her aunt's ravings, added to her own fears for his safety on account of his non-arrival, made her wretched and miserable, and when she retired to rest she could not sleep for hours, as the idea of drowning was ever present in her mind. When at last she did fall asleep, her slumber was far from refreshing, as she dreamt of wrecks and drowning men, and again and again she thought she saw her Harry struggling for life with the cruel waves. Next morning she was so weak with prostration of mind and body that the doctor positively forbade her rising; he would see that her aunt was properly attended to, so she was not to be anxious on that score. Going to her father, he informed him of his daughter's state, and cautioned him not to say a syllable about the loss of the vessel, and to warn the servants not to allude to it.

"Do you consider Grace in a serious state of health?" asked the anxious father.

"Well, I would not exactly pronounce her health to be serious, but she is in such a low nervous state, that if she were to hear of this untoward news, it might affect her very seriously."

"I am very sorry to hear you say so," said Mr. Richmond, "but for the present you have relieved my mind; and my sister, you think she is progressing as favourably as can be expected?"

"Decidedly, for she unfortunately read the news, and we can scarcely expect her to recover from the stroke very rapidly; she is, however, calmer this morning, but still very agitated. It is a providence that Grace is unable to attend her; her continual allusions to her son would throw the girl into a fever."

"There is not much more to be gleaned from the papers this morning; there are suggestions that the vessel may not be the Cumberland after all, but some other ship—the Northumberland, for instance, or some vessel from Sunderland, the fragments of the name applying equally to the one as the other."

"Quite right, quite right; the news is by no means certain, and before your daughter is in a fit state to hear the news, there will be some more authentic information. I myself believe it is some other vessel than that Harry was aboard."

"You are more sanguine than I am; perhaps the nature of your profession leads you to be so, as faith and hope tend greatly towards the curative power. You wish your patients to have faith in you, and you naturally inspire them with hope; these virtues, along with the exhibitions of the proper remedies, complete the cure."

"Yes, with God's blessing," added the doctor. "Certainly," said the clergyman, "I meant that to be understood. Well, I trust your surmises may be correct, and that this vessel, which has undoubtedly gone down, is not the Cumberland."

"I fervently hope so, but without doubt some vessel has been wrecked, some lives lost, and doubtless many a home made desolate by the catastrophe. Poor souls! what a reception to meet with on their return to their native shores after, perhaps, a prolonged absence! A Cimmerian night, a driving gale, an angry sea, a treacherous coast, a watery grave!"

"Ah! poor souls, indeed, at such times it requires a firm faith in Him to believe that these calamities are for our good, and that these chastisements may be blessings in disguise. We cannot judge Him from our own standpoint, for we know 'His ways are not our ways,' and 'none shall say unto Him what doest Thou?' or, as Cowper has beautifully expressed it,

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face."

Then, after a pause, during which he seemed to be struggling with his feelings, he added, "poor Harry! poor Harry! But not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done."

"Ah, poor lad!" said the doctor; "I always liked Harry, he was so free, so generous, and so brave. I hope he has not met his fate; our sympathies, however, must be with the living."

"True," replied the doctor, "and my heart bleeds for my sister and my daughter."

"I can well believe that, but you must bear up in presence of the ladies; and, remember, on no account must you let your daughter know, either directly or indirectly, of the loss of this vessel and the supposed death of Harry till I give you leave to tell her. As for the mother, you may comfort her in any manner you please, but avoid the subject as much as possible."

"I place myself in your hands entirely, my dear doctor, and will be guided by you in the matter."

"Well, I advise perfect rest for both patients. In the meantime I would also caution Mrs. Warburton's maid and your daughter's attendant not to broach the subject. The news has spread all over the parish, and the gossips are full of it. I was questioned a dozen times about it this morning on my ride over here, and any injudicious tattle reaching my two patients upstairs might seriously endanger their lives. So much for the

treatment of the ladies; now for yourself. You look ten years older within the last two days; this won't do. You must not brood so much over this business, my dear fellow, but set about some active work; go, dig your garden, it will be rather hard with the frost, by the way; or, better still, go down to the church and assist them there with the decorations; help weave the garlands, strip the holly, or something or other, and don't leave all the work to be done by your curate and half a dozen ladies; the change and occupation will do you much good."

"Thank you for your advice; I'll follow it."  
"That's right. I'll look in again this evening to see how you are all getting on." According to promise he called the same evening, and found his patients certainly no worse, and the rector much more cheerful.

Next morning there was a decided improvement in Grace, thanks to the doctor's care and skill. She had had a good night's rest, and although she still felt a considerable amount of languor and lassitude, she was, on the whole, so much better that the doctor advised her to endeavour to get up during the day. "This is Christmas Eve, you know," said he, "and it would be very cheerless for your father to dine alone; he might begin to take melancholy fancies into his head, like some other fellow I know, and that would be a pretty business on Christmas Eve, wouldn't it, my dear? Take my advice, and go down to dinner; your presence will cheer him, and you yourself will be all the better of his company."

Grace, like a loving daughter and dutiful patient, followed the worthy doctor's advice, as will be seen if the reader will kindly turn to the next chapter.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"With such compelling cause to grieve  
As daily vexes household peace,  
And chains regret to his decease,  
How dear we keep our Christmas Eve!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn;  
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;  
O Father, touch the East and light:  
The light that shone when Hope was born."  
*Tennyson—"In Memoriam."*

IN the course of the afternoon Grace rose and went downstairs, and, to the delight of the household, so far resumed her domestic duties as to give sundry orders and make certain arrangements connected with the economy of the establishment which had always come under her own immediate superintendence. By the advice of the doctor she was not allowed to wait upon her aunt; and her father entertained her during the afternoon by reading selections to her from some of his favourite authors. They dined earlier than usual, as the rector had to go to the church that evening to superintend the finishing of the decorations, and afterwards attend the practising of the new anthem by the choir; and before going he partook of a cup of tea in company with his daughter. As they were sitting, enjoying the social meal by the cheerful light of the fire, quietly conversing, they were startled by the sudden sound of wheels upon the frozen gravel in front of the house, and almost before either could exclaim, "Who can that be?" which they did simultaneously, there was a violent ring at the door bell; and Grace, her heart bounding with hope, rushed to the window, and, looking out, for the blinds had not been drawn, caught a glimpse of a figure entering the porch. The outer door opening at the same moment the light of the lamp in the hall shown upon the individual, and revealed him distinctly to the young lady, who rushed to her father, exclaiming, "Oh papa! papa! it is he! It is Harry!"

"I would to God it were, my child; but no, it cannot be. You mistake, or the darkness deceives you."

"No, indeed; there is no mistake—but why do you tremble so?"

"I—I cannot tell, a sudden faintness; hush, here comes some one."

The door opening at the same moment a young man rushed unceremoniously into the room, and caught the young lady out of the arms of her father, murmuring, "Grace! Grace! my own!" as he warmly embraced her.

"Oh Harry! Harry!" was all she could say as she leant her head upon his shoulder, and sobbed in the fullness of her joy.

"Harry! Bless my heart! exclaimed the rector, when he had recovered from the first shock of surprise and found the use of his tongue.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I scarcely observed you," apologised the young man.

"But tell me Harry, how did you escape? Was the Cumberland not lost after all?"

"Lost! ah, yes! But did you not receive my telegram?"

"Telegram? No, there has been no telegram."

"Why, you ought to have had it several hours ago. As soon as we reached the port and heard of the loss of the Cumberland I telegraphed at once to my mother in London, and to you, knowing what a state you would be in, supposing me to have been on board."

"Well, I assure you we have never received the message."

While he was speaking there was a knock at the door of the apartment, which the rector answered, and was handed a paper by the servant, who told him that the messenger waited in the kitchen. Going up to the fireplace he caused the coals to blaze brightly so that he was able to read the following:—

From H. Warburton, Liverpool.		To Rev. R. Richmond, Grassvale Rectory, Appleton, Cidershire.		
Arrived	to-day	safe	and	well
Just	heard	of	wreck	of
Cumberland	fear	you	have	given
me	up	for	lost	will
follow	by	first	train	and
be	with	you	this	evening

"My telegram, by Jove!" said Harry. "Well, upon my word, that's the latest idea out; a fellow bringing his own telegraphic despatches! I picked up a poor fellow tramping slowly along the road, about a mile and a half from here, and gave him a lift in the dog-cart I hired at Appleton. I asked him if he had far to go, and he answered 'To the Rectory,' so I've no doubt he and the messenger waiting below are one and the same."

"Was the Cumberland lost, then?" asked Grace, tremblingly.

"It was, my dear!" answered her cousin; "not a soul escaped; at least, it is believed that the whole of the crew and passengers were drowned, none having turned up as yet."

While he was speaking he felt the little form of Grace trembling violently, and, but for his supporting arm, she would have fallen, having swooned on hearing of the narrow escape of her lover. "Water, quick!" he cried, placing her gently on the couch; "she has fainted with excitement!" And the rector bringing it immediately from the sideboard, they bathed her temples, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her restored to consciousness. When she fully comprehended her situation, and felt her Harry's arm about her, and heard his cheery voice address her in sympathetic tones, she fell on his neck and relieved her heart, which had been for many days past over-charged with anxiety, in refreshing tears.

Mr. Richmond, thinking it better to leave them alone, stole quietly out of the room, and, bethinking himself of his sister, whom they had entirely forgotten in the excitement of the moment, betook him to her apartment to communicate to her the joyful tidings. He found her, though much prostrated by grief and anxiety, comparatively tranquil. Speaking to her cheerily, he said he hoped she would soon be well again, and expressed a belief that she would find herself able to dine with them on the morrow—Christmas Day. At this the lady sadly shook her head, and, as if to change the subject, asked how her niece was.

"Much better—in fact, I may say quite well again," answered Mr. Richmond, watching the effect of his words upon his sister, as he added deliberately, "I left her downstairs with a friend, much happier than she has been for some time."

"A friend with her, and happier! Surely she cannot be so heartless as to receive visitors as such a time!"

"Well, I would not say she was heartless; her reception of him proved the contrary, I think."

"Him! Oh, I understand; you allude to the doctor."

"No, no, not to Dr. Goodman; but to one who will do her more good than the whole medical faculty put together. In fact, a visit from him would do you a great deal of good, too, I'm certain."

"You talk in enigmas, Reginald; I really cannot understand you. You know there was but one the sight of whom would have done me good; but he is—he is." She would have said "He is dead!" but her tongue refused to utter the word, for her grief broke out fresh and prevented her utterance. Her brother then seized the opportunity of saying, "Nay, Margaret, do not give way so; you only imagine that he is dead, you have no proof that he was drowned. You saw the report of the wreck of a vessel, on board of which you believed Harry to be; is it not possible that he might have been saved; try and think so if you can."

"No! no! no! I cannot! I know, Reginald, you ask me to believe this out of kindness."

"Well, suppose he never was on board the ill-fated vessel; suppose he has arrived safely in England; and suppose, if you can, that you will see him very soon."

"Do not torture me; you mean it in kindness, I know, but it is cruel to ask me to suppose anything of the kind. I wish, indeed—I wish I could—but I cannot! There can be no hope! oh, my poor, poor boy! and here the mother's grief broke out afresh."

"Well, Mag, Grace can believe that it is all possible; I will send her to you, and perhaps she will be able to inspire you with some of her faith, hope, and happiness," saying which he left the room and unceremoniously disturbed the lovers in a delightful *toto a toto* by sending Grace at once to her aunt, cautioning her not to tell her of Harry's arrival too suddenly. He had some difficulty in restraining the young man from accompanying her to prove by his presence that he was perfectly safe. Grace had informed her cousin that his mother was not in London but with them, and at that moment was suffering from overanxiety on his account; and she had begged him not to see her till Mr. Richmond should think her fit to stand the interview. Harry therefore curbed his impatience until he should be summoned into his mother's presence.

When Grace entered her aunt's room she flung herself into her relative's arms, and then in tears gave vent to her overwrought feelings. The older lady, thinking that her agitation proceeded from grief, un-

deavoured to soothe her. But Grace told her that she was perfectly happy, that they all would soon see Harry, as he had promised to dine with them on Christmas Day.

"My child, my child! calm yourself; I know poor Harry was to dine with us on Christmas Day, as he purposed, but God has ordered otherwise; we shall never see him more."

"Yes, indeed, we will aunty, I know we will see him, and he will dine with us to-morrow; he is not dead, I know he is not."

"My poor child, has the shock been too great for you and unhinged your reason?"

"No, dear aunt, my reason, if affected, is not by grief, but by joy."

"Oh, poor, poor girl!" said the aunt, stroking the young lady's hair in evident sympathy at her mental aberration.

"But, aunty dear, I tell you I know he is safe; I know he has arrived in England and that he will dine with us to-morrow—see! here is a telegram from him."

The mother snatched at the document, as a drowning person is said to snatch at a straw, and almost devoured it with her eyes. Eagerly she read the few words that were written there, and over and over again she read them until at last she comprehended their import, then, clasping her hands together, she exclaimed with intense fervour, "My God, I thank Thee!" and buried her face in the pillow. Grace then quietly left the room, and allowing a short interval to elapse, returned with Harry. Knocking gently at the door, they were bade "Come in," but Grace remained outside while Harry entered alone. As she retired she heard a cry of "Mother!" and a glad exclamation of "My child!" But, as she wisely considered the meeting too sacred even for her presence, we will follow her example and not disturb its sanctity.

Christmas morning dawned bright and frosty. Through the night there had been the smallest possible fall of snow, just sufficient to freshen up the face of nature and make it look Christmas-like. Grace, looking as bright and as happy as the morning, was down early, and declared her intention of going to church, to which the doctor did not object as he found her, when he called that morning, as well as she had ever been in her life. He had been apprised by the Rector of the sudden turning up of Harry the evening before, for the worthy clergyman could not keep the joyful news to himself, but called upon his friend and physician with the good news when he went to the choir practice. The doctor, in his gladness, could not keep it to himself either, but went to the sexton, and giving him a sum of money told him to pay the bellringers for an extra half-hour's pealing after they had rung in Christmas; he also sent his servant with an abundance of refreshments for the men from his own cellar, so that they might not lack the means of making merry on the occasion.

Grace and Harry walked down to the church alone that morning—to the end of their lives they will never forget that walk—the hedge-rows were sparkling with rime and the tiny crystals of frozen snow were sparkling and scintillating in every direction, making the earth beautiful with their brilliancy; but whether it was the glittering of the frosty gems, the exhilarating effect of the air, their own supreme happiness, the happy holy feeling Christmas morning always brings to rightly constituted minds, or a combination of all these, it is not for us to say, but that Christmas morning's walk to church was indelibly impressed upon their minds, and come summer or winter, heat or cold, fair weather or foul, it will never be effaced.

The service was, of course, admirably suited to the frame of mind of our friends, and in his sermon the Rector, who was unusually eloquent that day, omitted not to enjoin upon them the practice of that heavenly virtue charity, with which they were to temper their reasonable thankfulness and mirth.

When Harry and Grace left the church they found most of the congregation waiting to say a word of greeting and congratulation, and not the least sincere in their welcome and good wishes were a number of the poorer parishioners, amongst whom Grace had been wont to minister, who pressed forward to shake hands with the cousins, wish them a merry Christmas and "God bless 'em." A kind word of recognition or enquiry as to the state of their bodily health, with a shake of the hand, sent many a poor old soul home brimful of happiness.

The dinner at the Rectory was quite a family affair; the only exception being Dr. Goodman, who, being a bachelor and a very old friend, was invited as he had been for many years to partake of their Christmas fare. Mrs. Warburton, although unable to go to church, was sufficiently recovered to come down to dinner, and the Doctor expressed his opinion that now she would get stronger every day and would require no more of his services. Dinner over, the conversation which had been fitful and desultory, naturally turned upon the great event of Harry's return.

"You have never yet clearly explained to me how it happened that you did not sail in the Cumberland after you had taken your passage in it," said the Doctor, addressing the lion of the day.

"Oh, it was simply this way. I happened to be taking an evening walk along the quayside thinking that on the morrow evening I would be far out to sea, when suddenly I heard a scream and a splash as if someone had fallen into the water. Slipping off my coat and boots I jumped in as near as I could to the spot the sounds seemed to come from, and perceiving someone struggling in the water I swam to the place and got hold of a child who had accidentally fallen off the quay and was being carried out by the current. Several boats put off to our assistance; the child was

placed in one in which were its frantic friends, and I was hauled into another and soon got pretty stiff with the frost. There was a considerable crowd gathered by the time we landed, and I had scarcely got on shore than I was claimed by one individual whom I had never seen before. 'It's all-right, lads,' he said, 'the stranger's a friend of mine, and I guess you'd better leave me to take care of him. Here's your coat, brother, slip into it; I'll carry your boots; now sharp's the word,' saying which he took my arm and ran me as fast as possible to a house at no great distance off, opened the door with a latch key, hurried me up to a bedroom, and without giving me time to speak or protest, stripped me and dexterously rubbed me all over with coarse towels until from feeling half frozen I glowed with pleasant warmth. 'Now then,' said he, stripping the bed with the greatest celerity, 'jump in between the blankets and I'll fix you allright in a minute.' After covering me up he left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a huge goblet containing what he called 'a slap-up cocktail and no mistake,' which he insisted on my drinking. I was like a child in his hands and felt I must obey him in everything, so I swallowed the draught and remember nothing more till I awoke. It was sometime before I could recall my scattered ideas, but about the first thing I recollected was that I was to have sailed that day in the Cumberland. Jumping out of bed I seized my watch, which was lying on the dressing table, looked at it, but it was either run down or stopped by the water; my clothes I found nicely dried and folded, so performing a hasty toilette I rang the bell and asked what time it was of the attendant. 'It is past three o'clock sir, but I will get you a cup of coffee or anything else you would like sir; the doctor is out just now, sir, but will be home to dine at six.'

"But I can't wait for the doctor or anyone else. I must—"

"All-right sir, I know sir, must be hungry. I'll fix you up a chop in no time, sir."

"It is not my eating I am telling of, but I must catch the steamer for England; she was to sail at noon, and I have already taken my passage in her."

"Then I guess you'll not sail in her, as she would slip when the tide served."

"This was what I feared; however, there might be a chance of her being detained an hour or two, and taking rather an unceremonious leave, I told the attendant I would write to the Doctor and thank him. In my hurry it did not occur to me that I did not even know the Doctor's name, and slipping a sovereign into the attendant's hand, I rushed down to the docks only to find the vessel gone some two hours before. Feeling considerable annoyance and chagrin I wended my way back to the house, which was not difficult to find, and noticed the name upon the door-plate, Dr. Washington J. Brown. The servant, upon my ringing the bell, saluted me with 'Ah! I guessed you'd be too late, them liners are pooty punctual; but there's no time lost sir, I've got yer lunch or yer breakfast ready to bring up; I got it ready so as not to keep you waitin'. Step into the dining-room and I'll have it up in no time.' I need scarcely tell you that I did ample justice to the meal, which I had scarcely finished when the Doctor returned. 'Well, how are we do to-day? none the worse of our bath I reckon,' said he, giving me a peculiar grasp of the hand, and then added in an undertone, as if to himself, 'Ah! not as I thought;' then he said aloud, 'well—yes—pulse good.' I of course thanked him heartily for his kindness, and explained who I was and my situation. His comment, as he helped himself to an enormous cheroot and pushed the box across to me, was this—'Sorry you missed the boat, but guess you'll get another to take you home before Christmas.' Then as he passed a light he looked askance at me, and at last gave vent to the following extraordinary remark, after emitting a double column of smoke from his nostrils, 'I guess stranger you've took me in consid'able; you're not what I took you for. How ever did you come to do it, and so natural too?'

"I really do not understand you," I said; "I really don't know who or what you took me for, you gave me no time to explain—"

"That's allright as far as that goes; I'm glad I was able to do you a good turn, although it ain't much, only you might ha' got friz if I hadn't a run off with yer; but what puzzles me is how you came to give the sign of distress as neatly as if you were in a lodge, and you no Mason!"

"Sign of distress! I gave no sign of distress that I know of."

"Oh, but you did, and that brought me to your side quicker'n anything. You weren't in a fit state to examine last night, but I find out now you're not a brother. I guess I'm sold."

"I really am very sorry," I said.

"Well, if you are, say no more about it; but take the first opportunity of putting things right by becoming a Freemason, and when you get far enough advanced to know the sign of distress you'll know how I made the mistake last night." I promised to think over it and to write to him should I ever become a Mason. I spent a day or two very pleasantly with my new friend, and another vessel sailing that same week, I took passage in her. The Doctor saw me off, and his last words were, "Don't write till you sign yourself, Yours fraternally."

"My advice too," said Dr. Goodman, when Harry had concluded, "I'm an old P.M., and as I can vouch for you, I'll get you duly proposed whenever you make up your mind." It is almost needless to add that Harry and the American doctor regularly correspond, and that Harry distinctly remembers how he gave the sign of distress.

Harry's narrative was given with a quiet modesty that greatly charmed his hearers. He made the incident of saving the life of the child a subordinate feature, dwelling principally upon the peculiarities of the American doctor and his faithful servant; but had it not been for his gallantry and courage in saving the life of a fellow-creature, he himself would have perished in the luckless vessel in which he had arranged to sail.

Before concluding this little narrative, there is one circumstance we must mention. It is not the marriage of our friends, Grace and Harry, dear lady readers, that of course, took place in due time amidst great rejoicing, but we think our story would be incomplete if we omitted to narrate that Harry, in his happiness, did not forget those who were less happy, and, in thankfulness for his very providential escape, sought out and privately succoured, before he had been many weeks in England, some of the most destitute families whose only support and stay had perished in "The Wreck of the Cumberland."

## Hannah.

THE Hannah of many long, long years ago comes before me as I write out this story to-day for my good friend George Kenning and the Christmas Freemason. Her portrait at sixteen is most charming to contemplate, and that striking face, with its inexpressible and unextinguishable grace, is almost speaking in the reality and power of its vivid contour. I think I see her even now; I fancy that I can hear her speak in her melodious voice of old, and the ancient witchery supervenes, and I feel as I once felt, and as many others like myself felt, humble captives in her golden chains. Look on that picture with me for a moment; you see at once what character there is in that vision of grace and youth and freshness, in that very "Beauté du Diable," of which Mons. le Baron likes to talk. And as there is a little history attached to that pleasant portrait, which appears to lighten up the dim and dusty surroundings of an old bachelor's den, I will try and tell it to you, kind readers, now, as it is both a suitable and seasonable tale for the Christmas number of the Freemason, to which I wish all prosperity, as a dignified and genial representative of true Freemasonry, both in its national and cosmopolitan character.

Will it surprise you to hear that Hannah was never married? Why not? you will ask. Pray listen; rather kind patrons read on; if you are sentimental, get your pocket-handkerchiefs ready; if you are not, well, then never mind; don't do anything of the kind, that is all!

Hannah More was the only daughter of a very worthy squire, Thomas More, and his good wife Mary More, born at Harden, who lived in an old house called Shenley Grange, in a certain good county nameless for the nonce. It was a curious old-fashioned Manor House, with its moat and its elipt hedges, and its peacocks and its peahens, and its black oak and its tapestry, and its old hall and its broad staircase. It was a pleasant place of old, for relatives and friends and visitors, and its stately rafters have often echoed back the words of gaiety and the tones of love, and all those many-voiced utterances of joy and sorrow, grief and glee, love and hate, which make up the common tenour of our earthly and domestic life.

Shenley Grange was, indeed, to many a sojourner like myself, a harbour of refuge and a very pleasant loitering place; for, in addition to the warm welcome always of the kindly old folk, Hannah was a special attraction to many, and I'm not wrong in adding the most genuine friend to all. She herself was an heiress in a double capacity, in that she had inherited a considerable amount of both landed and personal estate from her old aunt and godmother, Miss Hannah Harden, whose homely name she bore; and then she was the Squire's only daughter, and would take, as the lawyers say, as the "next tenant in tail," the whole of her good father's broad acres. Failing her, however, the estate descended to the heir male of her father, the son of her first cousin. For her uncle, Jasper More, had predeceased her father, and his only son had also passed away, leaving a little boy and a widow to lament his early loss.

But in those days we little thought of such things. Hannah was with us, Hannah was amongst us, Hannah was active, blooming, graceful, trusting, tender; and the only question that interested us then was who should win the warm heart and claim that "fascinating party" (as our young men say), as his own, and only as his own. Ah! vain often are the hopes of youth, idle its painted "chateaux en Espagne," its happy bubbles, and its golden dreams. We seek, but we find not; we ask, but we have not; anticipations are seldom realised, and even fruition, when it does come, if ever it does come, hardly ever rewards the longings and the fears, the struggles, the weariness of years.

Among the many visitors who used to "make sunshine" in the rooms and gardens of the Grange was the son of a neighbour of the Mores, Charles Chelsey. He came from an old family fallen in worldly condition, and his father, an old soldier, had had much to contend with in respect of a large family and a small income. All that was left of the once large possessions of the Chelsey's was a small cottage, or rather manor farm, called Chelsey Lodge, in which the old colonel, with his half-pay, his wife's modest income, and the interest of a small sum in the Funds, had weathered the storms of life since the days of his old campaigning were over.

He was a kind and cheerful old man, who farmed a little, rode a little, and idled a little, and was fond of his rubber of whist, his pipe, and his glass of port wine. And thus, with an amiable family and small means, he had solaced himself amid the freaks of fortune in a position of worldly wealth, humbler far than those of many of the male and female Chelseys whose portraits still adorned the pannelled walls of the unpretending manor farm. Much of the old Chelsea land had been purchased by the Mores, though Chelsea Court itself had long since disappeared from the face of the earth and from the memory of man. One never knows here, and one never shall know, what is the secret of personal sympathy or individual interest, the "raison d'être" of those undying links of attachment which bind us closely to one another here. Why was it, for instance, that Hannah, with all her charms and prospects, should "take up" so distinctly and decidedly with Charles Chelsey, a lieutenant in a marching regiment? It seemed odd that when many a good match was to be found by that fair but wayward maiden, she should unequivocally avow her predilection for a young man who had nothing but his good looks and his good sense to recommend him.

However, so it was, and I, who tell this story, like many more, could only admit that, though Hannah was always kind and pleasant to us all, she was still more pleasant, and still more kind, when that gay "sub" was singing duets, or playing croquet, or even riding an old hunter of his father's at her side, with a pluck and a courage which were the theme of much honest admiration. For, curiously enough, in those days, though we were all rivals, we were all friends. Whether it was Hannah's simple grace or loyal truth which swayed us all alike I know not, but even the admitted favoritism of that self-willed young woman for that good-looking young representative of the British army was looked upon by us all, if a fact, simply as a fact, and after all only the "Fortune de la Guerre."

What Hannah's parents really thought of her choice I never heard, but at any rate they never interfered, and Lieutenant Chelsey came and went, and went and came, always welcome, ever smiling, the gayest of the gay, the happiest of the happy. But sunshine and blue skies do not always last for ever here, as we all of us well know, and the placid sea, still as a "millpond," may, ere long, be lashed by "half a gale" into stormy billows.

All of a sudden, as we remember, the Crimean war broke out in 1854, and Lieutenant Chelsey's regiment, one of the finest regiments of our fine army, went away for Varna. Poor Hannah! I remember well that change, so marked, that at once came over that sweet face and that happy grace. Hannah became even more touching and interesting than before in her stillness, her sadness, her anxiety. For she did not affect to conceal how much she felt the separation, how much she feared for what might be.

Well, Alma was won, and Lieutenant Chelsey was Captain by brevet, and good news came by each mail, and Hannah's radiant face after one of those long and loving letters was a thing to see, to realise, and to remember. Then came Inkerman and Balaklava, and sorties and skirmishes, and still all was well, happily for poor Hannah. I shall never forget when the news arrived of the attack on the Redan, and the failure, and the long list of killed and wounded. One of the first names that I saw was that of Captain Chelsey. Who told Hannah the dreadful news, or how she became acquainted with the fact, I never heard. Indeed, we were all afraid to enquire at Shenley Grange for some time, knowing well that there are some heart-wounds which time itself can never heal here. And then, all of a sudden, we heard that the Mores had gone to the South of France, thence to Italy and Algiers and Malaga and the Isle of Wight. And after a long, long time two old people came back alone, in deepest mourning, to Shenley Grange, to die one after another, and to be buried in the old More mausoleum, but she they loved so much, and who was so bound up with their innermost life, is lying, not in her own land amid the resting place of her fathers, but in a peaceful grave which she chose for herself at the east end of a little country church, so that the early gleams of the golden sun light up the grassy mound which covers her! Captain Chelsey's soldier's grave can still be seen in the "Valo of Gloom."

Thus are we all scattered in life and in death, and, as Mrs. Hemans sang so well of old, in her "Graves of a Household," some are here at home, some are far away in foreign lands, some are buried in the deep ocean beds, some are lying on the bloody battle plain, and never shall they again meet face to face until we all, at last, stand before "The Great White Throne." And this is why I cherish that tender portrait of the olden past; this is why I tell this humble story in the kindly pages of the Christmas *Freemason*. Surely, in these unquiet and dissatisfied days, when all society seems "out of joint;" when, as some one has perversely said, "all love is mercenary," and "married life itself a burden and a snare," it is good for us all to realise and ponder over this old, old story of man's honest love and woman's unbought constancy, and so feel deeply how, despite the glare and glamour of the world, its tinsel and its trappings, its fripperies and its follies, all that constitutes the best happiness of human life is to be found in that fond and faithful affection of us, poor mortals as we are, which, lasting through life and ending alone in death, outlives the separations of earth and the darkness of the grave, and shall yet bloom and bare precious fruit in another and a deathless scene.

Have I written with a too serious pen? If so, kind

readers, forgive the writer, remembering the words of the Poet—

"Life is real, life is earnest  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul."

I venture to hope that some of the many readers of Brother Kemming's number of the Christmas *Freemason* may still be touched and edified by the story of Hannah More.

I may add that Shenley Grange has passed into the hands of the widow and the boy. But a deep melancholy seems to have settled "on the spot;" at least, I thought so when I wandered, a short time back, amid scenes and rooms once so familiar, and could all but re-people the old manor house with the bright faces and the loved voices of a sadly vanished part.

## The Kiss of Death.

By EMRA HOLMES.

**T**HE great-earl stood in his place of power,  
And told the tale—how a Princess died;  
Whilst many a silent tear was shed,  
And many a haughty noble sighed.

For she was dear to the English heart  
Who tended her father's dying hours;  
Always ready to take her part,  
And always welcome as fragrant flowers.

As the gentle nurse, we know her well  
Who sat by the bed of England's heir,  
In all those grave and terrible days,  
When he was saved by her loving care.

When England's prayer of might went up  
To the King of Heaven to save our Prince,  
And the throb of sorrow from every heart  
Did our love to the Throne and him convince.

And the prayer was answered, and he was saved  
To show the power of the mighty God;  
And the Princess Alice we loved so well  
Is dead and buried beneath the sod.

We heard the pitiful tale he told  
To the peers assembled to hear him speak:  
How the weary mother, who nursed her child,  
In her warm embrace had kissed his cheek.

In that dreadful passage of fell disease,  
"Kiss me, mother!" the child had cried;  
Though she had been warned of the danger there,  
She kissed her boy, and sickened and died.

She could not resist the pleading voice—  
The eloquent glance in the mournful eyes;  
So she had given the kiss of death,  
And followed her bright one to the skies.

Was ever a story so sad as this,  
Of one who could not her love suppress?  
The mother was killed by the young lad's kiss,  
And died through giving her soft caress.

The mothers of England all mourn her loss,  
And Englishmen ever will sing her praise,  
For she was gracious and good and sweet;  
We loved her all for her winsome ways.

Oh! widowed mother! Oh! gracious Queen!  
Who rulest over this empire vast,  
Remember in all thy sorrow now,  
As in thy joys that are gone and past—

Thy children ever will share with thee,  
In joy or sorrow, come weal or woe;  
For thou hast won thy people's hearts,  
And reverent love to thee we show.

## Old Pyramids' Christmas Eve in the Desert.

**T**HE moon and stars were shining with that brilliancy which can only be observed in an Eastern sky. Not a breath of wind stirred the branches of the tall palm trees under which we had halted for the night, our shelter being a deserted mud hut in the midst of a knot of palms. My friend Foster, our engineer, and myself, with two Arab dragomen, comprised our party within, whilst five Arab donkey boys were without.

It was Christmas Eve; and no wonder, after a very frugal meal, as we sat around the wood fire smoking our "tehabouks" and sipping very indifferent coffee, that our thoughts and conversations should revert to our homes and friends in Old England— anecdotes and tales of past times and pleasures spent at this festive season in years gone by. A glass of toddy was brewed and quaffed to the health of the absent ones across the sea; and, at the time when all at home were in the height of their Christmas enjoyments, we wearied travellers were about to court sleep on the floor of our temporary abode.

A long donkey ride across the hot sandy desert had been sufficient to cause a curtailment of our impromptu festivities. Hassan and Ibrahim had already stretched themselves across the doorway, and preparations were soon made for our sleeping accommodation, which consisted of a single rug for each, whereon to wrap our tired limbs.

It was decided to keep watch in turns, and to my lot fell the first part of that duty. The wood fire had burnt low, and as we had no other luminant, the dying embers at intervals threw out ghastly shadows upon a small black travelling-case, in which was deposited a large sum in gold, the proceeds of the sale of several engines and pumps which we had been fixing on the banks of the Nile, some distance up the country. Our revolvers lay ready for immediate use (such precautions being necessary), for, although we were some distance from an Arab village, we were in close proximity to Bedouin encampments, some of which we had passed on our way.

The stillness of the night was at times broken by the screeching of the stork and the barking of wild dogs, while now and again large flights of wild ducks cast a dark shadow upon the sandy plain.

My companions slept soundly, and the dreariness of the situation caused my thoughts to run into some rather unpleasant channels. Momentarily, I conjured up all kinds of horrible scenes. I called to mind having seen one of our donkey boys in conversation with some Bedouins, and recollected hearing one of the latter say "sekeen" (knife), and the boy impressively used the words "koteer felors" (much money). I pictured to myself an agreement made between the boys, who were bivouacing a little distance from the hut, and the wild Arabs, to attack us with a strong hand and murder us for the sake of plunder. The ease with which this could be accomplished in that lonely spot, without the least chance of being traced, and the improbability of the perpetrators being brought to justice, was so apparent that its occurrence seemed in my imagination to become a certainty.

I stepped over the prostrate forms of the two natives into the open plain, disturbing a pack of hungry dogs who had been sniffing around us, and whose howling formed a kind of accompaniment to the wash of the water rolling down the distant Nile.

I visited the huts, who were sleeping soundly beside their wearied donkeys.

The cool night air tempted me to stroll a short distance from the hut, and, in doing so, I put to flight a number of birds of the quail species, startling me with the "whirr" of their wings. Almost immediately afterwards the tall figure of a Bedouin, carrying his gun across his shoulders, appeared striding with measured steps towards me, evidently in search of such game as I had just disturbed. Fearing that I had unintentionally deprived him of his chance of securing his game, thereby have aroused his anger, I took good care to get within earshot of the sleepers before he approached too near. As soon as he had arrived within speaking distance, I accosted him in Arabic, "Missa-el-Kher" (good night), and, to my agreeable surprise, he answered courteously, "Lelitkum Sideh" (good night to you all).

When, however, he had disappeared I could not help associating his presence with some such arrangement as I had before fancied. Why should he wish good night to all? Did he know that I was not alone? Perhaps he was one of a gang in possession of some knowledge of our treasure, and had been sent on to reconnoitre.

I had by this time worked myself up into an excitable state, when, suddenly, the "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle" of donkey bells smote upon my ear. Surely, thought I, this must be the main body of robbers. Although by no means a coward, I did not care to defend our mud castle single-handed; I therefore felt justified in arousing my companions. Gently shaking Foster's arm, he, in a moment, assumed a sitting posture, and grasped his revolver. The alarm was silently passed to the others, and our dragomen were put on the alert, in order, if possible, to distinguish the class of enemy we should have to contend with.

We listened a few moments, when voices were audible, although we could not ascertain whether they were natives or Europeans; then there was silence for a few moments.

Presently the small aperture in the mud wall, which served as a window, was darkened by a passing figure. In a moment our firearms were directed to that spot, and we were quite ready to receive the next intruder with a volley, when, fortunately, before we had the opportunity afforded us for so doing, we heard, in a somewhat familiar voice, "I'm sure this must be the place;" and another, even more familiar, replied, "I hope they're not gone on further, as I should like the old boy to spend Christmas with us."

It took but a short time to proclaim our presence and to drag the suspected robbers inside our shelter. Fresh wood was piled, and a bright fire revealed to us the welcome faces of three of my best friends, who had ridden over from a village in which they were stationed on learning of our whereabouts from a donkey-boy whom we did not further require, and who was returning homewards through the village instead of the route we had traversed.

After a short rest, and just as day was breaking, our donkey-mounted cavalcade started for the hospitable (though wooden) dwelling of our friends.

As we passed through some Arab villages, we hailed the dwellers with "Christian's Awake," though not one of them could appreciate the glad song, or even understand its meaning. It might have been the feeling that we were so near the land that gave rise to the subject of our song which gave so much earnestness and heartiness to our caroling.

We were minus the holly and mistletoe, nor had we the contents of the proverbial Christmas hamper, but our friends made ample provision for our enjoyment, and, with the aid of various concomitants, we were enabled to drink the old toast, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year" to all friends at home.



## Beauty in the Beast.

"FANNY, what odd-looking tower is that, rising above the trees yonder?" I had only just arrived on a visit to my late schoolmate, Fanny Stannard, and was as yet unacquainted with the neighbourhood.

"That? Oh, that is the Beast's Castle," replied Fanny, absorbed in braiding her chestnut-brown hair, while her equally brown eyes gave a mischievous glance between their dark fringes.

"The Beast's Castle! What a strange name!"

"Oh, I don't say that that is the real name of the place. I believe it was properly christened Charnwood; but I call it the Beast's Castle, on account of its owner—a hateful, misanthropic old wretch, who lives there alone, and hunts everybody off his land."

"For shame, Fanny!" remonstrated her mother. "Don't notice what she says, Louise. Mr. Marsden is a most respectable gentleman, though somewhat eccentric. He spends very little time at Charnwood, and, being unsocial, is not popular."

"He's away now, thank goodness," said Fanny. "Somewhere in Germany or Switzerland; and if you would like to see the place, Louise, we will walk over there some evening soon. The grounds are worth seeing—such lovely sequestered nooks, and open sunny places, and a dear little stream running through a ravine—all rock and moss and waterfall."

"But will they allow us to trespass? Don't anybody live there in Mr. Marsden's absence?"

"Nobody but an old couple, to take care of the place, and they know us, and don't object to us, so long as we don't climb the trees, or steal the fruit, or break the 'scrubbery,' as they call it. The common rabble, however, are not allowed to enter, so we shall not be interrupted or disturbed."

A day or two after, accordingly, Fanny and myself walked over to Charnwood. It was not quite a mile distant, and the path led across delightful green fields and meadows.

The great house stood considerably back from the road, heavy and sombre, with one end surmounted by an odd-looking tower, in which, as Fanny assured me, the Beast was accustomed to sit and watch for trespassers on his estate.

There was a terrace in front, bordered by a heavy stone balustrade, which reminded me of a rampart; and, although despite an air of dignity and importance, the aspect of the mansion was not pleasing.

So, instead of approaching, we turned off by a little pathway which led to a terraced walk on a slope overlooking the ravine of which Fanny had spoken.

A delightful spot, truly, with graceful beeches drooping above the walk, and a clear stream below, alternately flashing and darkling in and out among the mossy rocks, and everywhere fragrant thickets of vines and wild flowers growing.

With the delight of a city-bred girl who loves nature, I threw off my hat and silently drank in the beauty around me.

Fanny reclined upon a bed of moss, and, looking upward, murmured snatches of poetry:

"His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound."

"I say, Louise, isn't it a pity that all this beauty should belong to that cross, selfish Beast? Of course, he hasn't the soul to appreciate it; but why should he be such a dog in the manger as not allow it to be enjoyed by others? It is the loveliest spot in the country for picnics and walking-parties; yet no one is allowed to enter here—to cross that fence on the other side of the stream—on penalty of being 'prosecuted to the utmost extent of the law.' In my opinion it is simply a sin."

"How do you know that Mr. Marsden, whom you abuse so, hasn't the soul to enjoy his beautiful property? Do you remember that the Beast in the fairy tale, despite his unprepossessing exterior, possessed a gentle and chivalrous spirit?"

"Oh, fairy-tale heroes are of course different from people. Now—good gracious! what is that?"

There was a sudden rustling in the bushes on the other side of the stream, and immediately a great Newfoundland dog bounded out, rushed up the bank to where we were, and commenced a short bark while frisking around us.

I screamed, while Fanny took up a stick, prepared to bravely defend herself.

"Where does he come from?" she cried, looking around. "Who does he belong to? His master must be somewhere near."

"That dog belongs to me, ladies," said a man, stepping out of the thicket opposite, and leisurely preparing to cross the low stone wall. "He is perfectly harmless, and is only expressing his friendliness, and desires to make your acquaintance. Pray excuse him."

"And who are you, if you please, sir, who take the liberty of trespassing on this place in company with a big, fierce dog like that?" inquired Fanny, authoritatively.

"I beg pardon, but was really not aware that I was trespassing," he replied, pausing on the other side of the fence.

"But you are trespassing. This is private property, sir," she said, with dignity.

"I am very sorry," he said wistfully. "I am a

harmless artist, and have already commenced a sketch of this spot, which I am anxious to complete—there, beneath those roses, just where the water falls over that rock."

"An artist? Oh, of course that makes a difference," Fanny responded, graciously; and, after an instant's hesitation, in which her glance measured him from head to foot, she added, "I think you may come across—provided you show us the sketch."

"Thanks! With pleasure." He came up the bank, opened his portfolio, and took out a half-finished water-colour drawing, over which Fanny, who herself possessed some skill in the art, went immediately into raptures.

"How beautiful! What bold, effective touches! And the water, and the perspective. I can't conceive how so few lines can produce so much effect. But this is a thing which my master asserts a woman can never learn. We haven't the moral courage to handle a pencil boldly, he says."

"Permit me to say," remarked the gentleman, with a bow and a demure expression, "that if you handle a pencil with half the boldness and freedom that you did that weapon," glancing at the stick which Fanny had dropped, "there could be no lack of courage, either moral or physical."

Fanny bit her lip, coloured, and gave him a doubtful look.

"I wonder if he means to be impertinent?" she whispered to me.

"Certainly not. I am sure he is a gentleman."

"Yes—I suspect he is, despite his coarse gray clothes and big straw hat. Across the stream I thought him a rustic, and that is why I spoke so—so rudely to him. I suppose he is paying me off. Probably he takes me for some stray milk-maid or hay-maker."

Upon these cogitations the gentleman broke with a courteous offer of his portfolio, if the ladies would care to look over the contents.

We eagerly accepted it, and emptied the whole into our laps.

"I had no idea that so many pretty studies could be made out of this little ravine," Fanny said. "Have you made a sketch of the Hall?"

"Not yet; I should like to do so, with your permission."

"Oh, I'm not the owner," she returned, laughing and blushing, "the place belongs to a Beast; but, as he isn't at home, I daresay you may venture to the castle without danger of being eaten alive."

"A Beast?" said the artist, looking up from his sketching.

"I call him the Beast."

"Fanny!" I remonstrated.

"Well, he deserves the name—such a cross, misanthropic, selfish, stingy, disagreeable fellow as he is."

"Do you mean Mr. Marsden? I have heard that is the name of the owner of this estate."

"Yes, that is his family name," she replied, carelessly.

"What is the appearance of this monster, if I may inquire?"

"I have seen him but once, about two years ago, and that fortunately at a distance. He limps, and is hump-backed, and has immenso green goggle-eyes, perfectly round, and he sets his dogs upon us—blood-hounds I have heard they were—because we presumed to pick a few blackberries from inside his fence. And—would you believe it?—the last time he was here he shot at and wounded a poor child who had innocently strayed within his boundaries! You need not look incredulous, Louise; I have heard it from the boy's own mother—a poor woman of the village."

"A Beast, truly," said the artist, gravely pointing his pencil. "Has he a family?"

"Of course not. Who would marry him?"

"Some women do marry even such monsters as he for the sake of wealth—and such a place as this."

"Such are not worthy the name of women. For my part I would starve to death before I would become Mrs. Beast," said Fanny, with energy.

"Not if he went down on his knees to you every day, and said, 'Beauty, will you marry me?'" inquired the gentleman, demurely, looking up into Fanny's pretty, half-laughing, half-laughing face.

"No, not even then; though I confess I should like such a home as his. However, if it were mine, I should set about improving it."

"How so?"

"Why, I should make the house more pleasant and cheerful-looking. I would clear away some of the ivy, and knock over that hideous tower, and also the grim battlement which they call a terrace; and I would cut an opening here in the woods, so as to get a view of the distant mountain scenery; and I would have friends to enjoy it all with me. In short, I would make sunshine and happiness all about the place."

"I dare say you would," he remarked, thoughtfully, with a quick look into Fanny's animated face, which brought a blush to her cheek.

He wasn't exactly a handsome man, but we observed that his dark grey eyes were very earnest and expressive, and his smile rarely sweet.

Fanny remarked upon this, as, after bidding him good evening, and accepting a choice little sketch, of which he begged her acceptance, we walked slowly homeward across the fields.

"We'll come some other time to see the house, Louise," she said, "when we won't be troubled with stray artists. Some of them are down here every summer, for this neighbourhood is famous for picturesque scenery. I wonder what is the name of our new acquaintance. Wish I had enquired. I think I'll get

Brother Tom to call on him, and, if he likes, invite him to our house. You see I want him to show me the secret of some of those wonderful effects in his sketches."

A week passed, and we neither saw nor heard anything of our artist friend. One day, in visiting the village, we stopped at the hotel, which was post-office as well; and Fanny inquired of the post-master whether there were any artists staying at his house this summer. There had been two, he said, but they were both gone; and I fancied I detected a shade of disappointment on my friend's bright face, and I wondered that she, who was not at all what is called impressible, should have become so much interested in this stranger on a first interview. But then, as she had remarked, "he looked as though he were poor and not happy; and he was, besides, a genius, as one could see from his sketches."

On our way home from the village we passed near Charnwood, and Fanny proposed that we should go up to the house, and get Mrs. Cox to show us the library and family pictures.

The place looked, on a nearer view, more sombre than at a distance. No one was visible, and nothing moved about save some poultry and a peacock, which was drowsily sunning himself on the stone terrace. There were plenty of roses in bloom, and Fanny, in passing, gathered one or two. No answer being given to our repeated knocks at the side entrance, Fanny opened the door and looked in.

"There isn't a soul here," she said; "but I hear some one moving in the library at the end of the passage. I suppose Mrs. Cox is there." She tapped at the door within which we had heard the noise.

"Come in!" said a voice, and we entered.

Entered just within the threshold, and there stopped short. For, seated at a table covered with books and papers, was a gentleman—the artist whom we had met in the ravine.

On seeing us he arose.

"Dear me!" said Fanny, colouring, "I really didn't expect to find you—to find any one here. I was looking for Mrs. Cox."

"Mrs. Cox has gone to carry the haymakers their dinner. Will you permit me to entertain you until her return?" he said courteously.

"But—I did not know you were acquainted here. Are you sketching the hall, or copying the pictures?" said she, looking around.

"Not exactly. Only taking a list of the books."

She appeared still more puzzled.

"I see," he observed, "that you are surprised at finding me here, and lest you should take me for a burglar, I must explain. I am the owner of this gloomy castle—the Beast, of whom you have heard so much."

Her face became the colour of the roses in her hand.

"Are you really Mr. Marsden?" I inquired.

"That is my family name," he replied, glancing at Fanny.

"We did not know that you were at home," Fanny promptly responded, in an injured and indignant tone. "And if you are really Mr. Marsden, I consider your conduct in not telling us so when we first saw you—as extremely strange, to say the least of it!" with severe emphasis.

"Is it so extraordinary, Miss Stannard, that I should have hesitated to introduce myself as that dreadful monster of whom you expressed such horror? Would not you ladies have feared my devouring you alive, there in the lonely woods?"

I looked at Fanny and she looked at me. At first she bit her lip and tried hard to preserve her haughty look, but a sense of the ludicrousness of the situation overcame us, and we both broke into a laugh.

"Mr. Marsden," said she, "I know you will never forgive me, therefore I won't ask forgiveness."

"On the contrary, Miss Stannard, I owe you thanks. You have led me to see what a selfish and unamiable character I am."

"But you are not the man whom I saw two years ago, and described to you as the—owner of this place."

"I think I am the same. I had met with an accident, and was using a crutch, which gave me, I don't doubt, an awkward, hump-backed appearance; I also wore blue glasses—blue, not green, if you please, Miss Stannard; and I must also most humbly plead not guilty to the charge of having set blood-hounds on your track. If I remember aright they were two small terriers—I love dogs, and have a number of them—and my shouting was merely to call them back, fearing you and your companions would be frightened by their harmless barking. It is true that I once shot at a clump of bushes where I fancied a hare was lying, and unfortunately shot a brace of partridges which had already been trapped by one of our poaching village boys, who, on seeing me, had hastily sought that place of concealment. I hope you will exonerate me from the wish or intention of taking the life of that innocent child."

"Oh, pray don't remember all the foolish things I said!" pleaded Fanny, looking distressed.

"You said some wise things, I assure you. I have been considering your suggestions, and have concluded that I shall be a happier as well as a more useful man if I adopt them, and let some sunshine into my house and life. I have been too much of a recluse, perhaps—less from choice than circumstances—but not quite the Beast that you imagined, ladies."

"I thought that you had done with these illusions," said Fanny, sharply.

"I wished only to remark that, now that Beauty has condescended to visit my castle, I am in hopes that the evil spell may be broken, and I become a transformed being."

He said this with such an air of demure gravity, mingled with latent humour, that it was impossible not to smile. Fanny, however, tossed her head as we rose to depart.

"I see you have stolen my roses," he observed; "but I will be generous, and beg your acceptance of more."

So we each went away with a lovely bouquet in remembrance of our visit to the Beast's castle.

I was only eighteen at the time, yet I could see plainly how this affair would end. I knew Mr. Marsden would call to see us—as he did—and how he and Fanny would like each other more upon acquaintance—as proved the case; and when I brought my visit to a close I was as certain of the eventual result as though it had been already settled and arranged.

I went to Europe not long after for a six months' sojourn, and before my return I received from Fanny a letter, in which she said:

"You would hardly know the castle now, nor the dear old Beast, so entirely are they transformed, and it all came of his saying, 'Beauty, will you marry me?' and my replying, 'Yes, Beast—yes!' So we are very happy, and want you to hasten back and share in our happiness."—*Saturday Night.*

### The Road Agent.

By CHARLES D. HILDRETH.

**A** route, which was the only road between the town of Ireton and Chester, lay for thirty miles through an almost unbroken wilderness. The track had been badly cut to pieces by recent rains, and my progress was much slower than was either safe or pleasant. Sunset found me still many miles from my destination, and I began to reflect on the probability of a night's lodging in the woods in no very comfortable frame of mind.

My horse stumbled so constantly in the increasing darkness that I was forced at length to allow him to pick his way at a slow walk. I had arrived at a particularly rough part of the road, and halted to make sure that no pitfall lay hidden in the obscurity beyond, when a form sprang out of the bushes and stood beside me. In the dull light I could perceive that it was a small, slightly built man, clad in shabby garments, with a broad slouched hat concealing his face, and that he held a pistol in unpleasant proximity to my head.

"What do you want?" I asked, with what composure I could muster.

"Your money," was the answer. "Fling it down in the road and ride on."

The voice was singularly sweet for a man—a ruffian at that—and there was a tremor in it that belied his threatening air.

"The man is a coward," I said to myself; then aloud, "Suppose I refuse to comply with your very reasonable request, what then?"

"I shall blow your brains out," was the reply.

"Throw me your money, and be quick about it."

I raised my hand from my side as if to comply with his demand; but instead of doing so I suddenly lifted my riding whip and brought it down on the temple of my waylayer. The blow was a powerful one, and he rolled under my horse's feet without a sound.

Springing from my saddle to grapple with him, I found him prostrated and insensible, with the blood flowing copiously from an ugly wound in the forehead.

In the act of lifting his head upon my arm, his hat fell off, and a coil of luxuriant brown hair fell over my arm. Much astonished at this, I bent over the lifeless body, and beheld a pale, beautiful face, with small, delicate features, whose expression, even in unconsciousness, was that of mingled sadness and despair. My assailant was a woman, young, and bearing traces of refinement about her, despite her rough male attire.

After a little search I discovered the weapon with which she had threatened me. It was an old pistol, broken and unloaded. With an impulse that I did not stop to question, I thrust it in my pocket. Then I turned to examine the wound I had inflicted. It was a slight one, but would leave a life-long scar upon her temple.

What should such a woman be doing in this desolate region? What crisis of misfortune had driven her to an act so dangerous and unwomanly? There was no time to reflect upon the matter, for she stirred slightly, and a faint moan of pain came through her pale lips.

With a sense of deep remorse for the violence I had done the poor girl, I bound up her wound with my handkerchief and slipped a good portion of the money I had about me into the pocket of her coat. I felt that her need of it must be desperate indeed.

After a moment her eyes opened, and she gazed wildly round.

"What has happened?" she said confusedly. "Where is my father?"

Then she gazed at me wonderingly.

"Oh, I remember," she cried, in a heart-rending accent. "Oh, sir, if you knew why I did it! Let me go to my father—pray, pray, let me go!"

"You shall," said I soothingly; "I will take you to him, for you are not able to walk alone. Poor child! it was a mistake, and I was very brutal. Say no more, but lean on me."

She obeyed in silence, and, slipping my horse's bridle over my arm, I lead her down the road until she paused before a miserable hut, whose battered aspect and unlighted windows gave sorrowful evidence of the poverty of the inmates.

As I released her she suddenly seized my hand, and gazing up into my face appealingly, broke into a passion of tears.

"I understand you," I said. "No one shall ever know what has occurred to-night from my lips. No wrong has been done except through my hasty violence; that I hope you will forgive. Now go to your father."

Waving my hand in farewell, I sprang upon my horse and rode away.

Cautious inquiry in the next town elicited the fact that the hut I had seen was occupied by an old man of the name of Windsor and his daughter Julia. They had come from the East some three years previous, and had evidently seen better days. Even now, miserably poor as they were, they preserved a dignified aristocratic seclusion, so that their neighbours knew little about them, and cared less. How they lived my informant could not guess. The father had been in feeble health for a long time, yet the daughter, a fragile, delicate girl, had found the means to support him.

I had learned one of those "means," and I went away from the town with a deeper respect for Julia Windsor than I had ever felt for a woman.

Two years later found me permanently established in New York. I had nearly forgotten my adventure with the road agent, and should have forgotten it altogether but for the old pistol, which I still retained.

One evening during a reception at the house of a friend, I observed among the guests a lady whose face seemed strangely familiar to me. Where I had met her before I could not remember; but there was something in her appearance that I recognized rather by the heart than the mind.

On inquiring who she was, I learned that she had lately returned from the West with her father, who had experienced several reverses of fortune some years before, but had recently regained his property. Her name, they told me, was Miss Lee.

I had never known any one of the name, yet I certainly knew her. While I was puzzling myself for a solution of the mystery, one of the heavy braids which covered her forehead fell aside, and I saw a small red scar upon her temple. Then I knew her—it was my would-be robber, Miss Leo or Julia Windsor; I could not be mistaken in her identity.

As may be readily imagined, I was not long in seeking an introduction to her. If, on her part, she recognized me, she maintained her composure admirably. A small red spot, rising in her cheek and fading instantly, was the only sign of anxiety that I could detect.

If I had thought her beautiful in her ugly male attire two years before, I found her doubly so now. The expression of care and grief had passed out of her face, but it had left its traces in her soft eye and in the tremulous outline of her mouth. An air of quiet thoughtfulness—the repose of a soul heavily chastened with sorrow—had a supreme charm for me.

I had not been sitting near her ten minutes before it became painfully apparent to me that my solitary life was a very cold and selfish one. This beautiful girl had lived and loved and suffered for another. If her experience had been a sad one, it had likewise been noble. Somehow my adventure with her that memorable night seemed to give me a right to her regard. Perhaps it was because I had never forgotten her, and that the simple memory of her had kept her always close to me.

Be that as it may, when I left her that night it was in a very unhappy frame of mind. Emotions had been aroused in me that would not be put asleep again. For the first time in my life I knew what love meant—love for a large-hearted, noble woman.

I had hoped that I had secured the means of a familiar intercourse with Miss Leo, by which I might be enabled to enlarge my acquaintance with her. But I soon found that I was mistaken. Converso with her I might, but never freely. Enter her house when and so often as I choose, but her sympathy not all. She seem to hold me firmly at a distance. With all my efforts I could not even establish a cool friendship between us.

Did she remember me, then, and hate me for my knowledge of that one dark event in her past history? It seemed so, indeed. Yet was she blind? Or was it because, while sacrificing herself for her father's sake, I had inflicted the wound whose scar she would carry to the grave? Either way I was supremely unhappy.

Six months elapsed before I summoned up the courage to put her feelings towards me to the test. One afternoon I entered her presence firmly resolved to declare my love for her and abide the result. I could not be more wretched than I was, and my love might at least teach her to respect me.

She was alone when I entered. Something in my face must have alarmed her, for she arose hastily, and would have left the room had I not called her back.

"Julia Windsor," I said, calmly, "will you hear me?"

"That is not my name," she faltered, turning very white.

"No; but it was your name that night in the Far West, when you pointed a pistol at my head and demanded my money. Do you remember that night?"

She had no reply for a moment, but stood with her face averted; then she suddenly turned and confronted me with a gesture of contempt.

"Yes, I do remember," she answered, passionately. "Am I likely to forget it while this, inflicted by your hand, remains?" She pushed back her hair and laid

her finger upon the scar upon her temple. "You struck me down, but to pay me for my wound you left your money in my pocket. It saved my father's life—for that I thank you. But you may cancel all. Go tell the world what you know. Wake the tongue of slander against me. Say that once upon a time I lived in abject poverty under an assumed name, and to succour a perishing father I robbed passengers upon the road in male attire. I do not fear you."

"You need fear nothing," I answered, quietly, "except that I shall love you too much for your noble sacrifice."

"Love me!" she echoed, looking at me suddenly with filling eyes. "I thought that you despised me for my unwomanly action."

"Then you wronged me deeply," I returned, approaching and taking her hand. "My remembrance of that night is full of admiration and respect. Since I have known you intimately I have learned to love you, how truly I have no words to say."

"But I threatened you with a pistol," she answered, demurely.

"It was harmless," I returned, smiling. "I kept it—I have it at home now."

"Do you remember the handkerchief with which you bound my head?" she asked, shyly. "More faithful to the spirit of that night than you, I have always kept it near me. I have it now."

"Julia," said I, earnestly, "answer me truly, why?"

"Because," she returned, lifting her soft eyes to mine, "I loved you from that hour. When I saw you again my love took new strength, and though I felt that you despised me, it remained unshaken, as it shall to my dying hour."

"My darling," I said, stooping to kiss her upturned face, "on that night you robbed me of more than my purse. You made wholly yours my heart, my life, my future happiness."

### The Lebanon Robin.

By SAVARICUS.

[According to the *New York Tribune*, a robin lately paid a visit to the Methodist Church in Lebanon, Ontario:—"It perched itself on a rail opposite the pulpit, sang aloud when the people sang, was silent during prayer, but while the minister preached it chirped occasionally, as if to encourage him, remained until the congregation was finally dismissed, and then flew away."]



**ROBIN!** Bird of ancient story,  
I sing of thee, 'tis to thy glory.  
Thy ways are quaint, as tales of yore  
Do truly tell in fairy lore.  
When our dear Lord was crucified,  
The crimson stream thy breast then dyed;

In pity thou dis't pluck a thorn  
From out the crown by Jesu worn;  
A sacred sign we see in thee,  
Memento gravo of Calvary's tree.  
Thy music hath a solemn tone,  
A dirge-like sound of one alone;  
Thy name to goodness, love, and grace,  
Is fitly linked; the human race  
With chaste emotion sponks of thee,  
Thou feathered friend, so spry to see.  
What heartless tale of cheerless woe  
That happened many years ago  
Has such a sympathetic hold  
As that of thee, so often told?—  
Of ruffians twain, and uncle had,  
And "Children in the Wood," so sad.  
A tale to read, with sobs and sighs,  
To tender hearts and weeping eyes:  
How Robin Redbreast, it doth state,  
The children found, left to their fate,  
All dead and cold upon the ground,  
And strewed them with the leaves he found.

\* \* \* \* \*  
In nursery rhyme poor Robin's killed  
By sparrow bold, who was self-willed;  
And all the birds that chiro the air  
Came mourning to his funer' l there.  
\* \* \* \* \*

A modern tale I now will tell,  
Of Robin Redbreast, loved so well:—  
In Lebanon's commodious church,  
Where saint and sinner scripture search,  
This pious bird, with saint-like ways,  
Betook itself to render praise:  
There, perched on rail, with plumago gay,  
It sang its little soul away;  
But silent was when pastor prayed;  
Its thrilling notes were timely stayed.  
The good discourse, we're glad to find,  
Was orthodox, and to its mind;  
It gave assent, looked at the preacher,  
And nodded like a human creature—  
Nay, more: its chirp was gently heard  
At head the first, again at third.  
The sermon o'er, with grace of heart,  
The bird devoutly played its part;  
It stayed to see each empty pew,  
Then pinions spread, and onward flew.

## How Tom O'Flaherty Married the Widow.

**T**OM O'FLAHERTY the subject of this most veracious tale, was a Major on half-pay in Her Majesty's army. I need not mention the distinguished regiment to which he belonged, as it has nothing to do with our story; but I simply mention the fact that he was an "old soldier!" the life—and almost the pet—of his mess and regiment, the "soul of honour," and the child of mirth, blessed with good health and a fine brogue and a decent competence. He was one of the most cheery and pleasant "mates" a man could own—as good a specimen of an officer, a gentleman, and a friend, as you could find—as someone has put it—"in a day's march." Whether he was wanted for a cricket match or an eight-oar, whether he was required to "stand by" a friend or help a lady in a crush or a scrape, whether you sought his company, his advice, or his intimacy, he was alike agreeable to know, and one emphatically of the right sort. As Lieutenant Dawkins liked to say, he was "such denced good founn," that no one ever could be ashamed either of his looks or his companionship. He was a fine, good-looking fellow in himself, and boasted a moustache and a beard which had long been the admiration, and even envy, of countless beardless "subs" and unshirsute heroes. And then, when you add to this that he was one of the most sincerely kindly, gallant, and loyal of men, who never deserted his friend and never turned his back upon his foe, and while full of fun and harmless gaiety of heart, was both serious and sentimental, and well read and well informed, the portrait before my readers is, I think, a pleasant one "for all," and the character I have sought to pourtray is invested with something even of the heroic.

Yet, strange to say, this good-looking major had remained unmarried, and, stranger still, some of his friends asserted loudly and boldly (a few female cousins especially) that he never would marry. Indeed, it was once averred by his intimate crony and companion, Dr. Finucane, that Tom had been heard to say he would rather "lead a forlorn hope, or face a battery, or make a rush at infuriated Zulus, than have to encounter the serious responsibilities of married life or the angry reproaches of an incensed "faymale." And as Dr. Finucane was a married man of long standing and great experience, his unmarried brother officers always used to say there must be some reason in Tom's objections and Finucane's shakes of the head. It was the one thing the doctor resented to be asked after Mrs. Finucane. Whether it was that Tom was afraid of crying babies or heavy bills; whether it was he feared to face a female partner for life, or dreaded a matrimonial *tête-à-tête* deponent sayeth and knoweth not; but this one fact was clear and certain, and patent to all as any fact can be in this sublimary scene, that at the mature age of forty-eight our friend was still unmarried.

When our story opens, Tom had for some time been the guest of his old friend De Visme, in his comfortable ancestral Manor Hall, and who was, as a prosperous squire and M.P., and Master of the Beaulieu Hounds (for Beaulieu Manor was Charles de Visme's habitation), delighted to welcome his old captain once again.

As a gay lieutenant in other days, Charles De Visme, M.P., like many another "good man and true," had vowed eternal friendship to that warm-hearted and pleasant "Paddy," whose deeds of gallantry in the field, and whose cheery sociability in barracks, and whose many good qualities of heart and head had endeared him to his brother officers, one and all, from the stiff old colonel down to the youngest and lightest-hearted subaltern. And so, one evening, when host and guest were sitting in the comfortable panelled dining room, and the old butler had thrown another log on the fire and replenished their glasses with good old port (mark that), Charles de Visme opened out her heart to his friend.

A fair poetess in other days wrote some pleasant lines, which linger with me still, and which describe the situation so well that I must impart them to my readers:—

"Before a blazing fire,  
Within an armchair snug,  
His hands upon his bosom crossed,  
His feet upon the rug;  
His brow without a wrinkle,  
And his heart without a load—  
There sat a gallant gentleman,  
The master of the node.

"He and his friend together  
Had hunted all that day,  
And o'er some very old port wine  
Had washed all care away;  
And o'er their sport conversing,  
They sat them *tête-à-tête*,  
And settled in their own wise heads,  
'The ladies will be late.'"

For the truth was that Mrs. De Visme, a very charming and agreeable hostess, and her lady friends—including Mrs. Malcolmson, a very graceful widow, and one or two young men, brothers and cousins—had gone off to a juvenile ball, from which the Master of the Hounds and Tom O'Flaherty had begged to be excused.

"Tom," said Charles de Visme, after a little pause, during which the smoke from their cigarettes seemed to wreath the himself about them, "I wonder, old fellow, that you don't marry and settle. Henrietta was only saying

to me yesterday (Mrs. de Visme, kind reader,) that it was such a pity that you hadn't a good wife, as no one could see you without wishing to know more of you, and no one could know you without liking you a great deal; and you know I always have a high opinion of my wife's good sense, to say nothing of her good looks. Now, old boy, listen to me. She and I have a little plan of our own. Why should you not marry Mrs. Malcolmson, that most agreeable widow, and become the squire of Combe Manor (for everything is in her own power), and live close to us for the rest of your life. By George, what fun it will be to see you a squire, with six thousand a-year, the most agreeable of hosts with the most kindly of wives. Why, we will have all the old fellows down here, and what pleasant gatherings we will have. Tom, let me speak seriously to you. I once laughed at matrimony like Eversley, or feared it like you do, or was disconcerted at its responsibilities like old Finucane; but I have come to find what it is to have a good wife, one who cares for you, loves you, likes you, is never in the way, never bothers you, never gets you into a mess, but is the best of friends, the truest of mates, and the most conscientious of advisers."

"Ah," replied Tom, "my dear Charles, your eloquence is as remarkable as your port; but, to say the truth, the advice you give is, I feel, indeed, very sound, yet the very word 'matrimony' always seems full of warning and peril to me. The charms of you fair widow are great, but the liberty of bachelorhood is, in my eyes, a greater blessing, inasmuch as the probabilities and possibilities of matrimonial life always seem to me to counterbalance its attractions and its desirability. You well remember poor Michael O'Connor, the Captain of our Grenadier company. Until he was married, no happier mortal could be in Her Majesty's dominions, but after that he met that famous dragon whom he afterwards espoused, no more wretched spectacle of manly depression can be seen on this good earth of ours!"

"Never mind Mike," said Charles De Visme, "or any other illustration of matrimony. There is no rule, old fellow, without its exception, and you certainly are not likely to be a 'green goose,' or a 'mournful example.' Just listen for a few minutes. Mrs. Malcolmson is, as your eyes have told you, I rather suspect, pretty well already, a very charming person indeed. She is not only most well-to-do, but she is a woman of great cultivation and a most kindly and sociable being. If I am not mistaken, she is much impressed with your 'pleasant presence,' my dear Tom, and a little perseverance is only necessary on your part to carry off the prize from so many admirers and competitors. It is quite clear to me that she will have nothing to do with old Poulter, the rich but stupid Squire of Poulterby. He must go back, poor lonely widower that he is, to his broad acres and his prize pigs. Neither will she give any encouragement, wise woman as she is, to Sir Clement Newcomer, whose ancestors date from Richard the Second, at any rate, and Mounsey Hall must still remain for the present without a fair mistress; for the Baronet, though an excellent man, is a great bore. Neither has that good-looking vicar, Mr. Moleworth, the slightest chance, Broad Churchman as he is in all respects, for Mrs. Malcolmson told my wife in confidence that she would not marry a 'parson,' under any circumstances; and as for my rattling cousin, Harry de Visme, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, the truth is he will have to marry a certain Miss Carlton, an old flame of his, so that his incessant flirtation with that *debonnaire* widow must shortly cease. Therefore Tom, our own old Tom of old, screw up your courage, my boy, to the proposing point, and, like one of our own 'boys,' who were never known to flinch, march forwards! Widows, like women generally, like a little 'pressing,' and so let me live to congratulate you as a neighbour in our good county, and 'possessing one of the most prepossessing wives a man can boast of.'"

We need not pursue this touching dialogue further, deeply interesting as it is, further than to say that it seemed to make a visible impression on the cheery "major," and we must leave its result to the *dénouement* of this story.

It was observed by all next day, that for some reason or other the fair widow and Tom were thrown, accidentally of course, very much together. He was admitted to the ladies' sitting room after breakfast, when he sang a duet with Mrs. Malcolmson for the evening's entertainment. When they went to the dairy, he was with that most agreeable woman, who explained to him the whole process of butter making. After luncheon she rode with the party to her own stately mansion, of which she did the honours, and where all the company had tea, and in the evening, after sitting next to her at dinner, and making himself very pleasant to her, he was by her side nearly the whole evening.

Two days after they acted charades, and one of the charades was "matrimony."

"Ah," said the widow, archly, to Tom, "I wonder you are going to act to-night, for they say you are afraid of the married state."

What Tom's reply was no one ever knew, it was delivered *sotto voce* in the conservatory. Charles De Visme always declared that Tom kissed the widow; Mrs. De Visme declared, with a gleam in her eyes, that she would uphold her friend's *unimpeachable* propriety.

But be this as it may, very soon afterwards the public papers announced the marriage, and great was the rejoicing of Tom's many friends. Tom is now the best of husbands, squires, magistrates, fathers, the cheeriest of the cheery, and the happiest of the happy. He has constant visits from his old friends, and the tone of conversation at the "Mote" is very military indeed. Do any of the readers of the Christmas *Freemason* ask what is the moral?

Is it not plain enough? If any young man is hesitating on the brink of matrimony, fearing to take the plunge, and really has the chance of obtaining a good wife, do not let him vacillate between two opinions, but, like Tom O'Flaherty, make himself happy for life, either with the female of his choice, the woman of his heart, or some agreeable and pleasant widow who is possessed both of virtue and competence, and is not a mere adventuress, but a true and loving woman. Be bold, I say, and fear not!

## Christmas.

**C**HRISTMAS comes once more to-day,  
With song and carol and roundelay.  
Christmas once again is here,  
With pleasant memories, soft and dear;  
As round the hearthstone of old days  
We gather still from far and near.

If some are missing from our feast;  
If some, from earthly cares released,  
Are wanting to complete our score,  
And tearful memory counts them o'er;  
Ah! well-a-day! we all then say,  
On earth we see them nevermore!

This is that twofold solemn tone which flings  
A calm refinement on mirth's glad strings,  
And in our Christmas revels nigh,  
Touches our gladness with a sigh,  
As we think of those no longer seen  
When joy and merriment ask reply.

There is the soft face, calm and clear,  
Whose presence cheered us many a year;  
There is the grace, so glad and fair,  
Which of old could charm us everywhere.  
All, all, are fled, and we alone  
To sounds of revelry repair.

Ah! memory, ever dear and true,  
Which takes us back, kind hearts, to you,  
Still whispers in our hearts your name—  
Your gentle goodness—your growing fame,  
And cheers us with the hope all bright  
That you are saved from care or blame.

Ah! Christmas time, as upward swells  
The merry chime of your sweet bells,  
As songs and chants tell of the hour  
Of joyous Faith's consoling pow'r;  
I feel for one a solemn thought  
Of faded scenes, of faded flower.

But silent, be, poor heart, and still,  
Let pleasant faces with fragrance fill  
These precious moments as they fly,  
And youth's gay banter sound on high,  
And bid all hail to Christmas day,  
Which, in kind humour, hasteneth by.

## Miss Dorothy's Thanksgiving.

By HELEN M. WHITNEY.

**I**CAN'T see that I have much to be thankful for," grumbled Miss Dorothy to herself, as she carefully polished the parlour stove, using, perhaps, a trifle more "elbow grease" than was absolutely necessary. "Of course, I always return thanks when I say my prayers at night and morning, that I'm kept well and out of trouble; but as for any special cause for thankfulness, I can't see it." Miss Dorothy didn't know she was talking slang, or she would have altered the construction of her last sentence. "I've half a notion not to cook any dinner to-day at all! The turkey and things will keep, and there's cold sweet potatoes, and a whole pumpkin pie, and here's—yes, here's a pan of pork and beans that I baked day before yesterday, and haven't scarcely tasted yet." Miss Dorothy had finished blacking the stove now, and was examining the contents of a little walnut cupboard that did duty as a pantry. "There's not much fun cooking a Thanksgiving dinner, anyhow, when there's nobody but me to eat it."

Here she glanced into the little old-fashioned looking-glass that hung over the cupboard, and heaved a sigh, as she thought of how different things would have been if she had not refused Jack Farris when he asked her to marry him, and if Jack had not taken her at her word and hurried off to China without giving her a chance to explain that, although she had said no, she had meant yes. She was pretty Dolly Digby then, and, though she had many other offers of marriage, somehow the memory of Jack Farris' blonde moustache and dark eyes always came between her and the eligible bachelors and widowers who sought her hand. And so it happened, that though ten long years had passed away, still she was Miss Digby, or rather, Miss Dorothy, as she was called by the village folks, both old and young.

"There's no one but myself to cook for now, though," she repeated to herself, with another sigh and another glance at the little mirror. Suddenly, this line of Scripture flashed into Miss Dorothy's mind: "The poor



ye have always with you," and a faint blush suffused her somewhat faded cheek.

Just at this juncture a timid knock sounded on the door. At Miss Dorothy's invitation to enter, a little girl came timidly into the room. The child's dress of faded calico was both short and scant, and her little hands looked blue with cold. Her hair hung in tangled yellow curls over her shoulders, and her eyes showed signs of recent tears. "O, Miss Dorothy," she said, with a half-sob, "Mamma said we couldn't have any dinner to-day, 'cause she's sick, and Bessie hasn't got any money to buy any with."

"The poor ye have always with you!" Miss Dorothy thought again. "Come here, Minnie," she said, drawing the child to her. "Will you stay here and eat dinner with me? I'm going to have turkey, and mince pie, and ever so many nice things besides. Would you like to stay and eat dinner with me?" she asked again, having suddenly come to the conclusion that cold pie and baked beans would not do for a Thanksgiving dinner at all.

Minnie's eyes sparkled, but a wistful look shone in them, as he asked, "Will mamma and Bessie have some too?"

Miss Dorothy made another sudden resolution. "Yes," she said; "mamma and Bessie shall have some, too! But we must get dinner all ready first," she added, and in an incredibly short time a fire was roaring in the little cooking stove, the turkey was spluttering in the oven, and Miss Dorothy was busily rolling out the flaky pie-crust which was destined to entomb some of the richest mince-meat any prudent thanksgiver would wish to taste.

A hungry tramp, fortunately for himself, happened along, and was made the happy recipient of the cold beans, pie, etc., upon which Miss Dorothy herself had half intended to dine.

Little Minnie was helping and hindering her hostess all she could, and had already taken the edge off her own appetite by the consumption of a huge slice of fruit cake, which was frosted and ornamented with plump, home-made cupids, done in icing, and also stuffed as full of plums as was King Arthur's "bag-pudding," so justly celebrated in nursery lore.

At last, the huge turkey lay on his back, crisp and brown, and savory. The pies looked ready to melt in one's mouth. The table was spread, the dainty service of china, and cut-glass, and here and there a bit of rare, old silver, setting off the turkey-red cloth and snowy napkins to great advantage. The turnips and squash were done, the plum-pudding was still steaming and spluttering over the fire. The celery was crisp and green, and the cranberry sauce and the currant jelly were quivering in cut-glass bowls of rare and antique pattern. Now, Miss Dorothy donned her wine-coloured merino dress, fastened up her hair with a high-backed silver comb, and pinned around her neck a ruffle of filmy white lace. She had already brushed out Minnie's long yellow curls, and tied a pretty blue ribbon round the child's head. Taking a large japanned tray, she spread over it a white towel and proceeded to arrange upon it the invalid's portion of the thanksgiving dinner. A china plate, which held a generous slice of the turkey's breast, was flanked by dishes of vegetables, sauces of currant jelly and cranberry sauce, sections of pie, both mince and pumpkin, and a slice of the fruit cake, with one of the over-grown cupids perched upon it. In addition to the well-laden tray, she carried a pitcher of hot coffee, enriched by real cream, for Miss Dorothy kept a cow. "If Mrs. Willis is too sick to eat it all, it will do for the children, afterwards," she thought as she spread a towel over the tray, and with Minnie at her side, crossed the street and knocked at the door of a very plain frame house.

Bessie, a pretty girl of fourteen, opened the door. She stared in astonishment at the unexpected visitor, but Miss Dorothy walked straight to the invalid's bed-side. "Mrs. Willis," she said, "I want to beg you to let Minnie and Bessie come and help me eat my Thanksgiving dinner; you know I'm all alone, and it will be a real charity to let them come. And to save time and trouble, I've brought your dinner along," and having placed the tray on the table beside the bed, she drew off the towel which covered it, and displayed the tempting viands.

At this unexpected kindness poor Mrs. Willis seemed to have lost her voice entirely, but she clasped Miss Dorothy's hand, and looked the thanks she could not speak. At this moment Miss Dorothy felt how much more blessed it was to give than to receive; but to make the favour seem as slight as possible, she turned away, carelessly and quickly; turned, to find herself confronted by a stranger, a man six feet high, with dark, handsome eyes and a blonde moustache.

"Dolly," cried the apparition, eagerly holding out his hand.

"Jack!" cried Miss Dolly, blushing to the roots of her hair, but giving her hand to be clasped in his.

Mrs. Willis suddenly found her voice. "Why, Miss Dorothy!" she asked "how did you come to know my cousin Jack?"

Miss Dorothy blushed again, and stammered, but Jack came to the rescue and told the whole story.

Afterwards, with Minnie and Bessie, he accompanied Miss Dolly to assist in disposing of the thanksgiving dinner; and it is but reasonable to suppose that the hostess was not sorry she had changed her mind about dining on the "cold vittles," as she had at first intended.

That night, as Miss Dorothy gazed upon the diamond engagement-ring which sparkled on her finger, she could scarcely decide which to be most thankful for: that Jack had come home, rich, handsome, and as much in

love with her as ever, or that, through the grace of Providence, she had been enabled to read aright the simple text, "The poor ye have always with you."—*The Voice of Masonry.*

## Under the Mistletoe Bough.

EMMA C. VOGELGESANG.

"DEAR, dear," said Aunt Lucy, wiping the moisture from her glasses, "what a time Christmas is! For the last six weeks there have been bits of silk and worsted, scraps of this and ends of that scattered all over the house. I wonder if the anticipation is not more pleasant than the reality."

Aunt Lucy and Uncle John had a large, comfortable home, in a pretty place, and never spared any effort to make it pleasant for guests. At Christmas time, particularly, relatives and strangers shared the most bounteous hospitality.

Aunt Lucy, though "aunt" only in name, was, as my little sister described her, "the darlinest woman," who always made one feel comfortable and perfectly at home, while Uncle John was as full of fun as a boy, and always led in our sports.

Their two daughters, Nellie and Gertrude, were as different as two girls could be, Nellie, the eldest, being tall, pale and quiet, with light hair and dark blue eyes, but Gertrude was small and dark, always in mischief and always saying something she did not mean to say or meaning something she did not say, a splendid match for her roguish brother Will.

The next morning after my arrival I skipped into the sitting-room in time to see Nellie thrust some work hastily in her pocket, while she sang in a careless voice, "I love to hear the ringing of Christmas bells afar."

"I do not believe a word of it," said Gertrude, laughingly, "not a word Nellie Brooks, else you would not be so cool and indifferent to all that is going on. Just think of it, only one day more until Christmas, and so many coming, so much to do. Oh Nellie, do wake up and get just a little excited to keep me company!"

"Will has promised to put me up a mistletoe bough, and—"

"Yes, so I did," said Will, bobbing his head in at the doorway, "and, by the way, you can expect Robert Leicester here to-day. I met him at Lowpoint, and he said Christmas was such a bore; some one always expected something he did not want to give, and he always expected something he wouldn't get, so I invited him here to while away the dull time. A bean for you, May," he said, with a comical wink at me, "a lord from the Sandwich Islands; you will want to fix your cap, put on your best bib and tucker, and look your sweetest."

"Is he from the Sandwich Islands?" I asked, innocently.

Gertrude laughed but Nellie looked annoyed. "He is from the West Indies, a perfect gentleman, educated and refined, but rather odd and easy, and we take advantage of his good humour," she said, with more than usual animation.

"Now Nellie," said Gertrude, "did you not say there was a lazy climate in the land of his birth, and you thought it must have infected the people, and then the boys tell such stories about his being out of money and asking loans, and when you remember, May, that he has a splendid education, is a good musician, and has brains enough to really do something great in the world if he would only apply himself to work, that at times he has almost nothing; and yet in spite of all everybody likes him, you can judge that he is quite an uncommon mortal, but he would share his last cent with one in need, so I do not know but that the good and bad are equal. Lord Magnifico we call him, and I am so glad he is coming, aren't you?"

"The more the merrier," you know, and he makes fun enough for a dozen," said Nellie.

"I wonder if I can get him to compose some music for my rhymes—"

"At your service, ladies; without a doubt you can have what you wish, Miss Gertrude." A careless, easy tone, a slight drawl to the words, a careless easy-looking fellow, too. "I beg your pardon, ladies, for coming in so unceremoniously," he said, "but Will told me to walk right in and put my traps on the centre table for ornaments, or hang them on the chandelier, as I chose."

"We are very glad to see you," Nellie said, in her quiet, earnest way, and Gertrude, chasing away the annoyed look, burst out with, "What a surprise! Did you drop from the moon or come on a telegraph wire?"

"Neither, Miss Gertrude; I am indebted to the steam cars and a fast horse for the pleasure of being here, but I promised Will to return immediately and examine his new firearms, and, as they are indisputable arguments in his hands, I am afraid of rousing his anger, so if you will excuse me I will take a short leave of absence."

"Do you think he heard what I said?" asked Gertrude, when the door had closed after him. "What is the next scrape I will be in? We did not introduce you either. Nellie! Nellie! where were your thoughts? You know I am never expected to do anything right."

"Never mind," I said, "there will be plenty of time, and I do not think it will make any difference to him,"

I cannot tell what my first impression of Robert Leicester was. He was not handsome, and I did not think he was either good enough or smart enough for Nellie; and yet, as Gertrude said, "in spite of all" one

liked him." His fun was irrepressible, and his wit bubbled up like a spring in the wild wood. He had a keen edge to his tongue, too—a bitter sarcasm—which he never used, however, except on rare occasions; and no speech of Nellie's could ever provoke anything but a pleasant reply.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" he said to me the first day I met him.

"Ghosts? No. How could I?"

"Well, I have seen one," he said, "and seeing is believing they say."

Whether it was only a sell for me, or whether he believed it, I could not tell. I looked straight into his eyes, and he looked straight into mine without smiling or moving a muscle. "Will it scare you to hear a ghost story?" he asked.

"Oh no," I said, "for no matter how strange, I know it can be explained by perfectly natural causes."

"Well, I will tell you. There was a little tumble-down shanty, in a grove quite near my father's place, that bore the name of being haunted. Nothing in the world could have induced a negro to go near the place at night, or in the daytime, either for aught I know. One evening, three of us, eager for excitement, set out for the old place. 'De Debbil's dar, shua. Massa Robert, don't you go. Ise seen the light of the sulphur he carries mor'n onc; you'll shua get kotchod,' said one of the servants, rolling his eyes with fright.

"We laughed at his warning and started off. It did not take long to reach the place, and there was only one room below with a pair of rickety old stairs leading to a loft above. It was unsafe to ascend the stairs, so we halloed and shouted and told the ghost, if there was any ghost there, to come down and see us; but nothing made its appearance, so we just put out our lights and concluded to wait. We saw nothing, heard nothing, until, I think, it was sometime after midnight, I heard a whirring sound in the loft above. I gave my friend nearest me a nudge. 'Do you hear that, Al?' I whispered, but he did not answer. I saw something white come down the old staircase so lightly and easily they did not even creak; then I gave each of the boys a decided nudge, but neither moved a muscle. 'Heavens! I thought, 'are they scared to death?' I had heard of people dying from fright. Miss May, you see how straight my hair now is; before that night it was curly, horror made it perfectly straight."

He looked at me so gravely and earnestly, and I looked so inquiringly at him that I am sure I must have appeared idiotic.

"It was coming nearer and nearer, and making a mournful sound," he continued. "I yelled to the boys if there was any breath in them to get a light, and then Joe raised up, but his hand shook so, the matches fell to the floor. I felt it touch me. I was frantic. I seized a match, had a light, and, Miss May, as true as I live, there was—as nice a looking cat as you ever saw."

The laughing that followed—the jests at my expense—I shall never forget; and to this day I am asked to give the "natural causes" for a cat ghost.

Will put up the mistletoe in the farthest corner of the library, "for safety," he said. I never go into that room during the holidays, it is too far from where the cooking is done, so I know I am safe.

Christmas Eve came with Christmas Eve sports, and the wildest set of school children could not have acted worse than we.

During the evening, I do not know how it came about, some of us were drawn into a discussion about Governments, and Mr. Leicester made some pointed remarks against American policy and American government, and spoke grandiloquently, to use Gertrude's term, of "Her Majesty the Queen" and "Her Majesty's Dominions." If there is one thing more than another that will rouse Nellie's anger it is a word against her country, and that evening she defended it with more than usual spirit. I watched him sharply as she made her keen retorts, but could not detect a shade of anger or annoyance. He waited until she had spoken, then walked leisurely to another part of the room, and in a few moments was singing a rollicking song of love, nonsense, and fun.

Nellie left the room before he had finished, and I knew he was going in search of her as soon as he went to the door. He looked in the parlour but she was not there, so he went quietly to the library, and there, under the mistletoe, the flush all gone from her cheeks, was Nellie, sitting in Aunt Lucy's easy chair. Before she was aware of his presence Robert Leicester was seated beside her. "Do you think all I am good for is to create laughter for some people and aggravate others?" he asked in a quick, passionate tone. "Oh Nellie, don't think me so utterly worthless and good-for-nothing; give me the right to prove to you that I can be a defender and supporter!"

I do not know what she said, but I know he asked her if it was not legal to claim a forfeit, and she granted the right to his claim.

The organ pealed out the grand music to—  
"Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King."

We wished each other good-night and a merry Christmas, with laughing and hand-shaking, and then, Aunt Lucy, Nellie, Gertrude, and I held a meeting just by ourselves. Why was I in that meeting? Oh, I forgot to tell you I helped Will to put up the Mistletoe Bough, and—well, we had a double wedding in June; and Nellie married, not a true and loyal subject of Her Majesty the Queen, but a naturalised American citizen.

I cannot see anything easy or careless about him now, "all owing," he says, with one of his merry laughs, "to the engagement I made with Nellie under the Mistletoe."—*The Voice of Masonry.*

## A Friend and a Brother.

It was half-past five o'clock one dreary November afternoon that in a little cottage on the Harrow road a woman was sitting, in widow's weeds, in the small library or study, and in great grief! Sundry articles of dress scattered here and there seemed to point to the fact that some event had taken place that day special and trying, inasmuch as they were all black. Two children—a boy and a girl—were sitting on stools by the fire, poor little things, with their arms interlaced, and their thin white faces and tearful eyes were very mournful accessories to the reality of that sombre little room.

The truth must be told! Poor Mrs. Hilton was a young widow who had buried her husband that day, cut off in the very prime of manhood, and rising yearly in the confidence of his employers. Humanly speaking, there is no doubt, had his life been spared, he would in another twelve months have been a partner in the house. But, alas! such are the ups and downs of life, its melancholy vicissitudes and its most trying scenes! When all seems progressing happily with us and ours, when the sky is serene, when no storm is apparently impending—in a moment comes one of those fitful gusts of human trouble (like as you may have seen on our English lakes) and bears us down, and swamps and capsizes the little bark in which all our choicest cargo was consigned. Nothing is so sad for us to realize how many mourners abound amongst us; how many loving hearts are sobbing bitterly, while the sights of Vanity Fair glare out so boldly, and excitement, laughter and frivolity, pleasure and gaiety, hold, as it were, an hourly revel! I do not wish to colour my canvass too highly, but great are the contrasts of life, always wonderful, often inexplicable.

And thus was it with Mrs. Hilton. She had lost her husband after a short, sharp illness—a bad attack of typhoid fever, and she found herself, after some years of unmingled happiness (except for one drawback, to which I shall advert later), a lonely woman upon earth. The husband of her youth and love was gone! She should listen for his manly step, hear his cheery greeting no more. Ended for her here below were happy hours of domestic peace and affection, as theirs had been a most happy home, and with similar tastes and simple joys, theirs had been a real heart-union, crowned with the full and golden enjoyment of home affection and conjugal sympathy. She had nothing left her but her two bright children, Maggie and Harry, who had been a source of joy as well as delight to her husband and herself.

Hers was, indeed, a dark time and a trying dispensation, but Mary Hilton had been well brought up, her religious principles were firmly fixed, and as she had been taught to believe that there is no cloud without a "silver lining," and that behind a "frowning Providence" the Most High "hides a smiling face," she had that consolation in her moments of heartfelt anguish and trying tribulation, when all seemed "against" her here, which never fails those, be they who they may or where they may, those true-servants of God—I mean who put their trust in Him.

The evening of the funeral, a sincere friend, Mrs. Marston, looked in for a few moments, and added her homely but sincere note of sympathy to what is often even unavailing in its best form at such times—the loving condolence of those who, heart to heart and soul to soul, share our joys and sorrows, our bright days and our dark days here on earth!

As she left she said, "By the way, Mary, two friends of poor Harry have intimated a wish to see you to-morrow, as they have a little communication to make to you."

"Two friends of Harry," replied the poor widow. "What can they have to say to me? I cannot see them, or anyone else, at such a time, except my very dear friends."

And as she said this, she returned to her room sorrowing, for the thought suddenly supervened she had quarrelled with her own immediate relations on her marriage, and her friends were simply those of her husband, who had but few.

The next morning her husband's solicitor called, who came to tell her, which he did with much kindness, that he feared that there was but little to come to her.

"Your husband has left a will in your favour," he said, "of all he died possessed of, and has left you sole guardian of the children, but when the liabilities are paid which he incurred for his brother, whose affairs are very complicated, there will be nothing left for you but this house and furniture, which are, luckily, your own, and about sixty pounds a year. Some day, perhaps, we may get something from his brother's estate," he added, "but for the present, with the exception of a small balance at the bank, after the funeral expenses are paid, we can find nothing coming to you which will not be swept away by these demands, which, luckily for you, in one sense, your husband's savings will pay off and leave enough for all expenses. Indeed, I may have a small balance to hand over to you. But that is all."

Poor woman! what a sad reality was before her now; what an awakening from the bright anticipations and golden dreams of early hours of married happiness! For herself she cared little, but what were to become of her children, and children, too, of such promise?

And so the next day passed in sadly recurring and anxious thoughts for the future, which a few kind visits of her husband's relatives served somewhat to allay

and lessen. But one thing she did observe, which was this: though they were all full of present sympathy they none of them seemed to look on to the future, and those who did say anything seemed to assume that her husband had fully provided for her. They say "sorrow is selfish," but I have sometimes thought that condolence is often more selfish still, as that, ignoring the sufferer's position, it affects to pride itself on a Spartan virtue of resignation, which may be of stoic or philosophic school, but actually has little of true religion in it.

In the evening came a knock at the door, and Rhoda announced that "two gentlemen, Mr. Mitford and Mr. Petworth, wished to see Mrs. Hilton particularly, as very valued friends of her lamented husband."

The widow's first resolution was not to see them, but when Harry said, "Oh, Mr. Petworth is the gentleman who called to take our dear papa with him to lodge, a week before he was taken ill, Mrs. Hilton said at once, 'You are quite right, Harry, darling; I had completely forgotten that. Ask them to come in, Rhoda!'"

And soon after they were ushered in, with sympathy in their manner, and both in mourning, and the widow, without speaking, but with a wave of her hand, asked them, as it were, to sit down.

They were both men in the prime of life, well dressed, and most gentlemanly in deportment, and after casting a most kindly and beaming look on the two children, and speaking most deferentially to Mrs. Hilton, they thus began.

"Dear madam—or rather, dear sister, we should say, we have been deputed by the Lodge of Friendship, of which our lamented brother was an active and worthy member, to offer to you the expression of our heartfelt sorrow, and of our deep sympathy for your irreparable loss. We have also been desired—for our Lodge meeting took place after our respected brother's funeral—to offer to you some material assistance in this your time of great personal anxiety. Brother Lacon, your solicitor, has told us of your position, and the Lodge has requested us to say that it begs to offer you instant help, and will take upon itself the education of your two children, either in such way as you deem best, or by obtaining admission for them into our admirable Institutions. We do not wish to trespass upon your time and affliction." And after bowing to poor Mrs. Hilton gracefully, and shaking her hand warmly, they most kindly patted the poor little children's heads, who were sobbing out, and bowed themselves out of the room, leaving a small envelope on the table. When poor Mrs. Hilton had courage to open it she found a cheque for fifty pounds.

"Ah," she said, "Freemasonry, then, is a real thing. It seeks to assist the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to reverence God and love man."

But, as if the excitement was not to end that evening, shortly after, Rhoda entered and said "a lady wished to see Mrs. Hilton."

"A lady," said the widow, who was now crying too; "what lady?"

"She would not give her name, ma'am," said Rhoda, "but she is a lady, and in a carriage."

"Let her come in," said Mrs. Hilton.

"Yes, I will come in, Mary," said a clear voice, not without, however, a little tremble, hearing which poor Mrs. Hilton turned pale and stood still. "I am your aunt Mary, after whom you were called. Poor dear Mary, and these are your children;" and taking them in her arms she kissed them warmly, and then kissed Mary Hilton herself. "When we last met, my dear," she said, "you and I did not agree about your marriage, and we have never met since. But, hearing of your great affliction, and feeling that I may, after all, have been wrong, I have come to offer to you again my home and my heart, and I am only very sorry now that I have not been able to come to you before. I have, as you know, no children. I shall adopt yours."

What a change in a few short moments! Wonderful are the ways of Providence! Need my readers be told that poor Mary's troubles soon ended as far as earthly anxiety was concerned. Her sadness and her separation from one she loved and cherished have never left her.

To day, when she is peaceably prosperous in her old house again, when her boy is doing well at the University and her daughter is the ornament of the household and the pride of her good old aunt and herself, she often talks gratefully of that true fraternity of Masonry which did not forget a brother's widow in her dire grief and need, and she truly believes both in the mission and reality, the good and need of Freemasonry. A splendid "loving cup" graces the board of that good Lodge of Friendship, which had not lost sight of the golden rule, to practise what it professed!

## Clarissa.

BY A YOUNG MAN AND MASON.

I AM a young man and a young Mason, and I do not quite see why I should not have my say, especially in the Christmas *Freemason*, the more so, as I am told Brother Kenning wants a tale or two, and the stories I see in the *Freemason* and *Magnifier* when I do see them—are generally written by old men—a little too old for my taste and my money!

I made a joke at the Griffin Club, which I think I ought to put down first of all. Brother Pattle, of the "Ibex" Lodge, was saying that Brother Kenning wanted some tales. "Ah, then," I said, instantly, "he will be a Bashaw not of three tails, but of many tales." Wasn't it good?

I said before I was a young man. Well, I know a young woman; she is my "particular mate," and her name is Clarissa. It is an odd name, but she had an aunt, a sentimental old maid, who had read "Clarissa Harlowe" (a story which I have never read), and so had that good looking and agreeable party called Clarissa. I call her Clary—she is so jolly. But the truth is, like all our young women, she knows such a lot! She's always talking of things I never heard of! She reads all sorts of books, and is quite "easy" with professors and all that sort of people. But I am always in awe of a professor. I once went up for the army, and I got "spun" by a Professor of something, so I have always gone in against professors ever since. Only think, he asked me to spell Constantinople! How could a "fellow" be expected to spell Constantinople?

But to return to Clarissa. Clarissa and I are going to marry some day, only just at present my governor won't give us enough to live upon! He says that we ought to live on much less than Clarissa says is necessary for two people to get on with. Clarissa says that it is nonsense to expect people to eat cold meat, even with salad; it's only a make-shift.

The governor says, when he married they used to have cold meat and salad continually.

Clarissa says she must have a nice little house.

The governor says that we must wait.

And we do wait.

But as Clarissa remarked the other day, "It's awfully slow waiting."

Clarissa's an awfully clever girl. I think she is just one of the best looking girls you ever saw; and then she is so cheery—nothing puts her out. She got thrown in the park the other day, and all she said was "I hope my back hair did not come down."

Fancy my feelings when I saw her thrown in Rotten Row. But the worst of it all was that a young man I don't like, and she does, was the first to help her up—and she was so civil to him. I did not get over it for several days!

I sometimes begin to think that, perhaps, it is as well that we don't marry. Marriage is a great lottery, it's a heavy trial; and then women's tempers are so uncertain! On the whole, I think one is just as well unmarried; indeed, I think, you cut yourself out of a good many things when you do get married. So I said to Clarissa the other day—

"Heigho!" I said, "I wonder if we ever shall get married?"

"Oh," she replied, as quick as lightning, "Don't you want to get married?"

"Well," I said, "I don't see any chance just yet."

"Very well, sir," she said, "then it's all off between us."

You'll hardly believe it, that the very next day I heard at the Griffin Club that she had been "going on" for three weeks with the young man who had picked her up in the park.

What was I to do? So I consulted my friends and made up my mind to have it out with her.

So I went to tea.

(N.B.—If you want to have a row with your "engaged," always have it at tea; you don't spoil your dinner.)

She was looking uncommonly well, and she was so wonderfully "got up." And lo! and behold! there was that fellow who picked her up in the park close to her chair. So I pretended not to see him, but I commenced a tremendous flirtation with a girl I knew she disliked very much. That brought her to! The moment she saw that it was too much for her feelings; as she said afterwards, "she could stand anything but repulsion."

We made it up that evening, and, dear editor, we are going to be married the week before Christmas, and I will send you a bit of our wedding cake.

It's a beautiful affair—with two doves, all white sugar, pecking hard at each other. Is this typical of our married life? I hope not. Adieu. Ta, ta, dear boy.

## How I Proposed to Matilda Wiggs.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

I AM a very old boy now, or else I should hardly dare to tell this "ower true tale" in even Brother Kenning's Christmas *Freemason*. Indeed, I have been rather induced to narrate it by a persuasive "plant" on the part of my friend Pilkington, W.M. of the "Amphibious," that famous lodge which delighteth in "Fish Dinners" and "Roederer."

He said to me the other day, "Tomlinson, I know you can write. Don't I remember that touching lecture you gave on the 'Pros and Cons of Matrimony,' which had this great effect, it pleased the women and the men equally. Oh, astute Tomlinson! Brother Kenning wants a story for his Christmas *Freemason*, and, as I

said to him the other day, 'You know, my dear boy, the man who can write the story for you,' and the same is yourself, most erudite Theophilus." Thus adjured, as the great Roman poet hath it, I plunged in "medias res," and have written out this little domestic legend of the past for the Christmas *Freemason*.

As I remarked before, I am now an old boy—I may add, a very old boy—that is to say, I eschew late hours and moonlight walks. As Præd sung of old:—

"I never wish to raise a veil,  
I never raise a sigh,  
I never tell a tender tale,  
I never tell a lie;  
I never wander forth alone  
Upon the mountain's brow;  
I weighed last winter seventeen stone—  
I'm not a lover now."

No, the sympathies and fears of old age are now mine in fruition and perfection, and that is why I think I am safe in telling the story which follows these introductory lines.

Matilda Moggs was the only daughter of my much-esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moggs. What "old Moggs," as he was irreverently called, had been I never knew, nor did I know any one who did. He was in some respects as mysterious as the Sphinx, as inscrutable as Junius, as dark as the man in the Iron Mask. He talked of everything, and knew most things well. He was quite an authority on "Stocks," and "Shares," and "Limited Companies," and "Co-operative Stores"; on plays and operas, on the "French Actors" and the English stage; and, above all, he was most knowing on wine, coals, and cigars! Whether he had been a "P. G.," or a "commission agent"; whether he was a prosperous stockbroker or a retired millionaire; whether he had much money in mines and minerals, oil and tobacco, spelter or corn, long cloths or short clothes, was a complete enigma. To say the truth, it mattered little to me then, and it matters little, I fancy, to you, kind readers, to-day.

He kept a good house and a better table. He was famous for his judicious entrées and his good wine. Mrs. Moggs was always smiling. He was always entertaining. And then—and then—there was Matilda, the charm of Woodbury Lodge for many a long day, and the cynosure of numerous anxious young men, who mixed up their admiration of Matilda, without much loss to their peace of mind, with intense anxiety about her prospects, and what the old boy meant to "settle" upon her.

In those days, when I was slim, active, and well dressed, and my tailor regarded my waist with complacency, and not as now, when he says, sadly, with a perceptible rise of his eyebrows, "forty-two three-quarters," I was a neighbour of the Moggses, always well received by the old people, and a great friend of Matilda's.

She called me her "dear friend," and wrote to me as her "dear friend," and was, in all respects, most artless, sympathetic, and confiding! And, to say the truth, Matilda was a very pretty girl in those days. I fancy now that she is a fat, comfortable, un sentimental looking middle-aged (elderly?) female, who likes a good dinner, and has always, when she goes to bed at night, a glass of warm—well, "capillaire and water!"

"But then, oh then! and memory rises up before me, "sighing and suing," so to say, I was (as I believed) the favoured suitor as well as the "dear friend" at Woodbury Lodge. I always sat near to Matilda; she always had a "sotto voce" speech, a kind glance, and a warm pressure of the hand for me, and I was basking, as Swinburne says in one of his fine classical ballads, on the

"Roscate sea and sunbeam of hope."

I think it is where he describes Venus rising in diluted attire from the sea. Venus Anadyome—Venus without much clothes—"ana," without; "dyomene," clothes. So I thought it all very pleasant, and, like a contented philosopher, smiled serenely on the scene.

No doubt it is sometimes difficult to know what a woman really means. A German courier I once met used to say "dat de most difficult matter he had ever to do wid in life, was to know wat was de real minds of de wumans." For, as he used to put it, "you see, mein herr, de woman's naturally artful, and she never will exactly tell you wat she wants and wat she thinks. De woman like de little mysteries, and whenever she has to decide between two or three gentlemen, she very often does not care for any one of dem, but will take up wit a fourth."

The axiom of that travelled Confucius I found to be true as regarded my own Matilda. I had seen numerous young heroes pay attention to the "heiress," as she was called, without fear and without emotion.

But all of a sudden, one evening I found that a change "had come o'er the spirit of my pleasing dream."

I walked up to Woodbury Lodge, as was my wont, and when announced by old Timmins, the butler, with his customary suavity of reception, found that for once Matilda was cold and retiring. I soon perceived the reason of the change.

For some time past, a youth named "Podbury" had been a frequent visitor at the Moggses. He was a rising young solicitor, and had some amusing qualifications for a party, among others, that of conjuring. I had heard my Matilda laugh at bad puns and Joe Miller's jests. I had seen her interested in second-hand performances of Herr Herbyhisky's booger-bain, but I had said to myself, Matilda is young; Matilda is gay; Matilda is thoughtless; but how can

she prefer the monkey-like tricks and insane jests of a seventh-rate Joe Miller to the conversation of a man of mind? But to-night Matilda was literally living on Poddy's words and tricks, so we called him. She seemed to have no eyes nor ears for anything or anyone else.

Mrs. Moggs, kind soul, had a few words of comfort for me. Old Moggs said something sarcastically (his wife was not near) of woman's fickleness and folly. But I remember well leaving Woodbury Lodge sad and savage, disgusted with womankind in general, and Matilda Moggs in particular, and rather wishing that football was in season, and that I might, as the captain, be heading the rush against the elate and elastic Podbury.

So, turning the idea in my mind, I determined to "clinch" it by proposing to Matilda herself forthwith, and asking her to be mine and only mine, and so cut out the prematurely confident representative of an uncurrent six and eightpence.

Accordingly, the next morning, dressing myself with great care, and, I may say, greater taste, I wended on my way to Woodbury Lodge. Admitted by old Timmins, with a sort of grin on his face—which I did not then understand—I was ushered into the drawing room, where I only found Mrs. Moggs. Whether it was that that good old dame had any suspicion of my unexpected appearance, or of my "get up," I knew not, but, after her usual hearty greeting, and saying that Matilda was in the conservatory, she sidled out of the room. Accordingly, I made for the conservatory, where I found Matilda, in a most becoming dress and a broad straw hat, tending her camellias with the greatest grace and solicitude. From the smile with which she greeted me I might have guessed, donkey that I was, what her response would be. But then, kind readers, men in love are always donkeys, that is, more or less. And so, after a little preliminary chatter, I came to the point nearest to my heart.

I fear that I did not say it properly or with due effect, or as it should be said, for Matilda only laughed and said, "Oh, Mr. Tomlinson, I never thought you cared for me" (and cruelest cut of all) "or thought of such things. I always supposed that as you said you were not a marrying man, and were merely my friend—my dear friend; and, if nothing else prevented me accepting your too flattering offer, I may as well tell you, in confidence, that I accepted Mr. Podbury's offer last evening, and my father and mother have given their approval." Mrs. Moggs used to say her Matilda was "all soul." I think my readers will agree that my Matilda was "all candour;" and though it was humiliating to be circumvented by Podbury, I had nothing to do but to look amiable, speak sweetly, and beat a retreat.

I need hardly continue this personally depressing narrative, nor would my readers wish me to add to the "anguish of my soul," or revive for a worthy brother Mason these painful memories of the past from the dusty recesses of his escritore. It is but fair to add that since that time I have had several "fair friends," who took my advice and presents, but always threw me over at the last, and that I am still a dull and crabbed old bachelor, whose last idea is to advertise for a "domestic sewing machine."

When I saw old Moggs, he told me so different a story that I think it well to record it here, "truth" being one of those Masonic attributes for which Freemasons are always famous. I dined with him a few days after the interesting episode I have so fully detailed, when Matilda had gone on a visit to a maiden aunt of her Walter's, from whom he (sordid wretch) had "expectations."

"You see," said old Moggs to me confidentially, when we two were "in camera" alone and cheery, "Podbury dined the evening before you came, and he drank a lot of Roederer, 'Simpkin,' as my cousin from India calls it. You know, or at least there is no use concealing it now, he has been 'very bad' about Matilda for some time. He says, and she says, and the old girl says, it was 'love at first sight.' I don't believe it a bit. Old Podbury is a queer old file, and has a keen eye for himself, for, you will hardly believe it, we had scarcely been three minutes together in private conclave, when he asked me what I was going to settle on Matilda. But never mind that" (my old friend used to wander a little in his conversation), "the fact is young Podbury 'popped the question' that very night in the conservatory." Here I started, and here the old rascal's face got red with laughter. "They tell me, Tomlinson, he was in the conservatory when you proposed, and heard all you said."

My readers will enter into my feelings. But as my friend offered me a glass of 1820 port—I was able to drink port in those days—I thought it better to treat the whole matter as a dignified philosopher.

And so I replied, assuming a very stately air and attitude, "Ah, well, Moggs, there is no promising how these affairs turn out. I admired your charming daughter deeply, and I am anxious to maintain a close connection with my old friends, but, as Horace has it, 'Sic fata non volvere,' and it is not to be. Let us still remain friends, and may Mr. and Mrs. Podbury be happy. Let us drink their health, and may you live to see the 'olive branches round about your table.'"

Could I say less, oh sympathetic young man? and could I say more, oh tender-hearted young woman?

I feel here that I shall rise in the opinion of my readers by my candid avowals and my explanatory peroration.

And if I be still unmarried, what then? As the old German courier used to say, "you never quite know what a woman is, or what a woman will be."

## The Yule Log and the Christmas Tree.

### THE YULE LOG.



We are sitting round the fire, dear hearts, all true and kind,  
The friends we love are with us, though some are left behind;  
And as the yule log flickers and its ashes sicken and fade,

We feel the havoc in our ranks old Time has surely made.

But let us still be happy, and let us hope and trust  
That those we miss so deeply, whose bright memories never rust,

Are in all rest and peace, while we in happiness to-day  
Are marching on our journey and passing on our way;  
And then the sparkling Yule Log can clearly tell us all  
Of tender love and truth mid the trials which befall.

And all those scenes and mysteries which make up our short career  
Still serve to call to memory kind the absent and the dear.

Oh! Yule Log of the heart, we welcome thee once more,  
As hope grows dim, and friends are gone, and life grows older evermore.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

What sounds are those which greet my ear?

What are those shouts of joy,  
Which serve, in accents full and clear,  
To make me once more a boy?  
Why, 'mid that blaze of startling light,  
And 'mid those shouts of youth,  
And 'mid those fairies fair and bright,  
I am young again in good truth.

Oh, Maggie, Minnie, Polly,  
Bright Essie, Jane, and Fan;  
Oh laughing Susie, Eva, Molly,  
Gertrude and Mary Ann!  
What mean you by your winning ways?  
What want you with your eyes?  
This scene recalls some happy days,  
Soft visions,—How time flies!

And oh, you cheery heroes;  
And oh, you happy boys;  
What happy thoughts King Christmas throws  
Over your radiant joys.  
For yours are gifts of gladness,  
And as if echoing from above,  
Banished all care and sadness,  
Yours is the revelry of love.

May all happiness attend you  
In the year which lies before;  
May nought of evil harm you,  
In to-morrow's evermore.  
But like as now you gather round,  
In joy your Christmas Tree,  
May all of happiness abound,  
Dear child, for time and thee.

## A Student's Tale.

BY SAVARICUS.

IN the days of Burke and Hare, resurrection men and tales of their doings were prevalent. London, we all know has grown very considerably during the last fifty years. Within this period what I am going to relate occurred.

In a village on the borders of Epping Forest, close to the highway, exactly opposite to the churchyard, were two small cottages. Each cottage was occupied by a man. The two men were seldom seen by day, and then only when driving a fast trotting black nag, well harnessed to a lightly-built market cart. These men were apparently always together, and oh! such men, rough spoken, shaggy looking, of surly mien.

One night, if any person had been on the look out, the horse and cart with three persons in it might have been seen leaving the back of the cottages and making its way to the high road, where it was driven towards London. After half an hour's hard driving it was brought up in front of a roadside inn at Stratford. Two of the men alighted, leaving the third, who occupied the middle of the seat-board.

The two men who alighted, after looking about in all directions, went into the public-house, evidently for the purpose of getting a "refresher," which, in this case, meant ardent spirits. Whilst they were absent a passer-by saluted the individual seated in the cart with the usual "good night." Receiving no answer, he turned his head and spoke again; a light streaming through a hole in the window slatters of the house shone on the face of him in the cart, and this face was so pallid—deathly-white, death-like, that the passer-by



was fain to stop and ask the owner of it if he was ill, saying, "Are you ill, sir?" Receiving no reply, he stepped nearer, and repeated his question; still getting no answer he ventured to get on the step of the cart. One glance revealed the truth; it was a dead body dressed as a man, and fastened to the seat in a sitting position.

"The resurrection men," he muttered, and forthwith got into the cart, cut the cords, and removed the body, placing it at the side of the house. Then he removed the top coat from it, put it on himself, and took up the body's position in the cart.

The men very soon made their appearance, and looking to the right and left, one said to the other, "All right, Jack," to which the other responded "All right." The one addressed as "Jack" went to the off-side, and got into the cart taking the reins, the other got up at the near side.

The trio were comfortably jogging along, when the supposed body fell slightly, but stiffly, on one side against the man who was not driving. He jerked it up with his shoulder, and then it (the body) went over to the other side and leant against the driver. He very roughly jerked it back, and it fell rather heavily against the other man, who, in a quaking kind of way, stammered out, "Jack, I'm ble-e-est, if this fellow ain't warm."

The assumed dead man replied, in a voice most sopitichral; "Yes, and so would you be, if you had come from where I have."

Almost before the sentence was finished the daring body-snatchers jumped clean out of the cart; and the presumably resuscitated man took up the reins and drove off. The horse and cart were not claimed.

Not many years ago the occupants of the cottages had occasion to remove the floorings, and there, sure enough, beneath were human bones plentifully strowed about. The custom of these resurrectionists had been to wait and watch for interments; then crossing the road at the dead of night they proceeded to the now-made grave, disinterred the body, and concealed it in the cottage cellars. The next thing to do was to successfully convey it to a London hospital or anatomist's dissecting room. The facts made known by this short tale will tell the reader of one of the methods adopted, and how it terminated.

**MARK MASONS.**—Those entrusted with the restorations of St. Mark's, Venice?

"John, did you find any eggs in the hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir; if the old hen laid any she has mislaid them."

**DOOBERRY**, (*City Press*), understands that a good-looking man is hired to stand at the entrance to a much-vaunted spirit store in the City, and smack his lips violently at intervals. It must be very dry work.

"Is this Trafalgar-square?" asked a gentleman up for the day, with his wife on his arm. "Yes." "And was it here," inquired the wife, "where the Battle of Trafalgar was fought?" This is a positive fact.—*May-fair*.

On a certain American railroad, a young man put his head out of the carriage window to kiss his girl good-bye, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an aged African female at the next station. This is supposed to be the fastest time ever made on a railway train.

A SACRAMENTO lawyer remarked to the court: "It is my candid opinion, Judge, that you are an old fool." The judge allowed his mildly beaming eye to fall upon the lawyer a brief moment, then, in a voice husky with suppressed emotion, said: "It is my candid opinion you are fined \$100."

An ubiquitous reporter rushed into the sanctum recently and breathlessly exclaimed, "I've just seen something that I never saw before, and, alas! shall never see again!" He spoke sadly, and the moisture of a tear began to glisten on his cheek. "What is it?" he exclaimed; "whence! why! speak!" "Ah, boys," he said, "I've seen the first of December, 1879." He has taken his hat home for repairs.

A young lady was sitting with a gallant Captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Said the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me too." Evidently something had just happened. "You should say twice, Ethel, dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder.

**POPULAR FAVOUR.**—How Colorow, the Uto chief, leading in the present war, came to be deposed and superseded is thus explained: Colorow, enraged at something, came to Governor M'Cook's office, presented a revolver, and said, "M'Cook liar!" The Governor went on writing. "M'Cook—liar!" said Colorow. M'Cook continued to write. "M'Cook—liar!" shouted the chief. M'Cook would not look at him. By this time Colorow had concluded that there was no fight in the Governor, and allowed the hand holding the revolver to drop to his side. The move was a fatal one. In an instant M'Cook seized his wrist, knocked the weapon away from him, and, catching the astonished Indian by the neck, kicked him downstairs and out into the street, where there were a number of Utes standing about. With great tact M'Cook pointed to the prostrate and humiliated form of Colorow, and, turning to the Utes, said: "No man to lead braves." Colorow an old woman. Get a man for a chief." Then, turning on his heel, he walked upstairs. The next day the mortified Utes deposed Colorow.—*New York Tribune*.

## Works on Freemasonry.

### Early History and Antiquities of

Freemasonry, The. As connected with the Norse Guilds, and the Oriental and Mediaeval Building Fraternity. By GEORGE F. FORT. Third edition, revised and enlarged, 8vo, cloth. 15/-

The work is the result of years of labour, whose original and persistent design has uniformly been to arrive at truth. In no instance are traditions resting on unsubstantial ground adduced as corroborative testimony of the line of research which, after careful examination of facts, he has adopted. Mere legends or gildic tales do not appear in this book, unless produced in that portion of the treatise abandoned expressly to the traditional history of the Fraternity. In a word, the constant and invariable tendency of the author in the ensuing pages is to bring the history and antiquities of the Craft down to an undisputed historical basis; and, in the pursuance of this subject, he was frequently compelled to abandon the usual track followed by writers on this subject, and to rely upon authorities whose testimony—found noted in the margin—will be accepted without suspicion of imtemperate or unmerited zeal. The immediate argument and scope of the treatise may be briefly stated as follows: To commence with a narrative of the state of fine arts at the decline of the Roman Empire, and also of the propagation of Architecture and its kindred Sciences by bodies of builders who developed into the Middle Age Freemasons, whose history is carried down to the formal extinction of this society as an operative brotherhood in the year 1717. Among the several appendices will be found a contribution to the History of the Lost Word, together with other valuable documentary evidence, which is added to make the same more acceptable to the public and Fraternity at large.—*Author's Preface*.

### History of Freemasonry, from its

Origin to the Present Day, The. By Bro. J. G. FINDEL. Drawn from the best sources and the most recent investigations. Second edition, revised and preface written by Bro. D. MURRAY LYON, R.W. Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. 800 pages, 8vo, with index, cloth gilt. 10/6

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**  
Bro. Findel, who has written a sober, earnest, and elaborate history of Freemasonry in all quarters of the world, does not go to so remote a period for the origin of the Fraternity. We do not suppose that such a mass of material for a history of the Craft was ever gathered together as may be found in this volume, in which the author seems to have fairly exhausted the subject.—*The Athenæum*.

Herr Findel has brought together a large number of facts; his book is a valuable addition to the literature of Freemasonry.—*The Builder*.

The work seems to be generally correct and reliable; considerable information is given as to the customs and symbols of the "Guilds" of English, French, and German Stonemasons. The work is interesting as a novel. Masonic manuscripts have more than usual prominence given to them. The author is entitled to our warmest thanks, which are doubly due for so learned a contribution to Masonic literature.—*The Devon and Cornwall Masonic Calendar*, Ed. by Bro. W. J. Hughan.

### Numerical and Numismatical Regis-

ter of Lodges under the United Grand Lodge of England. Compiled by WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, Author of "History of Freemasonry at York," "Memorials of the Masonic Union of 1813," "Old Charges of the British Freemasons," etc. It contains a sketch of Freemasonry in England, the "Articles of Union of 1813," lists of all special and centenary medals, with full descriptions, roll of lodges distinguished with special and centenary warrants, regulations of the Grand Lodge respecting Masonic jewels, particulars as to Masonic medals and tokens, list of existing lodges which formed the Grand Lodge of England Dec. 1813, with their numbers before and as altered in 1814, 1832, and 1866, their names and places of meeting in 1878, their years of constitution, either by the Grand Lodge of England (modern) or by the Grand Lodge of England according to the old institutions (ancient); also a list of extinct Union Lodges, with their numbers, etc. The illustrations comprise lithographs in colours of most of the medals above referred to. Dedicated to the R.W. Bro. Sir Albert William Woods, Garter P.G.W., G.D.C. 4to, cloth, etc. 12/6

### Life of Constantine, The

Written in Greek, by EUSEBIUS PAMPHILUS (Bishop of Cæsarea, in Palestine). Done into English from that edition, set forth by MALESIUS, and printed in Paris in the year 1659. Preface by Bros. R. WENWORTH LITTLE, Treas. Gen., and the Rev. A. F. A. WOODFORD, P.G.C. With Engravings of Constantine the Great; Lord Rancliffe of Ireland, Grand Commander of the Orders of Constantine and Philippi; H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, K.G., Grand Sovereign from 1813 to 1843; the Earl of Bective, M.P., Grand Sovereign from 1866 to 1874; Sir Frederick Martin Williams, Bart., M.P., Grand Viceroy 1866 to 1874; Grand Sovereign 1874 and 1875; Colonel Francis Burdett, Grand Viceroy 1874 and 1875; Robert Wentworth Little, Grand Recorder 1865 to 1872, Grand Treasurer 1873-4-5; the Knights of Constantine and the Vision of the Cross, &c. 8vo, cloth. 5/-

### Speculative Freemasonry.

Notes on the Scientific and Religious Mysteries of Antiquity; the Gnosis and Secret Schools of the Middle Ages; Modern Rosicrucianism; and the various Rights and Degrees of Free and Accepted Masonry. By JOHN YARKER, P.M., President and Commander of all Orders and Degrees in Craft, Mark, Royal Arch, Templar, and other English Rites; P.S.G.W. Greece; G.M. of the A. and P. Rite, &c. Crown 8vo., cloth. 3/6.

## Kenning's Archæological Library.

Edited by Rev. A. F. A. WOODFORD, Past Grand Chaplain. Vol. I. contains Anderson's Constitutions of 1723, being the first complete reprint in England of that memorable book. It is admirably printed and illustrated, as it was first issued; and will be found a work of the greatest interest to all Masons, and especially to those who like still to pore over the ancient records of the Craft. The Wilson MS. Constitution, which forms the second Part of Vol. I., is also of much value to antiquarians and the Craft. It is first mentioned in the manifesto of the "Lodge of Antiquity" in 1778, and the story of its discovery by the editor has been told in the pages of the *Freemason*. It is hoped that this will lead to the discovery of other missing MSS., and that the future volumes of the Archæological Library will lead Masonic students to a clearer conception of the real history of Freemasonry and the true bearing of its very curious and ancient MSS. Handsomely printed in antique type, large 4to, cloth. 7/6

## History of the Lodge of Edinburgh,

Mary's Chapel (No. 1). Embracing an account of the rise and progress of Freemasonry in Scotland. By D. MURRAY LYON, Grand Secretary Grand Lodge of Scotland, P. Prov. S.G.W. of Ayrshire, etc. This history is based upon the oldest Lodge records extant, and other manuscripts of unquestionable authenticity. It treats of the ancient laws and usages of the Operative Fraternity, and traces the development of that association into one of Theoretical Masons. It has been got up at great expense, and contains twenty-six beautifully-executed facsimiles, embracing the Masonic Statutes of 1598, the History and Charges of Masonry used by the Scotch Lodges two hundred years ago, the St. Clair Charters of 1600 and 1682. Mason Marks, Seals, etc.; also Authentic Portraits and Autographs of eminent Craftsmen of the past and present time, etc. Imperial 8vo, cloth gilt. 31/6

## Antiquities of Freemasonry.

By Rev. GEORGE OLIVER, D.D. Comprising Illustrations of the Five Grand Periods of Masonry, from the Creation of the World to the Dedication of King Solomon's Temple. Fokling Plate and Four Maps. London, 1823. 8vo, boards. 12/-

## Encyclopædia of Freemasonry and

its Kindred Sciences, An. Comprising the whole range of Arts, Sciences, and Literature as connected with the Institution. By Bro. ALBERT G. MACKAY, M.D., author of "Lexicon of Freemasonry," "A Text Book of Masonic Jurisprudence," "Symbolism of Freemasonry," etc. 4to, cloth, with illustrations. 38/-

## Four Old Lodges, The.

The founders of modern Freemasonry, A.D. 1717, their history, statutes, and privileges, together with full histories (completed and connectedly arranged for the first time from the old records) of all regular lodges in England from A.D. 1717 to the Union in 1813, constituting an unique record of the progress of English Masonry, by presenting an outline of the history of every Lodge constituted by the Grand Lodge of England within that period. By ROBERT FREKE GOULD, P.M., Barrister-at-Law. The five closings-up and alterations of numbers which occurred in 1740, 1756, 1770, 1781, and 1792, are shown in separate lists, each of them indicating in a distinct column the number which was borne by each lodge on the previous list, thus affording a key to its continuous historical identification. Demy 4to, cloth. 10/-

## Israelites Found in the Anglo-

Saxons, The. The Ten Tribes supposed to be lost traced from the Land of their Captivity to their occupation of the Isles of the Sea. With an exhibition of those traits of Character and National Characteristics assigned to Israel in the Books of the Hebrew prophets. By Bro. WILLIAM CARPENTER, P.M., P.Z., author of "Scientia Biblica," "Scripture Natural History," "Guide to the reading of the Bible," "Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation," "A Popular Introduction to the Bible," "Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation," "A Popular Introduction to the Bible," "The Biblical Companion," "Critica Biblica," "Calendarium Palestinæ," "An Introduction to the Reading and Study of the English Bible," and editor of the fifth large edition of "Calnet's Dictionary of the Bible," and of the Abridgement of the same, etc. 208 pages, demy 12mo, handsomely bound. 2/6

## Masonic Trials.

A Treatise of the Law and Practice of Masonic Trials in the Lodge, Chapter, &c., with forms and precedents. Containing also the Constitutions and Edicts of the General Grand Bodies, the Ancient Landmarks, Ancient Constitutions, Charges, and Regulations, and an Appendix of General Forms. Colth. 7/6

GEO. KENNING, 198, FLEET-ST., LONDON.