



POETRY.

The Pillar of Beauty.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and rude of earth
With a vail of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer's hours.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home!
Let the pure, the fair, and the graceful there
In the loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about the earth its germs
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful
In the temple of our God—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled soil;
When He built a temple for Himself,
And a home for His priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll.
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and pure about His path
In Paradise shall bloom."

Washington as a Mason.

The recent grand Masonic demonstration in New York City on the occasion of dedicating the new Masonic Temple in that city finds additional interest in the contemporaneous publications in the New York Herald of two *fac simile* letters written by the immortal Washington to his Masonic brethren in New York. Washington was a devoted member of the Order, and the letters we print show how easily his obligations as a Mason blended and harmonized with his higher obligations as a patriot.

In January, 1782, certain members of the fraternity in New York forwarded to their illustrious fellow workman a number of Masonic ornaments, with an address expressive of their admiration for his character as a man and a Mason. It brought forth the following reply. Few of the writings of the Father of his country contain more in a small space that is characteristic of him as a patriot and a Mason than does this letter. He says:

"If my endeavors to avert the evil with which this country was threatened by a deliberate plan of tyranny should be crowned with the success that is wished, the praise is due to the Grand Architect of the Universe, who did not see fit to suffer his superb structures of justice to be subjected to the ambition of the princes of this world or to the rod of oppression in the hands of any person upon earth."

In 1796, fourteen years after the above words were written, and when his second term was drawing to a close, a committee was appointed to form an address

to be presented on the ensuing Feast of St. John, December 27, to the Great Master Workman, our illustrious Brother Washington, on the occasion of his intended retirement from public labors. The address was presented, and elicited the following reply:

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND BROTHERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA:—I have received your address with all the feelings of brotherly affection, mingled with those sentiments for the Society which it was calculated to excite.

"To have been in any degree an instrument in the hands of Providence to promote order and union, and erect upon a solid foundation the true principles of government is only to have shared with many others in a labor the result of which let us hope, will prove through all ages a sanctuary for brothers and a lodge for the virtues.

"Permit me to reciprocate your prayers for my temporal happiness, and to supplicate that we may all meet hereafter in that eternal Temple whose builder is the Great Architect of the Universe."

On the 14th of December, 1799, the "Great Master Workman" died.

In American estimation, the recent installation of the Prince of Wales as the head of the Order in Great Britain is a feeble testimony in comparison with the membership of Washington. The American people will be slow to believe that an Order of which Washington was a zealous member has any aims inconsistent with public or private virtue. There must be some merit in an institution which had attractions for a man of his solid understanding and moral worth. His name alone would render Masonry respectable; but a large proportion of the illustrious men whom American citizens delight to honor were Masons. Lafayette was a Mason; Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay were Masons.—We should make a long catalogue indeed if we were to insert all the names of illustrious patriots who belonged to this fraternity.

ADVICE FOR THE MARRIED.—Preserve sacredly the privacies of your house, your marriage state, and your heart. Let not father, mother, brother, sister, nor any third person, ever presume to come in between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you two alone. With Heaven's help build your own quiet world, not allowing the dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let alienation, if it occurs, be healed at once. Never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew or review the vow at all temptations—it will do you both good. And thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

Finding out the Secrets.

Mrs. Brown and her gossip, Mrs. White were conversing about husbands and the secrets of Freemasonry. Mr. Brown was a Freemason, and the fact of not being able to share the secrets of the order with him made Mrs. Brown very unhappy. She was pouring out her grief to Mrs. White, and saying for the thousandth time: "I wonder what they do in the lodge room."

"I have no doubt but it's dreadful," replied Mrs. White. "But if my husband was a Mason I'll bet I would find out what he did."

"But how? They dare not tell."

"Ah! but I'd make him tell."

"How? oh, how?" asked Mrs. Brown, anxiously.

"Hush! I'll tell you; but don't breathe it for the world, because it's a dead secret."

"No, no: I won't."

"Well, do you know that tickling a person's ear when they are asleep will make them talk?"

"No: will't though?"

"Yes. Now you wait until Brown comes home from the Lodge the next time and have a broom-straw in the bed with you. When he gets asleep, you tickle his ear with it gently and he will begin to talk about what he has been doing at the Lodge, and in this way you can get the whole business out of him."

Gracious me! You don't say so, Mrs. White?"

"To be sure I do. I always get my husband's secrets out of him in this way."

"I'll do it; I'll do it."

"And you'll tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Certainly. But you must never say anything about it."

"Oh, of course not. I'm very close-mouthed," replied Mrs. White, earnestly.

So it was agreed upon, and they separated. But unfortunately, Mr. White had overheard the conspiracy, and lost no time in informing Mr. Brown, who laughed heartily over it.

A few nights afterward Brown attended a meeting of his lodge, and his wife was all anxiety regarding it. On retiring, she armed herself with a spray from her broom and wakefully waited for her lord and master to return. At last she had almost broken down the vail of secrecy which had troubled her so long, and her heart beat wildly when she heard him open the front door and come in.

Of course she pretended to be asleep, and did not see the comical smile on her husband's face as he turned up the gas and began disrobing for bed. But he said nothing, and in a few moments he was comfortably tucked in and giving out premonitory indications of approaching sleep.

Then Mrs. Brown opened her eyes cautiously, and convinced herself that he had gone to that land from which sleepy husbands never return until some time the

next day. Cautiously she reached under her pillow, and took the broom-straw from its hiding-place. Then she reached over carefully and began to tickle her husband's ear, and he was all the while doing his best to keep from exploding with laughter.

Finally he began to talk a little, and her ears were keenly alive to every syllable.

"Yes, he must die," said he. "He betrayed our secrets to his wife, I've got to kill him—the lot fell on me."

Mrs. Brown screamed and leaped from the bed, while her husband, unable longer to control himself, gave vent to laughter, and disturbed the neighbors for the next ten minutes. But they never came to any understanding about the strange affair. She never asked him what he was laughing at, and he never inquired what it was which made her scream and leap out of bed so quickly.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. White don't speak now. She thinks Mrs. White played a joke on her, and she seems to have lost much of her anxiety regarding the secrets of Freemasonry.

What to Teach our Daughters.

Give them a good, substantial, common education. Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them how to make bread. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor. Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save. Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor house. Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like queens. Teach them that a rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives. Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them to foot up store bills. Teach them that God made them in his own image and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model. Teach them every day hard, practical common sense. Teach them self-reliance. Teach them that a good, steady mechanic without a cent, is worth a dozen oily pates in broad-cloth.

Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing, etc.—if you have the time and money to do it with. Teach them not to paint and powder. Teach them to say "No," and stick to it, "Yes," and stick to it. Teach them to regard the morals not the money of their beaux. Teach them to attend to the essential requisites of useful life, truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time to marry. Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends, in a great measure, the weal or woe of their after life.—*Rural New York.*

FAITH ends in sight, HOPE in fruition, but CHARITY extends beyond the grave, through the boundless realms of Eternity