



POETRY.

To the Secretary.

Make thou the record *duly*,—
 Our Mason-life is there:
 Make thou the record *truly*,
 With close and anxious care:
 The labors on the busy stage,—
 At every step,—from age to age!

Make thou the record *plainly*,—
 How oft does error lurk!
 Herein our children mainly
 Will read their father's work:
 Herein will trace with joy or gloom
 Our pathway to the closing tomb.

Make thou the record *kindly*,—
 Omit the cruel words;
 The Ma-on-spirit blindly
 A gentle shroud affords:
 Oh, let thy record grandly prove
Freemasonry's a thing of Love.

Make thou the record *swiftly*,—
 Time's scythe is sweeping fast;
 Our life dissolving deftly
 Will soon, ah, be soon past:
 Oh, may a generous eye o'erlook
 Our record in the Heavenly Book!

The Stolen Curl.

Upon the shores of Lake Ponchartrain and on the Southern border of the State of Mississippi, a long row of elegant villas, of ware-houses, and here and there a public building or private institution, form the lovely and quiet town of Pass Christian, noted by its balmy climate, the beauty of its situation, its handsome residences, and the wealth and refinement of its citizens.

To the young ladies' academies and military institutions of Pass Christian, many of the wealthy planters were wont to send their daughters and sons to be educated; and as the pupils of the representative institutions would meet in their daily promenades, many admiring glances would be exchanged between them, and longings felt to become acquainted.

Among the fair pupils of the Lake Academy none were more beautiful than Rose Vernor, the sole heiress to all her dotting father's cotton estates situated upon the mississippi river. A shower of golden curls fell upon her shoulders. Blue, dreamy eyes, a bright, smiling face, and a graceful form, added to a disposition of the truest womanly sweetness, made the young girl of fifteen particularly attractive to all who knew her.

Many a handsome cadet from the military academy had fallen in love with the bewitching beauty at the first glance from her heaven lit eyes, but to none did she show a preference when meeting at the soirees and receptions given by the different schools.

One of Rosa's greatest, though silent admirers, was Edward Griffith, the son of a Mississippi planter, whose estate lay adjoining that of Mr. Vernor, but between Mr. Vernor and Col. Griffith there existed great bitterness, and for years the families had not spoken, though meeting constantly in social intercourse at the neighboring planters.

The feud commenced long years before when Mr. Vernor and Col. Griffith were rivals for the hand of Edward's mother. Col. Griffith had won her heart and hand, and married her; and his success so enraged Mr. Vernor that he challenged his successful rival; a duel followed, and in this encounter Col. Griffith came off victorious, severely wounding his adversary.

Since that day neither had spoken to the other, and all interchange of friendly intercourse between even the negroes upon the plantations was forbidden.

Meeting once at Pass Christian though Rosa could not but see that Edward Griffith admired her, and that he felt that she was not indifferent to his gaze, both were governed by the remembrance of the feud existing between their parents and gave no sign of the recognition of the others feelings.

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Towards the close of a Summer's day, in the year that this story opens, the fair pupils of the Institute had gone down the long pier leading to the lake, to the bath-house of the institution. Soon a merry party of damsels were splashing about in the water, riding the breakers, and chasing each other about in glee.

It was a pretty sight, dressed as they were in their various colored bathing suits; and a handsome youth of twenty-one, clad in the stylish uniform of the Pass Christian Military Academy, paused and gazed upon the lovely scene.

Suddenly a shriek was heard, and a dark form was borne away by the tide, out of the reach of aid from her companions. With a speed of a deer the young cadet sped down the pier, reached the bath-house, and regardless of the cries of the frightened girls, bounded headlong into the water. Vigorously did he breast the waves, and soon overtook the fair girl, who was nobly struggling to sustain herself above the waters, for she was a fair swimmer.

Soon he came nearer; and seeing help was at hand her courage forsook her, and she sank beneath the waters, while shrieks of distress from the shore showed her that her companions believed her forever lost. With a deep dive the youth succeeded in catching hold of the drowning girl, and with renewed strength started shoreward.

Bravely did he struggle, and at last he felt that he would reach the shore, for when almost at the bath-house two of the professors of the institute, alarmed at the cries of distress, had run down to the scene, and swimming out a few yards, had relieved the tired youth of his precious burden.

Without a word the young man turned once more away, and to the surprise of all commenced to swim down the coast. In vain did they call for him from the shore; on he swam, and night coming rapidly on, he was no longer visible.

After continuing slowly, and with strong and steady stroke down the coast, the cadet swam towards a pier that pro-

jected some distance into the lake, and drew himself, greatly fatigued, from the water. Looking around him to see that he was not watched, he walked rapidly up the pier, and struck off across the fields for the Academy. Arriving, there, he sought his room, and reached it unperceived when he hastily changed his clothing.

Before descending to the study hall to join his fellow students, he drew from the pocket of the saturated jacket he had just thrown aside, a long, golden curl, dampened by the water.

'I could not resist the temptation to sever this beautiful curl from its golden mates; she will miss it, and yet she will never know who it was that saved her life.'

And carefully drying the tress of hair the cadet placed it securely away.

A great excitement was created at Pass Christian by the saving from a watery grave of the beautiful Rosa Vernor, and by the strange conduct of her noble preserver, whoever he might be; for it was impossible to discover his name, and all that could be ascertained was, that he was a cadet from the Military Academy.

This much the young girls had noticed as he sprang from the pier, and Rosa having become unconcious, could not describe his features.

The missing curl was commented upon, and the faces of all the pupils of the Lake Institute, and the citizens, who evinced a deep interest in the mysterious affair, but still an expression of innocence rested upon every student's face and gave no clue.

Mr. Vernor came to the Pass, and in vain did he visit the Academy and endeavor to find out the brave youth who had rescued his daughter from death; it was useless, and after a time it was thought over as only a thing of the past.

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Three years have passed since the incidents mentioned above, and from the shores of the sunny gulf the scene changes to the banks of the Mississippi river.

Riding slowly along the road are two persons, a lady and gentleman upon horseback. Earnestly they are conversing together, and then the maiden draws rein; and rests her gloved hand upon her companion's arm.

'Edward, here you must leave me, and forever. It is hard to give you up but my father will never forgive me and forget the past, not even for my sake, dearly as he loves me. I cannot again meet you. This morning he discovered our secret interviews, and forbade me ever to see you and upon your return home you will find a bitter letter from him demanding my letters. You know how dearly I love you, and yet you know we must part. Good-bye, Edward, and that Heaven may protect you will ever be my prayer.'

And bright diamond tears rolled down the beautiful face of Rosa Vernor, and fell upon the roadside.

'I will not urge you to disobey your father, Rosa. I have ever loved you since a little girl I used to see you dashing about on your little pony.—When at the Pass, at school, I loved you more dearly; and how I blessed kind fate that threw us together, untrammelled by the presence of our parents, when you came up the river a year ago on board the steamer. Then I felt that you controlled my life's happiness, and dearly have I enjoyed our stolen interviews. Now all is over, and we must part, I will do as your father asks me in his letter—return all you have sent me. Rosa, my own darling, good-bye!'

Thus the lovers parted; and while Rosa returned to her father's plantation a mile down the river, Edward Griffith leaped his horse into a cotton field that bordered the river bank, and darted away in the direction of his own home; for death had lain his father in his grave and he was master and owner of the large estate.

Arriving at his door a negro messenger from the Vernor plantation awaited his arrival, and presented him with a letter. Entering his library he broke the seal, and his brow darkened as he read the contents.

'For her sake I will return her letters—every little memento of her love: yes, all!'

A few minutes after, the ebony Messenger rode away bearing in his hands a small package addressed to William Vernor Esq., Sunny Side Plantation.

Mr. Vernor was pacing the verandah that encircled his handsome residence. A stern haughty man, his brow was darkly clouded and his eyes wore an angry expression as ever and anon he glanced down the avenue, as if in expectancy.

'Ha! at last! I hope he has not dared to refuse my demand; if so—'

And he grasped the package held out to him by the negro boy

Breaking the seal he glanced over the contents. The frown darkened, when his face suddenly paled. The letters and love trinkets fell to the floor, as he exclaimed, 'what does this mean?'

In his hand he held a silken curl flashing like golden strands in the light of the setting sun.

Upon the card attached he read:—
 "Rescued from the waves, Pass Christian June 15, 1850."

One moment he glanced at the card, his face changing with the emotions that swept over him, and then he called out to the retreating messenger, "Robert, come here!"

The negro again advanced.

"Mount your horse, and return at once, and quickly, to Griffith Manor. Present my best wishes to Mr. Griffith, and say that I request the pleasure of seeing him immediately at Sunny Side Plantation."

"Yes, sir"

And while the messenger started away at full speed, Mr. Vernor continued his walk up and down the verandah.

An hour had not passed when Edward Griffith rode up to the door, dismounted, and ascended the broad steps, wearing upon his face a puzzled expression at his strange and unexpected summons to Sunny Side.

Advancing towards him, Mr. Vernor extended his hand, while he said, in a firm voice: "Edward Griffith, I never believed that you, of one of your race, would ever be invited to cross my threshold. Your package sent me this evening told me who it was that saved my daughter's life three years ago; hence I bury the hatchet and offer my hand. You are a noble young man, and I believe will accept it."

Thus the feud was settled, all animosities buried, and the two families united by the strongest ties; for Edward and Rosa married soon after, and all this happiness came about through the romance of the stolen curl.