



POETRY.
THOUGHTS.

Suggested by Ylness's Masonic Installation in Greenville.

By MRS. C. KEESE S.

When, ages back, the Temple rose
Majestic near the rising sun,
The sacred scroll was then unrolled,
The glorious brotherhood begun.

And proudly down the tide of years,
Amid the rocks that frowning lay,
The vessel with Masonic flag
Has kept its safe and steady way.

The crew are pledged to noble deeds,
To battle bravely for the Right;
To hold truth's standard ever up,
To scatter darkness by the light—

To help a fallen brother rise,
To feed the poor assist the weak,
To dry, with tender, pitying hand,
The tear upon the widow's cheek.

Base slayer, serpent like and foul,
Shall die beneath Masonic heel;
The sword shall from the scabbard leap
When woman's honor makes appeal!

When raging Hate, on battle field
Strives every better pulse to smother,
The sinking foe, with feeble strength,
Gives mystic touch that makes him brother

On land or sea, in every clime,
Where'er the tongue of man is spoken,
Is found the pure and spotless square,
The Masons' ever honored token.

Their creed holds all that's good and true,
No Christian teaching can be surer;
The prayer we list at mother's knee
In spirit is not better, purer.

Curse! be the man who falsely takes
The sacred oath, for selfish gain,
Who stains his armor—call it knight!
And brings reproach upon the name.

But blessed shall the brother be
Who purely wears the signet given,
Till God the Great High Priest, shall call
The sacred Lodge above in Heaven.

Greenville (Ala.) Advocate.

Marrying a Mason.

By WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

"Had I known you were a Freemason,
I should never have married you."

On a snug and well cultivated farm,
but not of large extent, in one of the
western counties of Western New York,
had been erected a cosy and convenient
little cottage, yet large enough to answer
the present needs of the family which was
to occupy it. A much traveled road passed
it a few rods in front, leaving abundant
room for the display of horticultural
taste, which opportunity had been
freely improved. The center was a mass
of bloom, graveled walks conducted to
unexpected and half-concealed beauties
while a thick forest of the common ever-
greens, spruce, cedar and pine formed a
protecting wall against the freezing blasts
of winter, and a screen from the piercing
heats of summer.

Around, and in rear of the residence,
were the usual appliances of a thrifty
farm, and the neighborhood gave evident
and abundant proof that industry, fru-
gality and taste had regenerated the ster-
ile soil, and that the owners were the
masters and not the slave of labor. To
the eastward, through the thick foliage
of the evergreens, could be seen the white
spire of the one church where nearly ev-
ery family in the neighborhood assem-
bled on the Sabbath to worship God, and on
an opposite corner of the street, had been
reared the necessary adjunct of a well
governed community—a school house of
such dimensions and used under such
regulations as precluded the necessity of
any child growing up in ignorance and
consequent vice. All the surroundings
seemed fitted for engendering pure and
salutary influence over those who came
within its reach.

The school building, which was two
stories, and of a more pretentious charac-
ter than most edifices used for that pur-
pose in the country at the period of which
we write, had a portion of the space be-
neath its roof, devoted to other matters
than

"Teaching the young idea how to shoot."
It was occupied to teach the maturer gen-
eration the way of duty—in fact it was
a Masonic Lodge Room. There could
have been but little of the anti-Masonic
element in the community, else a build-
ing erected by a general tax, would hard-
ly have been rented for a purpose, which
in that case, must have been obnoxious
to a portion of the proprietors. And
this little community prospered and were
happy, and no element of discord was
mixed with the public disposition.

It was into this Arcadian paradise that
William Walton brought his newly wed-
ded bride. She was a daughter of the
Puritans, and self-reliant; a little opin-
ionated, and had been taught that Free-
masonry was the source of great evil in
the community, and that Freemasons
were not very inactive emissaries and
worshippers of his "Brimstone Majesty."
It may be as well to say that Walton, pre-
vious to his migration from Vermont, had
largely shared in that opinion; but a few
years residence in New York where the
Fraternity was tolerated, and an acquaint-
ance with many of the active members,
convinced him there was much good in
the Institution, and, just before he set out
on his journey to bring to the home he
had prepared, his wife, he received the
degree of Master Mason.

It was only a few days after the hap-
py pair had become settled in their beau-
tiful and love-lighted home, that one of
the Brethren called, and during the con-
versation that ensued, casually asked
Walton if he would attend the Lodge on
the next regular communication. His
reply was in the affirmative, when the
wife, who was present, arose, and dem-
anded, in a voice hoarse with excite-
ment:

"William Walton are you a Freema-
son?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Had I known you were a Freemason,
I should never have married you," she
fairly screamed, her face livid with anger,
and before an answer could be given, she
left the room, and retired to her own
apartment. Of course the Brother apolo-
gized on the score of ignorance that his
question would introduce an unsettled
controversy and left the husband to
smooth the anxieties of the "ragged edge
of connubial difficulty," as best he could.

But that task was not so easily per-
formed. The lady uniformly refused to
listen to what the culprit had to offer in
his own justification, and whenever he
undertook that task, either left him alone,
or replied so bitterly that it required all
his self-command to prevent him from re-
torting in a similar strain. Thus passed
the years. Children were born unto them.
acres were added to acres, barns were
piled down that greater ones might be
built, a new and more pretentious
house was erected in the evergreen grove;
all the evidences of prosperity were
about them, and still the controversy on
the Masonic question was unsettled, and
the stereotyped phrase which stands at
the head of this article was often yet re-
peated.

The family had commanded the re-
spect and esteem of their neighbors; its
head had been chosen by his fellow citi-
zens to fill high and honorable places in
the public service; he had achieved a
reputation for honesty and capability
which is possessed by few in this age and
country; he was a good husband, a kind
father, a trusty public officer, and an hon-
ored man; and still if his wife had
known he was a Mason, she would never
have married him.

A man with an honest principle and
purpose, is likely to give too much cred-
it to others for honesty, and this frequent-
ly leads him to place his confidence and
trust where they will be abused and be-
trayed. Walton had extensive dealings
in real estate, "endorsed for a friend"
occasionally, but managed to keep things
square and easy during his lifetime, tho'
his property was sometimes considerably
encumbered with mortgages.

It so happened that business took him
to New York City. There was a colli-
sion of trains—several were killed, some
were desperately wounded, among whom
was Walton, and others escaped unhurt.
Fraternal hands ministered to his wants,
and heeding his request to be taken home
to his family, accompanied him, and as
far as human skill could compass that end
relieved him from his sufferings. But it
was written that he should die, and soon
the Lodge, of which he was a member,
was called to pay the last tribute of re-
spect which the living can perform for
the dead. As it was the expressed wish
of the deceased that he should be buried
by the Fraternity with all the impressive
forms and rites of the Order, the widow
could scarcely object, however much she
felt like doing so, and the burial was per-

formed under the sole auspices of the
Lodge.

On examination of the affairs of the
estate, they were found to be in a far
worse condition than any one had antici-
pated. The executor was compelled to
sell all the real estate except the home-
stead, and the proceeds of these sales
barely were sufficient to pay the legal
demands against the estate, including
several endorsements amounting to about
twenty thousand dollars; leaving the
homestead, with a mortgage of two thou-
sand, for the family. The widow with her
family, seemed likely to be turned out
upon the cold charity of the world.

The Lodge, however, without consult-
ing her had determined otherwise. That
portion of the homestead which was sit-
uated between the house and the river
was laid out in town lots, some of the
more wealthy of the members purchased
a number of them, and through their in-
fluence "Walton's addition" became
popular as a place for residences. Real
estate in that quarter increased rapidly
in value, and in an incredibly short time
the mortgages were paid off, and a sum
realized in addition sufficiently large to
secure a respectable livelihood to the be-
reaved family.

When the final settlement was accom-
plished, the executor, who was also Mas-
ter of the Lodge, as the safest securities
with which he was acquainted, invested
the surplus in United States Bonds. It
was a pleasant day for the Lodge, as well
as for the family, when those bonds, rep-
resenting a sum, the interest of which
placed the widow and her children in
comfortable and independent circum-
stances were reported as the result of the
effort to save the homestead, and it would
be difficult to say which was most pleased
with the successful administration of the
estate, but from that day the widow for-
got to repeat the old refrain, that had
she known her husband was a Mason she
never would have married him. But it
was soon known to the Craft, she had said
privately to some of her intimate friends,
that no daughter of hers should marry
a man not a member of the Lodge, with
her consent, and that her sons should all
be Masons if they were found worthy.

We leave the reader to decide when
she acted most wisely—when she was
sorry she had married a Mason, or when
she was desirous that all her children
should participate in the benefits of the
Institution? and would only say, there
are many Mrs. Waltons in the world.—
Voice of Masonry.

Brown, the mind-reader has given the
Chicago people a terrible fright in declar-
ing that most women are gifted, without
knowing it, with the same mysterious fac-
ulty he possesses. The Chicago Bene-
dicts are packing their trunks so that
they may be ready to leave the moment
their wives discover they are mind-read-
ers.