



The Unconscious Orphan.

Mother, I have found a tear
In your eye! How came it there?
More are coming—now they chase
One another down your face.
How I feel your bosom heave!
What does make you sob and grieve?
Let me wipe your tears away,
Or I cannot go and play.

Why is father sleeping so?
Put me down and let me go—
Let me go where I can stand,
Near enough to reach his hand.
Why, it feels as stiff and cold
As a piece of ice to hold!
Lift me up to kiss his cheek,
Then, perhaps, he'll wake and speak.

Mother, O, it isn't he,
For he will not look at me!
Father hadn't cheeks so white—
See, the lips are fastened tight!
Father always spoke and smiled,
Calling me his "darling child;"
He would give and ask a kiss
When I came—but who is this?

If 'tis father, has he done
Speaking to his darling one?
Will he never, never more
Know and love me as before!
Could he hear what we have said?
Tell me, what is being dead?
O, he doesn't breathe a breath!
Mother! what's the cause of death?

An Argument That Laughs in Your Face.

"To say nothing of the sin of Masonry, its childishness is excruciating." So said the Pittsburg United Presbyterian of last week. Let us see what reasons there are to support this opinion.

A Brother is in distress. Misfortune has clouded his path; the dull times have touched him in basket and store; disease has laid its heavy hand upon him; even death has entered his circle and snatched a loved one from his family. In this time of sore trial and trouble he is not left comfortless. His Brethren not only sympathize with him, but they aid him. There is a Mystic Tie that encircles all who have knelt at the altars of Masonry, whereby they are knit together into one family of Brethren, who not only rejoice with each other in times of rejoicing, but also mourn with each other when in adversity. No cloud without a silver lining can overshadow a Mason. No blow can fall so heavily upon him that its force will not be broken by the interposition of a friendly arm. He is comforted, relieved, uplifted. He is never friendless, because he is a Mason. This is one of the "sins of Masonry." It is the friend of those who might otherwise be friendless.

By a dispensation of Providence a Brother is suddenly taken from his family—death strikes down the head of the house. The death of a child brings sorrow into a household; the death of a wife is a greater affliction; but the death of a husband and father is a staggering, almost deadly blow, to all that are left be-

hind. His place and office are peculiar. He is the adviser, the care taker, the bosom friend of all. No one who is left can fill his place. But there is another relation in which he stands to them, the breach of which is apt to leave them most helpless of all. He was the support of the family. By strenuous industry he supplied them with all of the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life; but now those gifts, which came so regularly, and apparently so naturally, come no longer. The mill has ceased to grind, and the feed is not forthcoming. Oh, the terrible pangs of want, both mental and physical! Oh, the anguish of making your wants known to the careless world. But there is a Brotherhood that cares for the widow and the orphan of every departed Brother. And it does not dole out its gifts by measure, doing so much and no more—its gifts, like its sympathies, are measureless. The widow is relieved, the orphans are rescued from want—both because the husband and father was bound to the Craft by fraternal ties. This is another of the "sins of Masonry."

The last sad rite of earth—burial, is to be performed, and the remains of a Brother are to be committed to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. We have all attended Masonic funerals. Generally the Church performs its rites first, and Masonry afterwards; sometimes a clergyman goes to the house of death but demurs to going farther; but Masons always, when requested, bury their dead. We have stood by an open grave, yes, and uttered the last fond fraternal words which a Brother so lovingly pronounces over the remains of a member of the Craft, when not a word has been previously, or was to be subsequently, spoken by another. The Church was not fulfilling its office, and if Masonry had not been true to the call of humanity and brotherhood, the body of him who was once a living man would have been buried like a dog—no word spoken or prayer uttered, but only the dead inhumanly thrust out of sight. When the Fraternity steps in and modestly performs its funeral office, the Brethren appearing without any insignia or distinction excepting a simple blue ribbon on the lapel of their coats and a sprig of evergreen in their hands, this is still another of the "sins of Masonry."

We might enumerate other sins, but it is unnecessary, for they will readily suggest themselves to the reader's mind. Let us turn now to those aspects of the Brotherhood that are "excruciatingly childish."

A Brother, weary with the toil of business, and perhaps the misfortunes of adversity, which he has to endure alone, or perhaps has a wife and children to share with him—one or two, or it may be three nights in a month, goes to Lodge, Chapter and Commandery. During this small fraction of his time, thus devoted to the Craft, he finds himself in the fellowship of Brothers and Companions—those who

have assumed the same vows of fraternal regard to him that he has to them. He is at once in a charmed circle. No one who has not been in that circle can understand its magic. There is full and free expression of opinion there—not the jarring opinions of the world, but the fraternal opinions of Brethren. There is sympathy, harmony, love. As the ancients said, "the gods draw like to like, by some mysterious affinity of souls." What a picture is this. Its "childishness is excruciating."

A Masonic Temple is to be dedicated to Truth, Virtue and Benevolence, and the Brethren assemble to perform the solemn ceremonies, with happiness expressed in their countenances and indelibly stamped on their hearts. Within its walls the one true and living God, of Jew and Gentile, is to be invoked, and the Holy Bible is always to be open upon its altars, as the rule of our faith and the guide of our lives. For men to meet and indulge in any ceremonies for such a cause is "excruciatingly childish." Yes, faith is childish, for the Great Light says, "whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." But why further multiply examples? Is it not equally childish to participate in a Masonic funeral, or to listen, with the teachable spirit of children, to a Masonic lecture upon the foundation principles of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth that underlie the Craft? But the argument, so to speak, "turns around and laughs in our faces," and we laugh too, at the puerility of those who would have us believe that "to say nothing of the Sin of Masonry, its childishness is excruciating."—*Phila. Keystone.*

Decisions

Of the Grand Master of Michigan on some leading questions which at times seriously afflict almost every Masonic jurisdiction. We give the full text that he may be the more intelligently understood by our readers:

Question—Does the loss of sight in one eye, the other being sound, disqualify a person from receiving degrees in Masonry?

Answer—I think the weight of authority upon this point is, that such a defect does not amount to a physical disqualification. I shall, therefore, hold that the loss of one eye, the other being sound, does not render the petitioner physically disqualified.

Question—A brother indulges, in a public place, and before the profane, in insulting and contemptuous criticism of the official conduct of the officers of his Lodge. Is he liable to Masonic discipline?

Answer—Yes. Insulting and contemptuous language, used by a Brother in public and before the profane, in regard to the official conduct of the officers of his Lodge whereby his Lodge, as well as the institution of Masonry, is brought

into contempt before the world, constitutes a Masonic offense, and should subject the offender to severe discipline.

Question—A Lodge voted to give a certain sum of money to a charitable organization, not connected with Masonry, to dispose of it in its discretion. Had the Lodge the right to do so?

Answer—The question asked touches the right of a Lodge to donate its funds to general charities. It involves many considerations, and the answer can only be properly understood by noting the difference between the rights and duties of a Lodge in this particular, and the rights and duties of the individual Mason. The individual Mason is taught to be charitable towards all mankind, and to give in charity to such an extent as his ability will permit; and for such objects as shall commend themselves to his judgement as worthy. A Lodge, however is circumstanced so differently that it cannot act upon this principle to the same extent as the individual Brother. It is an organization composed of a number of members and organized for a specific purpose. Its membership is made up of Brethren holding different views in regard to who is most needy among the destitute, and what particular charity is most commendable. This being so, its financial sustenance is necessarily limited to a narrow compass. The funds held by it are set apart as sacred to certain purposes, and its charities must from the very nature of the case, be confined to such particular objects as the great body of organized Masons agree upon. By common usage the charities of a Lodge, as such, are limited to the relief of worthy, distressed Brothers, their widows and orphans. Beyond this it should not go, but should leave all other general charities to the humane consideration of the individual Mason. A disposition of the funds of a Lodge in aid of general charities other than those above mentioned, would, in my opinion, not only lead to much discord among the Brethren, but would also divert them from the purposes for which they are solemnly pledged. It is therefore held that a Lodge, as such, should confine its charitable bequests to the relief of worthy distressed Brothers, their widows and orphans.

PERSISTENCE OF PERFUMES.—The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all, of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Many years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of the Malmaison has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint have been sufficient to remove the smell of the good Empress' musk which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.