



The Forgotten Grave.

Out from the city's giant roar,
 You wandered through the open door;
 Paused at a little pack and spade
 Across a tiny hillock laid;
 Then noted on your dexter side
 Some moneyed magnate's "love or pride;"
 And so, beyond a hawthorn-tree,
 Showering its raid of rosy bloom
 Alike on lowly and lofty tomb,
 You came upon it—suddenly

How strange the very grasses' growth
 Around it seemed forlorn and loath;
 The very ivy seemed to turn
 Askance that wreathed the neighbor urn.
 Sunk was the slab: the head declined;
 And left the rails a wreck behind.
 No name; you traced a "6" a "7,"
 Part of "affliction" and of "Heaven;"
 And then—O irony austere!—
 You read in letters sharp and clear.
 "Though lost to sight, to memory dear."
 AUSTIN DOBSON.

Practical Masonry.

In glancing over the pages of our Masonic exchanges and in wading through the lengthy, and learned, addresses annually delivered to their flocks by our out-going Grand Masters at annual communications throughout the States, we are struck forcibly by the apparent unanimity with which practical subjects are avoided, and attention almost wholly turned towards Utopian flights into the impossible, and the impracticable. In stead of teaching men and Masons how they should apply their knowledge of Freemasonry to the every day experiences of their existence, and utilizing their superior wisdom by imparting practical knowledge to them—subordinate to them, our "wise men," for such we must call them, fall into a beaten track, and with one accord indulge in orations replete with beautiful sentiments, and with an eloquence which would put to shame the veriest Grecian orator, but of no possible utility to those seeking after a method by which to apply their Masonry to their lives. We may be termed "fault finders" in thus pointing out the fallacies of that which has become a time-honored custom in the fraternity, and if in our desire to render Masonry practical, we may encroach too much on the broad domain of "Masonic Oration," we shall be quick to offer apology for the offense. In our mind, however, Masonry is practical, or it is nothing; it is a blessing to mankind because of its adaptability to the wants of his nature, or it is a useless ceremony which takes both his time and his attention, giving no adequate returns for the demands which it makes upon both. Now, to our thinking, Masonry was designed as a blessing to its professors, and as a means of lightening the load which we have to bear in this life; how

shall we avail ourselves of this blessing, in order to make our Masonry practical, is a subject which should command the attention of those chosen for great offices on account of their superior wisdom. How much better it would be, then, for our orators, those who can speak when they are so inclined, to confine themselves to practical subjects, avoiding the high flown style so generally adopted, and taking especial pains to impress upon their auditors the importance of leading Masonic lives.

The want of this age is a proper interpretation of the duties which are incumbent upon those taking the obligations of the craft; a proper appreciation of the weight and force of those obligations, and a clear perception of the aim and end of the institution. These subjects are to be understood only by study and close application upon the part of the newly made brothers, and where books or documents fail to clearly present the subject, it becomes the manifest duty of lecturer and Grand Officer to interpret for the seeker after knowledge. The elevation of a brother to a high office imposes upon him solemn and important duties; he assumes something more than honor—responsibility and accountability, for the faithful discharge of his obligations, one of which is that of *teacher*, both by example and precept, to those who wait, in a measure, upon his ministry. The conferring of a title upon a member of our institution clothes him with authority, commands for him respect and obedience, but it also brings with it a solemn responsibility; while enjoying the honors of the craft, he becomes a teacher, interprets dogmas, declares that which they are to believe or reject, and it is through him that a clear perception of masonic duty should be had.

We suggest, therefore, that "how to make Masonry practical?" is a question which demands the attention of our Masonic scholars, orators, and Grand Officers. We do not excuse journalists from the proper appreciation of this duty; they are also teachers, and should be careful, at all times, to faithfully fulfil the obligations of their peculiar vocations. It is our endeavor to faithfully present the wants of the fraternity, and to explain so far as we are able the methods by which Masonry may be rendered practical, to the great body of Freemasons. As we intimated before, Freemasonry was intended to be a benefit to its disciples, and we call upon those whose office it is to instruct and guide the craft, to dwell more upon those subjects which are to lead to that most desirable end.

We desire that the tenets and precepts of the institution may be applied to our daily walks, that by the benign influences of Masonry the journey through

life may be rendered a pleasant one, and that we, dying, leave behind us the unspeakable gift of an irreproachable and blameless record.—*N. Y. Square.*

[It is with great pleasure we transfer the above to our columns, as it so clearly sets forth the views of the JOURNAL on this subject. We have labored to be practical rather than to be theoretical or sentimental, and have left the flowers and vagaries to those so inclined.

Let us all endeavor to bring our Masonry practically into our every day life.—Ed.]

The Poetry of the Locomotive.

Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand at a little Massachusetts village where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said: "The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P. leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night; that is the last train I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance a long, long way into the country. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother.

"No, madam, I have the timetable, and the rules say I must run by it."

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said: "Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord may in some way delay the train at the junction?"

"Why, yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried: "All aboard." The poor woman hurried back to the deformed and sick child, and away went the train climbing the grade.

"Somehow," said the engineer, "every thing worked like a charm. As I prayed I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little. We hardly stopped at the first station, people got on and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in the air in a half minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot thro' the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the station six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train, and the conductor said: "Well, will you tell me what I am waiting for? Somehow I felt I must await your coming to night, but I don't know why." "I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this poor woman with her sick and deformed child, dreadful anxious to get home this Saturday night." But the man on the engine and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited.

CLIPPINGS.

- There are 9278 inns in Vienna.
- The newest collars are called bibs.
- New fringes are elaborate and wide.
- Tramps are said to admire yellow pantalons.
- The chandelier for the Boston theatre cost \$5000.
- A wise man makes more opportunities than he finds.
- The King of Dahomy has his coat of button up the back.
- Six thousand persons in Atlanta, Ga., want work and cannot find it.
- "James Centennial Jones" has just been christened at Ithaca, New York.
- Inspectors in beer in Bavaria pour the inferior article into the gutter.
- Geo. William Curtis gets \$18,000 a year for editing *Harper's Weekly*.
- It costs \$10,000 a year to sweeten the coffee of the Indians at the agencies.
- Four million barrels of flour are required to feed the people of New York on for one year.
- The Paris *Figaro* advises its readers to distrust "fair-complexioned women with wide mouths."
- Rossi is not coming to this country this September, having postponed his visit for another year.
- There grow wild in the Black Hills raspberries, gooseberries, plums and hazelnuts. Also Indians
- Six hundred Servian convicts were pardoned by Prince Milan on the day an heir to his throne was born
- Two western New York girls, during the absence of their families, saved off the tops of their bedposts for croquet balls.
- "He who laughs can commit no deadly sin," said the wise and sweet-hearted woman who was the mother of Goethe.
- At a place in Nevada called Hamlet's Chain, a human skull has been found containing a swallow's nest. Alas! poor Yorick.
- Philosophy is but dry bread; men will not live upon it, however wholesome; they require the succulent food and exciting cup of religion.
- A philosopher in Paris has learned that people that have extraordinarily long first joints on their thumbs are born with homicidal instincts.
- Now is the time for husking bees. The bee should be firmly seized by the responsive end—well, you can depend upon the bee for further instructions.
- "There is nothing in this world so truly gratifying," said Mrs. Potter, "as the strict performance of ones duty," and she savagely threw Potter's night key into the cistern.
- The pleasures of youth wither and perish like summer flowers; but it is different with a cast-iron stove, which turns up both its sharp edges toward your shin every fall.
- When a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dog gets off easier being simply killed.
- At a Paris dinner party recently a hair comb was discovered in the soup. The butler merely expressed his surprise that the cook should be so negligent as to lose such a handsomely carved shell in that manner.
- Andrew Simmons, aged 17, of Martin, Mich., tried to drive a squirrel from under a log with the butt of his gun. The gun, of course, was discharged, the contents lodging in the abdomen of the youth. He will not recover.
- A girl in Cincinnati recently over-loaded her stomach with heavy wedding cake, and retired early, in order that she might dream of her future husband. She dreamed that a man with a mouth curling under each ear one white eye, a wig, and an income of two dollars and eighty cents a year came and sat on her footboard, and she's in the worst kind of a cave of gloom in consequence.

J. M. B...