



From the Louisville, (Ky.,) Masonic Journal.
The Masonic Prayer.

"God bless the mystic brotherhood!"
A dying Mason cries,
"I will give my orphans clothes and food,
And dry their weeping eyes.

A passing angel caught the word,
As from the lips it fell;
Then soaring like an uncaged bird,
He reached the upper realm.

The seraphim around him pressed
Asking, sought to know,
What word he brought among the blessed,
From mankind down below.

The angel then spoke out the prayer
To the shining host so free
One shout from all the crowd was there,
"God grant! So mote it be."

The echo of this prayer rang clear,
Throughout broad Heaven's dome;
A whisper came, "To God is dear
The Mason and his Home."

In the German Empire, there are at present in existence 8 Grand Lodges, with 325 Subordinate Lodges and 5 independent Lodges.

Their classifications are as follows: In Berlin the Grand Lodge of the three globes, 111 Subordinate Lodges, Grand Lodge with 82 Lodges; Royal York with 49 Lodges; Grand Lodge of Hamburg with 23 Lodges; Grand Lodge of the Sun at Beyreuth with 22 Lodges; Grand Lodge of Saxony with 18 Lodges; Eclectic Circle with 12 Lodges; Grand Lodge of the Union at Darmstadt with 9 Lodges and 5 Independent lodges, altogether 331 Lodges.

The kingdom of Prussia contains 220 Lodges, or two-thirds of all German Lodges, of which three globes has 103; Grand L. L., 63; Royal York, 46; Hamburg, 1; Eclectic Circle, 6, and Union, 1.

Of Lodges working under Berlin Grand Lodges there are six Lodges in Frankfort on-the-Main and one in either Hanau or Wiesbaden.

German Lodges are in activity in 269 cities, and one in a village, of which Berlin has 17; Hamburg, 13, Frankfort-on-the-Main, 6 Lodges sixteen cities each 2 Lodges, and the balance of cities each one Lodge.

Germany has in a population of 41,100,000, 331 Lodges, or one Lodge to 124,242 inhabitants.

France has in a population of 36,100,000, 248 Lodges, or one Lodge to 141,536 inhabitants.

The word *Freemason* is found in a statute of Edward VI. of the year 1548. In the year 1506, John Hylmer and William Vertue, *Freemasons*, were engaged to "vault or doo to be vaulted with freestone, the roof of the quere of the College Roiall of our Lady and St. George, within the castell of Wynsore, according to the roof of the body of the said college." This appears in an indenture dated June 5, 21st year of the reign of Henry VIII. So saith the *Philadelphia Keystone*.

The surplus funds of the Illinois Benevolent Society amounts to \$53,412.26.

Dogs in the Lodge.

It was at Billows Lodge, at Billows, P. O. and Bro. P. Billows was W. M.

Now everybody that knows Bro. Billows can put his hand on a man who always has dogs around him. In the darkest night you can tell when Billows is coming by meeting his advance guard of dogs.

Amongst his canine friends, Billows had a venerable "purp" named Jack, a dog that rumor actually averred *actually slept* with him, so close was the tie that connected canine and human. Jack and Billows went to church together. Seated near the pulpit, Jack seemed at least the better listener of the two, for while Billows went to sleep under Rev. Jinnerson's discourses, Jack always kept wide awake and his eyes on the preacher. At the Lodge, Jack always took his station near the Senior Deacon's place. And an ineffable nuisance he was. The Lodge got fearfully tired of him but nobody would be the first to speak of it. He was constantly jumping up and barking outside. Whenever the Senior Deacon "welcomed and accomodated" a visiting brother, Jack had to go and make a life-long acquaintance with the stranger through the sense of smelling, sometimes to the stranger's ineffable disgust. And when at the raising of Rev. Bro. Jinnerson, Jack, "cast his black ball" so to speak, by mounting the aforesaid ecclesiastic's prostrate body and tearing his flesh and so alarming him that the good man uttered an expression that from anybody but a preacher would have been deemed profane; I say that when Jack thus violated the harmony and decorum of the Masonic Lodge it was thought to be high time to exclude the dog from the the Lodge.

The reformation was brought about, if I have the story correct, in the following way. Jo Higsdon, an old and rough brother who disliked dogs ever since he lost fifty sheep on one night by dogs, formed a conspiracy, and eleven others united with him. At the next regular meeting of Billows Lodge, after the Lodge had been opened, in came Jo followed by his dog. A cur he was of portentous magnitude and evil disposition. Seeing Jack near the northeast it was strictly in accordance with the evil disposition of Jo's dog to fly at Billows' dog without a word of warning, and then and there to test the thickness of his (Jack's) hide. Over went the symbolic lesser lights. Over went the altar with the symbolic greater lights all in a muddle. The Junior Warden, an irascible frater, threw his gavel at the combatants, but only hit the Senior Deacon who was stooping over the dogs endeavoring to separate them. At this hard feelings were engendered. It was some time before the "unpleasantness" between the two dogs subsided and then only by the use of the hot poker. Jack, badly chewed up, took refuge under the W. M.'s chair, while the other dog was kicked under a bench by Jo Higsdon. Scarcely was the "reading of the minutes" resumed when three brethren came in together, each with his dog. At this sight, Jack simply barked and lay still. Evidently he had enough. But Jo Higsdon's dog (which his name I forgot was Bose) being merely warmed by his late encounter pitched right in and tackled the new comers before they could possibly understand his intentions. Over again went the two sets of lights, over this time went the stove. It required a joint effort of officers and members of Billows

Lodge to keep the peace.

Need this painful tale be prolonged? Nine more Master Masons were yet to come in, each having his faithful dog "to bear him company." Never again was the reading of those minutes resumed at that communication. Four dogs having run five dogs under the Secretary's table it was but a pleasing pastime for the nine to throw the table over, spill the ink, derange the papers and play smash generally among the archives. Finally every Mason caught up a dog, windows were opened and the whole thirteen, including Jack, went earthward to resume their argument on *terra firma*. Then after a little excited discussion in the Lodge it was moved and seconded that "the Tyler hereafter be forbidden to admit *cowans* whether two legged or four legged into the Lodge room." Unanimously adopted and recorded!—*Louisville Masonic Journal*.

Stick to a Legitimate Business.

Well directed energy and enterprise are the life of American progress; but if there is one lesson taught more plainly than others by the great failures of late, it is that safety lies in sticking to a legitimate business. No manufacturer, trader, or banker—has any moral right to be so energetic and enterprising as to take from his legitimate business the capital which it requires to meet an emergency.

Apologies are sometimes made, for firms who have failed, by recurring to the important experiments they have aided, and the unnumbered fields of enterprise where they have freely scattered their money. We are told that individual losses sustained by those failures will be as nothing compared with the benefits conferred on the community by their liberality, in contributing to every public work. There is little force in such reasoning. A man's relations to a creditor are vastly different from his relations to what is called the public. The demands of the one are definite the claims of the other are just what the man may make them.

The histories of honorably successful businessmen unite to exalt the importance of sticking to a legitimate business; and it is most instructive to see that, in the greater portion of the failures, the real cause of disaster was the branching out and beyond a legitimate business, in the taking hold of this and that tempting offer, and, for the sake of some great gain, venturing where they did not know the ground, and could not know the pitfall.

A ROMANTIC pair, not more than 1,000 miles from New York, were blessed with a number of daughters. The eldest was called Caroline, the second Madeline, the third Evcline, the fourth Angeline, when lo! the fifth made its appearance, and no name could be found with the desired termination. At length mama, who had been reading of the fashions at Saratoga, pounced upon a name popular at that place, and forthwith the baby was baptized Crinoline.

HE IS good that does good to others. If he suffers for that good he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is carried to that height of goodness, that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is its summit, it is heroism complete.

CLIPPINGS.

- Patti is in Moscow.
- .. Spurgeon is very ill.
- Lucca owns up to 35.
- Avoid long credits in business.
- Canvass back shooting is lively.
- Books with cardinal red covers.
- Unusually cold weather down south.
- ... California will try to cultivate her own oysters.
- The best flax grown in the United States comes from Oregon.
- A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections.
- An ostrich feather grows to its full size in six or eight months.
- A Virginia county that's always there when they want it—Nottoway.
- The women soldiers of Dahomey wear boots, chew tobacco and swear.
- Massachusetts has only 4588 professional mothers-in-law. Keep cool.
- Anber's remains have at length been removed to Pere la Chaise Cemetery.
- Fifty-two tons of silk worm eggs are coming from China and Japan to San Francisco.
- Never let your zeal outrun your charity; the former is but human; the latter is divine.
- Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your not being one in adversity.
- American meat is liked in English market, and it brings from twelve to seventeen cents a pound.
- The torch which Israel Putnam used when he entered the wolf's cave is exhibited in the Old South Church.
- There will never be any fuss about subscriptions for a monument to Antonelli. He built one himself six years ago at a cost of \$20,000.
- "The Mastodon House" is the proposed title of a new tavern in the Black Hills. It's one of those mammoth summer hotels, we suppose.
- "In Norway drunkards are compelled to sweep the streets as a penance." That's nothing. They have to hold up lamp posts in this country.
- A Lewiston, (Pa.) female rumrunner, whose business was spoiled by the police recently, carried her stock in filled bottles in a "panier" with nine compartments, each compartment holding a bottle.
- A South Carolina State Senator secured the pardon of a negro from the penitentiary, and took him into his employ as a valet. Last week the ungrateful scamp decamped with \$1000 of his benefactor's money.
- A lady and gentleman created a sensation in Quincy the other day by riding through the streets mounted on one horse, he before and she behind. They were from Hannibal, on their wedding tour.
- The Greeks do not grow enthusiastic over their King in the present crisis of their affairs. He is a German, spends a good share of his time abroad, and speaks better English or French than he does Greek.
- Charles Clark, a patient at the county hospital, died at Virginia, Nev., on Saturday, from the effects of a shot gun wound received in California in 1852. The ball had been imbedded in his lungs for 24 years.
- A Californian has offered the lawyers \$100,000 to procure him a divorce from his wife. He has either got dead loads of money and wants to see how fast he can use it up, or his wife wears out shoes awful fast.—*Detroit Free Press*.
- The following is given as a poor man's breakfast, near Colton, San Bernardo Valley, Cal.: Tea, sweetened with pure, white, strained honey, thick cream and bread, milk, eggs, Hubbard squash, ham, pomegranate, black Hamburg grapes, Flamme de Tokay grapes, green figs and peaches. Cost of breakfast for man and wife, 15 cents.