



Masonic Centennial Song.

(Dedicated to Golden Rule Lodge, No. 345, Free and Accepted Masons, Covington, Ky.)

MRS. SARAH B. RANKIN.

AIR.—"Auld Lang Syne."

How sweet, when brothers' hearts are bound
By Friendship's silken chain,
Which lengthens, as the years roll round,
Weaving them up again;
Leaving no age however remote,
Out of the sacred coil,
Linked by the *Mystic Hand* that wrote,
The Earth in *corn and oil*.

Chorus—Hail, then, all hail the Master! who
Bears the *trowel* above,
His plastic Masonry to show,
Which binds all hearts in love.

Linked to us, by the *Eye* that saw
The old foundations laid,
The First *Apprentices*, and far,
Each *Grand Exalted Grade*;
Each guiding each by some small link,
Which binds the past and present,
Until we all begin to think
The dead are omnipresent,

Chorus.—
One reared a column toward the sky,
And named it *Wisdom's* pillar;
Next *Strength*, was needed to supply
Some *Master Overseer*;
Another raised a graceful shaft,
And gazed on *Beauty*, ever,
And thus we found the Holy Craft
That binds all men together.

Chorus.—
And by the *square*, too, we should lay
The Lodge we build together;
And by the *plumbet*, too should stay
Up every Arch and Chapter;
Then when our *hour-glass* has run down,
And times swift *scythe* is flying,
We'll look for our Grand Master's crown,
His *charity*—when dying.

Chorus.—
The first *rough Ashlars* of our land,
Set by the *Mason's level*,
Her brightest valor did command
To make use of the *gavel*;
And where the crude unchis'led edge
Of *faction* interferes,
His workmanship should be the pledge
For her Centennial Years.

PEORIA, ILL.

THE BROKEN TESSERA.

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor."

When Philadelphia was about to be evacuated by the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, June 18, 1778, there was a merchant, one Hubbard Simpson, largely engaged in the sale of English goods, who had become highly obnoxious to the American residents, for supplying the British commander with mercantile facilities, and with information that had been used to the detriment of the American army.

This man was in high repute with Sir Henry and his immediate predecessor, Lord Howe. From the former he now

received a notification in time to enable him to sell his goods and depart under the protection of the British army.

It was not possible, however, to dispose of so large a stock at short notice. To sell upon a credit was impracticable, so far as any of the American merchants were concerned, and as for those in the Tory interest they were not to be trusted. To make a cash sale in the present state of the funds was impossible. Thus Mr. Simpson revolved the matter in his mind till the very day preceding the evacuation. A final notice from Sir Henry found him undecided, sitting in his crowded warehouse, soon to be devoted to spoliation and fire by the incensed Americans.

Now, this man was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. Before the breaking out of strife he had held a distinguished place in the provincial lodges. Although his understanding of right and wrong, in the present war, differed from that of the majority of his countrymen, yet the most zealous patriot could not accuse him of inconsistency or turpitude. What he had professed to be from his youth—a warm loyalist—he still maintained; and this had led him to adopt the unpopular side in the revolutionary struggle, and to follow the British army, even at the expense of a large portion of his property.

As things now stood he was likely to lose more. Already he had begun to contemplate the idea of throwing open the doors and departing, when a rap was heard without, and, in answer to his invitation, an old friend, Mr. Jonas Lee, entered and asked a conference.

This person, come at so critical a moment, was a person of note in the city—one who had suffered more than most others for his attachment to liberty—and a zealous Mason.

For three years and upward no intercourse had been held between the pair, once fraternally intimate; they had only acknowledged each other's acquaintance by a nod of recognition when they met on the streets.

The object of the present call was stated in a few words:

"My old friend and brother, I have heard of your approaching danger, and am come to offer you a service. We have taken opposite sides in politics; but you have sustained your choice, like myself, at great sacrifices; and while I can but regret you are arrayed against our common country, I yet respect your honesty of purpose. Masonry knows no principle but duty, and this is your hour of oppression; therefore am I come. My influence is now in the ascendant, and I hereby offer it to you in brotherly truth. For old time's sake I will take charge of your property, otherwise the spoil of our soldiers, and before to-morrow morning, I will sell it for you at the best time and advantage, and hold the proceeds subject to your order.

The grateful merchant was profuse

with his thanks.

"None of that, Brother Simpson. My own heart is a sufficient reward. You can say all that when we meet again. Time presses. You are in immediate and great danger."

A clear sale was forthwith made of the whole property, amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars. No documentary evidences relative to the debt were retained by Mr. Simpson. Prudence pointed out this as the only course that promised a successful result.

At parting, while yet the boat was waiting at the pier, and the drums of the American advanced guard were sounding in the suburbs of the city, Mr. Simpson took a gold piece from his pocket, broke it in two parts, and handing one to his noble hearted friend, observed: "you and I used to debate the purpose of the ancient *tessera*; now we will make it a practical question. Whoever presents you with this fragment of gold, to him I authorize you to render up whatever in your hand belongs to me. Farewel."

Years rolled by, and Jonas Lee heard no more from his old friend. With great difficulty, and by the aid of powerful friends at headquarters, he had succeeded in disposing of the property without much loss: and by a judicious use of the money he had become rich. Old age then crept upon him. His daily walks about the city began to be shortened. The almond tree flourished. The grasshopper began to be a burden. From year to year he drew near his own mansion, and finally confined himself within his retired apartment to await the summoner of all flesh.

One day, as he was reclining in the listlessness of old age, with but the Word of God and the person of his good wife for companionship, and the voices of his grand children ringing from the next room in happy harmony he was accosted by a beggarly looking young man, who prayed for a gift of money "for a poor shipwrecked foreigner, who had lost his all and barely escaped with life itself."

Jonas Lee was not a person to refuse such a demand. He made him a bountiful gift of money, clothes and kind words. But when the foreigner was about to depart, he walked up to Mr. Lee's couch, and pressing his hand with thankfulness, he dropped into it a worn and ragged piece of metal, and asked him if he would accept that piece of gold as a token of a poor beggar's gratitude? There was something peculiar in the foreigner's tone which led Mr. Lee to draw out his spectacles and examine the offering intently. What was the surprise of his wife to see him rise from his chair, draw a similar fragment from his bosom, where it had been suspended by a ribbon for a long time, and applying the pieces together, to hear him triumphantly declare: "They fit! they fit! The broken *tessera* is complete! the union is perfect! Thank God, thank God, my brother is yet alive!"

The foreigner turned out to be the

youngest son of Mr. Simpson, who had been shipwrecked, as he stated, to the great hazard of his life. Preserving the golden fragment, he had landed at Philadelphia ragged and poor, charged by his father with a message to Mr. Lee. Why the former had so long delayed his claim does not appear. The history informs us, however, that he followed the British army through the rest of the war, and amassed a large fortune by some successful government contracts; gone to England; embarked in some extensive speculations there, and finally, retiring from business immensely wealthy, was made a baronet for his loyal services.

His son was received with open arms and introduced into the best circles of Philadelphia. The report concerning the Masonic part of the transaction became public and gave a new impetus to the Order.

But when a full account of his stewardship was prepared by Mr. Lee, and the property, both principal and interest tendered to the young man, the proffer was met by letter from Sir Hubbard Simpson just received, in which he declined receiving a shilling of it, and presented it with his warmest regards, to his old friend and brother, Jonas Lee.—
Keystone.

Masonry in Egypt.

By letter from Alexandria, Egypt, dated February 5th, 1876, we are pleased to learn that the Grand Orient of that jurisdiction has abandoned its existence under the charters of the Memphis Rite of Marconis de Negre, and reorganized under charters of the first three degrees of the Scottish Rite, and will work in perfect harmony with the three degrees of the York Rite, and in accordance with the jurisdictional laws of the English and American Grand Lodges. We congratulate our Egyptian brethren in having at last discovered the fraud by which they were deceived by the Grand Orient of France, who palmed off on them the illegitimate and bastard work of the Memphis Rite, which had long ago been buried in her receptacle of Rites, with the distinct and positive understanding that that Rite was never again to be worked. Thus has another one of her false promises come to grief; thanks to the interference and explanations of American correspondents.

Light again breaks forth in the East, and in Egypt, the ancient cradle of arts and sciences, will spring up a legitimate Grand Lodge, worthy of the recognition of her sisters throughout the world.

Day by day the Grand Orient of France will find that her interference with the rights, powers, and jurisdictional authority of other Grand Lodges will be checked, and that her creation of fraudulent Orients by a system of imposture, both by recognition and sale of charters, must and shall be stopped. The Egyptians were not to be blamed, as they were ignorant of the imposture, and have corrected the evil as soon as discovered.—G. F. GOULEY IN *Voice of Masonry.*