

[From the New York Square.

WHY?

BY BARBARA VAUGHN.

Baby, darling baby,
Canst thou tell me why,
Angelic smiles flit o'er thy face
And beauty lights thine eye?
While close beside a little waif
With crippled form for aye,
Is asking alms from door to door,
Hunger to satisfy?

Maiden, gentle maiden,
Canst thou tell me why
Gold and land at thy command
Each wish should gratify?
While there in yonder hovel,
A mother pale and gaunt,
Is brooding flowers through weary hours,
That loved ones may not want?

Lady, stately lady,
In bridal robes so gay,
Canst tell me why such happiness
Should be for thee this day?
While one so grave and sorrowing
With fearful eyes doth kneel,
Imploring Him who knoweth why
Her anguished heart to heal?

No, mortal can not answer,
Not child, nor maiden proud;
But, by and by, a home on high
Will lift the darkest cloud:
And, then in spotless raiment white
Each form arrayed shall be,
Then all will know the cross was borne
For immortality.

Masonic Narrow-Mindedness.

We all of us sadly remember, and as sadly experience day by day, amid the cares which harass, or the treacheries which betray, how most imperfect and disappointing everything is of earth. For some reason or other it is a truth, however which we hardly like to realize. And yet too surely and too plainly it is so. Often like children with their fairy tales, we surround our "*Chateaux en Espagne*," and all the adjacent country with glowing shadows, with a roseate hue. All is fair and pleasant to the sight; we listen to the voices of songsters which fill the fairy groves we inhale the perfume of odorous flowers which lift up their heads in many a gay *parterre*. All is full to us of life and light, and brightness and bloom, there seems to be for us no possible change, there loom for us no dark clouds in the distant horizon. Alas, in the early dawn the shadows have been swept away while the dew is on the grass, and the gray tints around us warn us of the approach of day. The fairy fabric has crumbled into nothingness, gone from us forever, and no trace of it remains. We see nothing but the misty and dingy moorland before our very eyes. Life has indeed come to us with its trials in the family, its worries abroad, its public annoyances, and its private griefs, and we most of us have a ghost in the cupboard which we lock up, as we think, safely at home. Such is the world for us and ours in which we live to-day, and such will it, such must it, be always here. Neither time, nor chance, nor civilization, nor education, nor public opinion, nor anything else, can effect nor alter this way of the world. Such as it has been, such it is, and such it will be until this earth of ours has fulfilled its weird, and its pomp and pleasures, and show and sorrows, all are forgotten among the things which were, in a "long ago," never to return. Now, amid some of the imperfections of this earthly lot of ours, some of the "*petites miseres de la vie humaine*," narrow mindedness is, though, very prevalent, most annoying. We see it in many ways and things, and it always appears to us the veriest parody alike on our professions of humanity, our claims for sympathy, and our "outcome" of civilization. As a general rule, nar-

row minded people—and we know a "bonny lot" of them—are the greatest of bores. To use a familiar expression, they never "look beyond their noses," and most ungenial companions and unsympathizing associates they are. They try and judge everything here by the one un-failing standard of their own narrow mindedness, which is simply the sublimation of the personal ego, the embodiment of contracted selfishness, in opinion, in policy and in practice. Nothing here now seems to go down with them which does not accord with their canon of supreme and overpowering narrow mindedness. Their rule of life, their expression of opinion, is always consistent in this respect. They will not look beyond the narrow "limits" of their own subjective sympathies, and consequence is, that on all occasions, public or private, they betray a narrow mindedness which is most conspicuous, which almost always leads to pettiness of aim, and seems to sanction groveling motives of action; and is fashioned into exclusiveness and pharisaism, and ends in callousness and intolerance. We have met many narrow minded persons in our life, and hopeless and impractical they are in every relation of earth. They stop all improvements, they resist all reforms, they are obstructions, A. I. copper bottomed at Lloyd's, (see the log of the Water Lilly), and everything has to be meted out and regulated on secondary principles according to their narrow minded view of things, persons and events. Most hard, intolerant, and unsympathetic they ever are. They always prove themselves narrow minded by their narrow mindedness, whether in the "Forum" or in matters of business, surrounded by a family circle, or taking part in the affairs of men. Now narrow mindedness in Freemasonry would seem impossible, and yet, even in Freemasonry and among Freemasons, it can be found. It is strange that it should be so, but so it is, though most inconsistent with the enlarged principle of thought and practice we Freemasons profess before men. There are many Freemasons who look on Freemasonry, not as a means to a great end, high aims, and noble effects, but as a means to itself, a means for themselves. They boldly avow a narrow minded opinion in all such matters. Freemasonry was intended for Freemasons; Freemasonry was not intended for the many, but for the few; Freemasonry ought to keep its good things for its own members; Freemasonry is not meant to be too elevated, either in teaching or practice. For them, all appeals, either to first principles or more sympathetic aspirations, is looked upon as moonshine and humbug.

Freemasonry is only to be valued for what it is to them. It has pleasant gatherings, good banquets, agreeable reunions, a certain amount of charitable activity, but not too much, all is as well as can be, what more does anyone want? Well we certainly always prefer "optimists" to "pessimists" in this life, but we object very much to that far too common view of matters, which, in its own narrow-mindedness, condemns the efforts and longings of those who believing in Freemasonry, seek to raise it to the proper sense and discharge of its goodly mission. Of course if Freemasons do not believe in Freemasonry "*cadit questio*," you can do nothing with them. They are too narrow to bear the light, they will never admit that they are in the wrong, or never move out of their "jog trot." For them Freemasonry means something quite different from what it means to the ardent and the earnest, but so it is, and nothing anyone can say will mend matters, or change the situation. We always deplore narrow

mindedness in things Masonic, because Freemasonry is to us the epitome of all that is liberal, tolerant, large hearted and generous. It condemns with no uncertain voice the hateful differences and the petty disputes which often warp the minds and conscience of living men until they become narrow minded, bigoted, intolerant, persecuting, unbelieving in their time and generation, Freemasonry would inculcate a higher morality and unfold a nobler lore. It would lead us all, be who we may, to uphold the right and maintain the true, not in narrow minded persecutors, but because they are to us simply the right and the true. Freemasonry would tell us all "be just and fear not," never allow the tumult of passion, or the violence of party, to blind your eyes to what is good and true in others, to the nobler and more exalting sentiments of our warring humanity. Above all, do not be narrow minded. Freemasonry would urge you to take a large liberal, enlightened view of men and things, and never by word or action, as Freemasons proclaim to anyone that your governing rule of life is narrow mindedness which nothing can enlarge, a groveling idea of Freemasonry itself which is fatal to your every profession as a Freemason, and is destructive of the great and glorious principles of our tolerant and enlightened Brotherhood.

A Word for Parents.

Some thirty years ago, a young couple, just married, were about leaving their parental homes to begin housekeeping, for themselves. As they were departing, many a kind word was spoken, and not a little advice was given them by friends, one of whom, Deacon B——, said: "Two things let me say to you: Always be found in the house of God on the Sabbath; and, next to the Bible, always have in your house a good religious paper."

Good council, as we all know, too often goes in at one ear and out at the other. But both these items of advice I am glad to say, were remembered and heeded. The new family prospered. After a time the young husband and wife both became members of the church, and were active and useful in it. And as the years rolled on they were blessed with four lovely and healthy children, who as they up, were the joy of their parents, and respected and loved by all who knew them, and all four were consistent followers of the Saviour.

To a friend who but lately spoke to him of his family, the intelligent father and head of it said: "For a large part of our blessings as a family we are indebted to that parting council of Deacon B——; not only for his saying, 'Be always at church,' but for his advice, 'that we should take a good religious paper.' For," he added, "I have constantly felt the good of that paper on myself, and have seen its steady and growing influence for good on my children, every week, giving them information on so many important subjects, leading them to thoughtfulness, intelligence and fondness for substantial reading, and above all, pressing on them the lessons of sound morality and true religion. For fifty times its cost I would not lose the weekly visits of that paper in my family."

These facts, and his remarks, are commended to the consideration of every parent and head of a household. And as further impressing them, another fact may be added. Of three of the distinguished men of our land, who grew up in New England, but whose names are everywhere known, it is said that their father was only able to give them a common school education, But as the church

of his village was from its weakness, for many years without a settled pastor, he made a point of inviting all the ministers who preached for them from week to week, and all who visited the neighborhood, to make his house their home, that his growing up sons might be interested and instructed by their intelligent conversation. And to the influence thus exerted and felt, and to the influence also of a good religious paper which every week came to that family, one of those sons were more indebted than to all other causes, for the love of intelligence and improvement, which made them what they have been—leaders in the councils of their State and of the nation.

For more than a quarter of a century the writer has seen in his own family, and in the families of many of his friends, the high value and constant influence for good of a weekly religious paper. And both from experience and observation, as well as from facts like those above mentioned, he would earnestly say to every parent and every head of a household, see to it that your family is blessed with the weekly visits of a good religious paper.—*Yorkville Enquirer*.

A Sensible Dog.

Here is an anecdote with a sharp moral that comes to us all the way from Australia: Sixty years ago, when I was a teacher, in Kilcum parish, says John Fraser, I was using whiskey bitters for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it, and gave it to the dog. He grudgingly ate it curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and unnaturally looked up into my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes were extraordinary! he lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward when I went to the press for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass, to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—infinity surpassing foolish drinking men.

Beautiful Thoughts.

Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.

There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation.

The touchstone by which men try us is most often their own vanity.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

To make the most of the good and the least of the evil of life is the best philosophy of life.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must certainly pass.

The very hope of heaven under trouble is like the wind and sails to the ship.

The afflictions of this life are neither too numerous nor too sharp. Much rust requireth a rough file.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the certainty of the end.

Every flower in the heavenly garden will be turned Godward, bathing its tints of loveliness in the glory that excelleth.

God breaks the cistern to bring us the fountain. He withers our gourds, that he himself may be our shade.