THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE BRIGHT MASON.

"Remove not the Ancient Landmarks, which thy Fathers have set."

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THE BRIGHT MASON,

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The Templar's Song to the Hebrew Maiden.

Hebrew Maiden, veil thy beauty,
Lest my heart a rebel prove,
Breaking bonds of holy duty,
For the silken chains of love.
Look not on me, sweet deceiver,
Though thy dark eyes beams with light,
They might tempt a true believer
To the darkest shades of night.

Hebrew Maiden, while I linger,
Hanging o'er thy sweeting lute,
Every chord beneath thy finger,
Wakes a pulse that should be mute,
We must part and part forever,
Eyes that could my life renew!
Lips that taught me how to live!
Hebrew maiden, now adieu!

THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S ANSWER.

Christian Knight, must we sever?
Does thy creed our fates divide?
Must we part and part forever?
Shall another be my bride?
Spirits of my fathers sleeping!
Ye, who once in Zion trod,
Heaven's mysterious mantle keeping,
Tell me of the Christian's God!

Is the Cross of Christ the token
Of a saving faith to man?
Can my early vows be broken?
Spirits answer me! They can.
Mercy—mercy shone about him—
All the blessed with him trod;
No we could be saved without him;
Christian, I believe thy God!

ELLA,

The Mason's Daughter.

CHAPTER I.

Faster and faster spread the flame, and now the ship was enveloped in a fiery sheet. Men and women rushed madly over the side to meet a quicker but less painful death. The boats, with one exception, had been overladen and capsized. There were hasty leave-takings and heart-rending cries of misery and distress. Death hovered, vulture like, over his victims. Some clung desperately to the vessel's side, some supporting themselves in the water by articles snatched hastily from the burning ship, and with which they had leaped widely into the sea. The captain sang through his trumpet, "Take heart and sustain yourself as long as possible. A ship is coming to our relief."

James Durant stood upon the almost deserted deck with his only child, but four years of age, folded closely in his arms. His eyes swept the horizon in search of the ship to which the captain had alluded. He discovered it at last, but it was at least four miles off. Before the ship could arrive, they must be burned to death; or, if he sprang as others had, down into the water, both he and the child would be drowned, for he was not a swimmer.

The little arms were twined about his neck, the pale cheek rested confidingly against his own, but the brave child did not tremble.

"O, my God, is there no help?" cried the despairing father, as the flames swept nearer, and he felt that his present position could be held but a little longer.

"Here, give the child to me, and I will save her," and turning quickly, Mr. Durant stood face to face with a stranger who had a life preserver in his hand.

"Quick! there is no time to be lost! The child can have my life preserver, and it will float her easily. Yonder is another ship; I have been watching it for the last five minutes. It will reach us in half an hour at the most. There, that is fastened securely. Now, little girl, I am going to throw you into the water. You are not afraid!"

"No, no, but papa!"

The father caught her frantically in his arms.

"My darling Ella, you may never see your father again; but do not fear—God will guard you, and somebody will find you and take care of you. If you never see papa again, remember he is in heaven with mamma."

"Has she no relatives?" asked the stranger.

"None in this country; I am from England, and am travelling for health."

"Take that pin from your bosom and fasten it to her clothing."

"Heaven help you for the thought," said the father; and in a moment the square and compass were glistening on the bosom of the child, and the stranger took her from her father's arms, saying: "I am stronger than you; she must be cast beyond the reach of these poor drowning wretches, or they will rob her of her life preserver."

The white drapery fluttered through the air, and sank below the waves; then rising, it floated lightly on the waters.

James turned to the stranger with tearful eyes.

"May God bless you and preserve you, noblest of men. But you, as well as myself, must be lost."

"No, I am a good swimmer, and here is a piece of board with which you can sustain yourself until relief arrives."

The father cast another glance at the white speck floating rapidly away, and with an inward "God preserve her!" sprang into the sea, followed by the stranger; but the two floated in different directions, and they saw each other no more.

Two hours later, James Durant awoke, as from the sleep of death, and found himself in the cabin of a strange ship, with kind and sympathizing faces all around him. In a moment he realized all that passed, and said, eagerly, though feebly: "My child, little Ella; is she safe?" There was no response, and a low moan escaped the father's lips.

"Courage, sir," said a lady, with tearful eyes, "some of the passengers were saved by another ship."

The father's countenance lighted. "God grant that she may be safe."

Mr. Durant recovered his usual strength in a few hours, and sought among the saved for the stranger who had proved himself so true a Masonic Brother, but he was not to be found.

"He must be on the other ship," said Mr. Durant, "and he will care for Ella."

Both ships were at port the following day, but although Mr. Durant found the stranger, who had been a Mr. Wadsworth, from a Southern city, Ella was seen by no one, and was given up as lost.

CHAPTER II.

"Here, wife, is a child that has just been washed upon the beach. She is cold and stiff, but I think she is not dead. Let us have some warm flannels immediately, and tell Thomas to run for Dr. Hunter.

It was long before the quivering lashes and feeble fluttering of the heart gave token that success would crown the efforts of Ella's rescuers; but, by-and by, the lids parted, and revealed two large, liquid, sky blue eyes, that wandered from face to face in a bewildered way, and then closed wearily.

"I fear she will not recover very rapidly," said the doctor. "She has a delicate constitution, and will require the best of care."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Turner, "I do not wonder she is nearly dead; but who can she be? Some terrible accident must have occurred at sea."

"You had better examine her clothing," said the doctor, "perhaps you may find some clue to her relations."

Mrs. Turner lifted the gossamer white dress, and turned it over and over. The square and compass placed there by Mr. Durant flashed upon the eyes of all at once. The doctor and Mr. Turner, looked at each other, but neither spoke, and Mrs. Turner did not notice the tear that glistened in her husband's eyes.

The doctor's fears that Ella would not recover rapidly proved to be well founded; days and weeks of fever succeeded in awakening her to life, during which she talked incoherently of "papa" and "poor mamma," and of the "burning ship," and of "hunger." She finally awoke to consciousness, and asked many questions as to where she was and how she came into the dark room, and who were those who attended her, but Dr. Hunter forbade her being questioned until she was stronger.

How interested were all in the little convalescent, whom the elements had cast into the little seaboard town! The ladies declared that never before did a child possess such lovely eyes or such beautiful curls, while the gentlemen seemed no less interested, and brought her gifts of everything that might please her childish fancy.

"My dear little girl," said Dr Hunter, when Ella was at length able to ride out, "will you tell me your name?"

"Ella," said the child, "I thought you knew it."

"Yes, I know your name is Ella, but I want to know the rest of your name—your father's name."

"Ella Durant. Mr. Durant is my papa."

"Yes, I want you to tell me all you can remember about your father and mother."

Ella's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, sir, my mamma died and went to live with the angels. And I do not know where papa is. He said if I never saw him again I must know he had gone to mamma."

"Where were you when he told you this?"

"On the ship; and, oh, the fire burned me so; and papa held me in his arms until a strange man took me and tied something under my arms and threw me into the water, and I have not seen papa since. O, sir, can you tell me where he is?"

"No, dear child; but perhaps we may yet find him."

And this was all that Ella's new friends could discover. It was plain she had come from the ship which had been burned a few weeks before; that she had been cast upon the sea, and floated to the shore; but where was her father? Had he been saved, and was he searching for his child? Every possible effort was now made to find him. The circumstances of the case, with the statement of the child, were published fully in the newspapers of the neighboring cities, but the grief stricken father, believing his child to be lost, had sailed a week before for Europe, and it soon became settled in the minds of Ella's protectors, that he had perished. But the little one still prattled about her papa, and said she would be good and not grieve papa when he came, for then he would take her home to mamma.

The square and compass that had been found upon her clothing was regarded as a powerful appeal from a Mason to his brethren to care for his child. So it came to pass that Ella became, as it were, the special charge of Hiram Lodge, No. 93. Mr. Turner would gladly have taken the entire care of the little waif, and the wealthy Senator W. —— requested to be allowed to adopt her as his daughter, but the brethren in Lodge assembled, declared by a vote, that Ella should be reared, educated and protected by the Lodge, and that as Providence had placed her in Brother Turner's house, that should be her home.

And so years went by and Ella became a healthy, joyous child, flitting here and there, and everywhere meeting the warmest of welcomes. The Masonic Hall was but a few rods from Mr. Turner's residence, and Ella often went with him as far as the door, and then returned alone always bidding the Tyler "take good care of Pa Turner, and send him home early."

CHAPTER III.

The six years that followed the death of his wife and the loss of his child, passed wearily to James Durant. He visited nearly every country in the Old World, seeking among scenes of natural beauty and grandeur as well as of historic interest, for the mental rest which could never be found. Once more he turned his steps towards America, and sought his Masonic friend Wadsworth. Finding that gentleman about setting out with his family on a journey to the Atlantic coast, Mr. Durant accepted the invitation to accompany them to Saratoga and Niagara, then to New York, where leaving the ladies, Mr Wadsworth and Mr. Durant wandered from town to town along the coast, enjoying the beauty of the scenery and the quiet hospitality that greeted them, more than the crowded hotels and the fashionable style of the popular watering places. Fancy, and the kind hand of Providence, at length led them to the little town of B——, and the second evening after their arrival they visited the Masonic Lodge. A warm welcome was extended to these Brethren from such distant homes, and both were invited to address the Lodge. Mr. Durant said:

"Brethren; I have traveled much and long, I have found Masonic sympathy in every part of the globe, and everywhere is Masonry substantially the same. I can tell hardly where I reside. The world seems to be my home, as I remain but a short time in any town or country, but my name is recorded in an English Lodge. I love my English Brethren, for they first brought me 'from darkness to light,' and I love English soil, for with it sleeps the wife of my youth. But I love America still, also, for here have I found the warmest of welcomes, the kindest of brethren. And, too, my own child is sleeping in American waters, even beneath the very waves that wash the shore of your beautiful village.

"Six years have passed since this dear hand and brother robbed himself of his life preserver, that my little Ella might perhaps escape, and we hoped the elements might be kind, and that heaven would send her relief, but she was never heard of more."

The voice of Mr. Durant was quivering with emotion, and unable to speak further, he seated himself and covered his face with his hands.

Glances of surprise and pleasure were cast from one to another among the Brethren of Hiram Lodge. No one spoke, however, but all eyes turned upon the Master, Mr. Turner. For a moment he seemed reflecting; then taking a slip of paper from the Secretary he wrote:

"Mrs. Turner—Do not allow Ella to retire until I return home; tell her I am going to bring a strange gentleman who wishes to see her."

And calling the Jun. Deacon, Mr. Turner gave him the note, saying in a low tone; "Take this note to Mrs. Turner immediately."

"Why Ella," said Mrs. Turner, when she had read the message, "you are going to have company. Lodge room, who wishes to see you."

"Who can it be?"

Ella looked perplexed and thoughtful, suddenly her cheeks flushed, her eyes lighted, and clapping her little hands, she sprang to her feet and exclaimed, "Oh, it must be papa! no one else would wish to see me; no one in the world; and before Mrs. Turner comprehended the child's interpretation, she had passed the threshold and was flitting through the moonlight toward the Lodge room. The Tyler looked amazed when Ella burst into the ante-room, her cheeks burning, her eyes flashing with joy and excitement.

"Do not stop me. I am going in!" she exclaimed. But the inner door was fastened, and the impatient Ella nearly cried with vexation.

"Wait a moment," said the Tyler, who having heard nothing of what had transpired within, was at a loss to account for the strange conduct of the child; "wait a moment, and I will send your request to Mr. Turner. He will come out and see you."

"I shall not wait! I do not want to see Mr. Turner, I want to see my papa."

"The child is crazy, that is evident," said the perplexed Tyler to himself; but calling out the Deacon, he bade him say that Ella was there and had determined to get into the Lodge room.

The Deacon went to the East, and delivered his message in a low tone, and a moment afterward moved "that the craft be called from labor to refreshment."

"Now," said Mr. Turner, "tell the Tyler to let her come in!"

And Ella did come, or rather bounded, into the hall, more beautiful in her excitement than ever before. She advanced to the centre of the room and stood beside the altar; half poised upon the tiny foot she scanned rapidly the faces of all. Her eager eyes soon detected the strangers, who were seated behind each other, and for a moment seemed irresolute, then darting forward with a glad cry, she threw her arms about the neck of Mr. Durant, crying, "Oh, papa! my dear papa! You have come home at last! You were not burned in the ship!"

We will not attempt to paint the scene further, but will leave our readers to imagine the joy of the fond father, and also leave them to decide whether the tears that wet the cheeks of the Brethren of Hiram Lodge was caused by sympathy with the happiness of their little charge, or grief that they should see one whom they all loved

Burns and his Farewell

A writer in a Scotch paper gives an interesting account of a meeting with a real acquaintance of Burns who spoke sensibly of his character and genius. He says—I happened in the presence of this man, to be singing, in my own way, the "Farewell to the Mason's Lodge, Tarbolton." "Hand your tongue, man, and no spoil that song, quoth he; I heard it once sung to perfection, and canna think to hear any body abuse it."

"And when happened ye to hear it?" said I.

"I heard it," said he, with emphasis, "the first time it was sung in this Kintra."

"Ye could na do tha'," said I, "for Burns himself sung it in Tarbolton the first time it was sung in public."

"Aye, did he man, and I sat at his right hand," quoth the old man.

"I made some inquiries about several things connected with the meetings, which inquiries he answered in the following manner:

"It was a great treat to see and hear Burns that night. There was a number o' us belonging to the Lodge wha had been often meeting wi' him and making speeches, and we thought it was a pity to see him gaun awa' without hearing us in such a shape as to be sensible o' our greatness. We met, and took out subjects for our speeches—every one taking his favorite theme. We met and rehearsed our pieces to our ain satisfaction. The night came when we were to have a farewell meeting of the Lodge, in honor of his gaun awa'. There were about ten o' us sat that night as if we had been at a burial. We durstna open our mouths for fear some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to myself and supposed the rest were doing the same thing. We had determined to astonish the bard for ance, so as he might hae mind o' us when far frae us. He was late in coming that night, a thing quite uncommon wi' him. He came at last. I never in my saw such an alteration on ony body. He looked bigger like than usual, and wild like. His een seemed bigger, and cheeks fa'n in. He sat down in the chair as Master, and looked round at us. I thought he looked through me, and I lost the grip o' the beginning o' my speech, and for the the life o' me could na' get it again that night. He apologized for being late: He had been getting a' things ready for going abroad; he could get to us no sooner; he intended to have said something to us, but it had gone from him: he had composed a song for the occasion, and would sing it. He looked round on us and burst into a song, such as I have never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung, it was that ane. O man! when he came to the last verse, where he says:

A last request permit me here.
When yearly ye assemble a'
One round, I ask it wi' a tear,
To him, the Bard, that's far awa'."

That last o' him will never leave my mind. He arose and burst into tears. They were na sham anes. It is a queer sight to see sae many men burst out like bubbly boys and blubber in spite o' themsel. Soon after the song he said he could stay no longer. Wishing us all well, he took his leave, as we though, forever. We sat and looked at each other, full as we were wi' great speeches. None o' them cam to the light that night. The greatness o' Burns was not understood by any body; but there is a feeling remains I wadna like to part wi'."

"I looked on this auld man as a great man. I respected his state of mind, and excused for not being pleased wi' my singing, although it was my attempt at it which brought out this great speech."

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow' heart is sunk and she implored thy assistance wish tears of sorrow, oh pity her afflictions and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

THE BRIGHT MASON.

December 1st, 5873.

CHAS. F. HARRIS, Editor & Proprietor.

SALUTATORY.

In assuming the editorial control of "The Bright Mason," we are aware of the difficulties that present themselves, to make my paper worthy the support of the Craft. I am aided by the experience of others in the same field of labor, and by the latter. But in so doing it is not my wish to encroach upon the province of my brethren, but to occupy a field which I believe to be open and unoccupied. Our paper is not to be a political sheet, but is to be devoted to the interests of Masonry, and to refrain and suppress everything that may tend to create discord among the people. And to educate and develope the principles of Masonry, which principles are Love, Truth, Charity and Universal Benevolence to all mankind.

Conservatism of Freemasonry.

The New Orleans *Bulletin* makes the remark, concerning the Masonic fraternity of the United States:—"Here is a body of men composed of all classes and professions, entertaining every kind of opinion upon all subjects, under existing circumstances, in every State of the Union, who come together and exhibit among themselves the utmost harmony of feeling and action. No word of approbrium escapes from the lips of one brother to insult and wound the feelings of another. No fierce wrathful passions is heard. No extravagance is indulged in. Everthing is done decently and in order. Everything is quiet, gentlemanly, respectful, dignified. The bitterest political enemies meet face to face, and you shall never know by their actions or words that they do not belong to the same party. Religionists the most opposite embrace each other in the arms of an exalted charity. Fanaticism finds no entrance into the society of the brotherhood. Not a wave of discord disturbs the waters of the inner temple; no plunge into the abyss of atheism, rant, lawlessness, shocks the moral sense of mankind. No revolutionary hydra comes up from beneath to break up the foundation of order and send the torch do over the fair face of society."

It then asks why it is the Christian churches do not profit by the example afforded them by this philanthropic fraternity. Quoth the *Bulletin*:—"But what is the secret of their unanimity, of their harmony, of their brotherly love, of the conservative front which, without a tremor they maintain, and the general commotion, hatred and fanaticism existing around them? It is found, it seems to us, in one word—*toleration!*"

MASON VS. ANTI-MASON.—A few days ago, two brick-layers, refreshing the "inner-man," at noon, at the place where they were at work, its of Freemasonry. Neither of them were members of the Ancient Fraternity, but both thought they knew considerable about it. While they were warmly expressing their opinions, one of them noticed that their hod-carrier, a genuine specimen of Ethiopia's race, who was sitting near them, appeared very much interested in the discussion, so much so, indeed, that his corn bread and pickled pork lay upon the scaffolding untouched.

"Well," said he to his brother laborer, "it is foolish in us to be discussing so warmly something we know so little about. If either were a Mason there would be some sense in it."

"I know more about the Masons than you think I do," said the other.

"Pshaw! that's nonsense. There's Jack, the hod-carrier, listening very attentively, and I should not be a bit surprised if he knows more about them than both of us. Jack! he cried to the colored individual.

"Sar?"

"Do you know the difference between a Mason and an Anti-Mason?"

"Yes sar, I beliebe I does."

"Well, what is it?"

"If my brain tell the truf, an' it neber fails, *Mason is the man what lays de mortar, an' de Anti mason de man what carries the hod.*"—*Cin. Times.*

Some of the Scriptural events recognized in the Lectures of Masonry are the following: The general deluge; the building of Babel; the deliverance of Israel from Egypt; their journeying through the wilderness; the building of the tabernacle; the setting up of the ark; the institution of the priesthood, the altar and the daily sacrifice; the building, service and sacred utensils of the Temple. Upon these many of our hieroglyphics are founded and whose explanation involves a constant reference to them.

THE TRUE MASONIC PROGRESSION. The *first* degree leads the candidate to view his moral blindness and deplorable state by nature.

The *second* is emblematical of a state of improvement and trial.

The *third* prefigures a state of a good man in his pilgrimage below.