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Book V

MASONRY AND AMERICANISM

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THE MEANING OF MASONRY

by Albert Pike

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THE OLD PAST MASTER

by Carl H. Claudy

•

MASONIC POEMS



Macoy Publishing & Masonic Supply Co., Inc.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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THE MEANING OF MASONRY

*Being the First Half of a Lecture Delivered Before the Grand
Lodge of Louisiana, by Request, in 1858*

By ALBERT PIKE

PREFACE

THIS famous address, delivered before the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, in 1858, and published by order of the Grand Lodge, had the following title: "The Evil Consequences of Schisms and Disputes for Power in Masonry, and of Jealousies and Dissensions Between Masonic Rites."

Only the first half of the lecture is here used, because the particular dissensions with which it dealt in the second half have, happily, ceased to exist; but this part of the address is one of the clearest and noblest expressions of the Meaning of Masonry ever uttered or imagined.—

ALBERT PIKE

ALBERT PIKE found Freemasonry in a log cabin and left it in a Temple. He was the master genius of Masonry in America, both as scholar and artist. No other mind of equal power ever toiled so long in the service of the Craft in the New World. No other has left a nobler fame in our annals.

A great American and a great Mason, the life of Pike is a part of the romance of his country. Outside the Craft he was known as poet, journalist, soldier, jurist, orator, and his ability in so many fields fills one with amazement. Apart from the chief work of his life in Masonry, he merits honor as a philosopher and a scholar. Indeed, he was one of the richest minds of his age, resembling the sages of the ancient world in his appearance and in the quality of his mind. Those who do not know Masonry often think of him as a man whom history passed by and forgot.

Pike was born in Boston, Massachusetts, December 29, 1809, of a family in which are several famous names, such as Nicholas Pike, author of the first arithmetic in America and the friend of Washington, and Zebulon Pike, the explorer, who gave his name to Pike's Peak. His father, he tells us, was a shoemaker who worked hard to give his children the benefit of an education; his mother a woman of great beauty, but somewhat stern in her ideas of rearing a boy. As a child he saw the festivities at the close of the war with Great Britain, in 1815. When Albert was four his father moved to Newburyport, and there the boy grew up, attending the schools of the town, and also the academy at Framingham. At fourteen he was ready for the freshman class at Harvard, but was unable to pay the tuition fees for two years in advance, as was required at that time, and proceeded to educate himself. Had he been admitted to Harvard he would have been in the class of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

As a lad Pike was sensitive, high-strung, conscious of power,

very shy and easily depressed, but ambitious and determined to make his place in the world. Always a poet, while teaching school at Fairhaven he wrote a series of poems called "Hymns to the Gods," which he afterward revised and sent to Christopher North, editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," Edinburgh, receiving in reply a letter hailing him as a truly great poet. Had Pike given himself altogether to poetry he would have been one of the greatest of American poets but he seemed not to care for such fame but only for the joy, and sometimes the pain, of writing. Indeed, the real story of his inner life may be traced in his poems, a volume of which was published as early as 1831, in honor of which event his friends gave him a reception.

In a little poem called "Fantasma" he pictures himself at that time as a pale-faced boy, wasted by much study, reciting his poems to a crowded room. As his lips move his eyes are fastened on a lovely face and starry eyes of a girl to whom he dared not tell his love, because she was rich and he was poor. No doubt this hopeless love had much to do with his leaving New England to seek his fortune in the West. Anyway, it made him so sore of heart that the word God does not appear in his poetry for several years. Another reason for going away was the rather stern environment of New England, in which he felt that he could never do and be his best. So, as he sings,

Weary of fruitless toil he leaves his home
To seek in other climes a fairer fate.

Pike left New England in March, 1831, going first to Niagara, and thence walking nearly all the way to St. Louis. In August he joined a party of forty traders with ten covered wagons following the old Santa Fe Trail. He was a powerful man, six feet and two inches tall, finely formed, with dark eyes and fair skin, fleet of foot and sure of shot, able to endure hardship, greatly admired by the Indians. He spent a year at Santa Fe, the unhappiest months of his life. Friendless, homesick, haunted by many memories, he poured out his soul in sad-hearted poems, in which we see not only the desperate melancholy of the man but the vivid colors of the scenery and

life round about him. Shelley was his ideal, Coleridge his inspiration, but his own genius was more akin to Bryant than any other of our singers. What made most forlorn is told in such lines as these:

Friends washed off by life's ebbing tide,
Like sands upon the shifting coasts,
The soul's first love another's bride;
And other melancholy thought.

Happily, new scenes, new friends, and new adventures healed his heart, and a new note of joy is added to his rare power of describing the picturesque country in which he was a pilgrim. In 1832, with a trapping party, he went down the Pecos river into the Staked Plains, and then to the headwaters of the Brazos and Red rivers. It was a perilous journey and he almost died of hunger and thirst, as he has told us in his poem, "Death in the Desert." After walking five hundred miles he arrived at Fort Smith, Arkansas, friendless, without a dollar, and wellnigh naked. He was soon teaching school in a tiny log cabin near Van Buren, and, tired of wandering, his life began to take root and grow.

Again his pen was busy, writing verses for the *Little Rock Advocate*, as well as political articles, under the pen name "Casca," which attracted so much notice that Horace Greeley reprinted them in the *New York Tribune*. Soon the whole state was eager to know the genius who signed himself "Casca." Robert Crittenden and Judge Turner rode through the wilderness and found the tall, handsome young man teaching in a log schoolhouse on Little Piney river. Charmed with his modesty and power, they invited him to go to Little Rock as assistant editor of the *Advocate*. Here ended the winter of his wanderings, and his brilliant summer began among friends who loved him and inspired him to do his best.

Pike made an able editor, studying law at night, never sleeping more than five hours a day—which enabled him to do as much work as two men usually do. By 1835 he owned the *Advocate*, which contained some of his best writing. He delved deep into the law, mastering its history, its philosophy, and,

once admitted to the bar, his path to success was an open road. About this time we read a tender poem, "To Mary," showing that other thoughts were busy in his mind. That same year he married Miss Mary Hamilton, a beautiful girl whom he met on a June day at the home of a friend. A few months later appeared his "Prose Sketches and Poems," followed by a longer poem, bold, spirited, and scholarly, entitled "Ariel." His poems were printed, for the most part, by his friends, as he seemed deaf to the whispers of literary ambition.

In the war with Mexico Pike won fame for his valor in the field of Buena Vista, and he has enshrined that scene in a thrilling poem. After the war he took up the cause of the Indians, whose life and languages fascinated him and who, he felt, were being robbed of their rights. He carried their case to the Supreme Court, to whose bar he was admitted in 1849, along with Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin. His speech in the case of the Senate Award to the Choctaws is famous, Webster passing high eulogy upon it. Judged by any test, Pike was a great orator, uniting learning with practical acumen, grace with power, and that imperious magnetism which only genius can command.

Pike was made a Master Mason in Western Star Lodge No. 1, Little Rock, Arkansas, July, 1850, and the symbolism of the Craft fascinated him from the first, both as poet and scholar. Everywhere he saw suggestions, dim intimations, half-revealed and half-concealed, of ideas which could not have had their origin among the common craft masons of old. He set himself to study the Order, his enthusiasm keeping pace with his curiosity, in search of the real origin and meaning of its symbols. At last he found that Freemasonry is the Ancient Greater Mysteries in disguise, its simple emblems the repository of the highest wisdom of the ancient world, to rescue and expound which became more and more his desire and his passion. Hear his words:

"It began to shape itself to my intellectual vision into something imposing and majestic, solemnly mysterious and grand. It seemed to me like the Pyramids in their grandeur and loneliness, in whose yet undiscovered chambers may be hidden, for the enlightenment of the

coming generations, the sacred books of the Egyptians, so long lost to the world; like the Sphinx, half-buried in the sands. In its symbolism, which and its spirit of brotherhood are its essence, Freemasonry is more ancient than any of the world's living religions. So I came at last to see that its symbolism is its soul."

Thus a great poet-soul saw Freemasonry and sought to renew the luster of its symbols of high and gentle wisdom, making it a great humanizing, educational and spiritual force among men. He saw in it a faith deeper than all creeds, larger than all sects, which, if rediscovered, he believed would enlighten the world. It was a worthy ambition for any man, and one which Pike, by the very quality of his genius, as well as his tastes, temper and habits of mind, seemed born to fulfill. All this beauty, be it noted, Pike found in the old Blue Lodge—he had not yet advanced to the higher degrees—and to the end of his life the Blue Lodge remained to him a wonder and a joy. There he found universal Masonry, all the higher grades being so many variations on its theme. He did not want Masonry to be a mere social club, but a power for the shaping of character and society.

So far Pike had not even heard of the Scottish Rite, to which he was to give so many years of service. He seems not to have heard of it until 1852, and then, as he tells us, with much the same feeling with which a Puritan might hear of a Buddhist ceremony performed in a Calvinistic church. He imagined that it was not Masonry at all, or else a kind of Masonic atheism. His misunderstanding was due, perhaps, to the bitter rivalry of rites which then prevailed, and which he did so much to heal. At length he saw that Masonry is one, though its rites are many, and he studied the Scottish Rite, its origin, history, and such rituals as it had at the time, which were rather crude and chaotic, but sufficient to reveal its worth and promise.

The Scottish Rite appeared in America in 1801, at Charleston, South Carolina, derived from a Supreme Council constituted in Berlin in 1786. For its authority it had, in manuscript, a Grand Constitution, framed by the Prussian body—a document which Pike afterwards defended so ably, though

toward the end of his life he was led, by facts brought out by Gould and others, to modify his earlier position. The Council so established had no subordinate bodies at first, and never very many, in fact, until 1855, a very natural result in a country which, besides having a Masonry of its own, regarded the Rite as heresy. None the less Pike entered the Scottish Rite, at Charleston, March 20, 1853, receiving its degrees from the fourth to the thirty-second, and the thirty-third degree in New Orleans, in 1857.

The following year he delivered a lecture in New Orleans, by special request, before the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, his theme being "The Evil Consequences of Schisms and Disputes for Power in Masonry and of Jealousy and Dissensions Between Masonic Rites"—one of the greatest single Masonic lectures ever delivered, in which may be found the basis of all his Masonic thought and teaching. It is the essential part of this which forms this little book.

Masonry, as Pike saw it, is morality founded in faith and taught by symbols. It is not a religion, but a worship in which all good men can unite, its purpose being to benefit mankind physically, socially, and spiritually, by helping men to cultivate freedom, friendship, and character. To that end, beyond the facts of faith—the reality of God, the moral law, and the hope of immortality—it does not go.

One is not surprised to learn that Pike was made Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction, in 1859. He at once began to recast the Rite, rewriting its rituals, reshaping its degrees, some of which existed only in skeleton, and clothing them in robes of beauty. To this task he brought all his learning as a scholar, his insight as a poet, and his enthusiasm as a Mason. He lived in Little Rock, in a stately home overlooking the city, where he kept his vast library and did his work. In the same year, 1859, he was reported dead by mistake, and had the opportunity of reading many eulogies written in his memory. When the mistake was known, his friends celebrated his "return from Hades," as it was called, by a festival.

Alas, then came the measureless woe of Civil War, and

Pike cast his lot with the South, and was placed in command of the Indian Territory. Against his protest the Indian regiments were ordered from the Territory and took part in the battle of Elkhorn. The battle was a disaster, and some atrocities by Indian troops, whom he was unable to restrain, caused criticism. Later, when the Union Army attacked Little Rock, the commanding general, Thomas H. Benton, Grand Master of Masons in Iowa, posted a guard to protect the home of Pike and his Masonic library. After the war Pike practiced law for a time in Memphis. In 1868 he moved to Alexandria, Virginia, and in 1870 to Washington.

Again he took up his labors in behalf of Masonry, revising its rituals, and writing those noble lectures into which he gathered the wisdom of the ages—as though his mind were a great dome which caught the echoes of a thousand thinkers. By 1871 the Scottish Rite was influential and widely diffused, due, in large part, to the energy and genius of its Commander. In the same year he published “Morals and Dogma,” a huge manual for the instruction of the Rite, as much a compilation as a composition, able but ill-arranged, which remains to this day a monument of learning. It ought to be revised, rearranged, and reëdited, since it is too valuable to be left in so cumbersome a form, containing as it does much of the best Masonic thinking and writing in our literature. It is studded with flashing insights and memorable sayings, as for example:

Man is accountable for the uprightness of his doctrine, but not for the rightness of it.

The free country where intellect and genius rule, will endure. Where they serve, and other influences govern, its life is short.

When the state begins to feed part of the people, it prepares all to be slaves.

Deeds are greater than words. They have a life, mute but undeniable, and they grow. They people the emptiness of Time.

Nothing is really small. Every bird that flies carries a thread of the Infinite in its claws.

Sorrow is the dog of that unknown Shepherd who guides the flock of men.

Life has its ills, but it is not all evil. If life is worthless, so is immortality.

Our business is not to be better than others, but to be better than ourselves.

For all his strength and learning, Pike was ever a sensitive, beatuy-loving soul, touched by the brevity and sadness of life, which breathe in his poems. His best known poem, but by no means his greatest, was written in 1872, entitled, "Every Year," in which this note of melancholy is heard.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto Weary Autumns' sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And the Morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

Death often pressed the cup of sorrow to his lips. Three of his children died in infancy. His first son was drowned, his

second, an officer, was killed in battle. His eldest daughter died in 1869, and the death of his wife was the theme of a melting poem, "The Widowed Heart." His tributes to his friends in the Fraternity, as one by one they passed away, were memorable for their tenderness and simple faith. Nothing could shake his childlike trust in the veiled kindness of the Father of men, and, despite many clouds, "Hope still with purple flushed his sky."

In his lonely later years Pike betook himself more and more to his studies, building a city of the mind for inward consolation and shelter. He mastered many languages—Sanskrit, Hebrew, old Samaritan, Persian—seeking what each had to tell of beauty and of truth. He left in the library of the House of the Temple fifteen large manuscripts volumes, translations of the sacred books of the East, all written with an old-fashioned quill, in a tiny flowing hand, without blot or erasure. There he held court and received his friends amid the birds and flowers he loved so well. He was companionable, abounding in friendship, brilliant in conversation, his long white hair lending him an air of majesty, his face blushing like a child's at merited praise, simple, kindly, lovable. So death found him in April, 1891, fulfilling his own lines written as a boy:

So I, who sing, shall die,
Worn thin and pale, perhaps, by care and sorrow;
And, fainting, with a soft, unconscious sigh,
Bid unto this poor body that I borrow,
A long good-by—tomorrow
To enjoy, I hope, eternal Spring on high,
Beyond the sky.

So passed Pike. No purer, nobler man has stood at the altar of Freemasonry or left his story in our traditions. He was the most eminent Mason in the world, alike for his high rank, his rich culture, and his enduring service. Nor will our Craft ever permit to grow dim the memory of that stately, wise, and gracious teacher—a Mason to whom the world was a Temple, a poet to whom the world was a Song.

Lecture

READ AT THE REQUEST OF THE GRAND LODGE,
BY BRO. ∴ ALBERT PIKE

*The Evil Consequences of Schisms and Disputes for Power in Masonry,
and of Jealousies and Dissensions Between Masonic Rites.*

1858

SUCH, my brethren, is the subject on which I have been requested to address you. Some who have the interests of Masonry at heart, have thought it was possible to say something upon this subject that might tend to remove erroneous impressions, to increase union and harmony among Masons, and to persuade society at large that its well-being and progress are, to some extent, involved in the advancement and prosperity of Masonry. They have demanded that I should say that something; and, though unaffectedly reluctant to do it, my obligation as a Mason bars against me all the avenues of escape, and compels disinclination to yield to the imperative mandate of duty.

It would need no argument to show that to the Masonic Order itself, as to any other order or association, however unpretending and unimportant, intestine dissensions, struggles for the possession of power, jealousies and heart-burnings must necessarily be harmful, retard its growth and progress, repel those who, if it were at peace within itself, would seek to approach its doors; and at first diminish and ultimately destroy its capacity for usefulness. If this were all that I desired to establish, I might say so much and at once conclude.

But *we*, my brethren, do not believe that this is *all*. *We* think that the highest interests of *Society*, and of the community in which we live, and, perhaps, even interests wider and more general still, those of the Nation, and of humanity at large,

are affected and injured, in that which affects and does harm to Masonry. We think that the world *without* our Temples is deeply interested in the continuance or restoration of peace and harmony *within*; and that every Mason who encourages or by apathy permits dissensions within the walls that veil our mysteries from the world's eyes, is an enemy, not of Masonry only, but of that world's advancement and prosperity.

It is indeed true that the world at large, the statesmen and the men of business, are not in the habit of attaching much importance to the peaceful operations, the active efforts and silent influences of Masonry. Some even think evil of the order; to others its pretensions are the subject of mirth and food for ridicule; while probably the general impression is that it is a harmless and inoffensive association, rather laudable for its benevolent propensities, its charities, and the assistance its members mutually lend each other; but one in which the world at large is in no wise interested, one whose ceremonies are frivolous, its secrets mere pretense, its titles and dignities absurd, and its dissensions mere childish disputes for barren honors and an empty precedence, fit only to excite the pitying smiles of the grave and the sarcastic laughter of the ill-natured.

Nor is it to be denied, that there is some warrant for this, in the unfortunate proclivity of over-zealous and injudicious brethren to make the history of Masonry remount to the time when Adam, in the Garden of Eden, was Grand Master; to invent fables and manufacture traditions; to invest with a mysterious sanctity the trite commonplaces that all the world is at liberty to know; to give interpretations of symbols that every scholar knows to be untrue and every man of sense knows to be vapid and trivial; in the vain parade of sounding titles and glittering decorations; and more than all, in the angry disputes which rend the bosom of the Order, accompanied with bitter words, harsh epithets and loud denunciations, that give the lie to the combatants' claim of brotherhood, in regard to questions that to the world seem trifling and unreal.

Is *society* really interested in the peace and progress of Ma-

sonry? Has the world a moral right to demand that harmony shall govern in our Temples? Is that a matter which at all concerns the community? *How* grave and important are the interests that by our mad dissensions we recklessly put at hazard? And by what means are peace and harmony to be restored and maintained?

Such are the questions which it is demanded of me to consider. To do so, it is evidently necessary first to settle what Masonry *is*, and what its *objects* are, and by what *means* and appliances it proposes to effect those objects.

The well-being of every nation, like that of every individual, is threefold, — *physical*, *moral* and *intellectual*. Neither physically, morally, or intellectually is a people ever *stationary*. Always it either advances or retrogrades; and, as when one climbs a hill of ice, to *advance* demands continual effort and exertion, while to slide *downward* one needs but to halt.

The happiness and prosperity of a people consist in advancing on each of the three lines, physical, moral and intellectual, at once; for the day of its downfall draws nearer, even when its intellect is more developed and the works of its genius are more illustrious, and while its physical comforts increase, if its moral progress does not keep pace with its physical and intellectual; and yet without the last, the first two do not mark the loftiest condition of a great people.

That institution deserves the title of “public benefactor,” which by a system of judicious charities and mutual assistance diminishes the sum total of haggard want and destitution, and relieves the public of a portion of the burden which the necessities of the poor and shelterless impose upon it: for it thus aids the *physical* advancement of the people.

It still more deserves the title, if in addition, it imperatively requires of its members the strict and faithful performance of all those duties towards their fellow-men as individuals, which the loftiest and purest morality enjoins; and so is the potent auxiliary of the laws, and the enforcer of the moral precepts of *the great Teacher* who preached the Sermon on the Mount: for it thus labors for the *moral* elevation of the people.

And still *more*, if its initiates are also, and of necessity, de-

voted to the true interests of the people; if they are the soldiery of Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood, and at the same time of good government, of good order, and of the laws, that made by the representatives of all, for the general good of all, must be implicitly obeyed by all: for thus again it aids in elevating still higher the *moral* character of the people.

And *most of all*, if in addition to all this, it strives to elevate the people *intellectually*, by teaching those who enter its portals the profoundest truths of Philosophy, and the wisdom of the Sages of every age; a rational conception of the Deity; of the universe that He has made, and of the laws that govern it; a true estimate of Man himself, of his freedom to act, of his dignity and his destiny.

I mean to speak only of what Masonry *teaches*; and to set up no *extravagant* pretensions in its behalf. That its precepts are not fully obeyed by its initiates, in no wise detracts from their value or excellence; any more than the imperfect performance of *its* votaries detracts from the excellence of religion. The theory and the intentions of every man that lives are better and purer than his practice,—I do not say they are *unfortunately* so; for it is one of the great kindnesses of Providence, and a most conclusive proof of God's existence and infinite benevolence, that the worst as well as the purest of men has ever which he must perforce always struggle to reach, an ideal and exemplar of a rarer excellence than he can ever attain to, strive and struggle as he may. It has been well and truly said, that even Hypocrisy is the involuntary homage which vice pays to virtue.

That Masons do not live up to the teachings of their Order proves only that they are men; that, like other men, they are weak with the frailties of feeble human nature; and that in the never-ceasing struggle with their passions and the mighty circumstances that environ us all, it is often their lot to be discomfited. If the doctrines of Masonry are good, they of necessity have their effect, and are never taught in vain. For not in vain are the winged seeds of Truth ever sown; and if committed to the winds, God sees to it that they take root somewhere and grow.

To inquire what Masonry *is*, is not only to seek to know its

history, its antecedents and its statistics, but more and chiefly to inquire what are its morals and its philosophy. This latter is the inquiry that I have proposed to myself to answer; but as its importance to the world without depends upon the extension of the Order, the number of its members, and its permanency, I must first, and with that view alone, say a few words as to the former. If the Masonic Order were merely a thing of yesterday, ephemeral, and to pass away tomorrow; if it were local, and confined to one country or to men of one faith, or if the number of its initiates were small, and therefore its capacity for good or evil limited, it would be comparatively unimportant to inquire what were its morality and its philosophy.

It is not ephemeral or transitory. I will not claim that it was coeval with Noah or with Enoch, or that its Lodges were held within the holy walls of the first Temple at Jerusalem, or even that it arose during the times of the Crusades. It is enough to say that its origin is hidden in the mists and shadows of antiquity. The Arab builds into his rude walls the carved blocks that once were a part of Babylonian palaces, when Ezekiel prophesied, and when Daniel interpreted the dreams of Kings: the stones hewn by the Old Etruscans before Romulus slew his brother and built the first wall for Rome, may be still seen in the works of Roman architects: and so in our Rituals, attesting the antiquity of the Order, remain embedded *words* now obsolete, their meaning long forgotten and only recently rediscovered.

We know from historical testimony that the Order existed in England and Scotland in the seventeenth century, and was introduced into France in the year 1721, one hundred and thirty-seven years ago. As early as the year 1787, it had extended into almost every State in Europe, into the East and West Indies and Turkey; and it was estimated that there were then 3,217 Lodges, numbering at least 200,000 members. Then the United States were in their first childhood, chiefly confined to a narrow strip of country along the Atlantic coast, and there and in Canada there were estimated to be but 85 Lodges.

Now, in our thirty-one States, the District of Columbia,

and our Territories there are thirty-six Grand Lodges; and in the whole nation not far from 4,200 Lodges, besides other Subordinate Bodies of all the Rites; with a membership of not less than 140,000 persons. In every Christian country on the globe our Temples are frequented; and in Turkey, India and Persia, the Mahometan bows before the altar of Masonry. In England, France, Scotland, Ireland, Germany and Switzerland, the Order has continued to advance. Though Popes have excommunicated and the Inquisition has persecuted, Masonry yet lives in Spain, and under the shadow of the Papal throne; and when in Naples it has been unsafe to meet on land, Lodges have been held upon the open sea, in sight of the thousand lights of the city and of the pharos of Messina, with the starry heavens alone for the covering of the triangular Lodge of boats, from which up to Heaven rose the sweet incense of Masonic prayer.

The greatest, the wisest and the best of men in every country have adorned the great Order in both ancient and modern times; and united zealously in its labors. Statesmen, soldiers, advocates, scholars, poets, artists, the merchant, the mechanic and the laborer, have for one hundred and thirty-seven years, at least, "met in our Lodges upon the level, and parted on the square." PAUL JONES, LAFAYETTE and WASHINGTON were Masons: FRANKLIN sat with LALANDE in the same Lodge in which HELVETIUS had worn the apron. Almost all the great marshals and generals of Napoleon, including the three kings, *Joseph*, *Murat* and *Bernadotte* knew the mystic numbers, and made the French and Scottish Rites illustrious. Natural Science contributed to Masonry a *Lacépède*, Painting, a *Horace Vernet*, Music, a *Meyerbeer*, the Stage, *Talma*; the Bar, *Philippe Dupin*, his not less illustrious elder Brother, and *Odilon Barrot*.

In other countries Masonry counted its distinguished names, too numerous to mention: and at the present day, in our own, its initiates occupy the high places of the country, hold the helm of the ship of State, sit in the Departments of State, War, the Interior, and others, preside on the Bench, and represent our country at foreign courts.

In Europe it has founded public libraries, established free

schools, given rewards for eminent acts of virtue and heroism, established homes for Masons poor and destitute, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and been the friend of the oppressed and unfortunate.

In our own country, it follows in good faith the same path. It establishes schools and founds academies, and its five thousand two hundred Lodges are so many centres from which charity flows in all directions like the light, and whose exchequers are rich with the gratitude of widows, and the tearful thanks of orphans. And prominent above all, like a great light that sends its rays far across the waters, stands THE LOUISIANA RELIEF LODGE, that noblest of Masonic Institutions, opening wide its doors to the sick, the destitute, the friendless stranger, and doing honour to Masonry and to the State.

With this mere glance at the history, the antecedents, the *personnel* and the statistics of Masonry, I must be content. It is sufficient to show that it is of some importance to this community, to the Union and the world, to know what are the morals and philosophy taught by this great, permanent and widely extended Order.

What then, is the *morality* of Masonry? Listen, and you shall learn.

Masonry says to its initiate: "BE CONTENT. Compare not your condition with the few above you, but with the thousands with whom you would not by any means change your fortune and condition. A soldier must not think himself unprosperous, if he be not successful as Alexander or Wellington; nor any man deem himself unfortunate that he hath not the wealth of Rothschild; but rather let the former rejoice that he is not lessened like the many generals who went down, horse and man, before Napoleon; and the latter, that he is not the beggar, who in the bleak winter wind holds out his tattered hat for charity. There *may* be many who are richer and more fortunate; it is *certain* that there *are* many *thousands* who are very miserable, compared to you."

But a Mason's *contentedness* must by no means be a mere contented *selfishness*; like him, who, comfortable himself, is indifferent to the discomfort of others. There will always be

in this world wrongs to forgive, sufferings to alleviate, sorrows asking for sympathy, necessities and destitution to relieve, and ample occasion for the exercise of active charity and beneficence. And he who sits unconcerned amidst it all, perhaps enjoying his own comforts and luxuries the more, by contrasting them with the hungry and ragged misery and shivering wretchedness of his fellows, is not contented, but only unfeeling and brutal.

It is the saddest of all sights upon this earth, that of a man, lazy and luxurious, or hard and penurious, to whom want appeals in vain, and suffering cries in an unknown tongue. The man whose hasty anger hurries him into violence or crime, is not half so unworthy to live. This is the faithless steward, that embezzles what is given him in trust for the penniless and impoverished among his brethren. The true Mason must be, and must have a right to be, content with himself; and he can be so, only when he lives, not for himself alone, but for others, who need his assistance and have a claim upon his sympathy.

"Charity," says a fine old writer, "is the great channel through which God passes all his mercies upon mankind. For we receive absolution of our sins in proportion to our forgiving our brother. This is the rule of our hopes, and the measure of our desire in this world; and on the day of death and judgment, the great sentence upon mankind shall be transacted according to our alms, which is the other part of charity. God Himself is LOVE; and every degree of charity that dwells in us, is the participation of the Divine Nature."

These principles Masonry reduces to practice; and by them it expects its initiates to be guided and governed. It says to them, in the words of the great Roman: "Men in no respect so nearly approach to the Deity, as when they confer benefits on men. To serve and do good to as many as possible—there is nothing greater in your fortune than that you should be *able*, and nothing finer in your nature than that you should be *desirous*, to do this." It expects every man to do *something*, within and according to his means; and if not alone, then by combination and association. A Lodge may aid in founding a

school or an academy; and if not, it can at least educate one boy or girl, the child of a poor or departed Brother. And it should never be forgotten, that in the poorest unregarded child that seems abandoned to ignorance and vice, may slumber virtue, intellect and genius; and that in rescuing from the mire and giving him the means of education and development, the Lodge may confer on the world as great a benefit as was given it by John Faust, the boy of Mentz, who revealed to it the art of Printing.

For we never know the importance of the act we do. The daughter of Pharaoh little thought what she was doing for the human race, and the vast, unimaginable consequences that depended on her charitable act, when she drew the little child of a Hebrew woman from among the rushes that grew along the bank of the Nile, and determined to rear it as her own.

How often has an act of charity, costing the doer little, given to the world a great painter, a great sculptor, a great musician, a great inventor! How often has such an act developed the ragged boy into a benefactor of his race! *For there is no law, thank God! that limits the returns that shall be reaped from a single good deed.* The widow's mite may not only be as acceptable to God, but may produce as large results, as the rich, costly offering.

Masonry inculcates upon the master, care and kindness for the slave whom God has placed in his power and under his protection. It teaches to the employers of other men, in mines, manufactories and workshops, consideration and humanity for those who depend upon their labor for their bread, and to whom want of employment is starvation, and overwork is fever, consumption and death. While it teaches the employed to be honest, punctual and faithful, as well as respectful, and obedient to all proper orders, it also teaches the employer that every man or woman that *desires* to work, has a *right* to have work to do; and that these, and those who from sickness or feebleness, old age or infancy, are not able to work, have a right to be fed, clothed, and sheltered from the inclement elements; that he commits an awful sin against Masonry and in the sight of God, if he closes his workshop or factory, or

ceases to work his mine, when they do not yield him what he considers sufficient profit, and so dismisses his workmen and workwomen to starve; or when he reduces their wages to so low a standard that they and their families cannot therewith be fed and clad and comfortably housed; or by over-work must give him their blood and life in exchange for the pittance of their wages; and that his duty as a Mason and a Brother peremptorily requires him to continue to employ those who else will be pinched with hunger and cold, or must resort to theft and vice; and to pay them fair wages, though it may reduce or annul his profits, or even eat into his capital; *for God has but LOANED him his wealth, and made him His almoner and agent to invest it.*

Not only in their charities, but in every other manner, Masonry will have its initiates to be GENEROUS; not careful to return no more than they receive, but preferring that the balance upon the ledger of benefits shall be in their favour. He, it holds, who has received payment in full for all the benefits and favours that he has conferred, is like a spendthrift who has consumed his whole estate, and laments over an empty exchequer. He who requites our favours with ingratitude, *adds to*, instead of *diminishing* our wealth; and he who cannot return a favour, is equally *poor*, whether that inability arise from poverty of spirit and sordidness of soul or actual pecuniary need.

If he is wealthy who has large sums invested, and the mass of whose fortune consists in obligations by which other men promise to pay him money, he is still more so, to whom many owe large returns of kindnesses and favours. Beyond a moderate sum each year, the rich man merely *invests* his means, and that which he never uses is still, like favors unrequited and kindnesses unreciprocated, a *real* portion of his fortune.

It is the Mason's part to protect the feeble against the strong, and the defenseless against rapacity and craft; to succor and comfort the poor, and be the guardian, under God, of His innocent and helpless wards; to value friends more than riches or fame, and gratitude more than money or power; and so to be the true nobleman of God's patent, his escutcheon

and quarterings to be found in Heaven's great book of Heraldry; to be *liberal*, but only of that which is his own; to be *generous*, but only when he has first been *just*; to give, when it involves the deprivation of a luxury or a comfort.

"I will not acknowledge as an initiate," Masonry declares, "the man who is not disinterested and generous, not only in *acts*, but in his opinions of men, and his constructions of their conduct. He who is selfish and grasping, or censorious and ungenerous, will not remain within the strict limits of Honesty and Truth, but will shortly commit injustice. He who loves himself too much, must needs love others too little; and he who is inclined to *harsh* judgment, will not long delay to give *unjust* judgment, and afterwards or not at all, hear the case. The worldly, the covetous and the sensual; the man governed by inclination and not by duty; the unkind, severe, censorious or injurious in the relations or intercourse of life; the unfaithful parent or undutiful child; the cruel master or faithless servant; the treacherous friend, bad neighbor, or bitter and ungenerous competitor, may wear the white apron of the Mason, and and rejoice in all the titles of the Order; *but he wanders at a great distance from the true Masonic Light.*"

Next, Masonry required of its Initiates, FIDELITY. "Truth plighted is ever to be kept." It does not cease to repeat them, was an axiom even among Pagans. The virtuous Roman said: "Either let not that which seems *expedient* be *base*, or if it *be* base, let it not seem *expedient.*" The word of a Mason, like that of a Knight in the times of Chivalry, once given, ought to be sacred; and the judgment of his Brethren, upon him who violates his pledge, should be stern as the judgments of the Roman Censors against him who violated his oath. Calamity should always be chosen rather than baseness; and we should prefer to die rather than be dishonored.

INDUSTRY and HONESTY are virtues peculiarly inculcated in Masonry. When the arrogant Stuarts sat upon the throne of England, and the Bourbons on that of France, each claiming to rule by Divine Right; when Republican Government was more remote from actual life than Utopia or the New Atlantis; when Nobility thought that it was born to rule, and the people

to toil and serve; when Rank and Caste and Privilege looked down with lordly contempt upon the leathern apron of the artisan and the frieze jerkin of the laborer, THE GREAT ORDER wrought silently in its degree of *Apprentice, Craftsman* and *Master Mason* or *Builder*; adopted for itself a Democratic system of government; and for the successor of the Demi-gods and Princess of the old legends of the Mysteries, selected an humble artisan, the son of a poor widow of Tyre, an industrious and honest man, cunning to work in brass and iron; and represented *him* as the Peer of Kings. The history of the world hardly offers a more significant and extraordinary lesson.

As the bees have no love for drones, so true Masons have none for the idle and lazy; for those who are so, are already useless, and in the way to become dissipated and vicious; and perfect honesty, which ought to be the common qualification of all, is more rarely met with than diamonds. To *do* earnestly and steadily, to *do* faithfully and honestly, that which we have to do—perhaps this wants but little, when looked at from every point of view, of including the whole body of the moral law.

We think, at the age of twenty, that life is much too long for that which we have to learn and do; and that there is an almost fabulous distance between our age and that of our Grandfather. But when, at the age of sixty, if we are fortunate enough to reach it, or unfortunate enough, as the case may be, and according as we have used or wasted our time, we halt and look back along the way that we have come, and cast up and try to balance our accounts with Time, we find that we have made Life much too short, and thrown away a large portion of our days. We then in our mind deduct from the sum total of our years, the hours that we unnecessarily have spent in sleep; the waking hours each day, during which the surface of the mind's pool has not been stirred or ruffled by a single thought; the days that we have got rid of as we could, to attain some real or fancied object that lay beyond, in the way between which and us stood irksomely the intervening days; and the hours misspent and worse than wasted, in folly and dissipation; and we acknowledge with many a sigh, that we could have learned and done, in half a score of years well

spent, more than we *have* learned and done in our forty years of manhood.

To learn and to do! This is the soul's work here below. The soul *grows*, as truly as an oak grows. As the tree takes the air and the particles that float in the air, the dew and rain, and the food that in the earth lies piled around its roots; and by its mysterious chemistry transmutes them into sap and fibre, into wood and leaf, and flower and fruit, and taste and color and perfume; so the soul drinks in knowledge, and by a divine alchemy changes what it learns into its own substance, and develops itself from within outwardly, and *grows*, with an inherent Force and Power like those which lie hid in the small germ of the acorn.

To sleep little, and to study much; to say little, and to hear and think much; to learn, that we may be able to do; and then to do, earnestly and vigorously, whatever is required by Duty, by the interests of our fellows, our country and mankind,—these are the duties which Masonry prescribes to its initiates.

It requires of them "honesty in contracts, sincerity in affirming, simplicity in bargaining, and faithfulness in performing." It says to them, in the terse language of an old writer, "Lie not at all, neither in a little thing nor in a great, neither in the substance nor in the circumstance, neither in word nor deed; that is, pretend not what is false; aver not what is untrue; and let the measure of your affirmation or denial be the understanding of your contractor."

"That any man should be the worse for us, and our direct act, and by our intention, is against the rule of equity, of justice and of charity." We, then, do not that to others, which we might reasonably wish they should do unto us; for we grow richer upon the ruins of their fortune. The good Mason does not wish to receive anything from another, without returning him an equivalent: and by that simple principle, Masonry discountenances bets and gaming among its members; while it frowns upon him who takes wages or fees for a work that he is incompetent to do, or demands more than his services are honestly and according to the custom worth; upon the merchant who sells an inferior article for a sound

price; upon the speculator who makes the needs and distresses of other men his exchequer.

It says to every Mason: "It should be our earnest desire so to live and deal and act, that when it comes to us to die, we shall be able to say, and our consciences to adjudge, that no man on earth is poorer, because we are richer; that what we have, we have honestly earned or purchased; and that no man, and more especially no widow or orphan, can stand up before God, and claim that by the Rules of Equity administered in His great Chancery, this house in which we die, this land that we devise among our heirs, this money which enriches those who survive to bear our name, is his or hers, and not ours, and we in that Great Forum are only their Trustees. For it is most certain that God is just, and will sternly enforce every such trust; and that to all whom we despoil, to all whom we defraud, to all from whom we take anything whatever without full and fair equivalent, He will decree an adequate and ample compensation."

"Be careful," then, it says to every Brother, "that thou receive no wages, here or elsewhere, that are not thy due. For if thou dost, thou wrongest some one, by taking that which in God's Chancery belongs to him; and whether that which thou takest thus, be wealth or rank, or influence or reputation."

Again, it says to him: "Be zealous and faithful! be disinterested and benevolent! Act the peacemaker, in case of dissensions, disputes and quarrels among the Brethren. DUTY is the moral magnetism that controls and guides the true Mason's course over the tumultuous seas of Life. Whether the Stars of *Honor*, *Reputation* and *Reward* do or do not shine; in the light of day, or in the darkness of the night of trouble and adversity; in calm or storm, that unerring magnet still shows him the true course to steer, and indicates with certainty whereaway lies the port, which not to reach involves shipwreck and dishonor. He follows implicitly its silent bidding, as the mariner, when land is for many days not in sight, and the ocean, without path or landmark, howls angrily around him, follows the silent bidding of the needle, as though it

were God's finger, pointing unerringly to the North. To perform that Duty, whether the performance be rewarded or unrewarded, is his sole care; nor does it matter to him, though of this performance there may be no witnesses; and though what he has done will be forever unknown to all mankind.

Times change, and circumstances; but Virtue (in the original meaning of the old Roman word, *Virtus*, manliness) and *Duty*, ever remain the same. The evils to be confronted only take another shape, and are developed in a different form. There is the same need now of Truth and Loyalty, as there was in the days of knighthood. In no age of the world has man had better opportunity than now to display a lofty manliness and noble heroism.

When a fearful epidemic ravages a city, and death is inhaled with the air men breathe; when the living scarcely suffice to bury the dead; most men flee in abject terror, to return and live, respectable and influential, when the danger has passed away. But the old knightly spirit of devotion and disinterestedness and contempt of death, still lives, and is not extinct in the human heart. Everywhere, a few are found to stand firmly and unflinchingly at their posts, to front and defy the danger, not for money, nor to be honored for it, nor to protect their own household; but from mere humanity, and to obey the unerring dictates of duty. Brethren of some benevolent Order or Association, or philanthropists that belong to no Order, they nurse the sick, breathing the pestilential atmosphere of the Hospital. They explore the dens of want and misery. Gentle as women, they soften the pangs of the dying, and feed the lamp of life in the convalescent. They perform the last sad offices to the dead; and they seek for all no other reward than the approval of their own consciences. Like *one*, a member of THE GREAT ORDER, whom, because he lives among us, and seeks no such acknowledgment, I will not name, they go as volunteers to distant cities, where the cross is marked on every door, the pestilence crouches in every house, and dismay and terror are in every heart; there to attend the sick and relieve the suffering; and when the ghastly destroyer has passed away, a STATE engraves their names upon

the eternal tablets of its memory, and mothers teach their children to bless them and remember them in their prayers.

These obey the Masonic law of Duty;—these, and the captain who remains at his post on board his shattered ship, until the last boat, loaded to the water's edge with passengers and crew, has parted from her side; and then, like *Herndon*, goes calmly down with her into the mysterious depths of the ocean; the pilot who stands at the wheel while the swift flames eddy round him, and scorch away his life; the fireman who climbs the blazing walls, and plunges amid the flames, to save the lives of those who have upon him no claim by tie of blood, of friendship, or even of ordinary acquaintance,—these, and all men, who, set at the post of duty, stand there manfully, to die, if need be, but not to desert their post.

THE GREAT ORDER insists that its Initiates shall be JUST; that faithfully using that moral faculty, the conscience, and applying it to existing relations and circumstances, they shall develop it and all its kindred powers, and so deduce the duties that, out of these relations and these circumstances, and by them limited and qualified, arise and become obligatory upon us; and to learn justice, the law of right, the Divine rule of conduct for human life. It says, in part in the words of a profound if erratic thinker: "Every departure from real, practical justice, is no doubt attended with loss to the unjust man, though the loss is not reported to the public. Injustice, public or private, like every other sin and wrong, is inevitably followed by its *consequences*, which men style its *punishment*. The selfish, the grasping, the inhuman, the fraudulently ungenerous employer and the cruel master, are detested by the great popular heart; while the kind master, the liberal employer, the generous, the humane and the just, have the good opinion of all men; and even Envy is a tribute to their virtues. Men honor all who stand up for truth and right, and never shrink. The world builds monuments to its patriots, and tears down the statues of its knaves. Four great Statesmen, organizers of the right, embalmed in stone, look down upon the Lawgivers of France, as they pass to their hall of legislation, silent orators to tell how nations love the just. How we revere the marble

lineaments of those just judges, JAY and MARSHALL, that look so calmly towards the living Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States! What a monument WASHINGTON has built in the heart of America; and all the world, not because he dreamed of an impracticable ideal justice, but by his constant and successful effort to be *practically* just.

“But necessity only, and the greatest good of the greatest number, can legitimately interfere with the dominion of absolute and ideal justice. Government should not foster the strong, at the expense of the weak, nor protect the capitalist and tax the laborer. The powerful should not seek a monopoly of development and enjoyment; not prudence only, and the expedient for today should be appealed to by statesmen, but conscience and the right: justice should not be forgotten in looking at interest; nor political *morality* neglected for political *economy*; we should not have national *housekeeping*, instead of national *organization* on the basis of right.

“We may well differ as to the abstract right of many things; for every such question has many sides, and few men look at *all* of them; many only at *one*. But we all readily recognize cruelty, unfairness, inhumanity, partiality, over-reaching, hard dealing, by their ugly and familiar lineaments. We do not need to sit as a Court of Errors and Appeals, to revise and reverse God’s Providences, in order to know and to hate and despise *them*.”

And so it says, and again partly in the words of the same Thinker: “A sentence is written against all that is unjust: written by God in the nature of man, and in the nature of the universe; because it is in the nature of God. Fidelity to your faculties, trust in their convictions—that is justice to yourself; a life in obedience thereto, that is justice towards men. No wrong is really successful. The gain of injustice is a loss; its pleasure, suffering. Iniquity often seems to prosper, but its success is its defeat and shame. After a long while, the day of reckoning ever comes, to nation as to individual. The knave deceives himself. The miser, starving his brother’s body, starves also his own soul, and at death shall creep out of his great estate of injustice, poor and naked and miserable.

Whoso escapes a duty, avoids a gain. Outward judgment often fails, inward justice never; and we ever see a continual and progressive triumph of the Right."

TRUTH, a Mason is early told, is a Divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue; and frankness, reliability, sincerity, straightforwardness, plain dealing, are but different modes in which Truth develops itself. Our lectures say, "The dead, the absent, the innocent, and those that trust him, no Mason will deceive willingly. To all these he owes a nobler justice, in that they are the most certain trials of Human Equity. "Only the most abandoned of men," said CICERO, "would deceive him who would have remained uninjured, if he had not trusted. All the noble deeds that have beat their marches through succeeding ages, have proceeded from men of Truth and genuine courage. The man who is always true, is both virtuous and wise, and thus possesses the greatest guards of safety; for the law has not power to strike the virtuous; nor can fortune subvert the wise."

In this age of exaggeration and insincere profession; when books are written and published and even read, whose object is to teach the rising generation how easily a fortune may be made by entrapping gulls with lies; and when for one to give a true account or a fair one of the speech or argument made against his opinions or his party, is a thing so rare, that the recurrence of the phenomenon at long intervals, goes far to make the most confirmed and incurable infidel yield up his unbelief in miracles;—in this age, when falsehoods, told for effect, and the faculty of utterance whereof is a gift, that yields a comfortable revenue, can get printed by steam and travel on the invisible wings of the lightning, —Masonry still adheres to its old morals, and says to its initiates: "Speak thou always the simple Truth, no more and no less; or else speak not at all." And it adds: "Be thou no talebearer, nor retailer of scandal; for he who is so, is certain often to go beyond the truth."

With the errors and even the sins of other men, that do not personally affect us or ours, and need not our condemnation to be odious, we have really nothing to do. The journalist has no patent that makes him the censor of morals. There is no

obligation resting on us to trumpet forth our disapproval of every injudicious, improper or wrongful act, that every other man commits. One is not obliged to enlist in the police, or play the spy and the informer.

"One ought," a great German says, "to write or speak against no other in this world. Each man in it has enough to do, to watch and keep guard over himself. Each of us is sick enough in this great Lazaretto and journalism and political writing constantly remind us of a scene once witnessed in a little hospital; where it was horrible to hear how the patients mockingly reproached each other with their disorders and infirmities; how one, who was worn to a skeleton by consumption, jeered at another who was bloated by dropsy; how the leper laughed at his room-mate's cancer of the face; and this one again at his neighbor's paralysis; until at last the delirious fever-patient sprang out of his bed, and tore away the coverings from the wounded bodies of his companions; and nothing was to be seen but hideous misery and mutilation." If we would but look at it aright, is the business of parading before all the world every domestic tragedy and every act of disreputable villainy, any less disgusting, or any more profitable to humanity?

Very often the censure bestowed upon men's acts, by those who have elected and commissioned themselves keepers of the Public Morals, is undeserved. Often, it is not only undeserved; but praise is due instead of censure; and when deserved, it is always extravagant and therefore unjust.

Even the man who does wrong and commits errors, often has a quiet home, a peaceful fireside, a gentle, loving wife and innocent children, who do not know of his misdeeds, past and long repented of, or present and hereafter to be atoned for by sincere penitence and mighty agonies and bitter remorse; or, if they do, do love him all the better, because being mortal he hath erred, and being in the image of God he hath repented, or will, persuaded by their soft and gentle influences, repent and make atonement, if no uninvited censor thrusts himself between him and them. That every blow aimed at this husband and father, strikes brutally at the bosoms of the

wife and daughters, and makes them, though innocent, to partake of the shame which falls on him, does not stay the hand of the modern guardian of public morals; but, brave as Caesar, he strikes and slays, and then calls on those to whose vicious appetites he has pandered, to admire and praise him for the generous and manly act.

"If ye seek," says an old writer, "for high and strained carriages, you shall for the most part, meet with them in low men. Arrogance is a weed that ever grows on a dunghill. There is no arrogance so great as the proclaiming of other men's errors and faults, by those who understand nothing but the dregs of actions, and who make it their business to besmear deserving fames." It is no more honorable now than heretofore, for one to become a perpetual spy upon the actions of other men, and a general tale-bearer, even if one is fortunate enough to own a press and types, and so can retail his scandal to a multitude instead of one. Imagine only, a gentleman, making it his trade whereby to earn a living, to fish in all the moral sewers of a city for all the instances of low vice and disgusting depravity, that for the credit of human nature ought to be ignored; and then to stand at the street corners and retail them orally to all the prurient and bestial who would listen, and for his trouble deposit in his palm a sixpence!

The same old writer adds, and his words are singularly applicable today: "Their malice makes them nimble-eyed, apt to note a fault and publish it, and with a strained construction to deprave those things that the doer's intents have told his soul were honest. They set the vices of other men on high, for the gaze of the world. If they cannot wound upon proofs, they will do it upon likelihoods; and if not upon them, they manufacture lies, as God created the world, out of nothing; knowing that the multitude will believe them, because affirmations are apter to win belief, than negatives to uncredit them; and that a lie travels faster than an eagle flies, while contradiction lags after it at a snail's pace, and halting, never overtakes it."

In his words, Masonry lays down its rule: "If there be *virtues*, and thou art called upon to speak of him that owns

them, do thou tell them forth impartially; and if there be vices mixed with them, be thou content the world shall know them by some other tongue than thine. For if the evil-doer himself deserve no pity (which Christ, who died for him, does not say), his wife, his parents or his children, or other innocent persons who love him may."

The Mason is devoted to the cause of LIBERALITY and TOLERATION, against Fanaticism and Persecution, political and religious; to that of EDUCATION, INSTRUCTION and ENLIGHTENMENT against Error, Barbarism and Ignorance.

TOLERATION, holding that every other man has the same right to *his* opinion and faith, that *we* have to *ours*; LIBERALITY, holding that, as no human being can say with certainty, in the clash and conflict of hostile faiths and creeds, what is Truth, or that he is surely in possession thereof; so every one should feel that it is quite possible that another, equally honest and sincere with himself, and yet holding the contrary opinion, may himself be in possession; and that whatever one firmly and conscientiously believes, is truth, *to him*;—these are the mortal enemies of that Fanaticism which persecutes for opinion's sake, and initiates crusades against whatever it deems, in its imaginary holiness, to be contrary to the law of God.

And EDUCATION, INSTRUCTION and ENLIGHTENMENT are the only certain means by which Intolerance and Fanaticism can be rendered powerless.

No true Mason scoffs at honest convictions, and an ardent zeal in the cause of Truth and justice. But he absolutely denies the right of any man to assume the prerogative of Deity, and condemn his Brother's faith and opinions as heretical and deserving to be punished. Nor does he approve the course of those who endanger the peace of great nations, and the solid interests of their own race, by indulging in the cheap luxury of a chimerical and visionary philanthropy; who draw their robes around them to avoid contact with their fellows, and think themselves nearer to heaven by proclaiming their own holiness.

For he knows that Intolerance and Bigotry have been infinitely greater curses to mankind than Ignorance and Error.

He does not forget that *Galileo* was denied the free enjoyment of light and air, because he averred that the earth moved; and that, two centuries ago, the rack and the stake would have been the reward of *Agassiz* and *Lyell*. Better *any* error than persecution! Better *any* belief or opinion, however irrational and absurd, than the thumbscrew and the *auto da fe*! And he knows also how unspeakably absurd it is for a creature, to whom himself, and everything within and around him are mysteries to torture and even slay others, because they do not think as he does in regard to the profoundest of all those mysteries, the least of which it is utterly beyond the comprehension of either to understand.

It holds, in the language of a wise writer, "that virtue by no means consists in the *thinking* or *believing*, which is an accidental, inevitable matter, where the man is sincere; but in the *doing*, which depends solely on himself. Virtue is but heroic bravery to *do* the thing *thought* to be true, in spite of all enemies of flesh or spirit, or temptations or menaces. Man is accountable for the *uprightness* of his doctrine, but not for the *rightness* of it. Devout enthusiasm is far easier than a good action. The end of Thought is action, and the sole purpose of Religion is an ethic. It is right to require of a man that he shall *seek* for the truth; but not that he shall *find* it. A speculative error, engendered in that huge storehouse of ignorance, human *misunderstanding*, ought not to annihilate in our minds the fervent admiration which every just and rightminded man ought to feel, and knows he ought to feel, of a life of constant goodness and continual self-sacrifice. All the actions of a man's life, harmonious in excellence as the planets in their orbits, should weigh something more than feathers in the scale, even if he is so far unfortunate as to be unable to solve the mystery of mysteries. It is not what we *believe*, but what we *become*, that is important to a man; and religion is but an instrument to ennoble the moral nature of man."

That is equally the purpose and mission of Masonry: "To diffuse useful information, to further intellectual refinement, to hasten the coming of the great day when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy lingering mists,

even from the *base* of the great social pyramid, is its high calling, in which the most splendid and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part." And it is to be hoped that the time will soon arrive, for which Masonry has so long labored, when, "as men will no longer suffer themselves to be led blindfold in ignorance, so will they no more yield to the vile principle of judging and treating their fellow creatures, not according to the intrinsic merit of their *actions*, but according to the accidental and involuntary coincidence of their *opinion*."

One of the earliest lessons taught the Masonic Initiate is, that every Masonic Temple, itself a symbol of the Universe, and of the soul of every upright and worthy man, is supported by three great columns, WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY or HARMONY. The inmost meanings of these three columns, I am not at liberty to make known here. They involve the highest truths of Philosophy, and the profoundest Mysteries of Nature. When the Mason is advanced, however, to a certain point, he learns that these three pillars of the old Temple are replaced with three others, the names of which are familiar to you all—FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY—virtues which every Mason and every man and woman ought to possess: FAITH,—in God; that He is good and wise and merciful, a Father and not a Tyrant; whom we are as children to love, and not as slaves to fear;—in Human Nature; confidence in our kind, in the honesty of men's purposes and intentions; in man's capability for improvement and advancement; the same Faith in others that we would have them put in us;—and *Faith* in ourselves;—in our power to do some good, and exert some influence upon our fellows: *Faith*, that if we are but earnest, honest and sincere, we can help destroy ignorance, error and wrong, and become immortal in our good influences living after we are dead; that noble and modest confidence in ourselves, which is the secret of all success, and the parent of all great and noble actions . . . HOPE, in the ultimate annihilation of Evil in the Universe; in the final triumph of Masonry, that shall make of all men one family and household; in the cessation of war and bloodshed, and the advent of Peace and

Liberty; in the final enfranchisement of the human soul and intellect in every country on the globe; and in a Hereafter, where man, immortal, shall be happy. . . . And CHARITY, taught us by *Faith* and *Hope*, for those who differ with us in opinion, for them and for their faith, and even for their errors; that Charity which relieves the necessities and distresses of men, and with open hand gives the suffering and destitute solace and comfort; and which forgives and utters merciful judgment upon the faults and shortcomings of others; believes them better than they seem, and teaches us to judge and do unto others as we should wish them, and think it right for them to judge and do unto us. To be TRUSTFUL, to be HOPEFUL, to be INDULGENT:—these, when all around us are selfishness, despondency, ill-opinion of Human Nature, and harsh and bitter judgment, are the true supports of every Masonic Temple, and the bases of every manly and heroic nature. And they are also the old pillars of the Temple under different names: for he only is *Wise* who judges others *Charitably* and deals with their errors *Mercifully*; he only is *Strong*, who is *Hopeful*; and there is no *Beauty* of proportion or harmony, like a firm *Faith* in God, our fellows and ourselves.

Our lectures say to us: The true Mason labors for the benefit of those that are to come after him, and for the advancement and improvement of his race. That is a poor ambition which contents itself within the limits of a single life. All men who deserve to live at all, desire to survive their own funerals, and to live afterwards in the good that they have done mankind, rather than in the writing that lasts even the longest upon the sands of human memories. Most men desire to leave some *work* behind them, that may outlive their day and brief generation. That is an instinctive impulse, given by God, and often found in the rudest human heart; the surest proof of the soul's immortality, and of the radical difference between man and the wisest brutes. To plant the trees that after we are dead shall shelter our children, is as natural as to love the shade of those our fathers planted.

In his influences that survive him, man becomes immortal, before the general resurrection. The Thoughts of the Past are

the Laws of the Present and Future. That which we say and do, if its effects last not beyond our lives, is of slight importance. That which shall live when we are dead, as part of the great body of law enacted *by* the Dead, is the only act worth doing, the only thought worth uttering. The desire to do something that shall benefit the world, when neither praise nor obloquy will reach us where we sleep soundly in the grave, is the noblest ambition entertained by man.

To sow, that others may reap; to work and plant for those that are to occupy the earth when we are dead; to project our good influences far into the future, and to live beyond our time; to rule as the Kings of Thought over men who are yet unborn; to bless with the glorious gifts of Truth and Light, and Liberty, those who may never know the name of the giver, nor care in what grave his unregarded ashes repose, is the true office of a Mason, and the proudest destiny of a man.

We read in Masonic Monitors, of *Speculative* Masonry, as distinguished from *Operative* Masonry. I confess I shall be glad to see it disused. It always seems to me to involve the idea of talking much, and doing nothing. Masonry is *not* speculative, but *operative*. It is *work*. Good Masonry is to do the work of life. Its natural work is practical life. Its precepts are meant for practical use. It was not meant for the lazy and luxurious, the indifferent or selfish. To long for the regeneration of the human race, and entertain a philanthropy that embraces the whole world, is very pleasant and very easy. The difficulty is, that when Masonry is no more than that, the field to be cultivated is so extensive, that no other crop is raised in any corner of it than weeds. It is a laudable ambition to wish to be the benefactor of the world, or at the least of a nation; but most men can expect to be so, only through the influences they can exert within their own limited circle; and it would be too much, to expect your grand philanthropist, with universal Humanity for his client, to occupy himself with the pitiful interests of his own neighborhood, and with the eradication of the evils that grow like poisonous rank weeds around his own door.

“The true Mason, on the contrary, occupies himself with

what is near at hand. Right there he finds enough to do. His Masonry is to live a true, honorable, upright, affectionate life, from the motive of a good man. He finds evils enough, near him and around him, to be corrected; evils in trade, evils in social life, neighborhood abuses; wrongs swarming everywhere, to be righted; follies cackling everywhere, to be annihilated." "Masonry," it has been well said, "cannot, in our age, forsake the broad way of life. She must walk in the open street, appear in the crowded square, and teach men by her deeds, her *life*, more eloquent than any lips."

The Order says, in its charge to those who are to preside over its Lodges: "You are not to allow any assembly of the body over which you may preside, to close, without recalling to the minds of the brethren the duties of a Mason. That is an imperative duty. Forget not, that more than three thousand years ago, ZOROASTER said: *Be good; be kind; be humane and charitable; love your fellows; console the afflicted; pardon those who have done you wrong!* Nor that more than two thousand three hundred years ago, CONFUCIUS repeated, also quoting the words of those who had lived before himself: "Love thy neighbor as thyself; *Do not to others what thou wouldst not wish should be done to thyself; Forgive injuries; Forgive your enemy, be reconciled to him, give him assistance, invoke God in his behalf!*"

"Let not the morality of your Lodge be inferior to that of the Persian or the Chinese Philosopher.

"Urge upon your brethren the teaching and the unostentatious practice of the morality of the Lodge, without regard to times, places, religions or peoples.

"Urge them to love one another, to be devoted to one another, to be faithful to the country, the Government and the laws; for to serve the country is to pay a dear and sacred debt.

"To respect all forms of worship, to tolerate all political and religious opinions; not to blame, and still less to condemn the religion of others; not to seek to make converts; but to be content if they have the religion of SOCRATES;—a veneration for the Creator, the religion of good works, and grateful acknowledgment of God's blessings.

"To fraternize with all men; to assist all who are unfortunate; and cheerfully to postpone their own interests to those of the Order.

"To make it the constant rule of their lives, to *think* well, to *speak* well, and to *act* well.

"To place the Sage above the Soldier, the Noble or the Prince; and take the wise and good as their models.

"To see that their professions and practice, their teachings and conduct do always agree.

"To make this also their motto: *Do that which thou oughtest to do, let the result be what it will.*"

While Masonry inculcates these duties towards individuals, it also requires its initiates to work, actively and earnestly, for the benefit of their country. It is the Patron of the oppressed, as it is the comforter and consoler of the wretched and unfortunate. "It seems to it a worthier honor to be the instrument of advancement and reform, than to enjoy all that rank and office and lofty titles can bestow. It is the advocate of the common people, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind." It hates insolent power and impudent usurpation. It pities the poor, the sorrowing, the disconsolate. It would fain raise and improve the ignorant, the sunken and the degraded.

It is the Preacher of LIBERTY, FRATERNITY and EQUALITY: of a decent and well regulated liberty, based on law, and guarded by an inviolable constitution, under which the rights of the individual and the minority are as secure as those of the majority; of *Liberty*, that is not License, nor Anarchy, nor Licentiousness, nor the Despotism of party; and by which men are free, but not *too* free: of *Fraternity*, in that sober sense which regards men as the children of a common Father, to be loved when good, pitied and not hated when bad, persuaded and not persecuted when in error: Of *Equality*, in the eye of the Law, in political rights and in the rights of conscience.

But it is not its mission to engage in plots and conspiracies against the Civil Government. It is not the fanatical propagandist of any creed or theory; nor does it proclaim itself

the general enemy of Kings. It contracts no entangling alliances with any Sect of Theorists, dreamers or political philosophers. It sits apart from all, in its own calm dignity and simplicity; the same in a Republic as under a Monarch; the same in Turkey as at the Rock of Plymouth; the same now as when the foundations of the first Temple at Jerusalem were laid.

It recognizes the truth of the proposition that *necessity*, as well as abstract ideal *right* and *justice*, plays a part in the making of laws, the administration of government and the regulation of relations in Society; and rules, in all the affairs of men. It knows that Freedom follows *fitness* for freedom, as the consequence follows the cause; and that no people will be *really* free, until they are *fit* to govern themselves. Therefore, it does not preach sedition nor encourage rebellion by a people or a race, when it can only end in disaster and defeat; or if successful, in bloodshed and barbarism, and at last a worse servitude than before.

But wherever a people is *fitted* to be free, and generously strives to become so, there go all its sympathies. It hates and detests the Tyrant and the lawless oppressor, and him who abuses a lawful power. It frowns upon cruelty, and a wanton disregard of the rights of Humanity; and it is the enemy of the despotism of mob and autocrat alike. It is the votary of Liberty and Justice. Life's length, it tells its initiates, is not measured by its hours and days; but by that which we have *done* therein for our country and our kind. An useless life is short, if it last a century; but that of Alexander was long as the life of oaks, though he died at thirty-five. If we but eat and drink and sleep, and let everything go on around us as it pleases; or if we live but to amass wealth, or gain offices, or wear titles, we might as well not have lived at all.

In all times, Humanity has had three chief Enemies: the Despotism of ROYAL POWER, claiming to rule by Divine Right; the insolence, cruelty and bloodthirstiness of THE SACERDOTAL POWER, armed with the rack, the stake, and the gibbet; and the haughty pretensions of RANK, CASTE and PRIVILEGE,

fenced about with exclusiveness, and indignant when Truth and Right have seemed about to interfere with and diminish their "vested rights," by elevating the people to the dignity of manhood.

These three have always been the implacable enemies of Human Liberty; and for many centuries the People gained ground, only when Pontiffs brought Kings to their knees, or the Throne had made against the insolent domineering of God's vicars; when the king ostracized and decimated his haughty nobles; or the nobles made concessions to the citizens and people, to enlist them against the crown.

Masonry was made to be THE ORDER OF THE PEOPLE. It has ever exerted its influence on the side of civil and religious liberty; of emancipation of both the muscles and the mind of all that were fit to be free; of education and enlightenment; of the elevation of the oppressed masses of Humanity to that level of Equality on which they ought to stand.

Opposition to Regal Tyranny made the government of Masonry democratic; Hatred of Sacerdotal usurpation and intolerance dedicated its Lodges to the Sts. John, opened its doors to men of all creeds, and closed them against sectarian discussions; and its adoption of a founder and worker in metals, the son of a poor Phœnician widow, as the Hero of its legend, evidences its hostility to the unjust privileges of oligarchies and aristocracies, and to Orders that by means of monopolies that weigh heavily on the shoulders of the people, live in luxurious and arrogant idleness.

It desires to see despotism everywhere dethroned, and constitutional government established in its place; the Sacerdotal Power of all Churches become like that which the Apostles exercised in the first days of Christianity; the ways to rank and civil employment, to office and honors, open to all whose merits and capacity entitled them to aspire: and therefore this now is, as it always was, its motto:

"Devotion to the interests of the People; detestation of Tyranny; sacred regard for the rights of Free Thought, Free Speech, and Free Conscience; implacable hostility to Intolerance, Bigotry, Arrogance and

Usurpation; respect and regard for labor, which makes human nature noble; and scorn and contempt for all monopolies that minister to insolent and pampered luxury."

Bro. ∴ the COUNT DE FERNIG said, in the Central Grand Lodge of the Scottish Rite in France, in 1843: "Man, frail and feeble, should be upheld by Scottish Masonry. It should elevate him, without changing his proper nature, or allowing him to become corrupted. It repudiates the dogma that commands the death of the Senses; as it rejects the philosophy that exalts sensualism. It closes alike the books of Zeno and those of Epicurus. It believes in the Grand Architect of the universe, in the immortality of the soul, in the necessity of moderating and governing the human passions, to make of them human virtues.

"This is the substance of our precepts. Upon these bases the Supreme Council desires to erect that luminous Temple to which the Wise of every country and of all religions may repair.

"But to effect that, we must be convinced that no efforts are insignificant, and no aid is unimportant. We are all fractions of the great Social Unit. We all play a part, more or less brilliant, more or less active, but always certain and always real, in this world. An edifice is not composed of great ashlar alone. There are materials of secondary appearance, which assist in producing its symmetry, its solidity and even its beauty. With us, too, nothing is without its use. It is necessary that every Brother should be a Mason, not only in the Lodge, but in the world; that he should preach as well by his example as with his lips; that he should cultivate wisdom, practice Fraternity, in its fullest sense, respect justice, and cause it to be respected; and then, whether he be an humble workman among the masses, or one who sits in the councils of kings, he will worthily have accomplished his task.

"Thus acting, we shall show that Masonry contains those fruitful germs, that it is for the interest of every Prince and of every country to seek to develop.

"When the founders of our Order exiled politics from our Temples, they were far from meaning that we ought to ex-

ercise no influence upon society; but they desired that this influence should be pure, severe and moral. They fixed the seat of our power beyond the storms of the outer world, at the domestic hearth. They commanded us to make the man and the family better; for they knew that the power that forms habits and morals, dictates laws.

“They did not conceal it from themselves, that many generations must pass away, before the object would be attained. They knew the weaknesses also of the human heart. They knew that the children of the Grand Architect would wish to create, like Him, with a word and gesture, without the aid of Time, which alone makes fruitful and ripens. Haughty and unavailing desire! Let *us* have aims more moderate! Let *us* learn to be patient, to be not discouraged, not to repine, if we do not see the work crowned with success, before we close our eyes upon this world! What is a single moment in Eternity? And because the leaf drops upon the root, does the tree therefore cease to grow? Let us again and again turn the furrows ploughed by our fathers, and the field will not become a field of tares!”

At the same feast, the Bro. PHILIPPE DUPIN said: “At Rome, the child who, born to Patrician rank, was destined to the perilous honors of the conduct of public affairs, seeing in the *Atrium* only the statues of his ancestors, their foreheads cinctured with triumphal coronets, was, as it were, reared under their eyes; and urged by their inspiring presence, he naturally rose to their level; at least he endeavored to do so. In the same thought that antique adage of our fathers had its origin: NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

“So, my Brethren, while we study history, and contemplate the glorious past of those who lived and fought under our banners, let us too be nobly proud; and say, MACONNERIE OBLIGE! Yes, MASONRY is OBLIGATION! for it has been the forerunner of civilization. In its proscribed Temples, all the truths have found, sometimes a cradle, and sometimes a refuge: and when the world was vexed with savage virtues and stupid superstitions, it purified beliefs, it raised altars to Toleration, to Pity, to Justice, to all those holy Images that now gave

light to the world. MACONNERIE OBLIGE: for when Intolerance furiously preached the worship of gods made by the hands of men, it was in corporations, in secret societies, in *Masonic Societies*, that by the title of 'Grand Architect of the Universe,' a God was proclaimed Creator, Preserver and Supreme Judge of the human race. It was there that men learned to defend the great principles of Liberty of Conscience and Free Thought; that is to say, the doctrine of improvement and progress, in relation both to the intellect and the heart, to intelligence and virtue. For that doctrine our fathers fought. The struggle was fierce, sanguinary, glorious. You have your Heroes, Sages, Martyrs. You possess the immense glory of having triumphed for the happiness of all.

"But *now*, when the hand of Intolerance is no longer armed with the steel, when your Temples have august protectors, and society walks in your paths, are you to conclude that Masonry has lived its time, accomplished its task, and may rest from its labors? Are we now to seek in indolent repose the reward of our toils? That would be to mistake at once the object of the Institution, the condition of society, and the demands of the generous mission to which we have devoted ourselves.

"When the despotism of blind superstition was tyrant over the world, Masonry, naked of material power, ruled and reigned in the domain of ideas; protested for the present, and sought to enlighten the future. Now, in the elevated sphere it occupies, it should still reign and rule, to complete its work, perhaps by a different course. Thus men's beliefs are no longer rude and savage, and Masonry does not need to soften and combat them; but now, that creeds have become enfeebled and emasculated by the mere effect of civilization, is it not the noble duty of Masonry to endeavor to give them new life and vigor, and to develop what in them is true, consolatory, just, useful and venerable? You have heretofore set limits to all excesses, and you ought to do so again: you should maintain order in institutions, among men, in ideas; and precisely because you have heretofore warred against excesses and errors

that were to be deplored, it is now your mission to war against excesses and errors in the opposite direction.

"You profess, as the basis of your doctrine, the law of Equality, of Fraternity among men, of Liberty for all; but you ought also to teach all men the true meaning and representative value of those words, which may enlighten and instruct, but may also lead astray and bewilder; for you, by your studies, and by the practical life of your Lodges, have learned what they mean and what they command.

"To you, as to all men of progress, the word 'Equality' means Equality as of right, for equal virtues and equal capacities; a share in the same advantages, for those who, by equal titles, deserve them. To understand it in any other sense, is contrary to the principles of morality and justice, and to the teachings of Nature herself.

"Does it not belong to you, who have always been the defenders of liberty, to declare the austere duties which it imposes on all; and to demonstrate that it can have no solid basis, unless it be built upon virtue and respect of the rights of others? Does not the voice of Masonry still need to incite to fraternal union all men and every people? That is its mission. It embraces the two Hemispheres in the vast circle of fraternal beneficence. For your sphere of action is not narrowed and limited by the frontiers of this realm. Masonry is of all countries, as she is of all times."

As long ago as 1741, the Grand Master, the Duc D'ANTIN, said: "The whole world is only one Republic, of which every nation is a family, and every individual a child. The sublime art of Masonry, without interfering with the different duties which the diversity of States exacts, tends to create a new People, which, made up from many nations, cements them all, as it were, together, by the cohesive power of Science, Morality and Virtue." Time has enabled us to improve but little upon this definition.

The answer to the inquiry, what Masonry *is*, would be very incomplete, if nothing were said of its *philosophy*; and yet I have time to say but little.

Masonry is as little a religious sect as it is a political party. As it embraces all parties, so it embraces all sects, to form from among them all a vast fraternal association. The morals of antiquity, of the law of Moses, and of Christianity, are ours. We recognize every teacher of Morality, ever Reformer, as a Brother. No one Mason has the right to measure for another, within the walls of a Masonic Temple, the degree of veneration which he shall feel for any Reformer, or the Founder of any Religion. We teach a belief in no particular creed, as we teach *un-belief* in none. In all religions there is a basis of Truth; in all there are *fragments* at least of pure Morality. All that teach the cardinal tenets of Masonry, we respect; all teachers and reformers of mankind, we admire and revere.

We do not undervalue the importance of any Truth. We utter no word that can be deemed irreverent by any one of any faith. We do not tell the Moslem that it is only important for him to believe that there is but one God, and wholly unessential whether Mahomet was his prophet. We do not tell the Hebrew that the Messiah whom he expects was born in Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago, and substituted a better faith in the place of the law of Moses. And as little do we tell the sincere Christian that Jesus of Nazareth was but a man like us, or his history but the unreal revival of an older legend. To do either, is beyond our jurisdiction. Masonry, of no one age, belongs to all time; of no one religion, it finds its great truths in all.

It is not disbelief nor scepticism. It has its own creed, simple and sublime, to which every good man of every religion can assent. It expounds all the old philosophies, and modestly and not oracularly utters its own.

To every Mason, there is a God, — ONE, SUPREME, INFINITE in Goodness, in Wisdom, Foresight, Justice and Benevolence; CREATOR, DISPOSER and PRESERVER of all things. How, or by what Intermediates, Powers or Emanations He creates and acts, and in what way He unfolds and manifests Himself, Masonry leaves to Creeds and Religions to inquire.

To every Mason, the soul of man is immortal. Whether it emanated from, and will return to, God, and what is to be its

continued mode of existence hereafter, each judges for himself. Masonry was not made to settle that.

To every Mason, WISDOM or INTELLIGENCE, FORCE or STRENGTH, and HARMONY, or FITNESS, PROPORTION and BEAUTY, are the Trinity of the Attributes of God. With the subtleties of Philosophy and Scholasticism concerning them, Masonry does not meddle, nor decide as to the *reality* of the supposed Existences that are their Personifications; nor whether the Christian's Trinity be such a Personification, or a Reality of the gravest import and significance.

To every Mason, the Infinite Justice and Benevolence of God give ample assurance that Evil will ultimately be dethroned, and the Good, the True and the Beautiful reign triumphant and eternal. It teaches that Evil and Pain and Sorrow exist as parts of a wise and beneficent plan, all the parts of which work together under God's eye, to a result which will be perfection. Whether the existence of Evil is rightly explained in this creed or in that; by Typhon, the Great Serpent; by Ahriman and his army of wicked spirits; by the Giants and Titans warring against Heaven; by the two co-existent, co-eternal principles of Good and Evil; by Satan's temptation and the fall of man; it is beyond the domain of Masonry to decide, and it does not even inquire. Nor is it within its province to determine how the ultimate triumph of Light and Truth and Good, over Darkness and Error and Evil is to be achieved.

Thus it disbelieves no truth, and teaches unbelief in no creed; except so far as such creed may lower its own lofty estimate of the Deity, degrade him to the level of the passions of Humanity, deny the high destiny of man, impugn God's goodness and infinite benevolence, strike at the great columns of Masonry, CHARITY, HOPE and FAITH, or inculcate immorality, and disregard of the active duties of life.

It is not a religion, but a WORSHIP; and one in which all civilized men can unite; for it does not undertake to explain, or dogmatically to settle those great mysteries, that are above the feeble comprehension of our human intellect. It trusts in God, and HOPES: it BELIEVES, like a child, and is humble: It

draws no sword to compel others to adopt its belief or be happy with its hopes: And it WAITS with patience to understand the mysteries of nature and nature's God hereafter.

The first great Truth in Masonry is: No man hath seen God at any time. He is ONE, ETERNAL, All-powerful, All-wise, Infinitely Just, Merciful, Benevolent and Compassionate; Creator and Preserver of all things, the Source of Light and Life, co-extensive with Time and Space, Eternal as one and Infinite as the other; Who thought, and with the thought created the Universe, and all living things, and the Souls of Men: THAT WHICH IS: the PERMANENT: while everything besides Him is a perpetual Genesis: That His Justice, Wisdom and Mercy are alike infinite, alike perfect, and yet do not in the least jar or conflict one with the other:

While the first oaks still put forth their leaves, man lost the perfect knowledge of the One True God, the ancient absolute EXISTENCE, the Infinite MIND and Supreme INTELLIGENCE; and floated helplessly out upon the shoreless ocean of conjecture. Then the Intellect vexed and tortured itself with seeking to learn whether the material universe was a mere chance combination of atoms, or the work of Infinite uncreated wisdom: . . . whether everything Material and Spiritual was created by the Deity out of nothing; or whether matter and He were co-existent, and creation only the moulding into shape of chaos: . . . whether the universe was God, or God was the soul of the Universe, pervading every part of it; or an independent existence, separate and apart from the Universe; a *personal* Existence; . . . whether with ever-present and ever-recurring immediate personal action He produces the continual succession of phenomena and effects; or whether those effects are but the results of an unchangeable law enacted by Him in the remote ages of Eternity. All their Philosophies, struggle as they might to avoid the perilous abyss, ended in one of the two conclusions: either that there is *no* God, or that *all that exists* is God,—in theoretical *Atheism* or *Pantheism*; and so they wandered ever deeper into the darkness and were lost, and there was for them no longer any real God, but only a great dumb Universe.

Atheism, it is true, never was more than a theory. "It has been said," a great Thinker writes, "Death is the end: this is a world without a God: There is no Providence: Nature is a fortuitous concourse of atoms; thought is a fortuitous function of matter, a fortuitous result of a fortuitous result, a chance shot from the great wind gun of the Universe, accidentally loaded, pointed at random, and shot off by chance. Things *happen*; they are not *arranged*. There is *luck*, and there is *ill-luck*; but there is no *Providence*. There is only a Universe all *disorder*: no Infinite, no Reason, no Conscience, no Heart, no Soul of things; nothing to reverence, to esteem, to love, to worship, to trust in; but only an ugly FORCE, alien and foreign to us, that strikes down those we love, and makes us mere worms on the hot sand of the world. Out of the sky smiles no kind Providence, in all its thousand starry eyes; and in storms, a malignant VIOLENCE, with its lightning sword, stabs into the darkness, seeking for men to murder."

Man never could be content with that,—to believe that there was no *Mind* that thought for man, no *Conscience* to enact eternal laws, no *Heart* to love those whom nothing of earth loves or cares for, no *Will* of the Universe to marshal the nations in the way of justice, wisdom and love. History is not the fortuitous concourse of events, or nature that of atoms. He cannot believe that there is no plan nor purpose in nature, to guide our going out or coming in; that there is a mighty *going*, but it goes *nowhere*; that all beauty, wisdom, affection, justice and morality in the world, is an *accident*, and may end tomorrow.

All that is well and truly said. Masonry admits its truth, and not only requires of the aspirant within its Temples to profess a belief in the existence of a God; but before he is made a Mason, to unite in prayer to Him, and declare that in Him he puts his trust. With that it is for the time content; but afterwards it endeavors to communicate to him adequate and rational ideas of the Grand Architect of the Universe; that *honor* the Deity and are not idolatry.

Most truly it was said: "It is not profanity to deny the Deity of the ignorant vulgar; but to assign to Him the attributes

imagined by them, is profanity." Most truly it has been said: "Verily, verily, travelers have seen many monstrous idols in many countries; but no human eyes have ever beheld more daring, gross and shocking images of the Divine nature, than we creatures of the dust make in our own likenesses, of our own bad passions, impiously reversing the order of creation, and breathing our own spirit into a mental image and idol of the Creator.

So it has been truly said by another, that "every religion and every conception of God is idolatrous, in so far as it is imperfect; and as it substitutes a feeble and temporary idea in the shrine of that Undiscoverable Being, who can be known only in part, and who can therefore be honored, even by the most enlightened among his worshippers, only in proportion to their limited powers of understanding and imagining to themselves His perfections."

No symbol of Deity can be appropriate or durable, except in a relative or moral sense. We cannot exalt words that have only a *sensuous* meaning, *above* sense. To call Him a POWER, or a FORCE, or an INTELLIGENCE, is merely to deceive ourselves into the belief that we use words that have a meaning to us; while really they have no more than the ancient visible symbols had. To call him SOVEREIGN, FATHER; GRAND ARCHITECT OF HEAVEN AND EARTH; EXTENSION; TIME; BEGINNING, MIDDLE AND END; WHOSE FACE IS TURNED ON ALL SIDES; THE SOURCE OF LIFE AND DEATH; is but to hold out to other men certain mental symbols, by which we in vain endeavor to communicate to them the same vague ideas which men in all ages have impotently struggled to express, and it may be doubted whether we have succeeded, either in communicating, or in forming in our own minds, any more distinct and definite, and true and adequate ideas of the Deity, in any other than His *moral* aspect, with all our metaphysical conceits and logical subtleties, than the rude ancients did, who endeavored to symbolize, and so to express His attributes, by the Fire, the Light, the Sun and Stars, the Lotus and the Scarabaeus; all of them *types*, of what, except *by* types, more or less sufficient, could not and cannot be expressed at all.

The Heathen Gods were unrealities, and mere ideal personifications, either of the Heavenly Bodies, the Powers of Nature, or the Principles of Light and Darkness, Good and Evil. The ancients worshipped the Powers of Nature in the constellation, and the constellations in the animals imaged there. But always there were a few who believed that there was but one only True God, who has no bodily shape, and hath never been seen by any man; who is not the Light nor the Fire; but pure absolute Intellect and Existence; a Personality, existing before the Universe, which He created with a Thought; that the Past, the Present and the illimitable Future, the infinite series of events and successions of Time in both directions are all present to Him at one and the same moment. There is to HIM no FUTURE and no PAST. He is present everywhere, and there is to HIM neither THERE nor ELSEWHERE; but everything, to Him, is HERE and NOW; that He is necessarily unchangeable, immutable, infinitely just, wise and powerful, yet infinitely merciful, loving and benevolent; and can neither be angry nor repent.

And so Masonry says to its Initiates this: "God is One; Unapproachable, Single, Eternal and Unchanging; and not that Supposed God of Nature, whose manifold power was imagined to be immediately revealed to the Senses in the incessant round of movement, life and death.

"The MANIFOLD is an infinite illustration of the One. The Forces of Nature are the laws enacted by the absolute Uncreated Existence. In the absence of Creation by Him, no attribute could have been appended to His name. By the Emanations of His Omnipotence we become conscious of His abstract Being; and the ELOHIM, by which He created all that is, are His creative Powers, and a part of those Emanations.

"All the Gods of the Heathen are false idols; because, being but men's attributes and passions enlarged and personified, they are wholly unreal and have no existence. There is but one God, infinite and incomprehensible, to whom no human attribute can be properly assigned, even when imagined to be infinite.

"The POWERS of God are not *Persons* nor *Beings* distinct,

from Him; but His THOUGHTS, immaterial as our Thoughts, and existing in Him, as Thoughts exist in our own Souls.

“God is the Soul of the Universe, distinct from and superior to the Universe of things, as the Soul of man is distinct from and superior to his frail body.

“There is no *rival* God ever at war with THE INEFFABLE; nor any independent and self-existent Evil Principle in rebellion against Him. The Universe is a great whole, in which everything tends to a good result, through an infinite series of things; like a great harmony in which discords and concords mingle, and which, without either, would be imperfect.”

Man, his intellect too limited to *comprehend* these mysteries, must *believe*; and simple faith is wiser than all the vain speculations of Philosophy.

Let him steer far away from all those vain Philosophies, that endeavor to account for all that is, without admitting that there is a God, separate and apart from the Universe, which is His work; that erect Universal Nature into a God, and worship it alone; that annihilate spirit, and believe no testimony except that of the bodily senses; that by logical formulas and dexterous collocation of words make the actual, living, guiding and protecting God fade into the dim mistiness of a mere abstraction and unreality, itself a mere logical formula.

In all ages, the golden threads of Truth have gleamed in the woof of Error. Fortunate the Mason, who, by the Light of Wisdom, the True Masonic LIGHT, first Emanation from the Deity, can discern the golden threads, God's hieroglyphics, written when Time began; and read them aright, as they were read by our Ancient Brethren in the early ages!

Thus in all ages the WORD OF GOD, His THOUGHT, the Great Creative Power, not spoken through material organs nor in a voice audible to mortal ears, has sounded in the souls of men, and taught them the great Truths of Reason, Philosophy and Religion. Fortunate the Mason, to whom that WORD, the Deity Manifest, is audible, intelligible, significant; God's THOUGHT, that made the Stars, and all that is, and the Great Laws of Harmony and Motion!

In all ages, rosy gleams of light, tinging the dark clouds of

Error, have taught mankind that Truth and Light, perfect and glorious, linger below the Horizon of Mortal Vision, in time to rise, like the Sun, and fill God's Universe with light and glory, at the Dawn of His appointed day. Fortunate the Mason, who with firm faith and hope accepts these struggling rays that gild the clouds, as ample evidence that, in God's good time, His Dawn of day will come, and be eternal!

The existence of a God, who is the immaterial soul of the Universe, present in it everywhere, and yet wholly distinct from it, is a mystery beyond our comprehension; but no more so than the existence of the soul of man, the advent of light to the earth from the remotest stars, after journeying many thousand years, the presence of latent electricity and heat in the most solid bodies:—and the existence of a Soulless Universe, without a God and uncreated by a God, would be a greater mystery, and more incomprehensible still.

The idea that God never *began* to exist, but always *was*, is one beyond our comprehension, and which the soul struggles in vain to grasp; but not more so than the idea of space infinite in extent, and time infinite in duration:—and it would be a far greater mystery, if, after an eternity, during which there had been no God, during which there had been everywhere in infinite space blank nothingness; never during a whole eternity of Time an echo of a Thought; God, without a cause, had begun to be.

That the Thought and Will of God, uttered in the word, are an infinite omnipotent Power, of Creation and Production, of Preservation and Destruction, that brought into existence out of Nothingness, the whole infinite Universe of Worlds, is a mystery, the greatest of all mysteries, we are in the habit of thinking; but it is as comprehensible as the existence of a Soul, of a Thought that can separate itself from and go out of the Soul; that can live after the utterer is dead; that is an actual Power, and moulds the fates, and influences the destinies, of Humanity:—and it would be a greater mystery still, if the material Universe, not instinct with a Soul, nor having a Creator, and without a Producing Cause, had existed always, or had sprung into existence itself.

The action of the will of one man on the conduct of another;

the unknown, invisible, immaterial power that draws the magnet round with irresistible energy to the North, the development of the acorn into the oak, the phenomena of dreams, are equally mysteries and equally incomprehensible to us. God is a mystery, only as everything that surrounds us is; and as we are mysteries to ourselves.

GOD LIVES, AND IS IMMORTAL. His Thought, that *created, preserves*. It conducts and controls the Universe, all spheres, all words, all actions of mankind, and of every animate and inanimate creature. It speaks in the soul of every man that lives. The Stars, the Earth, the Trees, the Winds, the universal voice of Nature, Tempest and Avalanche, the Sea's roar and the grave voice of the Waterfall, the hoarse thunder, and the soft whisper of the brook, the ice mountains sailing in Northern Seas, the song of birds, the voices of Love, the speech of Men, all are the alphabet in which it communicates itself to men, and informs them of the will and law of God, "who made and blesses all."

Before the world grew old, the primitive Truth and Knowledge faded out of men's minds. Then man asked himself: "*What am I? and how and whence am I? and whither do I go?*" And the soul, looking inward upon itself, endeavored to learn whether that "I," that was conscious of its own individuality and identity, were mere matter, its thought, reason, passions and affections mere results of material combination; or whether it were an Immaterial existence, enveloped in, and environed by the impediments of, matter; whether it were an individual essence, complete and perfect by itself, with a separate and inherently immortal life; or an infinitesimal portion of a great FIRST PRINCIPLE OR UNIVERSAL SOUL, that interpenetrates the Universe, extends through the infinitudes of space, and undulates like light and heat; and so they wandered further and further on amid the mazes of Error, and imagined vain philosophies, wallowing in the sloughs of materialism and sensualism, or vainly beating their wings in the vacuum of abstractions and idealities.

But Masonry teaches us that the soul of man is immortal; not the mere result of organization, nor an aggregate of modes

of action of matter; not a mere *succession* of phenomena and perceptions; but an EXISTENCE, *one* and *identical*, a Living Spirit, a spark from the Great Central Light, that hath entered into and dwells in the body, to be separated from it at death, and return to God who gave it; that does not disperse or vanish at death, like breath or a smoke, nor can be annihilated; but still exists and possesses activity and intelligence, even as it existed in God before it was enveloped in the body. It is immortal, not of necessity, but, unless, as it and all things emanated from God, it pleases Him to absorb it again into Himself.

We do not *understand* this; but we *believe*. We struggle to express the Truth, by words that are inadequate. Far in the darkened Past we hear our Ancient Brethren, with stammering utterance, striving to express the same idea of immortality, saying:

“The seed dies, and out of its death springs the young shoot of the new wheat, to produce an hundred-fold.

“The worm dies in its narrow prison house, woven by itself; and out of its death springs the brilliant moth, emblem of immortality.

“The long lived serpent dies, and self-renews its own existence; and out of the death of night’s sleep, the minor mystery, comes the renewed life of the morning.

“Now, as ever, out of death springs Life; out of Darkness ever awakes the Light; and to Evil in eternal circle Good succeeds.”

It is the great problem of Human Existence, whether the Power and Principle of Good is ultimately to dethrone and destroy the Power and Principle of Evil; whether pain and calamity and sin and sorrow are hereafter to disappear from the Universe, and all thenceforward be Light and Joy and Content and Happiness; whether there is another life, in which the malign influences of the Demon of Evil will be unfelt, and where reparation will be made for the sufferings of Virtue, and the calamities of the good, in this life: for it is the Great Problem whether we are better than the brutes that perish; and whether there is a Great, Good, Beneficent FATHER

in Heaven, who will in His own good time connect together all the thousand links of circumstance, and make them lead to one good and excellent result.

The laws which control and regulate the Universe, are those of MOVEMENT and HARMONY. We see only the isolated incidents of things, and cannot, with our feeble and limited capacity and vision discern their connection, nor the mighty chords that make the apparent discord perfect harmony. Evil is merely apparent; and all is in reality good and perfect. For pain and sorrow, persecution and calamity, affliction and destitution, sickness and death, are but the means by which alone the noblest virtues can be developed. Without them, and without error and sin, and injury and outrage, as there can be no effect without an adequate cause, there could be neither patience nor prudence, nor temperance, nor courage to meet danger; nor truth, when to speak it is hazardous; nor love that lives despite ingratitude; nor charity, nor forbearance and forgiveness, nor toleration, nor charitable judgment of men's motives and actions; nor patriotism, nor heroism, nor self denial, nor generosity. Human virtues and excellencies would have no existence, their very names be unknown, their natures be entirely incomprehensible to us. Life would be one low, flat, dead level, above which none of the lofty elements of human nature would emerge; and man would lie lapped in contented indolence and apathetic idleness, a mere worthless negative, instead of the brave, strong soldier against the grim legions of Evil and of rude Difficulty.

The Laws of Nature are the development of LOVE, the Universal Law, the Divine motive for Creation. Hence flow attraction and affinities, and the swift flash of the Electric Current; the tides, the clouds, the movements of the world, the influence of will and the mysterious power of magnetism. Nature is one great HARMONY; and of that Harmony, every human soul is a tone. From God it flows in never ceasing circles, as Light and Splendor from his Sun. To Him the notes of that harmony return, and mingle with the mighty diapason of the spheres, and are immortal.

Man is not governed by a resistless blind FATE or inexorable

dumb DESTINY; but is FREE to choose between the Evil and the Good. We are *conscious* of our freedom to act, as we are conscious of our existence and continuing identity. "We have the same evidence of one as of the other; if we can put *one* in doubt, we have no certainty of either, and everything is unreal; and we can deny our free will and free agency, only upon the ground that they are in the nature of things impossible; which would be to deny the Omnipotence of God."

THE MYSTERIES OF THE GREAT UNIVERSE OF GOD! How *can* we with our limited mental vision, expect to grasp and comprehend them? Infinite SPACE, stretching out from us every way, without limit; infinite TIME, without beginning or end; and we, HERE and NOW, in the centre of each: an infinity of Suns, the nearest of which only *diminish* in size, viewed with the most powerful telescope; each with its retinue of worlds; some that we *seem* to see, whose light that now reaches our eyes has been upon its journey for fifty centuries; our world spinning upon its axis, and rushing ever in its circuit round the sun; and it, with the sun and all our special system revolving round some great central point; and that and suns, stars and worlds evermore flashing onward with inconceivable rapidity through illimitable space;—and then, in every drop of water that we drink, incredible multitudes of living creatures, invisible to the naked eye, of a minuteness beyond belief, yet organized, living, feeding, devouring each the other; no doubt with consciousness of identity, and memory and instinct.

Such are the mysteries of the great Universe of God; and yet we would fain know by what process He created it; would understand His Powers, His Attributes, His Emanations, His mode of existence and Action; the plan according to which all events proceed, — that plan profound as God himself; would know the laws by which He controls the Universe; would fain see and talk to Him face to face; and are unwilling to *believe* what we do not *understand*.

He commands us to love one another, to become like little children. He tells us that to love Him and to love our neighbor are the great commandments, obeying which we shall live; and we dispute and wrangle, and hate and persecute each

other because we cannot all be of one opinion as to His Essence, or agree upon a complete inventory of His attributes, or believe that this doctrine or that is heresy or truth; drenching the world with blood, depopulating realms, and turning fertile lands into deserts, for the glory of God and to vindicate the truth; until, for religious wars, persecutions and murders the Earth for many a century has rolled round the Sun, a charnel house, steaming and reeking with human gore, the blood of brother slain by brother for opinion's sake, that has soaked into and polluted all her veins, and made her a horror to her Sisters of the Universe.

And if all men had always obeyed with all their heart, the mild and gentle teachings of Masonry, that world would always have been a paradise; while Intolerance and Persecution make of it a hell. For this is the Masonic creed: BELIEVE, in God's infinite benevolence, wisdom and justice; HOPE, for the final triumph of good over evil, and for Perfect Harmony as the final result of all the concords and discords of the Universe; and be CHARITABLE, as God is, towards the unfaith, the errors, the follies and the faults of men; for all are one great Brotherhood.

THE OLD PAST MASTER

By CARL H. CLAUDY

TO ROE FULKERSON, D. G. M.

*At whose hands the author first received
Light in Masonry*

This little volume is affectionately inscribed

PREFACE

MASONRY teaches the young and untried brother to apply to his elder brethren for instruction in the art and assures him that they will always be as ready to teach as he is ready to learn.

The author took this comforting assurance literally and seriously. To many "Old Past Masters": and not all of them have been through the chairs! . . . he owes anything of Masonic wisdom which may have filtered through his pen to these pages. It is given to few to originate in this world; if to him has come opportunity to report to the many what would otherwise perhaps have been but the learning of the few, he is more than content, even if there be nothing within these pages which he can claim as his own.

A guide post never gets anywhere, but it points the way!

CARL H. CLAUDY

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

OF THE 24 Old Past Master story-essays in this book, all but four were written for the *Detroit Masonic News*, to whose Editor, Douglas Martin, THE MASONIC SERVICE ASSOCIATION is indebted for co-operation which makes this little book possible. The four stories included here which were not written for the *Detroit Masonic News*, were published in *The Master Mason*.

Brotherly Love

BROTHERLY love?" commented the Old Past Master. "Oh, yes, the lodge is full of it. It is curious the way it manifests itself, sometimes, but when you dig down deep enough into men's hearts, you find a lot of it."

"A lot of them never show it, then," said the Very New Mason.

"Oh, no, certainly not! Men don't go around demonstrating their affection like a lot of girls, you know," answered the Old Past Master. "But you don't have to see a demonstration to know the feeling is there. The trouble with so many young Masons is their misunderstanding of the term 'brotherly love,' though high heaven knows the words are sufficiently easy to understand.

"'Brotherly,' now, means 'like a brother.' I know a lot of brothers hate each other, but they don't act like brothers. There have been cowardly soldiers, and forsworn ministers, and corrupt judges, but when you say a man is 'like a soldier,' you mean 'brave and true'; when you say he is 'good as a minister' you mean one who 'truly does his honest best.' When you say 'upright as a judge' you mean 'as straight as the best of judges.' And when I say 'brotherly' means 'like a brother,' I mean, like a brother who is acting as a good brother likes to act.

"As for 'love,' there are more definitions than there are words in my mouth (which are several). But in connection with the 'brotherly' the word means that true affection which first considers the good of the person loved.

"Masonry teaches brotherly love. Many of its scholars are a long way from 100 per cent perfect in their lessons. But a lot more could get 'E' on their report card if the Lodge gave out evidence of scholastic standing!

"For instance, there was B'Jones. That is not his name, but it will serve. B'Jones undertook to do a piece of work for a

hospital. It took him a year. At the end of the year his business was in shreds and tatters. He had one of those businesses that needs a man's personal attention.

"His attention had gone to his hospital, which, by the way, was built and flourishes, to the everlasting credit of his city. It ought to be called the B'Jones hospital, but it isn't.

"A lot of his brethren in his lodge got to know about B'Jones. They called a meeting, called it the B'Jones meeting, issued stock in the B'Jones association, bought the stock, started B'Jones off all over again, and let him pay them back as he could. All this, without B'Jones ever asking for help. Brotherly love, my son, in the best meaning of the word.

"There was poor old Smith. Smith, during his lifetime, came to lodge every night. He wasn't very bright, was Smith. He couldn't learn the work and had no presence. Couldn't make a speech to save his life, so he never was called on at banquets. He never did anything audible, but he was always on committees and he always passed around refreshments and he attended every funeral, and he was always down ahead of the meeting to see if the room was clean, and if it wasn't, he'd sweep it out.

"He gave the best he had in service. Well, Smith died. Men do, you know; an awful lot have, already. At the funeral, we found out Smith left an invalid wife and two half grown children and no assets. It's the lodge's business to take care of such, and we did it. But three men in the lodge with more money than ability to keep it to themselves, subscribed enough cash to put the boy through a good business school and the girl through a normal school, so they could earn their own living. Charity? Nonsense! The lodge attended to the 'relief.' The three attended to brotherly love. They just remembered what old Smith was and how he gave, and so *they* turned to and gave. Actually, Smith did most of the loving. The three just acted in reflex to Smith's loving heart, that so cared for his brethren and his Lodge he was always engaged in brotherly work.

"Do you know Brown? Brown runs a garage. Also, Brown ran a temperature until the doctors took him off to the hospital

to cut out his something-or-other. Well, the garage was about to cash in. Garages don't run themselves, and there wasn't any one we could hire to run it. So six brothers of this lodge spent two hours a day each at the place, looking after it. We didn't do a very good job, I'm afraid: Brown says we are the worst garage keepers in the world, but we saved the shop from being wrecked and looted, and Brown thinks Masonry means something. One reason we did it was because of brotherly love in spite of the fact that sitting around a cold garage selling gasoline is about the uneasiest apology for loafing I know!

"I could talk all night about it. But what's the use? Those to whom 'brotherly love' is just words won't listen to what I say and those who know what they really mean don't need to hear it."

"Well, I am glad I heard it!" answered the Very New Mason.

"Then," went on the Old Past Master, "get it firmly fixed in your mind, young man, more than one man has gone into a lodge and curled his lip when he learned that he was supposed to be a brotherly lover, and turned around and wept when he found that he was being loved like a brother by men he didn't know cared what became of him.

"Masonry works miracles all the time, and the commonest of them and the one she works oftenest is teaching hard-hearted citizens to be soft-hearted Masons; teaching men the real meaning of the words 'brotherly' and 'love' until they, too, become teachers."

Attendance

THERE are a lot of Masons in this old lodge tonight," began the Old Past Master. "See the new faces? Must be most two hundred. Pretty good attendance, what?"

"But is it a good attendance?" asked the Very New Mason. "Why, there must be six hundred members on the rolls. Seems a pity they can't all get out to enjoy this kind of an evening, doesn't it? Seems to me Masonry fails when she has so many on the rolls who do not come regularly to lodge."

"I don't agree with you!" answered the Old Past Master. "Masonry succeeds because she gets so many of her members to take an interest! True, she might . . . if she were a wizard . . . so interest every one of her devotes that all would crowd the lodge room every meeting night. Then, I think, there would be no use for Masonry, because the millennium would have come. But in place of being discouraged because only a third or a fourth of our members attend, I am always highly encouraged because so many do attend."

"You see, my brother, Masons are picked from the general body of men by two processes, and neither one of them works out for the very best interests of the Order. The first process is a man's making up his mind he wants to be a Mason. If we could go to the best men and ask them, we would get a lot better men than we do, of course. Equally, of course, we would vastly injure the Order by making it seek the man instead of the man seek its gentle philosophy. I wouldn't change that unwritten law for anything, but the fact remains that as the first selection of Masons is made by the profane, it isn't always for the best interests of the Order."

"The second selective work is done by a committee. Now in theory every one appointed on a committee to examine a member is a sort of cross between a criminal lawyer, an experienced detective, a minister of the gospel, a super-perfect

man, a well read Mason and an Abraham Lincoln for judgment!

"But as a matter of fact most committeemen are just average men like you and me, and we do our work on committees in just an average sort of way, with the result that many a self-selected candidate slips into our ranks who has no real reason for being there. The theory is that all men become Masons because of a veneration for our principles. The fact is that a lot become Masons because their brother is one, or their boss is one, or they want to wear a pin and be a secret society member, or they hope it will help them in business.

"They get into the lodge and find it quite different from what they expect. They learn that they can't pass out business cards, that it doesn't help them because the boss belongs, and that they don't have to come to lodge in order to wear a pin. If they are the kind of men to whom Masonry doesn't appeal because of her truth, her philosophy, her Light, her aid in living, they wander away. They become mere dues-payers, and often, stomach Masons, who come around for the feed or the entertainment.

"Don't let it distress you. It takes all sorts of people to make a world and it would be a very stupid place indeed if we all thought alike. There is room in the world for the man who doesn't care for Masonry. He has his part to play in the world as well as the man to whom Masonry makes great appeal. Do not condemn him because he has become a member of the fraternity and found it not to his liking. At least there is something in his heart which was not there before.

"And let me tell you something, my brother. There are many, many men who become Masons, in the sense that they join a lodge and pay dues, although they never attend, who do good Masonic work. There is Filby, for instance. Filby has been a member of this lodge twenty years and never been in it, to my knowledge, since the day he was raised. I don't know why. I rather think he was frightened, and showed it, and has been afraid of being laughed at, now that he knows there was nothing to be frightened about. But there was never need for money that Filby didn't contribute; there was never a com-

mittee appointed to work on the Masonic Home that Filby didn't head. There was never any work to be done outside of lodge that Filby didn't try to help do it. He is a good Mason, even if he doesn't attend lodge.

"And there are lots of young men who join the fraternity and neglect their lodge in early years, who turn their hearts toward it in later years; boys who are too fond of girls and dances and good times to spend a moment in serious thought while they are just in the puppy age, who grow up finally to be thoughtful men, turning their hearts toward the noble teachings of this fraternity and becoming most ardent lodge members and attenders.

"Oh, no, my brother, never weep because we have but a portion of our membership at a meeting. Be glad we have so many; be happy that those who come, come so regularly and enthusiastically, be proud that there are such a large number of men content to sit through the same three degrees year after year to learn what they can, let sink a little deeper the hidden beauties of the story, absorb a little more of that secret doctrine which lies behind the words of the ritual.

"Masonry is not for yesterday, for today, for tomorrow alone. She is for all the ages to come. The Temple Not Built With Hands cannot be built alone by you and me, nor in a day, not yet a century. And remember that the stone rejected of the builder was finally found the most necessary of them all. Perhaps the man who doesn't come now to lodge may be the most earnest and powerful Mason of tomorrow. Only the Great Architect knows. Masonry is His work. Be content to let it be done in His way."

"In My Heart"

WHY really does a man become a Mason?" asked the Very New Brother of the Old Past Master. "I know the prescribed answer to the question, of course. And doubtless every man who makes it, thinks he tells the truth. But I think he often lies!"

"Oh, no!" cried the Old Past Master. "He doesn't lie. Masonry doesn't make liars of men! But a man can tell something that isn't true without prevaricating about it, you know. You don't know? Oh, well, you are young.

"You worked pretty hard today, didn't you? Of course. You always do, don't you? I thought I saw you over at the City Club this noon. Yes, I know that gang of chaps; fine fellows gather there every day for a couple of hours. Then you went up to the gymnasium, didn't you, and exercised for an hour? And you read the paper this morning before you went at your desk? That accounts for about four hours out of eight, but you'd swear you 'worked very hard'! You don't mean to lie; you just forget, or disremember, or are so used to calling that a hard day's work you don't realize what an easy time you have!

" 'Tis the same way with the man who tells where he first became convinced he was to be a Mason! He means it, but he doesn't know or realize the facts.

"Now, I've been a Mason for many, many years. I have seen men come and go and hope to, some more. And I'll tell you that most men do not seek Masonry 'because they have conceived a regard for the institution' or 'because they wish to benefit their fellowmen.' Most men become Masons because other men whom they know, are Masons, or because their fathers were Masons, or because they believe that Masonry means a certain patent of worth, or because they are curious, or even because they believe a Masonic membership will help them succeed."

"But those are not worthy motives," cried the Very New Mason.

"Perhaps not!" smiled the Old Past Master. "But we all do things from motives which are not worthy. You bought your wife a pair of theater tickets tonight and patted yourself on the back for being generous. Yet you know if you send her off to the theater with a friend she won't have a word to say about your coming home late from lodge! Do you call that a worthy motive? I call it a natural one, but St. Peter hasn't made any very large mark against your generosity score for the act!

"Now it would be glorious if all men wanted to be Masons because of the wonderful reputation which Masonry has among men. But if they did, Masonry wouldn't have nearly so much to do. And many men who become Masons for unworthy motives, remain to be taught to become very good Masons, indeed. I remember when I was twenty-one years old—bank clerk, I was—my boss said to me, 'Charlie, wasn't your father a Mason?' I said 'yes.' 'Your father rose very rapidly in his business,' said my boss. That's all. So I applied for the Degrees. I didn't know it wasn't a worthy motive! I knew it as soon as I became a Mason. And all my life I have wished I had had a better motive. But I didn't let my ignorance stop me from trying to be a good Mason.

"Many very good Masons take certain parts of Masonry more seriously than they are intended to be taken. They are the chaps who think a misplaced word in the ritual is an anathema and the forgetter a criminal! They will tell you that any man who applies for Masonry for any other reason than a reverent awe for the Order and a humble belief in its wonder also commits a crime and should be excluded. It would be fine if it were so, but we'd have about one candidate a year if we held to any such interpretation of the law.

"If I find a young fellow who wants to be a Mason because his father was, I say, 'Come on in and welcome home!' That's supposing he is otherwise all right of course. If I find a young fellow who says very frankly, 'I believe it will help me in

business,' I don't condemn him to be a profane forever. I try to find out what he means. If he means he wants to use Masonry to bring customers to the store, I tell him to go and think it over and come back in a year. But if he says, 'Why, all the Masons I know are clean-cut, honest men and I need to know such men and a lot of them, that I, too, can be clean-cut and honest, and it must help any man to succeed to be associated with clean-cut and honest men, and I want to succeed so I can bring up my boys to be good men, too,' I can't see but what he is first class material, supposing he's all right otherwise, of course.

"Look for the heart, boy, look for the heart! It's what's in the heart that counts, not what is on the lips. And that in my opinion, is what that question *really* means. 'Where were you prepared to be a Mason?' means, what sort of a feeling have you in your heart? If it's a good feeling, I don't care how you analyze it; he who has it is welcome. If it's a bad feeling, then I don't care with what fine words he mouths it, it's enough to keep him away. I have known more than one man who joined through curiosity and yet became an ardent Mason. I have known more than one man who slipped in to aid him in business, become Master of his lodge and be a good one, too! Usually that man is the most insistent that all candidates have what he calls 'a clean mind' about becoming a Mason! The man who has had a change of heart after he gets in is always the most insistent on the statutory answer to the question as to where the candidate is first prepared to be a Mason! To me it is both funny and a little pathetic.

"My young brother, human nature is pretty much the same everywhere. Men are men in country and city, hamlet and metropolis. Most men make good Masons. A few make fine ones. Still fewer make poor Masons. Most men have quite human, ordinary, everyday reasons for wanting to be Masons. A few have fine reasons, a few have bad reasons. If the majority of men have just ordinary motives for becoming Masons, and yet the majority of men make good Masons, it's proof, isn't it, that Masonry is stronger than the motive, and can change a man to her standards?

“I’ve lived a long time and the longer I live the more sure I am of the fertility of the soil in almost all good men’s hearts, to the Masonic seed, and so I don’t care nearly so much now, as I did forty years or so ago, why they want to be of us or where they were first prepared!

“Toleration, my brother, is a Masonic virtue. You’ll feel that way too, when you’ve worn the apron as long as I have, and found, every year, as it grows closer to your heart, its strings of ritual and law and custom need bind less tightly!”

The Ideal Mason

“So you think Brother Parkes is an ideal Mason, do you?” asked the Old Past Master of the Young Brother. “I like Brother Parkes, but before I gave assent to your adjective of ‘ideal’ I’d like to have you define it.”

“What I meant,” answered the Younger Brother, “was that he is so well rounded a Mason. He is brotherly, charitable, loves a good speech and a good time, and does his Masonic duty as he sees it.”

“Oh! Well, if that’s being an ideal Mason, Parkes surely is one. But I can’t follow your definition of ideal. For there are so many ideals in Freemasonry, and it has been given to few . . . I doubt, really, if it has been given to any . . . man to realize them all. Certainly I never knew one.

“There are so many kinds of Masons! I do not refer now to the various bodies a brother may join; Chapter, Council, Commandery, Scottish Rite Lodge, Chapter, Council and Consistory, Shrine, Grotto, Tall Cedars, Eastern Star; a man may belong to them all and still be just one kind of Mason.

“When I speak of ‘kinds’ of Masons I mean ‘kinds of ideals.’

“There is the man whose ideal of Masonry is ritual. He believes in the ritual as the backbone of the fraternity. Not to be letter perfect in a degree is an actual pain to him; he cares more for the absolute accuracy of the lessons than the meaning in them. His ideal is a necessary one, and to him we are indebted for our Schools of Instruction, for our accuracy in handing down to those who come after us, the secret work, and to a large extent, for what small difficulties we put in the way of a candidate, by which he conceives a regard for the Order. What is too easily obtained is of small value. Making a new Mason learn by rote some difficult ritual not only teaches him the essential lessons, but makes him respect that which he gets by making it difficult.

“There is the brother with the social ideal of Masonry. To him the Order is first a benevolent institution, one which dispenses charity, supports homes, looks after the sick, buries the dead, and, occasionally, stages a ‘ladies night’ or a ‘free feed’ or an ‘entertainment.’ He is the man who thinks more of the lessons of brotherly love than the language in which they are taught; as a ritualist, he uses synonyms all the time, to the great distress of the ritually-minded Mason. To the social ideal of Masonry and those to whom it makes its greatest appeal we are indebted for much of the public approbation of our Order, since in its social contacts it is seen of the world.

“There are brethren to whom the historical, perhaps I should say the archeological ideal, is the one of greatest appeal. They are the learned men; the men who dig in libraries, who read the books, who write the papers on history and antiquity. To them we are indebted for the real, though not yet fully told story of the Craft. They have taken from us the old apocryphal tales of the origin of the Order and set Truth in their places; they have uncovered a far more wonderful story than those ancient ones which romanticists told. They have given us the right to venerate our age and our vitality; before they came, we had only fables to live by. To them we owe Lodges of Research, histories, commentaries, the great books of Masonry and much of the interpretation of our mysteries.

“Then there is the symbolist. His ideal is found in the esoteric teachings of Freemasonry. He is not content with the bare outline of the meaning of our symbols found in our lectures—he has dug and delved and learned, until he has uncovered so great a wealth of philosophical, religious and fraternal lessons in our symbols as would amaze the Masons who lived before the symbolist began his work.

“To him we are indebted for such a wealth of beauty as has made the Craft lovely in the eyes of men who otherwise would find in it only ‘another organization.’ To him we are indebted for the greatest reasons for its life, its tenuity, its vitality. For the symbolist has pointed the way to the inner, spiritual truths of Freemasonry and made it blossom like the rose in the hearts

of men who seek, they know not what, and find, that which is too great for them to comprehend.

"There are other ideals of Freemasonry, my son, but these are enough to illustrate my point. Brother Parkes follows the social ideal of Freemasonry, and follows it well. He is a good man, a good Mason, in every sense of the word. But he is not an 'ideal' Mason. An 'ideal' Mason would have to live up to, to love, to understand, to practice, all the ideals of Freemasonry. And I submit, it cannot be done."

"What's your ideal of Freemasonry?" asked the Younger Mason curiously, as the Old Past Master paused.

"The one from which all the others spring" was the smiling answer. "I am not possessed of a good enough memory to be a fine ritualist; I don't have time enough to spare for many of the social activities of Masonry, I am not learned enough to be a historian or antiquary, nor with enough vision to be an interpreter of symbols for any man but myself. My ideal is the simple one we try to teach to all, and which, if we live up to it, encompasses all the rest; the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man."

“Failure”

WHAT’S troubling you?” asked the Old Past Master of a serious-faced brother who sat down next him.

“So much I hardly know where to begin to tell it,” came the response. “I try to be an optimist, but I can’t help feeling that, practically speaking, Masonry is a failure, and it depresses me horribly, because I love it.”

“Now that’s too bad,” said the Old Past Master soberly. “Masonry a failure, practically speaking! That would depress me, too, because I also love it. In fact, I should think it would depress a great many men.”

“Yes, it would . . . a lot of men love it,” said the troubled brother.

“Suppose you explain why it is, practically speaking, a failure,” said the Old Past Master. “If I ought to be depressed because of such a condition I think I ought to know it.”

The troubled brother looked up suspiciously, but the grave face in front of him wore no smile. If the old eyes twinkled they were hidden by solemn lids from the penetrating glance of the troubled brother.

“Well, it’s this way,” he began. “Masonry teaches brotherhood. Naturally, your brother is a man on whom you can depend; he is worthy of trust. One believes in one’s brother. One backs his note and expects it to be paid; one is willing to trust one’s wife, one’s life, one’s good name, to a real brother.

“But there are a good many men who are Masons that I know are not worthy of my trust, merely because they are Masons. They are my brethren because I have sworn with them the same obligations and professed the same faith. But I do not think I could trust them with that which is of value to me, and I know they wouldn’t trust me with what is of value to them. I don’t mean they are not good men, but I don’t feel that my Masonic bond is strong enough to give me the complete trust which a real brotherhood should provide and I don’t think they feel it either.

"If I were in a strange city and a man came up to me and wanted to borrow two dollars and pointed to a Masonic pin as the reason, I wouldn't lend it to him. And if I walked into a strange bank and tried to cash a check for twenty dollars on the strength of my Masonic pin, I wouldn't get it."

"A pin, you know," put in the Old Past Master, "is not real evidence of being a Mason!"

"No, but even if I could convince the banker I really was a Mason he wouldn't cash my check without identification. And I wouldn't give money to a stranger even if I knew he was a Mason, because . . . well, because my brotherhood hasn't struck deep enough, I guess. And so it seems to me that, practically speaking, Masonry is a failure."

"And yet you say you love it!" sorrowed the Old Past Master. "My brother, you have, in the language of the street, got hold of the wrong dog."

"Now let me talk a minute. Your blood brother is a man you love. You were children together, you fought with him and for him. You shared his joys and sorrows. You learned him, through and through. If you love him and trust him, it is not because of your mutual parentage, but because of your association. Two boys not blood brothers, but raised as brothers, may have the same tender love and trust. It isn't the brotherhood of flesh, but the brotherhood of spirit, that makes for love and trust."

"You complain because you don't have that feeling for a stranger. Had you been parted from your blood brother at birth, and never seen nor heard of him until he met you on the street and demanded money while offering proof of his blood relationship, would you trust him without knowing what manner of man he had come to be? Merely because he was a blood relative wouldn't mean he was the type of man you are. He might have become anything during these years of separation."

"Now, my brother, when you became a Mason you assumed a tie of brotherhood with all the other Masons of the world. But you did not assume any obligation to make that tie of brotherhood take the place of all the virtues which are in the Masons of the world, or the virtues possessed by the profane. If you are a true Mason you will extend Masonic

brotherhood, practically, to those Masons who hold out the brotherly hand to you; which means those men who are able and willing to prove themselves brothers and Masons, not merely those who belong to lodges and wear pins.

"The world is one big compromise, my brother, between things as they are and things as we would like to have them. You would like to be rich, and you compromise by getting what you can. You would like to be famous, and you compromise by being as well known as you can and doing the best you can to deserve fame. You would like to be the most highly skilled man in your profession, but you have to compromise with perfection on the one hand, and the need of earning a living on the other. As a Mason, you would like to be able to trust on sight every Mason in the world, but you have to compromise with this fact that all Masons are human beings first and Masons afterwards, and human beings are frail and imperfect.

"Masonry makes no man perfect. It merely holds out one road by which a man may travel towards the goal of spiritual perfection more easily and with more help than by other roads. It has no motive power to drive men over that road; it but smooths the way and points the path. The travel is strictly up to the individual brother.

"If you trust those whom you *know* travel that path, they will trust you . . . and Masonry will be, practically speaking, for you both a success. If you travel with your eyes open, you will see many who fall by the wayside, not because the way is not plain and smooth, but because they were too weak to travel it. That is the fault, not of the road, but of the traveler.

"And so, my brother, Masonry cannot be a failure, because men fail as Masons. As well say the church is a failure because an evil man goes to it; as well call Christ a failure because all men are not Christians. The failure is in the *man*, not in the beautiful philosophy which is Masonry."

"And I," said the troubled brother, "am a failure now, because I have failed to understand. But not in the future, thanks to you."

That "Atheist!"

I AM much troubled. A very good friend of mine asked me for a petition to this lodge, but when I took him one to sign he refused to do so, on the ground that he couldn't answer the question as to his belief in God."

"Well, I don't see that that's anything to be troubled about," answered the Old Past Master. "What he believes is his business, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"But you want him in the Order," smiled the Old Past Master. "Well, it's not hopeless, my son. A lot of men say they don't believe in God, and mean something else entirely."

"How can a man say he doesn't believe in God and mean something else?" asked the Young Mason.

"What they usually mean is that they don't believe in the particular kind of God some one else believes in!" chuckled the Old Past Master. "I sometimes think such men are born just to give the angels something to smile about. Personally, I never found any necessity of defining God. But there are people who think they must measure Him with an idea, and fix a definite concept of Him in their mind before they dare say they believe in Him."

"But *my* friend," interrupted the Young Mason, "says he doesn't believe in any God, or Great First Cause, or Cosmic Urge, or Life Principle, or anything. He discusses it very well and he seems unalterably fixed in his ideas. Yet he is a good man."

"Oh, yes, that's very possible," answered the Old Past Master. "Lots of very good men are very egotistical and conceited and—"

"But he isn't egotistical—why, he is very modest."

"There I differ with you. Any man who attempts to argue God out of the universe is certainly an egotist."

"But he doesn't argue Him out of existence; he just denies He exists."

"My friend," said the Old Past Master, "my little grandson tries to argue with me that the end of the rainbow is over on Park Avenue, and won't understand why daddy don't let him go and find it. He often explains to me how near the moon is, and I dare say he'd laugh if I told him the earth was round. He'd be perfectly sure we'd fall off the underside. He is only five, you know. Well, your friend is mentally only five.

"Have you ever read any of the thoughts of great men on atheism? They are rather hard to controvert, some of them. Coleridge said 'How did the atheist get his idea of that God whom he denies?' A clever Frenchman said, 'The very impossibility in which I find myself to prove that God is not, discloses to me His existence.' Bacon said, 'They that deny God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is like the beasts in his body, and if he is not like God in his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.'

"No, my friend, I very much doubt that your friend's atheism is real. It is a pose. He doesn't know it; doubtless he thinks of himself as very courageous, standing up and denying Him out loud. The very fact that it takes courage shows that the 'brave man' believes his statement outrages Something, Somewhere, Which may call him to account. What your friend probably means is that he doesn't believe in a God who sits on a cloud surrounded by a lot of angels playing harps, or that he doesn't believe in a God with a book in front of Him, saying to souls as they arrive, 'You go over there with the angels, but *you* get out of here and go to hell.'

"Yet both of these are perfectly good ideas of Deity, which satisfy a lot of people. There are millions and millions of people alive today who believe that God is called Allah. There are others who worship their Deity under the name of Buddha. To some God is a God of Wrath, a stern God, a just God, but a God who may be appeased by sacrifice, pleased by song, distressed by sin. Man sees God in his mind according to his lights. The God one man believes in does not fit in with another man's ideas. And when he hears too many other ideas and likes none of them, he often says 'I do not believe in God.' What he really means is 'I cannot think clearly enough to

visualize any conception of God which will go with what I know. I can't stand for the visions others have; therefore, I can't believe in any God,' never realizing that the very fact that he reasons about God, thinks about God, denies God, is very good proof of what he, nor no other man can get away from—the existence of God. Voltaire says, 'If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him.' Man can no more get along without God in his mind and heart than he can without air."

"Well, you don't think I should persuade my friend, do you?"

"Oh, certainly not. Masonry wants only those who know their belief well enough to state their faith in a Supreme Architect. Those other unfortunates who haven't struggled up through their own conceit and ignorance enough to understand their own belief in Some One, Somewhere—call Him what Name you will—must wait for the blessings of Masonry, even as my little grandson must wait until he is older before he can chase and capture the end of the rainbow.

"I do not argue that you should persuade your friend. I only tell you not to be distressed."

"But I am distressed as to what will happen to him. Won't God punish him for his atheism?"

"It is not for me to say what He will do," was the reverent answer. "But I do not think I should want to punish my little grandson for not believing me when I told him the end of the rainbow was not on earth, or for believing that the moon is near and can be reached with a ladder. I know he is but a little child and will learn better as his eyes grow clearer and his brain develops. Perhaps He thinks of us all as just little children, and understands even when some deny Him."

"Where did you learn all this? Is there a book?" asked the Young Mason.

"I learned it from Masonry, my friend; what I have said is Masonry. Yes, there is a book."

"Can I get it?" asked the Young Mason eagerly.

"You can find a copy on the Altar," was the smiling reply.

Order of DeMolay

IT is going to be a very interesting meeting," said the Young Mason, sitting down in the ante-room beside the Old Past Master.

"I am glad you look forward with pleasure to it," came the ready answer, "but what especial feature intrigues you to-night?"

"Why, Brother Smith is going to ask for an appropriation from the lodge to help the Scottish Rite start a chapter of DeMolay. And there are a lot of the brethren who are going to object. You know, Sir, there are many of us who think that Masonry doesn't need any juvenile branches. And there are others who say the lodge should not give to a boy's organization, because many of the members have no boys but do have girls. So I expect there will be a warm discussion.

"I am glad you told me," said the Old Past Master. "It isn't often I get on my feet in the lodge any more; I believe in letting the line officers run the lodge and in keeping old Past Masters where they belong on the side line. But now and then I get the urge to get up and talk, and this is one of the times."

"I am glad you are going to object to the appropriation," said the Young Mason. "That's the way I feel about it."

"I am not going to object," answered the Old Past Master, sharply. "I am going to urge the appropriation with all the force I have. I am going to puncture the feeble arguments of those who refer to DeMolay as 'Juvenile Masonry' and I am going to annihilate that brother who says he doesn't want lodge money spent for such Orders because he has daughters instead of sons."

"Why . . . why, you surprise me," cried the Young Mason. "Has it been drawn to your attention that the DeMolay degrees are highly elaborate, spectacular and beautiful? Don't you think that a young man who sees such work will, when he becomes a Mason, be disappointed?"

"My young friend," answered the Past Master, "most of us live in small houses, in small towns, or bigger houses in big cities. Most of us do not live beneath the thunder of Niagara, or in sight of the Grand Canyon, or in the shadow of Pike's Peak. Few of us live in or near Yellowstone, or the Yosemite, or Crater Lake. The larger part of the population of this country does not live in sight of the mighty ocean. Do you think it makes us dissatisfied with our lives and our homes that we go sight-seeing among the beauties of this wonderful land of ours?"

"I have seen the DeMolay degrees. They are much better put on by the boys, than our Masonic degrees are put on by the men. Is that the fault of the boys, their Order, their degrees, or is it our fault? Their degrees are beautiful and solemn; but that they even touch the skirts of the inner beauty of the Masonic degree, no real student of Masonry would admit for a moment. It may, indeed, be true that some young man, having taken the DeMolay degrees, will be disappointed when he gets his Third Degree in Masonry, that it is not more wrapped up in costumes, trappings, stage work. But such a young man would be disappointed in any event.

"I believe that most boys, when they grow up to be men, will turn from the elaborate and spectacular degrees of the DeMolay Order to the more quiet, thoughtful and deeper degrees of Masonry with relief, and will throw themselves into them with greater enthusiasm, because of their training in lodge room etiquette, their experience of fraternalism, their education in ritual and brotherhood.

"There are Masons in this lodge who will, I know, object to our spending money from the lodge treasury. They will say 'why, I have no son to enter such an order, why should I help support it?' But they may have daughters. Then they are interested in having the young men of this town grow up to be good men, true men, square men. For some one of these young men is some day, probably to be a husband to that Mason's daughter. And the better man he is, the happier she will be.

"Did you ever stop to think, my brother, what it is in Masonry which has kept it alive and made it grow, for thousands of years? What other thing can you name which has lived and

grown for thousands of years? Only one, love and worship of God. Then I am speaking true words when I say it is the God in Masonry which has held it together. The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as taught in Masonry, are the inner cements which we spread with our trowels of degrees and lodges and ritual.

"The Order for boys is but a new way of making ready the stones for our building. Before there was such an Order, we took young men as we found them. We still so take them. But in addition, we have now an Order which, while it speaks no word which can be construed as an invitation, which says nothing to any boy which would make him think Masonry wanted anything of him, yet teaches him patriotism, love of country, love of public schools, love of Masonry, because of its unity, its charity, its brotherhood, and teaches him too, the lessons of help to a brother, of broadminded tolerance and of sincere worship of a Supreme Being. No boy who has been a DeMolay will ever join a Masonic lodge without being better prepared to become a good Mason than the same boy would have been had he not been a DeMolay.

"There, my brother, now you know how I feel about it, and why I am going to urge that our lodge stand not in the way obstructing, but alongside and pushing, that our young men have this glorious chance to learn the elements of fraternity before they come to us to be made Master Masons."

"And I am going to stand at your side and urge the same course," said the Young Brother. "I didn't understand."

For Love—or Money?

I'M AFRAID we are not going to have the pleasure of hearing Professor Filson," said the Yearling Mason to the Old Past Master, sitting beside him in the ante-room.

"That's too bad," was the prompt response. "I don't know him, but I understand he's worth hearing. What's the trouble?"

"Oh, it's money, of course. Filson always gets a hundred dollars a lecture, and the lodge can't afford to pay it. And of course Filson can't afford to lower his price, and there you are."

"Why doesn't Filson give the lodge the lecture then for nothing?" asked the Old Past Master.

"Why, why should he? That isn't business. The electric light company doesn't give us light, the printer charges us for printed matter, the furniture store charges us for carpets; why should Filson present us with his wares?"

"Seems to me there is a difference," suggested the Old Past Master. "Brother Filson, I suppose, comes to the lodge to spend an evening at times. When he does, he spends as much time here without paying, sitting on the bench, as if he were standing up talking. The electric light company could not give us current without spending money to produce it, the printer must pay his printers, the furniture man must buy his carpet. But Brother Filson would not have to spend any money to give his lecture; all he would have to spend would be a small part of what we have spent on him."

"I don't think I understand that last—what we have spent on him?"

"Thousands of years, millions of thoughts, untold effort, careful planning," was the prompt response.

"Listen, my son," went on the Old Past Master; "have you ever stopped to think just what Masonry is and does? Masonry is the product of the most unselfish thinking, the most

whole-hearted and selfless effort, the world has ever known. Through it a universal brotherhood of millions of men has been brought into being, to any one of which you and I and Brother Filson have the right to turn, sure of sympathy, understanding and some help in time of need.

“Through Masonry, a system of philosophy has been evolved, and through its lodges that philosophy is taught to all brethren of the third degree, without money and without price. Through it we learn charity, toleration, courage, fortitude, justice, truth, brother love, relief. Through it we learn decency, patriotism, high-thinking, honor, honesty and helpfulness. Through it, and all of these, we are made into better men, better citizens, better husbands, better fathers, better lovers, better legislators, better followers of our several vocations.

“Masonry may penetrate only a fraction of an inch beneath the skin of her followers, but by that fraction of an inch the man who takes even a little of her blessings to himself is a better man, and so the world is a better place for the rest of us. In some of us it strikes in deep, deep. We become soaked through and through with Masonic ideas, and strive, in our feeble, human way, to show forth to the world whatever measure we may accomplish of the perfection for which Masonry strives. Those of us who take it seriously and who love it much also make the world a better place for the rest of us.

“The lodge provides a spiritual home for brethren who may have no other. If one has another in his church, the lodge gives him a second spiritual home to which he may go once in a while and feel even more strongly, perhaps, than in his church the close touch of his brother’s hand, the sweet smile of a brother’s love, the supporting arm of a brother’s strength. To me, my lodge is a rest, a haven, a harbor for a tired mind. When I come to this lodge, whose destinies I guided so long ago, and which I have watched grow from a fledgling little body to a mature organization, I find myself uplifted, strengthened, made whole again. I may come tired, worn, weary with the day; I leave refreshed, invigorated, helped with the reviving of old truths, the remaking of old vows, the renewing of old ties.

"Our ancient brethren had 'cities of refuge,' to which the fleeing man, criminal or oppressed, might run for safety. Masonry is our modern 'city of refuge,' to which we, criminal in intent if we are such, or oppressed with injustice and cruelty, may fly for spiritual comfort and safety, knowing that within the four walls of a lodge is rest and peace and comfort.

"All this has the lodge in particular, and Masonry in general, offered since the beginning, to all upon whom Masonry lays her gentle hands. You are the recipient of her bounty, as am I. And so is Brother Filson. We three—and all within these walls—take generously and without stint from Masonry's store house of loveliness, of beauty, of rest and comfort and love.

"Often I ask myself 'what have I done for Masonry, which does so much for me?' Never do I feel that I have done enough. And Brother Filson, whom I do not know, might well ask himself that, before he thinks of what he might do for the lodge in terms of dollars, and prices, and business. If, indeed, he has done one-tenth for Masonry and the lodge, what lodge and Masonry have done for him, he may hesitate. But if he is like the great, great majority of Masons, content to take much and to give little, willing to receive all and give nothing, careless of the structure which millions have raised in the past that he might benefit, unable to understand that to his hands, too, is committed the torch that those who come after may see clearly, he has need of open eyes, and an understanding heart, which alone may show him that for Masonry, which does so much for men, no man may do enough."

The Old Past Master ceased and sat silent. From a chair across the ante-room a brother rose and came slowly forward.

"I do thank you, my brother," he said, "from the bottom of my heart. The lodge will certainly hear that lecture as soon as the Master wishes it. My name is Filson."

The Charity Fund

I've been going over the lodge records," said the Yearling Brother to the Old Past Master in the corner, "and I am plumb discouraged."

"Why, lodge records ought not to discourage you," smiled the Old Past Master. "Seems to me we have a right nice lodge record; books all straight, money in the bank, charity fund growing, and everything."

"That's just the trouble . . . charity fund growing," answered the Yearling Brother. "It doesn't seem to me we do enough to justify ourselves or our existence. We have one brother in the Home. We are putting one young man through school, and we are buying three widows coal and paying one girl's bills out west so she can recover from threatened tuberculosis. And that's all. And we are a great big lodge."

"Well, wait a minute," said the Old Past Master. "When you say 'all' you mean all the big things. Of course, we spend some money all the time for immediate relief. . . ."

"Of course," agreed the Yearling Brother. "But it seems to me we ought to do more big things."

"Such as putting a few more brethren in the Home?" smiled the Old Past Master.

"Well, of course, we can't put a man in the Home who doesn't need or want to go there," answered the Yearling Brother.

"How about buying some coal for your family, then?"

"Me? Why, man, I am no subject for charity. . . ."

"Well, do you know any brother of this lodge, or any relative of any brother of this lodge, who needs coal?"

"Er . . . no, I don't. But there must be such. We ought to take care of them."

"Well, why don't you go and hunt them up!"

"How can I hunt them up?" defended the Yearling Brother. "If they don't tell me, how would I know?"

"Exactly. And if they don't tell the lodge they need coal the possibilities are they don't need it.

"Now let me clarify your mind a little. You evidently have the impression, which so many people have, that the Masonic order is founded and conducted entirely for charity, for relief and assistance. Nothing could be further from the truth. Masonry is not an organization conducted for charitable purposes. It is not a mutual benefit association. Men are not permitted to join a lodge with the idea that they can get help from it. There are several very good Orders, where insurance and relief and benefits are the principal things to be considered. A man who wants that sort of insurance should join one of them. But Masonry is devoted to teaching, not to helping with material aid. True, we do help; for we practice, as we preach, brotherhood. But we are not organized for that purpose.

"If you have a blood brother, you don't expect to support him. You don't expect him to regard his blood relationship as a reason why he should sponge on you. You don't expect him to be continually asking charity. If he has hard luck, or gets sick or is down and out, you put your shoulder to his wheel and push for the two of you. So do Masonic brethren, when one of their own gets in a hard case. But Masonry can choose her brethren, which the blood brother cannot do. Consequently, we aim to take into the order only men who will be pushers and not pushees.

"You think we ought to do more than we do. I tell you we are doing all there is to do. We are an upright, self-respecting, self-supporting lot. We have a fine membership. We have picked and chosen wisely. Only a few of us have fallen by the wayside. Those few we do our whole duty by. The reason we don't do more is that there is no more to do. The reason the charity fund grows is because we are wise enough to get only those members who won't need to use it."

"But," demanded the Yearling Brother, "If you carry that argument to its logical conclusion, the best lodge would be the lodge which had no indigents, and the charity fund of which would have no need for existence."

"Surely, the best lodge is the lodge with the best member-

ship, of course. But if it has no need to use charity among its own members, there are always ways to use the fund for others. We contribute our share to the Home, for instance, whether we have a guest there or not. And we will forever, and when Brother Wells dies, we will be paying our *pro rata* for the brethren of other lodges, just as they now pay something towards our brother.

“The great objective of Masonry is to teach. It teaches men to be better men. It teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It teaches the need of knowledge and the need of virtue. It teaches men to circumscribe their passions. It teaches toleration and uprightness and character. Its great end is to make men better men, and thus the world a better place in which to live. If it did nothing but charity, if all its efforts and all its funds went to charity, these great ends could not be so well accomplished. Masonry is charitable and its hand is behind all the fallen brethren, but it tries to pick brethren who will not fall, knowing that the more men who stand on their own feet, the more there will be to help those who do stumble, and the better can it teach its great lessons.

“Don’t get off on the wrong foot, brother. This lodge does all it should do, all it can do, all it ought to do. No real appeal for help ever went unheard within its doors. And our resources would be behind that charity fund if it needed it. But thank the Great Architect that we don’t need to do more, that enough men in this lodge have learned the lesson of life as well as of Masonry, and are discriminating in the selection of brethren who will help the lodge teach, rather than those who will help it become but a refuge of those who want help.”

“What I need,” confessed the Yearling Brother, “is some one to talk sense to me.”

“What you need,” countered the Old Past Master, “is experience; and a few years in Masonry. Time will give you both.”

Masonic Libraries

I CAN'T just see the idea in founding this new Masonic library," objected a comparatively newly made Master Mason, talking to a group in the ante-room during refreshment. "Books are all right, of course, and libraries are necessary, but why insist on such a complete library for the new Temple?"

"Well, why not?" asked some one.

"If you follow out the idea to its logical conclusion," answered the new Master Mason, "the Elks ought to have a library and the Knights of Pythias ought to have one. The I. O. O. F. should support a library and the Red Men should have one, too. All the hundred and one fraternities should have libraries and the curious spectacle would be presented of a hundred groups of a few hundred men each, each supporting its own little collection of books. Wouldn't it be much more sensible if they all supported one big collection?"

There was a moment's silence. The group turned questioning eyes to the Old Past Master.

"We already support one big collection of books," the Old Past Master began. "All of us here present contribute our quota towards the support of the city library. In practically every town of any size in the nation is a local library, which all support by their proportion of taxes.

"But the general library for the general run of people is naturally general in character. It will have books on science and history and travel and adventure and mathematics and botany and business and poetry and art . . . a great many books on a great many subjects, but no authoritative collection on any one subject. The doctor may use the library for general purposes, but when he wants the last word, he goes to his medical library. The lawyer may use the general library for one purpose or another, but it is either his personal

law library or that of his Bar Association which he depends upon for accurate information in regard to a knotty point of law.

"A Masonic library may partake of the character of a general library, in that it may have a lot of fiction and current literature. It serves Masons in that way, just as the coffee and sandwich at refreshment serves him. The lodge isn't and doesn't pretend to be, a restaurant, but it gives him something to eat to make his visit pleasant. The Masonic library isn't, and doesn't pretend to be, a competitor of the city library, but it gives him some fiction and some current literature to serve him at his pleasure.

"But the main purpose of a rightly conducted Masonic library is to convey knowledge to its owners and users. Masonry makes much of the liberal arts and sciences; not to provide the means by which Masons may learn of these is for Masonry to fail in practicing what she preaches.

"The Masonic library is poorly conceived and illy furnished which contains only books upon Masonry. A doctor's library which had books only upon office practice and business systems would be of little help to the physician. The Masonic library which has only Masonic history and philosophy, offers but little to the true seeker after light. A Masonic library should be a library of all knowledge, including a great deal on Masonry, but as much on philosophy, science, religion, art, history, that its users have the opportunity to learn.

"In the capital of this nation is America's largest and finest collection of books; the Congressional Library, second only to the library of the British Museum in size, and with its volumes far more accessible to readers than that of the English library. But that doesn't prevent the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction from maintaining one of the very finest Masonic libraries in the world. In the great House of the Temple are a hundred thousand books. They are not all books on Masonry, though the Masonic collection is world famous. It is a general library, of general knowledge. Incidentally it contains a wonderful Burnsiana collection,

the largest collection of English translations of Goethe's *Faust* in the world, as well as the priceless Pike manuscripts, some of them not yet in print.

"Yet in spite of this there is a Grand Lodge library in the capital of the nation, for the use of Master Masons, and the local Scottish Rite bodies got up a library of their own, by asking members for unwanted books.

"I think every Order should have its own library. I see no reason why Elks and Red Men, Pythians and Odd Fellows, should not find equal benefits from libraries of their own. But there is this distinction; Masonry is old, old. It is world wide. Its history is the history of the world. Its philosophy is the philosophy of all ages. With not the slightest disrespect for the various other fraternal orders, it may truthfully be said that none of them has the lineage, the extent, the spread, the history or the intimate connection with knowledge that is Masonry's pride. Therefore, Masonry has, perhaps, an especial need for books, and books, of course, mean a library.

"Something has been said about including books in lighter vein in Masonic libraries. I think they should be included. One gives candy to a child to make the taking of medicine easy. We supply entertainment and refreshment to make attendance at specially vital meetings, easy. Why not the inclusion of books of purely entertainment character to make the use of the library easy to those who know little of libraries? As those who once came to scoff remained to pray, so it is often the case that the man who starts browsing in a library after light fiction remains to examine, and be interested by, works of real information.

"So, my brethren, I believe we should support our Masonic library to the limit; I believe we should make sacrifices for it, help it, use it.

"Masonry has only gentle methods at her hand for the working out of her great purposes. We wield no battle-axe and carry no sword. But . . . the pen is mightier than the sword, and the book is but the printed thought which some man penned. Education is Masonry's greatest tool; and books are

at once the foundation and the superstructure of education.”

“I wish I could learn to think first and talk afterwards,” said the newly made Master Mason. “I am for all the help we can give.”

“You see,” smiled the Old Past Master, “even talking about a library has helped our brother’s education.”

The Masonry You Make

WELL, I know you'll be glad to hear I am through with learning the work!" announced a young brother to the Old Past Master. "One more lesson and I'll know all about Masonry!"

"That's fine, son. I congratulate you!" answered the Old Past Master.

"Some conceit!" murmured another brother, as the satisfied young brother moved away. "I've been studying Masonry many years and I don't think I know all about it, by a long chalk!"

"Of course you don't, and neither does he. But we all have to learn of the Masonry we make for ourselves."

"Oh, do you think so? I thought we learned of the Masonry our ancient brethren had made for us!"

"That, too, of course. But the Masonry they made for us is the Masonry which can be written down, or put in symbols, or taught by word of mouth. It is a concrete thing; a thing of words and phrases, of symbols and figures, of stone and wood and temple and rough ashlar and square and compasses. But the inner Masonry . . . that we make for ourselves.

"Do you ever read Ingersoll? Somewhere he says 'an honest God is the noblest work of man' and thousands of people have shuddered away from the sentence and called it blasphemy. But they fail to understand what the great agnostic meant. Our modern conception of the Great Architect of course falls infinitely short of the reality, but at least we do not do Him the injustice of confining Him within the limits of our human frailties. But up through the ages man has limited his gods and his God, according to himself. The gods of Greece and Rome (to go no further back) were gods and goddesses who felt jealousy, anger, revenge. They interfered in the affairs of men for their own pleasures. They were made in the image of men who made them! Later, God was a cruel tyrant, who sanctioned

the torments of the Inquisition and loved those who were wicked in his name . . . at least, such was the middle ages' conception of Deity. Only within a few hundred years has the world as a whole come to consider God as the all-wise, all-loving, all-merciful, all-tender Father of us all. This was what Ingersoll meant when he spoke of the honest God as the noblest work of men; an honest conception of a God infinitely wonderful and beautiful, is a noble conception.

"Masonry is a conception. After one gets through learning the ritual, the mere words and phrases, he begins to absorb the philosophy and moral system of Masonry. Still later he begins to carry Masonry in his daily life and live by it. Later on . . . but wait a minute. We have word Masons, to whom the ritual is the whole. We have Masons to whom the symbolism is the whole thing, and who see nothing beyond inner meanings to squares and compasses and stones and angles. We have others who add to this, philosophy of Masonry, but to whom Masonry is yet a perfect system which can be learned in its entirety by those who apply themselves.

"But there are others . . . more every year, thank God! . . . who make their own Masonry, beyond that of the books and the lodge, the word and the symbol. To these, Ingersoll might have said that 'an honest Masonry is the noblest work of the Craft' with no more irreverence than he intended in his famous epigram.

"Masonry, to such thinking men, is illimitable. It has no end. It is as infinite as space, as unending as time, as distant in boundary as the faintest nebula. It is not a thing of earth only; it encompasses the universe, and joins man's hands with God. This is the Masonry we make for ourselves, and, could what we make be measured, its proportions would be exactly the proportions which are our own. For the hidden Masonry we make is large or small, wide or cramped, beautiful or ugly, grave or gay, useful or ornamental, fine or dross, exactly as are we.

"In each of us is an ideal conception of all we would attain. We have our ideal man, our ideal woman, our ideal job, our ideal position, our ideal happiness. Some of us are so inarticu-

late we cannot express them; some of us are so inchoate in our thinking we cannot clearly visualize them, but they are there, these ideals, each and every one a measure of what we are.

“And we have, also our ideal of Masonry, the hidden Masonry we make, each man for himself. Your inner temple is not like mine and mine is not like yours, though each may be beautiful and perfect; two faces may be equally lovely, you know, yet totally unlike.

“To my way of thinking, we are better Masons as we grow our inner Masonry for ourselves, as we perfect it and polish it, and raise it higher and higher. It is sadly true that no man may teach another how to build this hidden temple, but it is beautifully true that all of us may build the better by getting for ourselves better working tools. And the working tools with which we as Craftsmen build our own inner, hidden temple of Masonry, into which none may ever step but ourselves and God; the rough and perfect ashlar, square and plumb, trowel and compasses, by which we build this sacred edifice, are available for us all. Our young friend has one, when he secures a perfect working knowledge of the ritual. The student has another, when he has mastered most of the symbolism. The doctor has a third, when he understands and can formulate the philosophy of Masonry, and all of us get a new edge to our tools as we live according to Masonic light and gain in Masonic experience.”

The Old Past Master stopped and looked off, as if he saw a vision.

The brother to whom he spoke sighed. “I wish,” he said, “I might have the inspiration of looking at your temple of Masonry, that I might make mine better.”

When Laughter Is Sad

OH, it's going to be rich. The poor fish is scared to death. And you know when Abbot does the work in the third degree how, er . . . well, let's call it impressive, he is."

The Young Mason chuckled at the thought.

"That's not going to be the only funny thing happen Wednesday night," answered another newly-raised brother. "I happen to know my friend Ted is going to do the Senior Deacon's part. And Ted gets stage fright. He doesn't lose his memory or anything, but his voice goes up about an octave and a half; Oh, it's funny. I laughed, last time I heard him. . . ."

"I had a good laugh at one of the members of my class when I went in," chimed a third voice. "He couldn't understand what was going on and objected to every move and generally reminded me of a bucking billy goat. I laughed until I cried. I shall look forward to Wednesday night . . ."

"I wonder," broke in a quiet voice, "if you young gentlemen realize what it is you are saying?"

"Why . . . why . . . why of course, we do. We haven't said anything wrong, have we?" inquired the first speaker of the Old Past Master sitting quietly in the corner in the ante-room, listening.

"I am an old, old man," countered the Old Past Master, gently. "I have lived a long, long time, and the longer I live the less able I am to classify anything as wholly right or wholly wrong. I wouldn't say that what you said is wrong in the sense that it is intentional evil. It is wholly wrong from my point of view, to bite the hand that feeds you, to abuse hospitality, to belittle the agency that helps you, to deride and make sport of holy things, to injure that which is valuable to others even though valueless to yourself."

"But, good heavens, man. We haven't done any of those

things. Why, I only said that Abbot is so impressive he'd make a good laugh come out on Wednesday's degree. . . ."

"That was enough, my brother. Is there a church into which you would go with the idea of laughing at a penitent at the Altar? Is there a church in which you would think it right to laugh at a communicant partaking of the bread and wine? Is there a church where the spectacle of a man on his knees would make you laugh, no matter how odd or peculiar he was or how he was dressed?"

"Of course not. I don't laugh in church . . ."

"Then why laugh in the lodge? In all the third degree, is there humor? Do you not know that it is a tragedy which the third degree portrays, a tragedy no less that it teaches an inspiring lesson, and has the inspiration of all that is best and noblest in a good man's character?"

"What do you think a candidate thinks when the most solemn, the most sacred, the most secret of a Master Mason's lessons is being given him, if from you, and you, and you on the benches, comes smothered laughter? Will it add anything to the impressiveness of the degree in his eyes? Will he feel that what he is being given is sacred, valuable, precious to his heart? Or will he say to himself, 'Evidently there is a catch in this somewhere . . . I guess it's a joke, and I am it!'"

"You have spoken of Filby, who has stage fright and whose voice raises an octave because of it. Filby wasn't blessed by nature with a beautiful voice, but God gave him something precious to Masonry, and that is earnest, sincere, genuine enthusiasm. I have been in this lodge for more years than you have been on earth, and I have never known a Senior Deacon to put more into his work than Filby does, though he has a poor voice. The words which Filby uses are inspired words; the degree he puts on is a noble degree. And Filby does it as if inspired by its nobility. Would you laugh at a hero saving a life because he was dressed in cap and bells? Can't you hear, beyond poor Filby's cracked vocal cords, the chimes pealing in his heart as he tries to make his words impressive and beautiful?"

"Another of you has found it funny when a candidate for the third degree has not understood his part and made it difficult for the team to put him through the ceremony. At Receiving Hospital last week they brought in a young man suffering from a broken arm. He was very ignorant; one of those foreigners who understands little or nothing of American ideas and ideals. And to him a hospital was a torture place, a house where doctors cut people to pieces for their pleasure. He was frightened almost to death and struggled and fought, while the surgeons tried to control him that they might set his arm. Was it funny? Or was it sad, that ignorant people had so destroyed his faith in his kind that he couldn't recognize kindness and help when he saw it?

"The man who was too frightened to understand and so made his third degree difficult was a victim of those who had tormented an imaginative mind with the idea of goats and pain and indignity in a Masonic lodge. I find nothing funny in it; only sadness.

"Don't think of me as an old kill-joy. A good laugh at some wit in a business meeting, a good laugh at some clever entertainer at refreshment, a good laugh at a good story after lodge: these are well and good; wholesome and natural. Whether they are located in a lodge, a church or a home, they are good.

"But not in a church during service, not in a lodge during a degree. There is no laugh in the lodge during any degree which is not an insult to the officers, and a badge of ignorance and ill-manners for him who laughs. Charity we preach; charity we should practice towards those who do not do so well in the degrees as we think *we* might; the fraternity which we honor and reverence as a whole is not to be laughed at because there are some who make one part of the third degree less real than strenuous.

"Look, my brother, for what lies beneath; regard not so much the outward form as the inward meaning, and you will not again be tempted to consider a degree as a substitute for a vaudeville performance, a lodge as a temple of laughter."

The Old Past Master ceased and sat quiet, waiting.

"But I say!" cried the Young Mason, "Don't you think you are a little rough with us?"

"You are all much too good material to allow to spoil for the sake of your feelings," answered the Old Past Master with a smile.

"But you sure take a chance we'll dislike you for plain speaking."

"What do I matter? You may dislike me . . . but I don't believe you will laugh in lodge again!"

"I'll say I won't either!" answered the Young Mason. "It's a promise . . . and I'd like to shake hands!"

A Mason's Christmas

I DON'T believe in a Christmas celebration by the lodge. I don't think we ought to have one, or be asked to contribute to one or in any way engage in Christmas festivities."

The Junior Mason spoke emphatically and with marked disapproval of the little ante-room group nearby, making happy plans for Yule-tide.

"That's very interesting," commented the Old Past Master. "I like to hear points of view unfamiliar to me. Would you mind telling me why?"

"Of course not. It's very simple. Masonry is not Christian. King Solomon, of course, wasn't a Christian, nor were either of the Hiram's. Masonry admits to her ranks any good man of any faith; Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, Buddhist . . . it makes no difference, so he has a faith. Then, as a lodge, we celebrate a holiday belonging to one faith. Now I personally am a Christian, and of course I celebrate Christmas. But my brother across the way is a Jew, who does not recognize Christianity. To ask him to spend his proportion of lodge funds in celebrating the birth of a Leader in Whom he does not believe would be exactly like asking me to celebrate, with my proportion of lodge money, the birth of Confucius. Of course, I have only one vote and the majority rules, but when it comes to personal contributions to a Masonic Christmas celebration, my hands will never come out of my pockets."

He shoved them deeper in as he spoke to emphasize his intention not to spend.

"Hm!" answered the Old Past Master. "So you think your Jewish brother across the way doesn't recognize Christianity? Don't you mean he doesn't recognize Christ as the Son of God? Wait a minute . . . Oh, Brother Samuels." The Old Past Master called across the ante-room. "Here a minute, will you?"

The Jewish brother rose and came forward.

"I just wanted to ask you if you are in favor or against the lodge Christmas celebration?" said the Old Past Master.

"Me? I am in favor of it, of course, both for the lodge appropriation and the individual contribution."

"Thank you," nodded the Old Past Master. Then as the Jewish brother went back to his seat, he turned to the Junior Mason.

"You see, my son, our Jewish friend is not narrow. He does not believe in Christ as the Redeemer, but he recognizes that he lives in a country largely Christian, and belongs to a lodge largely Christian. To him the Christmas celebration is not one of His birthday, but of the spirit of joyousness and love which we mean when we sing, at Christmas time 'Peace on earth, good will towards men!' If you argue that 'peace' is only a Christain word, he might even quote to you the words of One who said 'I bring you not Peace, but a Sword.'

"Now let me explain something to you. The Jew has just as much right to refuse to recognize Christ as the Son of God, as you have to refuse to consider Mohammed the Prophet the the followers of Allah say he is. But as an educated man, you must know that Mohammed was a good man, a devout leader, a wise teacher. As an educated man, you admit that the religion founded by Buddha has much in it that is good, and you admit that Confucius was a wise and just leader. Were you in the land where the birthdays of any of these were celebrated, would you refuse your part in the people's joy in their Leader, simply because you followed another? I trust not. Well, neither do our Jewish brethren or our Mohammedan brethren, desire to be left out of our celebration. They may not believe in the Divinity of Him we, as Christians, follow, but if they are good men and good Masons . . . and they wouldn't be here if they were not, . . . they are perfectly willing to admit that the religion we follow is as good for us as theirs is for them, and to join with us in celebrating the day which is to us the glad day of all the year.

"Believe me, boy, Christmas doesn't mean Christ's birthday to many a man who calls himself Christian. It is not because of joy that He was born that many a good man celebrates

Christmas. It is because his neighbor celebrates it, because it is a time of joy for little ones, because it is a day when he can express his thanks to his God that he is allowed to have a wife and family and children and friends and a lodge, because of that very 'peace on earth' spirit which is no more the property of the Gentile than the Jew, the Chinese or the Mohammedan.

"It is in such a spirit that Masons can join, all, in celebrating Christmas. It is on the Masonic side of the tree we dance, not the Christian side. When this lodge erects its Christmas tree in the basement and throws it open to the little ones of the poor of this town, you will find children of all kinds there; black, white, yellow and brown, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Mohammedan. And you will find a Jew at the door, and among the biggest subscriptions will be those from some Jewish brethren, and there is a Jew who rents cars for a living who will supply us a dozen free to take baskets to those who cannot come. And when the Jewish Orphan Asylum has its Fair, in the Spring, you will find many a Christian Mason attending to spend his money and help along the cause dear to his Jewish brethren, never remembering that they are of a different faith. That, my son, is Masonry.

"For Charity is neither Christian nor Jewish, nor Chinese nor Buddhistic. And celebrations which create joy in little hearts and feed the hungry and make the poor think that Masons do not forget the lessons taught in lodge, are not Christian alone, though they be held at Christmas, and are not for Christians alone, though the celebration be in His honor. Recall the ritual: 'By the exercise of brotherly love we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family, the high and low, the rich and poor, who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support and protect each other.'

"It is with this thought that we, as Masons, celebrate Christmas, to bring joy to our brethren and their little ones, and truly observe the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, whether we be Jew or Gentile, Mohammedan or Buddhist."

The Old Past Master ceased and stood musing, his old

eyes looking back along a long line of lodge Christmas trees about which eager little faces danced. Then he turned to the Junior Mason.

“Well,” he said, smiling, “Do you understand?”

“I thank you for my Christmas present,” came the answer. “Please tell me to which brother I should make my Christmas contribution?”

Understanding

I HAVE been a Mason for a year now," remarked the Young Brother to the Old Past Master, "and while I find a great deal in Masonry to enjoy, and like the fellows and all that, I am more or less in the dark as to what good Masonry really is in the world. I don't mean that I can't appreciate its charity, or its fellowship, but it seems to me that I don't get much out of it; I can't see why it has any function outside of that relationship we enjoy in the lodge room and the little charitable acts we do."

"I think I could win an argument about you," smiled the Old Past Master.

"An argument about me?"

"Yes. You say you have been a Master Mason for a year. I think I could prove to the satisfaction of a jury of your peers who would *not* need to be Master Masons; that while you are a lodge member in good standing, you are not a Master Mason."

"I don't think I quite understand," puzzled the Young Mason. "I was surely initiated, passed and raised. I have my certificate and my good standing card. I attend the lodge regularly. I do what work I am assigned. If that isn't being a Master Mason, what is?"

"You have the body but not the spirit," retorted the Old Past Master. "You eat the husks and disregard the kernel. You know the ritual and fail to understand its meaning. You carry the documents but for you they attest but an empty form. You do not understand the first underlying principle which makes Masonry the great force she is. And yet, in spite of it, you enjoy her blessings . . . which is one of her miracles, that a man may love and profit by what he does not comprehend."

"Why . . . I . . . I just don't understand you at all. I am sure I am a good Mason . . ."

"No man is a good Mason who thinks the fraternity has no function beyond pleasant association in lodge, and charity."

Man, there are thousands of Masons who never see the inside of a lodge and therefore, perforce, miss the fellowship. There are thousands who never need her charity and so come never in contact with one of its many features. Yet these may take freely and largely from the treasure house which is Masonry.

"Masonry, my young friend, is an opportunity. It gives a man a chance to do and to be, among the world of men, something he otherwise could not accomplish, a state to which he otherwise could not attain. No man kneels at the Altar of Masonry and rises again the same man. At the Altar something is taken from him never to return; his feeling of living for himself alone. Be he never so selfish, never so self-centered, never so much an individualist, at the Altar he leaves behind him some of the dross of his purely profane make-up.

"No man kneels at the Altar of Masonry and rises the same man, because, in the place where the dross and selfishness was, is put a little of the most Divine spark which men may see. Where was the self-interest is put an interest in others. Where was the egotism is put love for one's fellow man.

"You say that the 'fraternity has no function.' Man, the fraternity performs the greatest function of any institution at work among men, in that it provides a common meeting ground where all of us, be our creed, our social position, our wealth, our ideas, our station in life what they may, may meet and understand one another.

"What caused the downfall of Rome? Class hatred. What caused the Civil War? Failure of one people to understand another, and an inequality of men which this country could not endure. What caused the Great War? Class hatred. What is the greatest leveler of class in the world? Masonry. Where is the only place in which capitalist and laborer, socialist and democrat, fundamentalist and modernist, Jew and Gentile, gentle and simple alike may meet and forget their differences? In a Masonic lodge, boy, through the influence of Masonry . . . Masonry, which opens her portals to men because they *are* men, not because they are wealthy or wise or foolish or great or small but because they seek the brotherhood which only she can give.

"Masonry has no function? Why, son, the function of charity, great as it is, is the *least* of the things Masonry does; the fellowship in the lodge room, beautiful as it is, is at best not much more than one can get in any good club, association, organization. These are beauties of Masonry, but they are also beauties of other organizations. The great fundamental beauty of Masonry is all her own. She, and only she, stretches a kindly and loving hand around the world, uniting millions in a bond too strong for breaking. Time has demonstrated that Masonry is too strong for war; too strong for hate, too strong for jealousy and fear; the worst of men have used the strongest of means and have but pushed Masonry to one side for the moment; not all their efforts have broken her, or ever will!

"Masonry gives us all a chance to do and to be; to do a little, however humble the part, in making the world better; to be a little larger, a little fuller in our lives, a little nearer to the G. A. O. T. U. And unless a man understand this, and believe it, and take it to his heart and live it in his daily life, and strive to show it forth to others in his every act; unless he live and love and labor in his Masonry, I say he is no Master Mason; aye, though he belong to all Rites and carry all cards, though he be hung as a Christmas tree with jewels and pins, though he be an officer in all bodies. But the man who has it in his heart, and sees in Masonry the chance to be in reality what he has sworn he would be, a brother to his fellow Masons, is a Master Mason though he be raised but tonight, belongs to no organization but his Blue Lodge and be too poor to buy and wear a single pin."

The young brother, looking down, unfastened the emblem from his coat lapel and handed it to the Old Past Master.

"Of course you are right," he said, low. "Here is my pin. Don't give it back to me until you think I am worthy to wear it."

The Old Past Master smiled. "I think you would better put it back now," he answered gently. "None are more fit to wear the square and compass than those who know themselves unworthy, for they are those who strive to be real Masons."

The Better Way

SEE that young chap over there? Yes, with the red hair and the glasses! Had quite a time with him this evening! He is red-headed inside as well as out, and he loves Masonry so much he wants to fight for her all the time!

"What was his trouble? Oh, he wanted to prefer charges against a brother and have a Masonic trial and purge the fraternity of a rascal and be a sort of combination Sir Galahad, Joan of Arc and Carrie Nation to this lodge.

"It seems he has inside information about some brother of this lodge who has done several things a Mason ought not to do. Sold some goods by misrepresentation, worked his women employees longer than the law allows and threatened to fire them if they told, kited a check or two and was warned by the bank . . . I really don't know all his high crimes and misdemeanors!

"But it's all fixed now. Red head is calmed down. There will be no preferring of charges just yet!

"Glad of it! I should say I am glad of it. Don't get the idea in your head that preferring charges and holding a Masonic trial are matters to be joyful about! At times . . . sad times they are . . . it is necessary to do it. But there are many more times when it could be done, but it is far, far wiser not to do it.

"I had to agree with him, of course, that our erring brother was no ornament to the lodge, if what was said of him is true. I admitted freely that a man like that should never have been permitted to be a Mason. But I couldn't see that throwing him out would do the fraternity any good and it would certainly not do him any good. And it would do us a great deal of harm, both as a lodge and individually.

"You don't see why? Well, let me tell you. Ever since Cain wanted to know whether he was his brother's keeper, men have felt that they were their brother's keepers. And so, indeed, we should be. But 'keeper' doesn't mean prosecutor.

When you 'keep' your brother, you keep him from harm, you keep him from evil, you keep him from danger. You do not throw him under the wheels, push him out into the cold, do him an injury. When you 'keep' your brother, it is the man, not his conscience, you keep.

"The Jesuits showed the world what keeping a man's conscience for him might do; it resulted in the Inquisition. Masonry has no business following in such footsteps. We do not, and should not, try to keep our brother's conscience. We should, indeed, aid him, help him; we should try to show him the right if he is wrong, we should, indeed, 'in the most friendly manner, remind him of his faults.' But it is a far cry from this to holding a trial and kicking him out.

"When is a Masonic trial right? Well, to my mind, only when the man has done something which, unregarded and unpunished by his lodge, will hurt Masonry more than the scandal of getting rid of him will hurt it. Now this brother has not as yet been disgraced in society. He has not been arrested, tried or convicted. He may, or may not be guilty of those things with which the red head charges him. It is good American doctrine to believe a man innocent until he is proved otherwise, and Masons are good Americans. For the lodge to take the initiative in a trial for offense against a civil law would be both unMasonic and unwise.

"Leave him alone? Certainly not. He won't be left alone. This man has friends in this lodge. Red head is getting them together and laying his 'facts' if they are facts, before them. Those friends can be trusted to see that the man is told of the talk which is going on, and given a chance to explain, to deny, to affirm, to mend his ways if they need mending. Obviously, we don't want as a brother in the lodge a man who continually violates the common tenets of all humanity, but equally as obviously, we don't want to accuse and stigmatize a man as doing so, unless we know we are right.

"Every man knows that a man unjustly accused before the law and acquitted is never wholly cleared from the taint. There are always some who say 'yes he was accused and got off. But they took him to court,' as if it was a disgrace. The man

who is tried by Masonry for an offense, and acquitted must always be, to his brethren, a man about whom scandal was whispered. There are always those who say 'no smoke without some fire.' So we don't want to prefer charges and have a trial unless we are pretty sure of what we know and equally sure of what we want to do. It is much better for any lodge to have one bad egg in its omelette, than to spoil the whole omelette. One bad egg in a ten egg omelette will spoil it, but in a five hundred egg omelette it isn't so noticeable. It is much better for us to go quietly after this brother and try to get him to do better, to appeal to his manliness, his Masonry, his friendship, than it is to insist on a Masonic trial.

"No, my brother, there are better ways. The charges preferred, the Masonic trial, the disgrace, the scandal, the hard feeling are very bad for a lodge, very hard on those who take part, very severe on the one who is either acquitted or held guilty. Never, until all other means have been tried and found unsuccessful, should they be used; never then, until several wise heads have been consulted. When the time comes, when there is no other course open, then may charges be preferred and a trial held, and the lodge purged of that evil element which is harming it. But we must be very sure that the remedy isn't worse than the disease, and that in scotching the snake we are not also fatally injuring the hand which scotches.

"Red head listened to reason; his friends and those of the brother who may be at fault will do the rest and the good old lodge will never be hurt. And under all, and over all, we will have the happy knowledge that we are practising that toleration and charity of thought which makes us our brother's keeper in the best, not the worst sense of the word."

"Silk Stockings"

WELL, what do you know about *that!*" exclaimed the Young Mason, as a dress-suited figure with a jewel on his coat stepped in front of the Altar. "That's Jamison, Past Master of Joppa-Henderson Lodge."

"I see it is," answered the Old Past Master. "But what is it that surprises you?"

"Why, that anyone from Joppa-Henderson should leave the sacred confines of his own lodge and come to a simple, democratic, every-day lodge like this one, let alone a Past Master. I never could get this 'silk-stocking' Masonic idea, anyhow. Of course, you know, they have two hundred dollar fees and forty dollar dues and you can't get in unless you have a bank account, an automobile, a wife with diamonds and a box at the opera."

"Is it as bad as all that?" asked the Old Past Master, smiling. "You didn't, by any chance, make application to Joppa-Henderson and get refused, did you?"

"I certainly did not. And I would not, under any circumstances. Why, you *know* it isn't Masonic. Here in this lodge—look along those benches. There is Branch, who lays bricks for a living, and Taggert, who is a bookkeeper, and sitting next him is Wilson, who is a bank president, and there is Colton, street car conductor, and Dr. Baird, the X-ray specialist, and Hillyard, who sells ribbons down in the department store, and Ellsworth, who is a Senator—democratic, this lodge is! Here you find real Masonry. We really do not regard any man for his worldly distinctions here—but in Joppa-Henderson Lodge—"

"Have you ever heard of any man being refused in Joppa-Henderson because he isn't wealthy?" asked the Old Past Master.

"Certainly not! They never apply there," was the scornful answer.

"Ah! Now we are getting at the meat of the matter. My

brother, you could travel about a bit to your advantage. You will find, if you look, that there are many different kinds of lodges. For instance, in the metropolis is a French lodge; that is, almost entirely composed of Frenchmen, who are Americans, not French Masons. You wouldn't want to join that lodge, and perhaps they would rather you wouldn't. Yet it is a fine lodge of fine men. There is a Daylight Lodge in the city which meets in the afternoon. Its membership is almost wholly among theatrical and newspaper men, who cannot meet at night. You wouldn't feel at home among them, perhaps, and yet they are good Masons. There are several lodges in this country composed almost wholly of Masonic students; you wouldn't feel at home with them, but that doesn't mean they are not good men and good Masons. And while it is true that the members of Joppa-Henderson Lodge are almost wholly well-to-do business and professional men, it happens so because the lodge was founded by fifty such, who naturally attracted to each other their own kind.

"If, indeed, what I may call a class lodge refuses an application because he doesn't belong to that class, that lodge is unMasonic. But I don't think it works that way. I think the class lodge attracts its own kind of people. I would call this lodge a class lodge. It is a very democratic organization, with an intense pride in what you have just noted; that is, mixes all kinds of men in the Masonic caldron and thus cooks a truly Masonic brew. You are attracted to this lodge for that reason, and so were the men you named. But men who are essentially aristocrats may not feel as much at home among the democrats as among their own kind; for such there is Joppa-Henderson Lodge.

"The ideal system of Masonry considers all men are alike and all lodges alike, just as an ideal democracy is founded in the theory that all men are free and equal. This country is a republic, with democratic ideals, yet we all know that we are not all equal, and no words will make us so. The bricklayer isn't the financial equal of the banker, and the banker isn't the labor equal of the bricklayer. But don't get the idea that because two things are unequal, therefore one is better than

the other. A circle and a triangle are not equal, but is one better than the other?

"Joppa-Henderson, and all so-called 'silk-stockings' lodges, newspaper lodges, class lodges of any kind, are not equal to each other; they are quite, quite different. But that does not mean that one is any better or any worse than the other. And as each attracts its own kind of men, to whom it gives a precious Masonic light, they all do their work. Without some of these class lodges, good men might not be attracted who now are; without Joppa-Henderson, for instance, we might not have visiting us tonight one of the finest Masons, most earnest Masonic workers and most brilliant Masonic officers this jurisdiction every saw. So I say to you, my brother, beware how you judge the other fellow and his lodge, lest he, in turn mis-judge you.

"I have known Joppa-Henderson Masons for years. I have visited their lodge many times. The way they do their work is an inspiration. And I have never known of a man rejected in that lodge that I couldn't guess *why* he was rejected; and it was never for anything else than his character. Money plays no part. They are as willing to take the hod-carrier or the chimney sweep as we, if he can live up to their schedule of finances. But the poor man isn't attracted to that lodge; he goes to a lodge where he finds the simple democracy we have here.

"All lodges who do honest and sincere work, my brother, have their places in the great system we call Masonry. There is room for all kinds; the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the democratic, the aristocratic. This lodge, with an income from dues of twenty-five hundred dollars last year, spent a few dollars more than a thousand for charity. Joppa-Henderson with an income from dues of sixteen thousand, spent ten thousand in charity. Charity is but one measuring stick, but by it, they measure up."

"Yet you," countered the Young Brother, "stick to this lodge, and don't demit to Joppa-Henderson."

"Perhaps I can do more real Masonic work here," smiled the Old Past Master, looking the younger brother full in the face.

The younger brother had the grace to blush.

The Pledge

HAVEN'T paid in your pledge yet? Well, brother, it's not ethical for me to ask why. That's *your* business. What? Peeved at the Committee? Now, you *do* amaze me! How do you expect them to build the Temple if you, and twenty thousand like you, don't do what you promised to do? You think they shouldn't 'dun' you for the money? Well, they shouldn't have to! But human beings are prone to forget and to put off, and the stone masons who build the Temple have to be paid, and their families have to be fed and they have to eat and they can't wait, I suppose, until you get over your peeve!

"There are a whole lot of brethren, you know, who make pledges to pay a certain amount towards the erection of a new Temple and then don't do it. You can't say they break their promise, because they truly intend to pay 'some day.' But they break the spirit of the promise when they don't pay when they have promised to pay. And they . . . and you, my brother . . . have taken an obligation which should prevent you from withholding even the value of a penny, knowingly, from your brother to whom you have promised it.

"There are all sorts of reasons for not paying! There is your childish reason . . . being 'peeved!' Any one would think to look at you, that you were truly grown up. Yet you let a grievance against one brother, or one set of brethren on a committee, keep you from fulfilling your obligation to all your brethren in this jurisdiction. If you, as a parent, were peeved with the school board, would you keep your child from school? If you were peeved with the Mayor, would you refuse to allow the fire engines to put out a fire in your home? If you were cross with the boss of your ward would you refuse to let the policeman he had appointed, arrest the burglar trying to steal your goods and chattels? Probably not! Yet here you are, offended at the committee and saying to them, in effect 'because I don't like the way you act, I will refuse to put my stone in the Temple. For all of me, there can be a hole in the wall.

Not that I have any grudge against my brethren, or any crossness with the fraternity or any ill-will to Masonry, but the only way I can get even with you, who offend me, is to make it difficult for you to serve my brethren!

"Don't you think that's rather childish?

"Now, Brother Jones over there, he has another reason for not paying. He isn't peeved or anything, but he doesn't like the design of the Temple! He says 'you tear it down and build it up over again, and build it long where it is now short and short where it is now long. Put 17 pillars in it instead of seven, of 70, and I'll pay my hundred dollars', or ten dollars or ten thousand dollars, or whatever it is he has promised.

"Nice, reasonable human being, Jones! But he is logic itself compared to Smith! Smith doesn't pay because he says he has so many other things to pay and 'they won't miss my little pledge.' Imagine Smith, when he makes a note to the bank for his pay roll. Comes around another month and the note falls due. But Smith won't pay . . . not he! He goes to the bank and says 'I'm sorry, but I have to pay a lot of other things this month. Just tear up the note and forget it, won't you? I have changed my mind about paying the note!'

"What? Why yes, it is a parallel case, exactly. Smith gave his word to his brethren that he would pay a certain amount towards the new Temple. The Committee believed him, just as they believed the rest of the Masons who pledged their aid. And because they believed in a Mason's word, they obligated the fraternity to stone masons and electricians, to iron workers and plasterers, to builders and plumbers, to do the work. Just suppose every one of the pledgers refuse because they have other obligations? Where will we find the money to pay our debts? Is Masonry to stand discredited before the world because one brother has a childish peeve, another doesn't like the design of the Temple, a third finds it inconvenient?

"My brother, a pledge to pay money, on which other men act, should be as sacred as a secured obligation to a bank. The Temple is being built by Masons, for Masons. It is to be a testimonial to all the world that here is a seat of truth, of light, of freedom of thought, of reverence for God, of brotherly

love, of comforting philosophy . . . of Masonry. If what we teach sinks into our hearts, there will be no unpaid pledges.

"Luckily for us all, the great, great majority of Masons do as they agree. They pay what they promise. They stand behind their word. That is how the Temple is built . . . how all Masonic Temples are built. That is how all temples of any kind are built, whether they be of stone, for Masons, or in the heart, for God.

"Most Masons mean what they say when they kneel before the altar and pledge their lives to brotherhood. They do so without any evasion in their minds or hearts. Most Masons, when they pledge their money to a Masonic cause, pledge it without evasions on their mind or heart. Most men, thank God, are honest, and a very large number of honest men are honest Masons and . . . what are you doing? Oh, I see you have your check book and your fountain pen. I trust, my brother, that nothing I have said has offended you! I wouldn't make you mad with yourself because you haven't paid, for anything. All I tried to do was to transfer that peeve from the Committee to the chap who didn't play fair, but who, I see, is now going to play fair! Yes, I see; the check is for double your pledge. I think, if you take it over and show it to Jones and then to Smith, and tell them all I said, you will feel better and they will feel worse . . . why, certainly, my brother, I am proud to shake the hand of any of my brethren, especially when I find them as real underneath as you. What? Oh, don't mention it!"

Those Symbols

I THINK I shall have to take an evening off and read a book about symbols!" said the Very New Master Mason to the Old Past Master at refreshment. "I find I don't know all about them."

"When you find the book which teaches you all about them, lend it to me, won't you?" asked the Old Past Master.

"Why, I'm sure there must be such a book," answered the Very New Master Mason, surprised. "And I know *you* know all about symbols, anyway."

"I have never read a book which even attempted to tell 'all about symbols' " answered the Old Past Master. "I never knew the Mason who was willing to admit he knew all about them. And I never thought I knew very much about them, although I have studied them for forty years!"

"Why, you amaze me! There are only half a dozen symbols in the lodge; surely they cannot have so many meanings. The tools, the apron, I suppose the pillars on the porch; that's about all, isn't it?"

The Old Past Master turned and looked curiously at his questioner. Satisfied that he was serious, the Old Past Master explained, gently, as to a child.

"I doubt very much that any one has ever had the temerity even to count the Masonic symbols," he began. "Certainly I have not. But there are enough to keep a great many Masonic scholars and antiquarians busy for a great many years to come, as they have in the past, trying to dig out of literature, history, archeology, sacred writings, religion, philosophy and kindred branches of study, a few of the more important meanings of our symbols. Your innocent little catalog of lodge symbols would be pathetic if it wasn't funny, and humorous if it wasn't sad!

"Certainly you could not have meant to overlook the Great Light as a symbol, and . . ."

"Oh, but I don't understand that as a symbol," interrupted the Very New Master Mason. "That's the Bible, the Book. I thought a symbol was something that meant something else!"

"It is true that in our American and in British Lodges the Great Light is the Holy Scriptures," agreed the Old Past Master. "But in another lodge, in another country, some other sacred Book may lie on the altar. The important thing is not *what* book there lies open, but that it be *the* book which the Masons who kneel before it, venerate as the earthly repository of spiritual knowledge. The Book of the Sacred Law is what Masons reverence, not necessarily any special book. Thus, to our Jewish brethren, the New Testament in our Great Light is not a Sacred writing as is their Old Testament. Yet our Book contains both.

"But the Book of the Law when used in Masonry is more than a repository of Divine Will and Knowledge. It is a symbol of the fountain head of all learning, and a symbol of a Mason's belief in Deity. It is also a symbol of many other things, of which you will find much in the books you will read, but in none of them will you find it all.

"Did you ever stop to ask yourself why Masons circumambulate in the lodge? Or why they perform this rite at various times and in various ways? Or why that rite in a Blue Lodge is always done in one direction? That is a symbol, my brother, and a very beautiful one. It is a connection, tenuous, but very direct, with those far progenitors of Masonry who lived thousands of years ago and worshipped the Sun as the only god they knew.

"It is human to be like those we strive to admire. The small boy plays at being a soldier or a fireman, and struts with a small cane to be like his father. Imitating, we feel that we are like that which we imitate. Our savage forefathers had this same bit of humanness. They believed that when they imitated that which was powerful, they in turn received power. They worshipped the Sun. The Sun, to them, travelled always from the East to the West, swinging north in the summer and south in the winter. Therefore they believed that if they, in their simple prayers and rites, imitated the course of the sun, they,

too, would become godlike and have power. Many religions, rites and ceremonies of a spiritual significance have followed in the footsteps of these early men, and thought to find in circumambulation a power which comes from the Divine Something they worship.

"Of course there are other meanings of circumambulation; these, too, you will discover in the books you will read.

"Not all our symbols are so ancient, although some are even further back in time. You are familiar, of course, with the 'certain point within a circle.' That is a symbol and a great one. It has many meanings; meanings not attributed to it haphazard, but meanings born in it, as you might say. A Mason may not materially err if he circumscribe his passions within that circle, not because the ritual says so, but because our ancient brethren, who actually built Temples and Cathedrals, found that the point, or center in the circle, and another dot or two, were their easiest means of making their squares perfect, and absolutely at right angles. This is a little problem in geometry with which you are doubtless familiar; if not, the books you will read will explain it to you.

"Get out of your mind, my brother, the idea that any symbols in Masonry are arbitrary; that some man said, for instance 'here is an oblong square; I will make it into a symbol which means the lodge, just because I like its shape!'

"The 'oblong square' my brother, was the shape which our ancient brethren conceived the world to be. We use it as the 'shape of the lodge' because the lodge itself is a symbol of the world, and thus of our life in it.

"My brother, symbolism in general, and Masonic symbolism in particular, is a life-time study. It is ever new, never ending. The more you read and study, the more you understand and enjoy this Masonry of ours. But you will learn it not on one evening or two; not even in many shall you learn it all."

"Unless I spend them talking to you," smiled the Very New Master Mason.

Ancient Landmarks

I BOUGHT me a Masonic Manual today," announced the Very New Master Mason to the Old Past Master. "Into what strange paths I am about to venture I don't know, but I am going to try . . ." rather shyly . . . "to learn some of the work."

"That is very commendable," agreed the Old Past Master. "You will find it a fascinating study."

"But there are a lot of things in it I don't understand," went on the Very New Master Mason. "For instance, in the charge to a Master Mason the Master says 'the ancient landmarks of the order, committed to your care, you are carefully to preserve and never suffer them to be infringed' and so on. But nowhere can I find any explanation of just what the ancient landmarks are!"

"Well, that *is* rather a problem, isn't it?" smiled the Old Past Master. "If you will get Mackey's Jurisprudence you will find a list of twenty-five, Roscoe Pound has a list of seven in his book of the same name, Brother Joseph Fort Newton considers five is the number and several Grand Lodges have lists of up to fifty or sixty!"

"Do you mean to say there is no universally known and understood list of ancient landmarks?" demanded the Very New Master Mason.

"I do. There is no such list."

"But . . . but . . . but then how can we 'carefully preserve them' and 'never suffer them to be infringed?' "

"Well, it really isn't as difficult as it sounds!" smiled the Old Past Master. "There is none, or hardly any, disagreement among Masonic authorities on the fundamental Masonic law. The ancient usages and customs of the fraternity are the same the world over and generally recognized as such by all Grand Bodies. But a 'landmark' is something which cannot be changed, according to our understanding of it. Therefore,

different authorities have thought differently about our ancient usages and customs, some saying that such and thus, while ancient and honorable, is not a landmark, and therefore *can* be changed, while others hold that the same custom *is* a landmark and *cannot* be changed.

"The old manuscripts which give us so much light on our Masonic forbears; the Regius, the Harleian, the Antiquity, etc., have various charges, rules, regulations and laws. These are all very old, yet many of them could hardly be considered a landmark; for instance, one such old regulation forbids Masons to indulge in games of chance except at Christmas! That would hardly do for a Masonic landmark, would it? So just because a rule or custom is old does not make it, *per se*, a landmark.

"On the other hand, much that is beautiful in our fraternity is new; that is, it is less than three and often less than two hundred years old. There was no Grand Lodge before 1717, and Masonry was not divided in three degrees at that time, I believe. Yet many authorities consider the division of the work into three degrees as a landmark.

"So where doctors disagree, only the patient can decide!

"There are a certain body of laws, usages and customs which are universally recognized and universally regarded. From these, different authorities select certain ones which in their judgment are landmarks. Other authorities say 'no, thus and such is a law, statute, rule, judgment, agreement or custom of the fraternity but isn't a landmark!' Brother Shepherd has just brought out a book on the subject which gives the ideas of many authorities, writers and Grand Lodges. What strikes one on reading it, is not the difference in the lists of what are called landmarks, but the fact that all so well agree as to what is fundamental in Masonry!

"Now it is a fact that we agree that the 'ancient landmarks' are fixed and unalterable. It is also a fact that Masons themselves have altered their own unalterable landmarks! The very fact that Grand Lodges were invented, or discovered, or created, is a change in an old, old custom, made necessary by change in times and people. The issuing of diplomas was a

change; our ancient brethren had only the 'Mason word' to prove themselves Masters. We do not prepare a man to be made a Mason as was done two centuries ago, nor is our ritual the same, nor our obligation the same; antiquarians have even discovered where parts of our obligations came from, and it was not from a Masonic source that *all* of them were derived!

"But let not your heart be troubled! Masonry herself says of herself that she is a progressive science. How can she progress and stand still? Brother A. S. McBride, than whom no more spiritually minded or common-sense writer ever spread Masonry before the Craft for their better understanding, asks the literal-minded Mason who says nothing can be changed in Masonry, why not work in Hebrew, since Solomon and his workmen used that tongue? And does Masonry suffer because the English of today is not the English of the 17th century?

"I personally believe that the ancient landmarks which cannot suffer change are few in number; a belief in Deity, a belief in a future life, a book of the Law on the altar, a secret mode of recognition, that only men, of good character, can be made Masons; these and one or two more seem to me to be real landmarks. Other landmarks so prescribed seem to me . . . and to many deeper Masonic students . . . to be common law, custom, usage, rather than landmarks.

"But I only think these things. I do not try to convince any one I am right, for those who decide have authority and scholarship behind them. I follow where they lead. But Masonry teaches a man to think, and so I do her no injury if I do think. And if my Grand Lodge says forty-seven laws are landmarks, I keep them like Kipling's Mason 'to a hair.' That I choose to disagree with my Grand Lodge in my heart doesn't make me a law-breaker; only a minority; And there is no harm in being a minority as long as one conforms!

"Therefore, read your manual, learn your ritual, consult your Grand Lodge records, and abide by the laws, resolutions and edicts you have sworn to uphold. And when you have done that, tolerant charitable Masonry says to you 'my brother, having done as you pledged you would, you may now think whatever you want is right!' "

Do You Study Geometry?

I BOUGHT me a high school geometry the other day," confessed the Very New Mason to the Old Past Master, sitting on the benches waiting for the Worshipful Master to call the lodge to labor. "I was so much impressed with what I learned of its importance to Masons, during the Fellowcraft Degree, that I determined to go back to my school days and try again. But I am much discouraged."

"Why so?" asked the Old Past Master, interested. "I recall geometry as rather an interesting subject. I don't suppose I could do a single original now, it's been so many years . . . I don't know when I have looked in one!"

"Why, you surprise me! I thought all good Masons must know geometry. We are taught . . . how does it go? . . . something about a noble science . . ." his voice trailed off in silence.

"'Geometry, the first and noblest of the sciences,'" quoted the Old Past Master, "'is the basis on which the superstructure of Masonry is erected. By geometry, we may curiously trace Nature through her various windings, to her most concealed recesses. By it we may discover the wisdom and the goodness of the Grand Artificer of the universe and view with delight the proportions which connect this vast machine.'"

"Yes, that's it!" agreed the Very New Mason. "And there is a lot more, isn't there?"

"A whole lot!" smiled the Old Past Master, in agreement.

"Well, then, why doesn't a well informed Mason have to be a geometrician?"

"There is certainly no reason why a good geometrician shouldn't be a good Mason," answered the Old Past Master, "but no reason why a man who doesn't know geometry shouldn't be a good Mason.

"You see, my son, we hark back a great many years in much of our lectures, to a time when knowledge was neither so great nor so diversified as now. William Preston, the eminent

Masonic student, scholar, writer, who lived and wrote in the latter part of the eighteenth century, conceived the idea of making the degrees in general, and the Fellowcraft degree in particular, a liberal education! A 'liberal education' in those days was comprised within what we still call, after Preston, the 'seven liberal arts and sciences.' In those days any mathematics beyond geometry was only for the very, very few; indeed, mathematics were looked upon rather askance by the common men, as being of small use in the world, save for engineers and designers and measurers of land.

"But Preston, if his lectures are no longer the real 'liberal education' which he planned, and which, in the form of his lectures modified by Webb (and somewhat tinkered with by various authorities and near authorities who at times have kept the husk and let the kernel escape!) builded better than he knew. For we may now justly and honorably take 'geometry' to mean not only the science of measurement of surface and area and the calculation of angles and distances, but to mean all measurement. And to study measurement, my son, means to study science, for all science is but measurement, and by that measurement, the deduction of laws and so the unraveling of the secrets of nature.

"I do not understand geometry any more; it is long since I studied it. But I do study, and do try to keep my mind awake and always filling, if never full. It is true that to many a Mason the study of geometry itself would be a grand mental discipline and thus greatly improve his mind. But I do not think we are to take this admonition literally, any more than we are to accept literal interpretations for other wordings in our ritual. We meet upon the level, in Masonry, and we act upon the square. But that does not mean that we put our feet upon a carpenter's level, or sit upon stone masons' squares while we 'act.' The words are symbols of thoughts. I take the admonition to study geometry as a symbol of a thought, meaning that a Mason is to educate himself, to keep his mind open, to keep it active, to learn, to think, to develop his reason and his logic, that he may the better aid himself to know himself and his work to aid his fellowmen.

"Even Preston, literal-minded as he was, and focussing all his attention as he did, upon ritual and teaching by it and a formalism which is not yet outworn in our ranks, had a vision of what geometry might mean beside the mathematical science of angles. For . . . how does it go? In our charge to a Fellowcraft, we say 'Geometry, or Masonry, originally synonymous terms, being of a divine and moral nature, is enriched with the most useful knowledge, while it proves the wonderful properties of nature, it demonstrates the more important truths of morality.'

"It should be obvious that a study of mathematics of any kind cannot demonstrate morality unless it is considered as a symbol as well as a science. As we are thus told in so many words to use geometry as a symbol, we may well agree with Pike, who wrote learnedly to prove a Mason's inherent right to interpret the symbols of Freemasonry for himself. To me, geometry is a symbol of science, and one which I should use to impress upon myself the need of something else. To a Mason who had had few educational advantages, the word might mean its literal sense, and he be greatly benefited by a close study of the book which discourages you.

"I do not attempt, my brother, to force upon you my understanding, or to quarrel at all with those Masons who find a different interpretation of the geometry which is Masonry as we understand it. I do but give you my ideas for whatever use they may be to you, and so you will not be discouraged in what is a praiseworthy attempt to profit by the Masonic lectures. Do you recall the end of the charge you received as a Fellowcraft?"

"I . . . I . . . I am afraid I don't, just exactly. . . ."

"It runs this way," smiled the Old Past Master. ". . . 'in your new character it is expected that you will conform to the principles of the Order by steadily persevering in the practice of every commendable virtue.' If you study the 'principles of the Order' you will, indeed, be learning Masonic geometry."

Work to Do

I WANT some Masonic work to do!" announced the newly raised Master Mason. "I don't think I should be a member of this great fraternity and stand around idle."

"That is very praiseworthy," responded the Old Past Master. "What would you like to do?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. Maybe I could help in building a new Temple. Perhaps I could do some research work and write a book. Maybe there is room for me in some great Masonic educational work."

"You aim high," answered the Old Past Master. "Such work is not always easy to find."

"It's all I have been able to find," answered the first speaker.

"That is because your eyes are not yet opened to the light," answered the Old Past Master. "Masonic work is everywhere. It lies around loose ready to be done. You can find it here in lodge, at home, on the street, everywhere."

"Oh, you mean charity. Well, I give according to my pocket-book," was the answer.

"I do mean charity, but not pocketbook charity," answered the Old Past Master. "Masonic charity neither begins nor ends with money."

"I wish you would explain what you mean. I don't understand. . . ."

"I will very gladly explain. Do you see Brother Eggleston over there?"

"The old man with the ear-horn?"

"Exactly. He is eighty-two years of age. He is very hard of hearing. He is also extremely fond of being talked to. It's a hard job to tell him anything. You have to shout. Yet Brother Eggleston always has some one talking to him at refreshment and in the ante-room.

"Just behind him is Brother Palinski. He doesn't speak very

good English. He isn't very rich. He is very shy. Yet he is a member of this lodge and a good one. Have you made his acquaintance yet? You need not answer. I am not inquiring what you have done, but just suggesting to you that he feels more at home and more Masonic when his brethren do not let him sit alone and unspoken to, because he is foreign, diffident, hard to talk to.

"Jimmy is the Tiler of this lodge. He works pretty hard, does Jimmy. You and I and a hundred other fellows take off our aprons and drop them where we sit when lodge is closed. Jimmy has to gather them up and fold them neatly in the box. Jimmy has charge of the clothing and the jewels and locks up the charter in the safe. Jimmy has to be here early and leaves late. He doesn't get paid very heavily for his work. Sometimes some brother stays and helps Jimmy do his work. Jimmy is always happy when he, too, can get out in time to hop into some one's car and get taken part way home.

"Do you run an automobile? Somewhere within half a mile of you live two or three or four old Masons who find walking hard and street cars uncomfortable. They love their lodge, but they do not always come when it rains, because it is hard on their old bones to walk or use the trolley. Sometimes some brother thinks of them and calls for them and takes them home. The brother who does this rarely thinks he has done anything except afford transportation, but you have to be an old man and have a young one pay you a little attention to know how it makes their old hearts sing. I am an old man, and I know, although I have a car and a son to call for me, yet I like attention; I like to think some one doesn't think I am on the shelf. I like your asking me questions. I like to feel that I am some use in the world of Masonry, even now.

"You give, you inform me, according to your pocketbook. You smoke, I observe, very good cigars. At Roberts avenue and Upshur street is a children's hospital. In it are many little children. Some of them belong to Master Masons. Not all of their parents can get there everyday, or bring a toy to while away a tedious hour every time they come. The price of two of those cigars would make a Mason's child happy for a week.

"Last month there died a Mason of this lodge, who left a wife and five children. He left plenty of insurance. His wife doesn't have to go to work. She can support herself and her children very easily. No lodge action was necessary. But what a place for Masonic work! Those children now have no Daddy. They have problems that only Daddy could solve. No one can jump in and become a Daddy to them, but some Mason might try to ease that awful empty feeling, with his presence and his interest.

"Wilkins, of this lodge, works at the electrical trade. He makes things with his hands; anything, everything. But mostly he makes wireless sets; a little radio apparatus that isn't expensive, but is better than can be bought for a few dollars. He puts in most of his evenings making them. The lodge supplies the material. The little sets go to the State Home for the Blind. I wonder, sometimes, if the little head pieces do not speak Masonic words to those who listen to them so gratefully.

"Do you know Filbert? Poor Filbert; it's an open secret. That's Filbert, over there with the young face and the snow white hair. He had an accident. It took a year for his strength to come back. His mind never was quite right, and isn't now. He loves to come to lodge. He isn't very bright, any more. He is just a watchman now, who used to be a good bookkeeper. Filbert has an eighteen year old boy, putting himself through college. He has to work at odd times and nights and Sundays. He does anything he can; waits on table, cuts grass, runs errands, paints fences, anything. You might give him a job now and then; I think it would be regarded as work on your Master's Piece by the Great Architect."

"Oh, I hope it would . . . but what you have done for me just now, I *know* is work on your Master's Piece!" stammered the young Mason. "Indeed, my eyes were not open, but I . . . I begin to see the light!"

Those Legends

I AM a very much disturbed person!"

The speaker, a newly made Master Mason, addressed the Old Past Master earnestly.

"I have always believed, as I believe my Bible, that the story of Solomon's being our first Grand Master was true. I have always believed that Masonry has come down to us through the ages substantially as it is now. I have always believed in the reality of the drama of the third degree. Now I find that great scholars say it isn't so!"

"Poor boy!" soothed the Old Past Master. "He has discovered that his dolls are stuffed with sawdust. Some one took away his Santa Claus! Fairies have been banished from his heart and he grieves!"

"I didn't think you would make fun of me!" protested the young Mason.

"My dear brother, I don't make fun of you! I speak with all seriousness!" protested the Old Past Master. "You are exactly in the position of your young child who is robbed of Santa, who learns that fairies do not exist, who finds that a doll is made of powdered wood. But, like the child, you will outgrow the grief. If you go to your wife's most secret hiding place in the attic, the chances are ten to one you will find an old and much-loved doll. She knows it is only sawdust, but she loves it. And I will bet a cookie that you send Santa Christmas cards to your friends and like to go and see some one dressed up as Santa, distributing presents at Christmas. As for fairies, did you, or did you not, enjoy reading and seeing Peter Pan? The grief is gone; the joy remains!"

"But what has that to do with Solomon and Masonry?"

"A whole lot!" answered the Old Past Master. "The greatest truths have been taught by parables and stories. It is the best way of teaching, for it touches the imagination. For instance, it is obviously a truth that a man should remember his parents

in their need, take care of his children, and be charitable. The far Easterner puts it in a fable. A man going to the bazaar buys seven loaves of bread. 'For what do you purchase so many, Oh, Effendi?' asks the merchant. 'Two I return, two I lend, two I give, and one I use,' answers the buyer. 'Explain, Effendi,' begs the merchant. 'The two I return are for my parents, who once gave to me. The two I lend are to my children, who will one day return to me. The two I give are for charity and the one I use is for myself.'

"Is not that a pretty way of teaching? And does it not make a far greater impression on your mind than the mere statement of fact?

"It is so with the Solomonic legend. We know that modern Freemasonry began little more than two hundred years ago. We trace well defined ancestors of Masonry through the Roman Collegia, the Comacines, the Steinmetzen of Germany, the Compagnionage of France, the Guilds of medieval England. We find Masonic symbols in Egypt and ancient Babylon. We find Masonic philosophy in many lands in remote ages. There is no doubt that the forebears of our Masonry were very far back in time, perhaps even further back than Solomon. That there is any direct connection between Solomon, King of Israel, and a modern Grand Lodge cannot be established.

"But neither can we establish any direct connection between Christmas and Santa Claus! How shall you teach a small child of the beautiful spirit of Christmas by telling him it is to celebrate the birthday of Christ? You can't. He cannot comprehend. How may you teach a newly made Master Mason all the history of Masonry, all at once? You can't. In either case you require a legend. And make no mistake about it, my friend; the facts of the legend may be all wrong. But the spirit of both legends is entirely true!

"Now Freemasonry is not concerned with facts; 'twice two is four' is far less interesting to Masonry than 'he gives twice who gives quickly.' Masonry is wholly a matter of the mind, heart, spirit, will, character, desire, love, veneration of us humans. It is not concerned with heating or lighting or in-

vention or armies or hay stacks. The spirits of the Solomonic and Hiramic legends are true; they are true to the heart, just as the Christmas myth is true to the child. You never saw a fairy, but your life would be the poorer without them! You never showed your little child a Santa Claus, but his life would be the poorer without him. Masonry cannot show a direct, logical, provable, evidential descent from Solomon, but Masonry would be the poorer without the legend which teaches of her beautiful beginning in the erection of a Temple to God, and the wise guidance she had from the most learned man of all time.

"For, it is not the facts of our legends with which we are concerned, but what they teach. With the trowel we spread the cement of brotherly love. Did you ever feel, see, taste, smell, any of that cement? Did you ever see any one use a trowel to spread it? It is not true, in the fact sense, is it? Yet you believe it, I believe it, we all believe it, even when we know it is but an allegory, a symbol, a truth expressed in fiction.

"If the lesser lights be put out, can you see the Great Light? You cannot. The Great Light does not emit radiance for physical eyes. No one thinks it does. Yet its radiance makes Masonry.

"Trouble not your heart, my brother, that antiquarians have let in the light and discovered the facts. We are always the better for facts. But your very searcher after Masonic facts would be the first to defend the legends. Masonry is old, old; old as the human heart. Lodges, degrees, Grand Masters; these may, indeed, be young. But the principles of Masonry are ancient as the world, and if we teach them with allegories of words as well as of symbols, it is because that is the best way to teach any heart!

"Personally, Solomon is as real to me as my fairies and my Santa Claus, and you, nor any other man can rob me of their spirit by denying to me their letter!"

"Nor me, either, any more!" answered the newly made brother.

When Twice Two Is Five

MASONRY is so contradictory!" sighed the Young Master Mason at refreshment. "I am sure I will never get the right of it in my stupid head!"

"It is something to recognize that it is contradictory!" smiled the Old Past Master. "But just what particular contradictions are worrying you now?"

"Oh, a whole lot of them. For instance, we do not recognize negro Masons, yet I am told there is a lodge composed of negroes in this country, which is a part of, and works under, one of the regular, recognized State Grand Lodges. I read that there are women Freemasons abroad and yet we are taught that no woman can be a Freemason. I have just read the wonderful story of Roosevelt Lodge of Providence, R. I., and thus found out that there are lodges which refuse to admit foreigners and Jews; yet we teach and claim that Masonry is universal and without sect or creed. Kipling, in his *Mother Lodge* poem, has a Roman Catholic a member of it, yet everywhere I hear that Masons are opposed to Catholics. I am told in Lodge that there is no one religion honored in Masonry, yet there is a Grand Lodge, I am informed, which bases itself and its teachings on Christianity!"

"Well, you *are* rather up against it!" smiled the Old Past Master. "Yet it is really very simple. Let me ask you a few questions."

"Shoot! If questions will help me, I'm here to answer!"

"What do you regard as the most civilized nation on the face of the earth?"

"America, France, England, I don't know which."

"What is the abiding principle of Christianity?"

"Love."

"What is the fundamental of all foundations of this government of ours?"

"Freedom, liberty, I suppose."

"Is war civilized?"

"Certainly not! It is barbarous."

"Is murder a matter of love?"

"Gracious, no! Matter of hate, I should say! What are you getting at, anyway?" asked the Young Master Mason.

"Can you think of any examples in our national life in which liberty is abridged, either within or without the law?"

"Plenty of them!"

"Well, then," explained the Old Past Master, "we have civilization which is contradictory, government which is contradictory and the greatest and most far reaching religion which the world has ever known, contradictory!"

"Oh, no!" cried the Young Master Mason. "Because we made war doesn't mean civilization is a failure; we failed civilization. Because murders are committed by Christians doesn't mean that Christianity failed; the murderers failed. Because some people violate the laws of liberty doesn't mean our government fails; they fail."

"You are a bright scholar!" admitted the Old Past Master. "And because there are contradictions in Masonry it doesn't follow that Masonry is contradictory, but that Masons contradict each other! It is true that we do not recognize negro Masons, as a general rule. It is true there is a recognized Negro lodge under a Grand Lodge of one of our States. It is the exception which proves the rule. History tells you how it happened.

"According to our ideas, no woman can be a Freemason. It is as unthinkable as to suppose a woman could be a father. But some foreign Masons have made what they call woman Freemasons. Their apostacy doesn't affect any one but themselves. It is too true that some lodges in this country won't have Jews or foreigners in their membership. That is their privilege. But that doesn't make Masonry contradictory; it makes those Masons contradict what they are taught. There is no Masonic reason why a Roman Catholic cannot be a Freemason; the reason they cannot is because their Church forbids them to join oath-bound societies outside of their own. Some Catholics in foreign countries have done so; honor the lodge broad-

minded enough to receive them! We do not receive them; we contend that a man owes his allegiance to where his faith is given; if a Catholic applies to us, knowing that his Church forbids it, it is evidence that he is ready to disobey where he has promised obedience. Therefore, we don't want him.

"Masonry opposes the Catholic hierarchy. We defend American institutions from Papal encroachment. It is their organization, their political ambitions we oppose; not that they choose to worship God in ways which are strange to us.

"Masonry is not Christian. It is not Mohammedan. It is not Buddhistic. It is not of any faith or creed. Because some one lodge or Grand Lodge declaims that it is, does not make it so. Masonry does not contradict itself; Masons contradict themselves!

"Men are not perfect. If they were, there would be no need of Masonry. Masonry could not function in a perfect world of perfect men. There would be no use of a system of morality when all men were moral; no need of teaching anything by symbols or any other means if all men were wise. But men are not perfect; they quarrel and disagree and take exceptions to each other's ideas and beliefs. But it is the men, not the Masonry, which contradict!

"Life is all a compromise, my brother. Practical Masonry is a compromise. Never can we all be perfect. And one of the very greatest teachings of Masonry is toleration; toleration of the other fellow's idea, his viewpoint, his belief. When you are intolerant of these contradictions, you are yourself a contradiction of Masonic teachings. If I taught you that Masonry contradicted herself, I would be a contradiction!"

"I will not contradict you!" smiled the Young Mason, "unless you say I am not grateful."

Why Symbolism?

I AM puzzled," began the new Master Mason, "over a matter on which I have vainly sought light among my brethren. None gives me a satisfactory answer. We are taught that Masonry teaches through symbols; I want to know why. Why do we not put our truths into plain words? Why do we employ one thing to stand for another thing? Wouldn't Masonry be stronger and better if it was plain instead of 'veiling in allegory' its principles and ethics?"

"Like so many questions which can be asked regarding Masonry," answered the Old Past Master, "this one may have several answers, all correct."

"Well, what is your answer?" demanded the new Master Mason.

"You will surely admit without argument," answered the Old Past Master, "that man is a triple nature; he is physical, mental and spiritual. He has a body, and senses which bring him into contact with, and translate the meanings of, the physical world of earth, air, fire and water, which is about him. He has a brain and a mind, by which he reasons and understands about the matters physical with which he is surrounded. And he has a *Something Beyond*; you may call it Soul, or Heart, or Spirit, or Imagination as you will, but it is something which is allied to, rather than a part of, reason, and which is connected with the physical side of life only through its sensory contacts.

"Your soul or spirit, my brother, comprehends a language which the brain does not understand. The keenest of minds have striven to make this mystic language plain to reason, without success. If you hear music which brings tears to your eyes and grief or joy to your heart, you are responding to a language your brain does not understand and cannot explain. It is not with your brain that you love your mother, your child or your wife; it is with the *Something Beyond*; and the language

with which that love is spoken and understood is not the language of the tongue.

“A symbol is a word in that language. Translate that symbol into words which appeal only to the mind, and the spirit of the word is lost. Words appeal to the mind; meanings not expressed in words appeal to the spirit.

“All that there is in Freemasonry, which can be set down in words on a page, leaves out completely the spirit of the Order. If we depended on words, or ideas alone, the fraternity would not make a universal appeal to all men, since no man has it given to him to appeal to the minds of all other men. But Freemasonry expresses truths which are universal; it expresses them in a universal language, universally understood by all men without words. That language is the language of the symbol, and the symbol is universally understood because it is the means of communication between spirits, souls, hearts.

“Indeed, when we say of Masonry that it is ‘universal,’ we mean the word literally; it is of the universe, not merely of the world. If it were possible for an inhabitant of Mars to make and use a telescope which would enable him to see plainly a square mile of the surface of the earth, and if we knew it, and desired by drawing upon that square mile a symbol, to communicate with the inhabitants of Mars, we would choose, undoubtedly, one with as many meanings as possible; one which had a material, a mental and a spiritual meaning. Such a symbol would be the triangle, the square or the circle. Our supposed Martian might respond with a complementary symbol; if we showed him a triangle, he might reply with the 47th problem of Euclid; if we showed him a circle, he might set down 3.141659 (the number by which a diameter multiplied, becomes a circumference). We would find in a symbol a language with which to begin communication, even with all the universe!

“Naturally then, we employ symbols here for heart to speak to heart. Call it soul, mind, spirit, what you will, imagination is its collection of senses. So we must appeal to the imagination when speaking a truth which is neither mental or physical, and the symbol is the means by which one imagination speaks

to another. Nothing else will do; no words can be as effective (unless they are themselves symbols), no teachings expressed in language can be as easily taught or learned by the heart as those which come *via* the symbol through the imagination.

"Take from Freemasonry its symbols and you have but the husk; the kernel is gone. He who hears but the words of Freemasonry misses its meaning entirely.

"The symbol has many interpretations. These do not contradict each other; they amplify each other. Thus, the square is a symbol of perfection, of rectitude of conduct, of honor and honesty, of good work. These are all different, and yet allied. The square is not a symbol of wrong, or evil, or meanness or disease! Ten different men may read ten different meanings into a square, and yet each meaning fits with, and belongs to, the other meanings.

"Now ten men have ten different kinds of hearts. Not all have the same power of imagination. They do not all have the same ability to comprehend. So each gets from a symbol what he can. He uses his imagination. He translates to his soul as much of the truth as he is able to make a part of him. This the ten cannot do with truths expressed in words. 'Twice two is equal to four' is a truth which must be accepted all at once, as a complete exposition, or not at all. He who can understand but the 'twice' or the 'equal' or the 'four' has no conception of what is being said. But ten men can read ten progressive, different, correct and beautiful meanings into the trowel, and each be right as far as he goes. The man who sees it merely as an instrument which helps to bind, has a part of its meaning. He who finds it a link with operative Masons has another part. The man who sees it as a symbol of man's relationship to Deity, because with it he (spiritually) does the Master's work, has another meaning. All these meanings are right; when *all* men know *all* the meanings the need of Masonry will have passed away.

"To sum up, the reason we must use symbols is because only by them can we speak the language of the spirit, each to each, and because they form an elastic language, which each man reads for himself according to his ability. Symbolism is the

only language which is thus elastic, and the only one by which spirit can be touched. To suggest that Masonry use any other would be as revolutionary as to remove her Altars, meet in the public square or elect by a majority vote! In other words, Masonry without symbols would not be Masonry; it would be but dogmatic and not very erudite philosophy, of which the world is full as it is, and none of which ever satisfies the heart!"

MASONRY AND AMERICANISM

PREFACE

BROTHERHOOD is a means whereby men may be organized into a harmonious social order. Insofar as this is not already accomplished, Brotherhood remains a task. Since it is so necessary a task Brotherhood devolves upon every man as a duty. Freemasonry has always understood this and it has taught these facts to its initiates. The time has come for it to assume a more active leadership in carrying out the task of Brotherhood, the need for which has become so tragically necessary.

Most of the great problems facing our country, and other countries, are only larger aspects of the evil passions that Masonry is trying to subdue. If we would apply to the world at large the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, many of our great problems would be solved.

The talks given in this little volume, prepared by The Masonic Service Association of the United States, attempt to show the application of Masonic teachings to some of the present important problems of government and citizenship.

Masonic Brotherhood and the United States

HAS it ever seemed strange to you that we initiate men into Freemasonry and, in the course of their initiation, place them in possession of certain secrets which, we inform them, will enable them to work and receive wages as Masons? Initiation means the beginning of something, and having initiated them, having given them these secrets and the means of working and receiving wages, we absolutely fail to give them any *work* to do, or any opportunity to earn those wages which we so solemnly promised them.

Let us assume that a man who was not acquainted with our present-day lodge-room English, if we may call it that, should conceive a favorable opinion of our institution, and petition for initiation into our mysteries. Assume further, that he is in every way worthy of admission into our Order. That means that he is a man of ordinary intelligence, he understands the English language, the proper use of ordinary words. Having been accepted by a unanimous ballot, he presents himself for initiation. He is duly and truly prepared, introduced and received in due form, and initiated into our mysteries. He finds an exhaustive philosophical system idealizing and dignifying labor, and is informed that this is his initiation (that is, his beginning), and is told that the purpose of this initiation is to put him in possession of certain secrets which will enable him to work and receive wages as a Mason. Because he is eminently fitted for membership, he is deeply impressed by his initiation, and firmly resolves that he will work and receive these wages.

Accordingly, when he receives notice of the next meeting of his lodge, he manages to attend, fully prepared to take up this great and good work. He finds, however, that there are other applicants knocking at the door, and more initiatory work in progress. Realizing that men engaged in so noble an enterprise must necessarily take some time from their labors

properly to impress novitiates with the fundamental principles of the splendid work in which they are about to engage, he comes again and again, only to find the same conditions prevailing. He is surprised, and somewhat disappointed. Having been told that at his leisure hours, in order that he may improve in Masonic knowledge, he is to converse with well-informed brethren who will be as ready to give as he is to receive instruction, he hunts out some brother, possibly the Master of his lodge, and says, "I have been coming here pretty regularly, anxious to do some Masonic work; but so far we have only initiated candidates. When are we going to do some real work?" "Work!" replies the Master; "why, we are working now; this is our work." "No," says the inquiring brother, "this isn't work; this is only initiation." So the Master, perhaps patiently, but more likely impatiently, informs him that initiation is the only work he has ever known as a Mason; and our aspiring brother goes away a sadder but a wiser man.

Let us endeavor here to learn that there IS something for Masons to do which will enable us to earn our promised wages. There never was a time in the history of the world when it was so important for Masonry to go to work as right now. We are living in a period of great unrest, so great that many wonder whether our modern civilization is about to disintegrate, as did that of Egypt, Greece and Rome. Men are dissatisfied, —dissatisfied with their pay, with their jobs, with their living conditions, with their prospects. And this dissatisfaction has become so great as to cause discontent with our government. Many people have lost confidence in it. They say that a poor man has no chance; that legislation is enacted for the benefit of privileged classes at the expense of the masses; that money can buy justice; that this is a rich man's government. They listen to the alluring voice of the foreign agitator, with his promises of Utopian conditions that have long ago proven visionary and impossible of realization. These foreigners know little of our history and nothing at all of our ideals. They look upon government as a thing to be feared, as a thing to be hated, as an instrumentality in the hands of rulers and privileged classes that takes men and

money from the people without giving anything in return.

These things may be true of the government of the country from which they come. They were generally true of governments throughout the civilized world at the time modern Freemasonry was organized.

At the opening of the eighteenth century, when Freemasonry, as we know it today, first came into being, we find that there was no religious liberty; men did not have the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. There was no equality before the law; the courts were in the hands of the ruling classes, and every controversy was speedily decided in their favor. There was no equality of opportunity; the son of a poor man was born and reared to be a poor man, and the son of a rich man was born and reared to be a rich man, and it was impossible for either of them to alter his condition. Education was only for the wealthy and those of noble birth. Naturally, under these conditions, the laboring man suffered many injustices; and scant, if any, consideration was given to the poor and unfortunate. Such government merited criticism.

Even in that age there were men, thinking men, men of vision, who regarded these conditions as intolerable, and rejected the idea that such government could be of divine inspiration; they knew that was not God's idea of the lot of man. And these men found in the Ritual of Freemasonry a confirmation of their ideals. They found in Masonry a fellowship of forward-looking men who knew no class distinctions, who realized the inherent dignity of labor, and whose ideal was the universal Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God.

When these men, hearing of the wonderful new country across the sea, came over here to escape from the intolerable conditions under which they were living, and to enable them to worship God and live according to the dictates of their own consciences, they brought their Masonic Altars with them and set them up in the wilderness. And they placed upon them the Book of Holy Writ, symbolic of God's law for the government of man; and upon the Book they placed the square,

symbol of equality before the law; and the compasses, symbol of that due restraint upon personal liberty which is necessary for the protection of the rights of others. Then, as the American colonies grew and prospered in this land of milk and honey, the Masonic lodges grew and prospered with them, the history of the two being inseparably linked together.

Finally the day came when the attention of the ruling classes in old England was attracted to their fair colonies. They suddenly realized that America could be made to pay tribute to their coffers. As a result these early apostles of freedom were subjected to oppressive laws and unjust taxation; but having had a taste of self-government, they rebelled against injustice and oppression. We know that they met in their lodges and talked these matters over. As you read profane history you learn, for instance, of the Green Dragon Tavern in Boston, and the Caucus Pro Bono Publico that met there, and what this organization did for American liberty. But it remains for you to read Masonic history and there learn that the Green Dragon Tavern was owned by, and was the meeting place of, a Masonic lodge; and the Caucus Pro Bono Publico was made up of Masons, and was originated and presided over by Joseph Warren who gave up his life in the cause of freedom at Bunker Hill; Warren, a Past Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, a Fellow of the Craft.

There came a day when a certain monopoly in Old England, the East India Company, enjoying a special privilege, found that it had been bucking the law of supply and demand a little too hard in hoarding tea; and these food profiteers of the eighteenth century found their tea spoiling in their warehouses, so some one conceived the scheme for unloading it on the American colonies, under tax. Coming as a culmination of a long line of unjust impositions, this tea proved a proverbial last straw. This, too, was talked over in that old lodge hall. We find one night that a lodge meeting was adjourned under peculiar circumstances. The secretary could not reduce to writing the real truth, but he was a symbolist, and knew that we who came after him would also be symbolists, so he closed the minutes of that meeting with a line of capital "T's" across

the bottom of the page. From that record, by comparing the date thereof with profane history and the known fact that the Green Dragon Tavern was the scene of the devising of the plan, we know that these colonial brethren of ours one night closed their lodge, doffed their lambskin aprons, donned the garb of Indians, and went down to Boston Harbor. They boarded the tea-laden ships at anchor there, dumped the tea into the sea, and made the mighty Atlantic one gigantic teapot, stirring up in that teapot such a tempest that monarchs trembled on their thrones, and special privilege realized that at last free people had come into their own.

And that was but the start. A little later our attention is attracted by another big soul whose influence on the formative period of our nation cannot be overestimated, Paul Revere, a Past Grand Master of Masons of Massachusetts. There is no need of reciting the story of his famous ride from Middlesex to Lexington, but where did Paul Revere find the men bound to him by such indissoluble bonds of secrecy as to make his exploit possible? Where would he naturally go to find men within the repository of whose faithful breasts secrets would remain safely lodged? Only the walls of the old Green Dragon Tavern can answer.

Now that the tepot of human liberty was brewing, and the time was ripe for a break with the mother country, the founders of our nation decided that a decent respect for the opinions of others made it necessary for them to reduce to writing the reasons that prompted them to take this stupendous step. The Declaration of Independence was written, and the first man who scrawled his signature clear across the page so that "George III might read it without putting on his glasses," thus bequeathing his name to posterity as a slang phrase, was John Hancock, another Fellow of the Craft.

What a wonderful document they wrote! How the language moves along with all the simple majesty so peculiar to Free-Masonry. They did not start out with a list of grievances, but with a statement of certain elementary principles: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal." In that day there was only one institution in the world that

taught the equality of man, and that institution was Freemasonry. "That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." How typically Masonic is this reference to the great Creator. And then followed that short but complete definition of government, "That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." These early Masons, realizing that they were laying the basis for a new nation, went down to the bedrock of human brotherhood under divine Fatherhood, for both are expressed in that famous Declaration. They made these principles the foundation for a spiritual temple to Freedom such as the world had never known.

Our attention now is attracted by another figure. The principles having been stated, it became necessary to establish them, and the old order was not to pass away without a struggle. At the head of the army which was to make those principles live we find a man who, because of his commanding personality, dominated the history of the period, George Washington, a Fellow of the Craft. There is nowhere else in our history a figure so pathetic and yet so sublime as George Washington at Valley Forge, during the darkest hour of the war, when defeat seemed imminent, kneeling in the snow in humble supplication to Deity, because he had learned, just where all Masons have learned, that when the strength and wisdom of man fail, there is an inexhaustible source above, yielded to us through prayer.

Under such leadership the early Craftsmen fought the good fight for liberty and equality until tyranny and autocracy were overthrown, and for the first time in the history of the world a nation, erected upon the principles to which Freemasonry is dedicated, became a reality.

The next step was to provide a system of government for carrying these principles into effect. When the Constitutional Convention was assembled, we find it presided over by George Washington, Freemason, and dominated by the devotees of the Craft; Benjamin Franklin, Past Grand Master of the Grand

Lodge of Pennsylvania, Alexander Hamilton and many others. When at last the task was accomplished, Franklin, pointing to the facsimile of a sun portrayed on the back of the chair of the presiding officer, said, "Throughout the days that we have been laboring here, I have observed that sun, and wondered whether it was a rising or a setting sun. Now I know it is a rising sun." That was a splendid bit of symbolism for all mankind; but to us of the Craft it is a direct message from Benjamin Franklin that in his opinion the presiding officer of that convention was sitting in a Masonic East and that the work done in that convention was Masonic work.

The Constitution of the United States should be the basis of a freeman's catechism, taught in every public school in the land. Upon the bedrock of fundamental principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence, they built the foundation of a nation; and they built it Square, and they built it Plumb, and they built it Level, that the temple to be erected thereon might endure forever. You will search the Constitution in vain for a ruling class, for a state religion, for special privilege. But you will find amply guarded a nation in which all have an equal voice. You will find complete religious liberty, equality of all men before the law, and an equal opportunity for advancement, to every human being within the boundary of this fair country of ours. In view of all this, is it merely by chance, then, that, when George Washington was sworn in as the first President of these United States, the oath of office was administered by the Grand Master of the State of New York, and upon a Bible taken from a Masonic Altar? No. Freemasons built the foundation of this nation, and built it according to plans designed by the Supreme Architect of the Universe upon the Masonic Trestle-board.

Let us, at this point, pay tribute to another Mason of that early day. He, too, was a master builder with a vision, and saw the magnificence of the temple to liberty of which only the foundation had been laid. He was a diligent worker and did a noble part in laying some of the first courses of stone on that foundation. He built square and plumb and level, as

befitted so noble a workman. We refer to John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, who, by his broad and liberal construction of the Constitution, did so much for the future of our nation.

How many of us realize what a truly wonderful nation we live in? The fact is, we have become so accustomed to having this government of ours care for us in our daily lives that we do not appreciate how completely it safeguards us and how indispensable it has become.

As a matter of fact our government, national, state, county and city, is continually serving the people, and the mere fact that we are unconscious of this shows just how well it is doing its work. It is serving all the people and doing it more adequately than any other government in the world.

Here or there, now and then perhaps, things have not always worked out as they should. There have been instances when the law has been made an instrument of oppression. Legislation has at times been enacted for the benefit of privileged classes. Unworthy men are always creeping into public offices. But whose fault is that? Is it George Washington's fault? Is it the fault of Paul Revere, or Joseph Warren, or John Marshall? Or is it the fault of the individual citizen of today? Our ancient brethren builded upon the solid rock of fundamental Masonic principles. They builded a foundation that made possible the erection of a superstructure that would last forever. Then, having completed their labors, they said to us, "Here! Here is a foundation upon which to build. Here is a Constitution that places the government of the country absolutely in your own hands to do with as you see fit." Is it their fault if we have fallen down on the job? Is it their fault if we lack vision, if we have eyes and see not, and, having the tools of the ancient Craft, know not how to use them?

There is nothing wrong with our form of government. The trouble lies with our citizenship. We do not know enough about our government, nor do we take a sufficient interest in it to see that it functions properly. The cure is obvious. Our citizenry must be aroused to a proper interest in our

government and what it does and what it stands for, a proper appreciation of the Constitution and how it safeguards liberty, equality and fraternity. The people need leadership in this, and that is the job of every Mason in the land, work bequeathed to us by the fathers of our country. We, who have sworn allegiance to the same ideals that actuated them, have a duty to see to it that the nation they founded upon these ideals is perpetuated. Are we doing our duty?

Somewhere, during the course of the journey toward the East, we were handed a twenty-four inch gauge, and informed that we, as Masons, use it to divide our time, whereby we have eight hours for the service of God and a distressed worthy brother, eight for our usual vocations, and eight for refreshment and sleep. We manage to get eight hours for refreshment and sleep, and we give eight hours, if not more, to our usual vocations, but what about the eight hours we owe to God and our fellowmen? It is to be feared that most of us, when we appear before the Senior Warden in the Grand Lodge above and ask for our wages, if any be due, will find but a small amount to our credit.

It is time for Masonry to awake, time for us to go to work and earn our wages. Masonry was never intended to be a mere degree mill. When Masonry gives us certain secrets in order that we may work and receive wages, it expects us to work and earn those wages. An initiation which ends with initiation is a farce and absolutely meaningless, and Freemasonry does not do meaningless things.

Do you begin to see the vision? Recall to mind a Masonic symbol, the Book of Constitutions guarded by Tiler's Sword. A great Masonic scholar has said that Masonry conceals the real meanings of its symbols, even from the initiated, until they are prepared to receive them; that very often the so-called monitorial explanation of a symbol is no explanation at all. Here is a symbol with which we are all familiar. The Book of Constitutions guarded by the Tiler's Sword! It is said to teach us to be ever watchful and guarded in all our thoughts, words and actions, especially when before the enemies of Freemasonry, ever keeping in mind those truly Masonic virtues,

Silence and Circumspection. Now isn't that a bit far-fetched? If the founders of the Craft had meant to teach silence and circumspection, could not those past masters of the art of symbolism have found something far more fitting than this? Is it not meant for the Masonic citizen of this Republic to interpret this symbol to mean that the Book of Constitutions is the Constitution of the United States which should be ever guarded by the Tiler's Sword of American Freemasonry?

Now, if we have caught the vision, we see the work that lies before us. The cure for the present discontent lies in arousing in the hearts of all the people a love for our country, bringing them to appreciate America and American institutions; teaching them their rights and *Duties* under the Constitution; showing them that active participation in voting, elections, determination of national, state and local policies, and similar matters, is their *Duty* no less than their right. By the exercise of that right and the fulfilment of that duty, and in that way alone, can we keep our courses of stone in harmony with the structure begun by our forefathers on the foundation of Masonic principles.

It has been said, "You can't fight for a flag until you know the color of it." What is the color of our flag? It is red, red with the blood of heroes shed in its defense, and to us it symbolizes love, the greatest force in the universe; it is white, white as the lambskin which, unspotted by the world, every Mason wears, and which symbolizes purity; it is blue, blue as the starry-decked canopy of Heaven which forms a covering for our lodge and symbolizes truth. Take away the white and the blue, and the red no longer symbolizes love but becomes the red of anger, hatred and destruction. Our ancient brethren placed these colors in combination, and it is every Mason's duty to see to it that they remain in combination.

Masons are the natural leaders in this work, because Masons established this nation and built its foundation, and no one is better fitted than they to supervise its growth. Our membership is a cross section of the body politic, representing every social and economic viewpoint. We have 15,000 lodges, each one of them a possible center of activity in support of

the government, capable of setting in motion in every city and hamlet in the land influences tending to stabilize our government.

It can be done. It has been done. When the policemen of Boston announced that they would strike, and the whole nation stood aghast as they realized the possible consequences, Governor Coolidge, later President of the United States, inspired by the ringing resolutions of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, declaring that the representatives of law and order had no right to strike, took the determined stand that ended that strike.

In the summer of 1920 the School Board of Los Angeles announced to the people that a nine million dollar bond issue was necessary in order to afford to the children of the community that equality of opportunity guaranteed them under our form of government. The Catholic Bishop of the diocese announced that if more than seven million was asked for, the proposition would be defeated. The Masons of Los Angeles rose to the occasion, explained the needs of the schools to their own members and to the people of Los Angeles, and the nine million dollar bond issue carried by a vote of 15 to 1.

When the I. W. W. uprising, in the spring of 1919, threatened the municipal and county governments at Seattle, Mayor Ole Hanson took the determined stand that broke that strike only after Masons had gone on record and pledged the active assistance of the Masonic Fraternity in support of law and order.

The world has just gone through a mighty war. We have opposed autocracy with the full strength of our young manhood. That struggle lifted us to heights of spiritual vision such as had not been experienced in generations. During the course of the struggle, a splendid Englishman, on the field of battle, penned a poem which will live forever:

In Flanders' Fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now, we lie
In Flanders' Fields.

Take up the quarrel with the foe,
To you, from falling hands, we throw
The Torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields.

And our own boys, our brethren in khaki, answered that call. They said:

Sleep on, ye brave! The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startling yell,
The fury of the battle Hell
Shall wake you not; for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear;
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe, or sleep with you
In Flanders' Fields.

And they kept the faith; they fought it through; they crushed the foe; and, alas, many of them sleep in Flanders' Fields. Deeply moved by their heroic sacrifice, we, too, made a pledge, and said:

Fear not that you have died for naught,
The torch you threw to us we caught;
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's Light shall never die.
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders' Fields.

Is it true? Have we learned the lesson that they taught? Are we bearing aloft liberty's torch? Are we working, or are we only going through the motions?

Masonry must get the vision; Masonry must awake; the enemy is not at our gates, it is in our very midst. Our govern-

ment is being attacked. The principles of Freemasonry are in danger; the foundation of government laid by our ancient brethren is being undermined. We cannot, we must not, stand idly by. The time for speculation is past; the time for action has arrived. Masonry must be reinterpreted in terms of service.

With the thought of "Flanders' Fields" still in our minds, may we not re-dedicate ourselves to the service of our country and mankind? "If we will but give aid to what were once Masonry's great schemes for human improvement, not fitfully and spasmodically, but regularly and incessantly, as the vapors rise and the springs run, and as the sun rises and the stars come up into the heavens, then we may be sure that great results will be attained and a great work done. And then it will most surely be seen that Masonry is not effete or impotent, nor degenerated nor drooping to a fatal decay."

Religious Liberty

ITS GROWTH, MEANING AND APPLICATION

THE subject of Religious Liberty is one of the great fundamental principles upon which the Doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man is based. Whatever the Brotherhood of Man may have meant in times gone by, we Masons have found that in these days of turmoil and dissension, strife and misunderstanding, it can be made to mean something practical. It can be made practical only if it is defined and interpreted in terms and principles which we understand and can use. Therefore what does Religious Liberty mean? Is it something that the average Mason can put to work so as to make for the happiness of all mankind?

What does religion mean to the average man? More than likely it means going to church, listening to a sermon, taking part in a Sunday school. How far the average Mason's idea goes beyond this it is hard to say. So many brethren have said that "the religion of Masonry is good enough for me," that it is to be wondered whether they realize how great a thing it is that Masonry has given them.

There are those concerning whose definition of religion there is no need to ask. The outward expression of it which they give in their church affiliations commands our respect and, as they live it, our esteem. But these other brethren of ours whose lives show that they are holding fast to something greater than themselves but cannot define what their religion is, these men have sensed, rather than understood, the great lesson which Freemasonry teaches in every line of the ritual and in every symbol.

Living in an age and in a country where Religious Liberty is already ours by inheritance, what is the need to discuss it? If we would but think again we would realize that the very *right* to believe that which satisfies us is in itself a priceless

heritage. There are two great fundamental reasons why we should consider this right. The first is that we may better understand what our Masonry is and what it teaches. The average man, the average citizen, should have his faith and cling to it; but more than that, he should know why he has that faith and why he clings to it.

Why is it that Freemasonry, which is not a religion and not a church, can bring to men the fundamental principles of religion which every man needs? What does Freemasonry offer that attracts the man who has no creed as well as the man who has one? It is because Freemasonry is religious in that it is a plan of life—a trestle-board—whereon are written the laws and edicts of the Grand-Architect of the Universe in accordance with which men must live if they are to be happy. It is because in our lodges we teach the Brotherhood of Man based on the Fatherhood of God and advance no other dogma. Not only do we leave to every brother the choice of his creed but we draw no swords to compel others to adopt our belief. Nay, we go further than this, for within the tiled precincts of the lodge every Mason is taught to revere and respect and be tolerant of that which is sacred to his brother, be he Christian, Mohammedan or Jew. This is the strength of Masonry's appeal.

But Freemasons are builders. Freemasonry is a building Fraternity. It does not stop with saying that each workman has the right to choose the material of which he makes his House of Life. Using the working tools is only a part of his task as a Mason. He must also be the architect of his House of Life. This means that his Temple must raise its dome toward Heaven, but that if there is an easier way to build, or a way better suited to the cunning of the Craftsman than the one which has been used, then for him his new method of building is right. This is symbolized by the search for the Lost Word. By this means every Mason may search wherever he will and we do not question, for we know that he is trying to understand the meaning of the universe and learn what may be his part in it.

This is the lesson which each Mason must learn. It is more

than a lesson of tolerance—it is a lesson of universality. It leaves each Brother to quarry the truth where he finds it and while he may take his chief delight in work which is true and square, he learns eventually that the shape of the completed stone chiseled by another workman may be perfect, even though it does not fit the stone which he is carving. None of us know where our individual work is to be placed in the great Cathedral of Life and a stone which we would reject may yet become the headstone of the corner.

We open our lodges with an injunction forbidding all irregular and unMasonic conduct whereby the peace and harmony of the lodge might be disturbed or broken. One of the kinds of conduct which we call unMasonic is the discussion of religious opinions concerning which men differ. The religious opinions concerning which men differ are far removed from the *essentials of religion*, concerning which all Masons, and most thinking men agree. In the truest sense this injunction is self-discipline, for it means subduing our passions and prejudices. It is to train us so that we may consider problems and disputes in a fair and just and equitable way, whether they arise from our fellow men or between groups of our fellow men. This is what we mean when we talk of promoting the Brotherhood of Man upon earth. This is the sense in which the Freemason understands Religious Liberty. It is liberty to believe according to the dictates of one's conscience, without removing the obligation to think things through.

The second great reason why we should understand and consider the doctrine of Religious Liberty is that we may know how vital that doctrine is to our present-day America. It was out of the great struggle for religious liberty that all our liberties grew. Until men had reached a point where they could tolerate one another's religious opinions, they did not find the way to build a government "of the people, by the people and for the people." Until they had learned to give and take; until they could come to admit that another man's mind and reason could believe things which they did not believe and still be honest, it was impossible to build a Republic whose very life depends upon our faith in one another.

One needs to turn back the pages of history only a little way to find a time when there was no such thing as Religious Liberty in the world. Five hundred years ago the Roman Catholic church dominated every civilized nation. Every child born of civilized parents was a Catholic. Every child was baptized into the church and he himself belonged to it, whether he believed its doctrines or not. Seldom did he have education enough to know whether he believed or not—a priesthood led him as one blindfolded. Everyone supported this Church. A system of tithes prevailed, which meant that a tenth of all that the peasant raised was put into the priestly coffers.

More than this, the church had an organization very much like our modern state. It had a system of law—the “Canon Law”—with courts for its enforcement and prisons in which offenders might be confined at the whim of the church dignitary. The Pope was the head. He was the supreme lawgiver, and his decrees had the force of an all-powerful God. Was the Pope not the earthly representative of the Grand Architect of the Universe? He was judge as well as lawgiver. Why not, since no higher authority in the universe could have appointed him to rule the world? He had a College of Cardinals surrounding him—they were very like a cabinet, and the church decrees gave them religious control and many of the civil powers of a governor. The organization was such that any cardinal might aspire to wear the triple crown of the pope, and the world has never witnessed a more compact and loyal autocracy than this has always been. Below the Cardinals came the Archbishops and Bishops, each the spiritual and political head of his district, subject only to those above him. The Bishop saw to it that the priest collected the tithes and made proper accounting therefor, so that everyone was appressed by this half-religious, half-political organization which bound him to itself from the day of his birth to the day of his death.

Is it hard to see how far reaching such an organization was? Education was in its control—so much so that if a man could read and write he could escape the jurisdiction of the

civil courts: the conclusion was that he must belong to the church organization in some way, or he could never have learned to read and write. There was no other place for him to learn to read and write, except in the church school! The sacraments of the church were invoked at birth, at marriage and at death. And so every phase of life that had to do with any of these sacraments was within the province of the canon law.

The civil courts could not set aside a decree of the officials of the church. A will must be probated in the ecclesiastical court, because the masses for the soul of the departed must be paid for. Usury cases must be tried there, because the church had a claim for its tithe of the person's income. Blasphemy and heresy must be tried there, because an all-powerful church, representing God Himself, could not permit its doctrines to be interpreted by one not divinely ordained to do so!

How ludicrous all this looks to us. We sometimes feel that our own laws do injustice to the poor. But can we visualize the position of the poor back in those days, when only the man of wealth and social position could invoke the power of the Pope at Rome? Rome was many miles away. The poor man could neither travel there nor employ anyone to defend his rights. Nor could the poor man do other than obey the mandates of the church. The rich could buy dispensations which permitted them to ignore the church discipline. This helped to fill the church coffers, too. One of the towers on the cathedral at Rouen is called the "butter tower." It was built with money derived from the contributions of wealthy people who wanted to eat butter during Lent! Is it any wonder that conditions like these became unbearable?

Because all education was under control of the church those trained in its schools became scribes and copyists in the civil courts. Kings depended upon them. They conducted the civil government as well as their church government. Magistrates could not get along without them. Even those who became magistrates had to secure their knowledge from the church schools. It was a complete blending of church and state, the state depending for the execution of its laws upon the

church officer, and the church using the power of the state to enforce its decrees in those rare cases when it was necessary.

To give a recital of such conditions is to realize that eventually a mighty revolt must come. And come it did, in the rise of Protestantism. Both inside the Catholic church and among the gradually increasing number of persons who simply refused to come under its domination, there came to be people to whom these injustices were horrible. They were *pro-test-ants* against the established order of things. In 1520 Martin Luther, himself a priest, raised his voice in protest against these injustices. He was a teacher whom his students respected. One day he led a group of them from the University of Wittenburg outside the town walls and publicly burned a copy of the Canon Law—the constitution and statutes of the medieval church. It was a real protest, for it made him a traitor, and all of the calumnies and curses of the whole papal system were brought down upon him. A papal bull was issued against his teachings—and he made a bonfire of that.

Men believed in Martin Luther's sincerity.

Other men protested as earnestly in other countries. Finally the movement became widespread, and the domination of a single church was broken. Protestantism broke the chains with which the Bible had been bound to church altars. Protestantism taught men to read, so that they could learn for themselves the great truths of the Bible. Protestantism taught men that the avenues which led to the throne of God were open, and that every man might seek the divine aid in such manner as he saw fit. Protestantism proclaimed the right of every man to set up his own altar when and where he pleased, and build the fires of reverence thereon.

Then came the days of persecution. Those who sought to defy the established church were heretics and blasphemers. They were tried in the church courts and condemned to be burned. The civil courts, under compulsion of the twin power, did the same. Kings and Queens made merry sport of enforcing the decrees of fanatical popes. Martin Luther had said little of religion in his appeals; he attacked the church's attitude on social, financial, industrial and educational problems

—the practical side of life. This gave opportunity for the state to ape the tyranny of the church. The struggle lasted for years. It was 1555 when John Rogers was burned at the stake because he had dared to write a new version of the Bible, and he was but one of three hundred condemned by Queen Mary.

If you have been a student of history it is necessary only to recall the massacre of St. Bartholomew when the streets of Paris ran red with the blood of Huguenots who were victims of the Catholics; the Inquisition in Spain, directed at the Protestants, primarily Lutherans. These were the days when to express a doubt of purgatory meant imprisonment and the strangling of babies became "a pious work of murder."

Of course it was presumed that this terrorism would be a warning to the Protestants, and check the spread of their teachings. But the germ of liberty had been planted in the hearts of men; the oppressive domination of the church had produced doubters, and now the doubters began to believe in the earnestness of those who were martyrs to a new and more liberal and more satisfying faith.

Thus Protestantism grew apace. It is not necessary here to recite the alternating waves of Catholic and Protestant domination which brought the nations, one after another, into control of the old or the new persuasions. Nor can we in fairness fail to recite that there were many persecutions of Catholics when the Protestants were in power. The Brotherhood of Man was as yet only a doctrine, not a working plan of life. Priests were beheaded, the blended authority of church and state was invoked for persecutions in much the same way that it had been done earlier by the Catholics. The world was not yet ready for Religious Liberty, nor did the students of government realize that the only way that the nations could find peace for their peoples was by separating church and state.

The discovery of America was a vital factor in this bloody struggle. Colonization offered a method of escape from persecution, and rulers and statesmen were glad enough to give grants to groups which would cross the ocean and thereby remove the causes of dissension from their realms. So it came

about that the American colonies became the battleground for the struggle between church and state. Catholics settled in one province, Protestants in another, and at a very early day we find the nonconformists subjected to the persecution to escape which they had come to America. To many it seemed as if the founding of a colony offered a way in which to build an ideal community. Those who had suffered so much at the hands of others thought that the ideal community would be erected if every citizen of that community conformed to the same religious doctrine.

It is a unique commentary upon the one-sidedness of human nature that, once established, many of these groups of colonists became themselves intolerant. Where the Catholics controlled, any form of Protestantism was heresy. The colonies which recognized the Church of England as the official denomination looked upon all non-conformists in like manner. To deny the Trinity was punishable by death; to deny the Virgin Mary subjected the offender to a fine or the whipping post. Punishments of varying kinds were imposed upon any who persisted in worshipping according to the dictates of their own consciences. All citizens were taxed for the support of the established church. The right to vote was restricted to those who conformed to the established religion. Anne Hutchinson was tried for entertaining a non-conformist in her home because she thereby disobeyed the injunction to "honor thy father and thy mother."

Reverend gentlemen stood in the pulpit, on American soil and declared in resonant tones that "the man who is willing to tolerate any religion besides his own, either doubts his own religion, or is not sincere in it." They likewise declared that "the State which will give liberty of conscience in matters of religion must also, to be consistent, give liberty of conscience in its moral law." This was not a thousand years ago, back in the middle ages. It was right here on American soil, less than three hundred years ago.

Now it would be neither fair nor logical to claim that in this American civilization of ours, the domination of a single church, with a union of church and state such as we have

reviewed, would produce murder and the rack and all other persecutions with which history abounds. It is useless to advance such an argument, because the mind of man has broadened, and there is a new spirit of give and take in the world. But it is logical to say that the domination of a single church, with the power to force its dogmas down our throats would be as truly persecution as would the beheading for opinion's sake back in the middle ages, and would as surely arouse the antagonism of every red-blooded American.

This spirit of the pioneer, this roving, questioning, democratic life in the open, was in the hearts of the colonists, however, and many there were, even at an early day, who were stung to action by the prevailing forms of persecutions, and they gradually began to fight for religious toleration. There had been discrimination between religions which had been enforced by the state, and the protests grew and spread throughout the colonies. Probably the hardest hit were the Quakers. It is through that intrepid leader, Benjamin Franklin, that we first began to see the influence of Masonic doctrines put to work in the mighty struggle.

It was because these Old World persecutions were revived in this country and because the various sects were represented in so many different communities which lay close to one another, that the colonies became what we have called them, a "Battleground for the Struggle between Church and State." Those who believed one creed felt the sting of persecution when they were compelled to bow to another creed. Men of no creed were hit even harder. If they did believe in God and the Brotherhood of Man, they were still classed as infidels and atheists because they would not bow the knee in the established way. After awhile men began to see that religious toleration was a vital necessity, if any of them were to be happy, and it became possible to incorporate the principle of separation of Church and State into the foundation of the American Government.

It must not be forgotten that all through the colonial period there had been champions of the doctrine of the Separation of Church and State. Had this not been true there would have

been no battle. But these men who believed in liberty of conscience fought for the right to think for themselves. In the early days they fought against tremendous odds, but gradually the churches themselves began to give way before the rising tide of toleration. Thinking men began to see that throwing anyone into a dungeon for opinion's sake served only to attract other men to that opinion. As the colonies grew nearer together, and the people of one came in closer contact with those of another, it became evident to the majority that if a new government was to be erected which should stand the test of time, freedom to think for himself must be granted to every citizen. This idea did not become crystallized in all the colonies at the same time but it was written into the Virginia Bill of Rights in 1776. Section XVI of that document is so truly a Masonic expression that it is worth our while to listen to it:

"That religion or the duty which we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it, can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and therefore all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience; and that is the duty of all to practice Christian forbearance, love and charity towards each other."

The colonists were not leaving God out of their government. They were demonstrating their conviction and their faith, and at the same time they were laying a foundation for mutual accomplishment. They wrote these elements into the Declaration of Independence, that wonderful document in which they gave voice to their deepest aspirations. And so they wrote Religious Liberty into the Constitution of the United States, making it impossible, as long as that Constitution shall be the rule and guide of the American Republic, for any man or group of men to force any form of religion down the throat of any American citizen. There is one more thing for us to consider. When this constitution was put before the people of the various states it was the principle of Religious Liberty which, more than any other, drew the fire of opposition. We may wonder now why that principle caused so much misgiving. It was because our forefathers remembered only too well

the persecutions they had suffered in the land from which they came, and they were afraid that if they made Religious Liberty one of the fundamental principles of this government, they would thereby make it possible for the Catholic church to gain control of the government. We of today may well think of the responsibility devolving on us when we think of what these colonial patriots did in the face of a fear like that. They trusted us. They trusted us to select wisely those who are to sit in the councils of this Government, making certain that whatever their religious faith, they are Americans. Let us analyze now what all this means to us. We have said that Religious Liberty was a principle which had a practical application to the life of every one of us. What does that principle mean to this Republic? A long list of eminent Masons have swayed the destinies of this nation at every crisis. We can point to Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, John Marshall, as great men of the Colonial period who wrote the Masonic doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man into our fundamental documents, and interpreted the constitution, after it was adopted, in a practical way. We have our Garfield, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Harding, who have occupied the presidential chair. We can go to their writings and their public utterances and find what Religious Liberty has meant to them, for each has spoken his mind on the subject in no uncertain terms.

But it is not enough that we listen to what these great men have said and what public office has given them the opportunity to do in keeping this fundamental doctrine alive. It is our duty to know why *we* believe in it. It is not enough merely to condemn any particular sect which at any particular time has dominated some nation, and used its powers to oppress others. It is for us rather to get into our own minds the reasoning which lies behind this great doctrine, so that we may play our part in maintaining it.

To understand what this principle of Religious Liberty contributes to our daily lives, we must first realize that the Brotherhood of Man has been growing all through the history of our race; that it has grown out of persecution; that our fore-

fathers paid the price in order that it might be given to us. They revolted against sectarian domination. They protested against having their minds and consciences fettered by the chains of ignorance and superstition.

It may be truly said that as far as governments in the olden days were concerned, sectarian domination was not such a dangerous matter. Those were the days of absolute monarchies. Men who ruled by Divine Right controlled the destinies of the people. A priesthood claimed to control the spiritual destinies of all the people. The fact that Church and State were united made it possible to keep the people in subjection through their fears. Education was confined to the priestly class and a few others who became political leaders. To have educated the many would have been to show them what dupes they were. The irresistible plan of the Great Architect of the Universe brought the people understanding without education. It did this by making a few educated men who were in the Church see how wrong were the principles upon which they were working, and so they broke away from the Church and taught their fellows. From that day the union of Church and State was doomed to extinction upon the earth. Religious Liberty has not yet been won for all people. It has not yet been so far won but that it might be revoked, even in our own country. Indifference and unwillingness to assume responsibility would open the door. If our manhood is not aroused; if American men and women do not understand and appreciate its value, the sectarians will yet have their way.

Every American must face one fact: sectarian domination can crush even this great Republic of ours. With us, control is in the hands of the people themselves. Forbid the people to think for themselves and they are not fit to govern themselves. It matters not what it is you forbid them to think about. It is only by raising the thinking power of our nation that individual responsibility of the voter will come. To think, he must be educated. To be educated as a citizen of a Republic there must be no fetters upon his thought, no chains upon his conscience.

That is why we must keep this doctrine of Religious Liberty

alive! We must be our own government. We must work as a unit, realizing that in our hands lies full power to make the citizens of tomorrow. It is not alone that we are responsible for bringing children into the world. We are responsible for the ideas which are to fill the minds of those children. They must know what government is, they must know what a government founded upon Religious Liberty means. This knowledge must not be confined to college graduates. Every child must realize that Equality in Religion means Religious Liberty; that Equality in Education means education without the fetters of Church control; that Equality in Society forbids Church or sect or any other organization to create an exclusive class: that Equality in Politics means that our legislature, congress, courts and officials, must be responsible to the *whole* people, and for any one group of people to demand that responsibility for themselves alone, is to arrogate the powers of government just as definitely as did any Caesar, Czar or Kaiser. Leave to the Church, if it wishes, an organization which places it under the domination of one man, arbitrarily declared to be divine—but let us as freemen and American citizens demand the right to think for ourselves and defend forever the hard won privilege of meeting our God in whatever Sanctum Sanctorum we may choose to worship.

Have we drawn designs upon our Masonic Trestleboard? It seems that we have. It seems that if Washington and Franklin and John Marshall could sit with us here they would be willing to stand up among us and say, "We tried to do this in our day according to the needs of that day." It seems that they would also say that if the three million Masons of America are made to understand these designs they will fulfill the destiny of the Masonic Fraternity. The greatest need today, the need which overtops all others in importance, is that every citizen shall stop drifting away from those constitutional restraints which are after all the essence of liberty.

We Masons ought to be the first to take hold of ourselves. We have a work to do. Men must realize that Religious Liberty means toleration of that which our fellow man holds sacred. But men must also realize that no citizen has the right

to impose his own opinion or creed upon another. If we first learn that we have no right to condemn another's creed, then we shall be in a position to ask others to respect our creed. Remember that all Masons do not adhere to the same creed by any manner of means. We do not want to. We want the right to differ—the same right which our Masonic lodge gives us, the same right which the constitution of the United States gives us.

In practical terms what does this mean? It means that we must oppose every effort of religious despotism to gain a foothold in the administration of government and education. We must not let the virus of class distinction, founded upon religious education, pollute the organism of society. These are practical things we must do if the Religious Liberty which we have inherited is to be passed on to the citizen of tomorrow and if the American Republic is to live.

The Brotherhood of Man is to us a living doctrine which demands performance; and you and I, because we are Masons, must do one thing for this cause which no one else can do. We must teach our children what this doctrine of Religious Liberty is; what it has cost; and what it means as a matter of protection to our own religious belief. Our children must realize how dependent they are upon its perpetuity if they are to develop to the fullest, highest manhood. They too must know that the price of any liberty worth having is eternal vigilance. You cannot put that into the curriculum of the public school. It is a fundamental conception which must be taught in the home, as simply, as vigorously and as reverently as it has been taught to us at the Masonic Altar.

Equality Before the Law

DURING the time that you are within the doors of the lodge room is the man who may happen to sit next you any better than you are? What is the meaning of the answer to the question, "How should Masons meet"? What did Theodore Roosevelt mean when he said, "one of the greatest values in Masonry is that it affords an opportunity for men in all walks of life to meet on common ground where for the time all men are equal and have one common interest"?

All Masons know that while we are within the doors of the lodge room we are equal, that we meet upon the level, that having traveled the path which many a brother and fellow has traveled before us, we all are entitled to the same rights and benefits. Have you ever considered the significance of the ceremony of taking the obligations? You realize perfectly that you make certain promises which bind you forever to the fraternity and to your brothers. Did you ever consider that every man who has already taken the same obligations becomes equally bound to you? Did you ever consider that every man who takes the obligations after you becomes equally bound to you? Those duties which you agree to perform for every brother, each brother has in turn agreed to perform for you. Those things which you agree to refrain from doing, things which might prove an injury to him or to those whom he holds most dear, he also has agreed to refrain from doing that neither you nor your loved ones might be injured thereby. Laws for the regulation of the Craft you are in duty bound to observe, but so is each and every one of your brethren equally bound to observe them. And when, at the close of the ceremony, you stood in the East to receive the final charge of the Master, that charge became for you a statement of the duties you then owed to your country, your neighbor, your family and yourself, as well as those you owed to the Craft and to your brother. Equally so was it a reminder to each and every

brother within the hearing of the Master, a reminder that he also was responsible for the faithful performance of those same duties. Within the doors of the Masonic lodge all are equal, equal in rights, equal in benefits, equal in the duties which we owe to the Craft and to our brothers, equal before the law of Masonry.

Upon our altar lies the great light of Masonry, the rule and guide of our conduct in all our transactions with mankind, presenting to us the divine law, the law of the Grand Architect of the universe, that "All-Seeing Eye whom the sun, moon and stars obey and under whose watchful eyes even comets perform their stupendous revolutions." Before Him all men are equal, the high and the low, the rich and the poor; equal in the right to live their own lives, equal in the right to think their own thoughts, equal in the right to pursue their own happiness, equal in the right to maintain their liberty, but also equally responsible for the results of their own actions. Before His law we are all equal.

Have you ever thought how careful our early ritual makers were to define for us, in Masonic terms, many of the words familiar to us in our daily lives, and how these definitions carry exactly the meaning which we as Masons should understand? Such a definition we find for justice, one of our four cardinal virtues, likewise one of the cardinal virtues of Plato and Socrates. As our Masonic laws are for all, as our obligations bind us to all, as we are all equal within our lodges, so should justice be for all. But also, justice holds us responsible for our own actions, for are we not taught that as a man soweth so shall he also reap? And so, bringing these various ideas together, they defined justice for us as "that standard or boundary of right which enables us to render to every man his just due without distinction." Consider this statement carefully. It tells us that justice should be administered equally to all but that it should also be administered so that each shall obtain what he justly deserves.

You will remember that in connection with our lectures, Justice is shown as a matron with bandaged eyes, in her left hand a pair of balanced scales, in her right a drawn sword.

The scales signify that "just due" will be rendered, the sword indicates that the decrees of Justice will be enforced, the bandaged eyes denote that justice will be rendered impartially. The Egyptians, centuries ago, held their trials in darkened rooms so that neither the accused nor the witnesses might see each other and justice be turned aside through mutual recognition. This conception of justice is that of the ancients, a cold, hard, philosophical view. We, as Masons, are taught that there are three other virtues which go hand in hand with Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice,—the three principal rounds of the ladder which Jacob saw in his vision, Faith, Hope and Charity. We, as Masons, must believe that, though veiled, the eyes of Justice are lighted by Charity, and that Charity therefore must be the controlling virtue in rendering "to every man his just due without distinction." Let us go back for a time and view together the struggles of mankind to achieve this ideal taught us through the Masonic doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man.

It is only in comparatively recent times that even a semblance of "Equality before the Law" has been recognized as an ideal to be achieved. In the rolls of papyrus from ancient Egypt, the earliest books of which we have any knowledge, we learn of the sufferings of the poor and humble, of suggestions made to the rulers to be kind and just to the weaker classes, and of the hope, expressed as a belief, that in time to come a ruler would appear, a "Good Shepherd" they called him, who was to bring justice and happiness to all.

In all countries, from ancient down to modern times, conditions have been similar. When the rulers have been kind and considerate the lot of the poor and lowly has not been so bad, but when those in power have been tyrannical and unjust the condition of the unfortunate subjects has been almost unbearable. The situation was bad enough in ancient times when society was divided into kings and nobles and common folk, but throughout Europe about one thousand years ago the feudal system began to develop, which proved infinitely worse. It was a succession of classes, each inferior to the one above

but at the same time superior to the one below. We are reminded of De Morgan's squib:

Small fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bite 'em
And these again have smaller still and so ad infinitum
And large fleas have larger fleas upon whose backs they grow on
And these again have larger still and larger still and so on.

There seem to have been two ways by which this system developed. In one case a noble holding large estates would grant to some lesser noble a portion of his land. The noble granting the land was called the lord, the one receiving the estate was called the vassal and the estate itself was called a fief. In the other case some weak noble who was being continually warred upon would, for his own protection, turn his estates over to a stronger noble and receive them back from him as fiefs. The actual granting of a fief was the occasion of much ceremony. The vassal knelt before the lord and, placing his hand between those of the lord, declared himself to be the lord's "man" for a certain fief. The lord then gave his vassal a kiss of peace and raised him to his feet after which the oath of fidelity was sworn to by the vassal upon the Bible or some holy relic. A vassal could himself become a lord by granting a portion of his estate to a sub-vassal.

The hard work was performed by serfs or peasants. They lived in cottages surrounding the hall of the lord. Each had a strip of land which he could work for himself, a share in the common pasture and a share in the common wood lot. About half the time he was obliged to work for the lord, without wages; the remainder of his time he could work for himself. These serfs were "bound to the land." They could not leave the manor without the permission of the lord nor could they leave one master and choose another for, to all intents and purposes, they were slaves.

Do not think that the feudal system was established by any law or regulation, or that it was built up as a result of any plan or idea; rather it grew up like Topsy. In those early feudal times no one had the least idea of rendering "to every

man his just due without distinction." The kings took every possible advantage of the nobles. Each noble took every possible advantage of his vassal and the lot of the poor peasant was hard to endure. A covetous noble could, if he had sufficient influence, cause his neighbor to be thrown into prison on some trumped up charge and thus secure possession of his neighbor's estate. Once thrown into prison he could be held there indefinitely without being charged with any crime. If it was desired to get rid of him permanently he could be sent beyond the seas where the chances were small that he would ever return. And woe be unto the poor peasant who for any reason incurred the displeasure of his master or who sought to straighten out a quarrel with his master in the courts. For the only court open to him was that of his lord's, held in the hall and in which the lord was magistrate. Little justice could he get there.

When one was actually convicted, the punishments were cruel and out of all proportion to the gravity of the offense. Dungeons in the prison were dark and damp and filthy, and swarmed with rats and vermin. Hanging was a common punishment, while for more serious offenses men were burned, stretched on the wheel or starved to death. Put yourself in the place of a member of one of those weaker classes. Try to imagine your view of life as you realized that you or any of your loved ones might be seized on the slightest pretext and thrown into prison. If it so pleased the whim of your lord and master, you could be charged with some crime and punished or even put to death after a mockery of a trial, or perhaps with no trial at all. Try to imagine your state of mind as you toiled three days for your master and endeavored during the other three days of the week to furnish the means of a bare existence for yourself and your family. When you viewed your scanty belongings; a bed, a table and a few rough chairs, with perhaps a cow and a pig, you realized that even these might be taken from you if someone more powerful than yourself chanced to want them. Would such an existence tend to fire you with ambition; would the realization that at any time you might lose all that you had, inspire you to be thrifty?

As you went about your daily tasks, would there be any incentive for you to be efficient? And at the twilight hour, as the happenings of the day came home to you, would the thought of the morrow bring inspiration to you? Life in those days must have been a dreary monotony for the weaker classes, which led to a profound unhappiness among all the oppressed.

Many accepted their lot feeling that their station in life was but natural and right; in some few a sullen discontent was aroused and they complained of the wrongs and injustices which they had suffered. During the latter part of the Middle Ages a great throng of villeins marched to London and demanded of the king that he free them and their lands, and that they nevermore be held for serfs. Having London for a time at their mercy, the king granted their requests and even gave them charters of freedom. They returned to their homes, and the king, no longer afraid of them, refused to keep his promises saying, "villeins you were and villeins you are. In bondage you shall abide, and that not your old bondage, but a worse." Disorganized, scattered, their leader killed, they were powerless to compel the king to live up to his promises or to listen to their complaints. In time their murmurings were heeded but many generations had passed before their condition was noticeably improved.

In 1215 the nobles, having King John in their power, compelled his assent to what has been called "the greatest and most enduring landmark of English constitutional liberty—the first of its creative statutes," the Magna Charta. The Magna Charta was a wonderful step for the times as it was the first admission by a ruler that his subjects could hold him to account for his actions or restrict his deeds in any way. It granted a few special privileges to certain groups. By far the greatest number of these privileges were granted to the nobles; some few were granted to freemen. The villeins or peasants got very little from it. What little they did get came to them because they were property, the property of the barons. The provisions of the Magna Charta were not lived up to even by King John himself for as soon as the barons had gone back to their estates he induced the pope to issue a bull forbidding

him to carry out its provisions and the barons to enforce its observance, on the ground that it was not freely given.

On many an occasion thereafter kings were compelled to assent to its provisions furnishing the people a dawn of hope for days of larger freedom. But this hope was short-lived for as soon as the danger was passed the king forgot his promises. By its frequent confirmations it was kept before men's minds and later on influenced legislation to a considerable extent but it had no immediate effect in rendering "to every man his just due without distinction."

In the course of time the feudal system became a thing of the past and the old division of lord and vassal gave way to the new divisions of the "high and the low, the rich and the poor." In the meantime the English Parliament had arisen with its House of Lords and House of Commons. The king still continued to rule by "divine right" and a constant struggle ensued to prevent the exercise, by him, of arbitrary and unjust powers. Forced loans were exacted from the people; taxes were imposed without the consent of Parliament; freemen were imprisoned without formal charge; and martial law was declared in time of peace. As a result, some were put to death without even the form of a trial while at the same time many offenders who should have been brought to the bar of justice were protected. In 1628 the Petition of Right, drawn up by the Commons setting forth these grievances and praying for their redress, was presented to Charles, who agreed to observe its provisions. He too, however, followed the example set by his royal predecessors and failed to live up to his promises. A further step was taken in 1679 in the Habeas Corpus Act which sought to insure the more speedy relief of all persons in prison charged with criminal offenses. Though its passage was secured, it did not serve to prevent the evils aimed at, for they immediately cropped out in a new form, false returns by the jailors or the requirement of excessive bail serving to keep the poor unfortunate behind the prison bars.

In 1689 the succession of the crown was in the hands of Parliament and an attempt was made to prevent for all time many of the injustices from which the people had suffered.

In the Act which placed William and Mary upon the throne, a Bill of Rights was introduced placing in the hands of Parliament many powers which had heretofore been exercised by the rulers. Among other things it forbade excessive bail, excessive fines and cruel and unusual punishments. An interesting fact in this connection is that this Bill provided that no one but a Protestant could sit on the throne of England, a provision which has been enforced since that time. It must not be thought that these various petitions and acts accomplished much in rendering "to every man his just due without distinction." Though the king concerned might for a time live up to their provisions, they were promptly forgotten or neglected by his successor. The struggle was long and the path to Equality before the Law was rough and rugged.

The rights and guarantees which the British subjects had been endeavoring to secure for themselves these many years, the colonists sought to put into effect in America. These principles they enumerated again and again in declarations of rights and grievances. Because the justice of their demands were not acknowledged, we had the Boston Tea Party and Bunker Hill; the Declaration and the Articles of Confederation; Trenton and Yorktown;—stepping stones which finally led in this fair country of ours to the realization of the principles taught us by Freemasonry.

The years following the Revolution were the most critical in our history. In England the prediction was freely made that if we were left to ourselves our government would soon dissolve. The confederation of states was likened to a rope of sand. The country as a whole possessed no confidence in Congress, the states were jealous of each other, there was no responsible central authority and it seemed as though the predictions of our cousins across the sea were about to be fulfilled. Alexander Hamilton, a great Mason, saw the impending doom and as early as 1780 suggested that a convention be called to attempt "to ward off the approaching danger." His idea was finally adopted and in 1787 the most distinguished body which had ever assembled in America began its work of drafting a constitution which would unite thirteen struggling

governments into what was destined to become the greatest nation on this globe. We, as Masons, should have a feeling of justifiable pride as we think of the members of our fraternity who helped draft that significant document; George Washington who presided, Benjamin Franklin, whose quaint humor in many a tense moment prevented adjournment; Alexander Hamilton, probably the most outstanding figure among the younger generation. How many of our brethren sat in that convention we shall probably never know for the records of lodges in that day were poorly kept but of the influence of Masonry there can be no doubt. They wrote into the body of the constitution articles which provided for trial by jury in the state in which a crime was committed; which forever preserved to posterity the privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus; which prevented the passage of laws whereby one might be punished without judicial trial, or making any act a criminal one which was innocent when committed.

The Constitution, carefully as it laid the foundation for a strong central government, carefully as it afforded protection to the separate states, did not, with these few exceptions, safeguard the rights of the individual. Much of the opposition to the adoption of the constitution arose from this neglect and we find that the decision rested with Massachusetts as to whether this new experiment—a government of the people, by the people and for the people—should be tried. Five states had already cast their votes in its favor. Should Massachusetts refuse to ratify, the adoption of the constitution was hopeless. Virginia was in doubt and the opposition in New York was very strong. History tells us that the moving spirit in the Massachusetts convention was Samuel Adams* who had dared to stand in the presence of the governor of the Massachusetts colony and demand that the British troops be removed from Boston. He it was on whose head was put a price during the early days of the Revolution, he it was whose voice in this convention would decide the result, so great was

* While it is known that the closest friends and associates of Samuel Adams were ardent and active Freemasons, documentary proof of Adams' membership in the fraternity is lacking.

the esteem in which he was held. A little incident occurred in this convention which will make this fact apparent. The members were debating the two years' term of members of Congress and Adams asked the reason why the Federal Convention had decided upon so long a term. It was explained to him as a necessary compromise between two extremes and he replied, "I am satisfied." One of the members spoke up, "Will Mr. Adams kindly say that again?" He repeated, "I am satisfied," and nevermore during the deliberations of that body was this question referred to. Throughout the discussions on the convention floor Samuel Adams gave no indication of his approval or disapproval. In Massachusetts, as in other states, one of the chief objections to the constitution was that it did not safeguard the rights of the individual. It was not until after John Hancock, another member of the Craft, had proposed that the constitution be ratified and that this convention suggest amendments containing a bill of rights, that Adams lent his hearty support and within a week Massachusetts had agreed to enter the Union. That grand old man sought to insure to posterity the principle of Equality before the Law, of rendering "to every man his just due without distinction."

The new Congress met after the adoption of the Constitution and, in accordance with Hancock's plan, a number of amendments were offered, ten of which were finally ratified by the states. These amendments provided for religious liberty, freedom of speech and of the press, the right of peaceable assembly, the right to bear arms, the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the state and district, the right to be informed of the nature of an accusation, to be confronted with witnesses and to have the assistance of counsel, and to have the right of compelling witnesses for the defense to testify. They also provided that in time of peace no soldier should be quartered in any house without consent of the owner, that no unreasonable searches and seizures should be made, nor should they be made without a warrant, that no person be held for an infamous crime unless on an indictment of a grand jury, nor be twice tried for the same offense, nor be

compelled to testify against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. They also forever prevented those most ancient of injustices—excessive bail, excessive fines, and cruel and unusual punishments.

What these safeguards mean to us we do not commonly appreciate. Like the light and the air, we take them as a matter of course, never having been deprived of their benefits. We do not think of conditions as they were in the days farther back when men suffered for the lack of these guaranties. We do not realize conditions as they exist today in many countries. If you were arrested, tonight, unjustly accused of a crime, it would be necessary to use many of the rights guaranteed by these amendments to secure your acquittal.

Our forefathers, realizing the injustices which their ancestors had endured for generations, sought to save us from a repetition of old injustices. The guaranties which they wrote into the law of the land form the foundation of all of our liberties. As such, it is up to us to guard them against any attacks. That there are evils in the administration of justice no one can deny. There are disastrous delays in the courts. Poor people do experience difficulty in obtaining justice, special interests are sometimes favored. Misguided citizens, taking the law into their own hands, sometimes prevent justice from taking its course and the resulting lynchings and other acts of violence form some of the darkest blots on the pages of our history. Those who condemn our written constitutions because evils have crept in, forget that these evils are not a part of the system and must not be charged to the machinery provided by our forefathers. On the contrary, they are an outgrowth of the misuse of that machinery. If we would prevent this we must direct our influence, our efforts and our vote to the end that those charged with the duty of using this machinery shall not permit its misuse.

We have the priceless possession of Equality before the Law. Written into the law of the land are the principles by which, to every man, may be rendered "his just due without distinction." We can, as Masons, teach others to appreciate our present institutions and the rights and benefits we enjoy under

them. We can teach others that the evils which have crept in are not inherent in these institutions and that it is within our power to eliminate them. We can teach others to use their utmost influence that no one shall be elected to a judicial position who is not qualified, by his knowledge of the law, by his appreciation of the rights of the individual and by his personal integrity, to "judge the causes of all persons uprightly and impartially, without any personal consideration of the power of the mighty, or the bribe of the rich or the needs of the poor." Information on which we base our judgment of candidates for these responsible positions should be as near first hand as possible. Too often we cast our votes as the result of the merest rumor and we are influenced by statements purposely made to mislead. Having elected a man, we should respect him in his official position and teach others to do the same.

The charge is made that unless a man is able to secure the services of the best of legal talent, his rights will not be protected,—in other words that the poor cannot get justice. In at least one state provision is made for a public defender, an officer whose business it is to defend the poor who happen to be charged with crime as it is the business of the public prosecutor to press the charges against the accused.

In some communities legal aid societies have been formed, a group of public spirited, charitably inclined members of the legal profession to whom the poor may go for advice and for professional service. In most of our communities the poor are able to obtain free medical service and free hospital service. In many communities free dental service is also available for them. Why should not some means be provided whereby they might obtain free legal service? Is this not a field in which the lawyer who is a member of the Craft may exemplify some of his Masonic teachings by giving a portion of his service without hope of fee or reward?

Back in the early days of this new country Alexander Hamilton, whom we as Masons are proud to point to as a member of the Craft, called attention to the fact that it was of great importance, not only to guard against the oppression

of its rulers, but to guard one part of society against the injustices of the other part. May we as Masons lend our efforts to that end, remembering always Hamilton's statement, that

"Justice is the end of government. It is the end of civil society. It ever has been, and ever will be pursued until it be obtained, or until liberty be lost in the pursuit."

*Masonic Aspect of Equality
Before the Law*

NEXT to "The Fatherhood of God," and in fact growing out of it, Freemasonry considers its greatest fundamental doctrine to be "The Brotherhood of Man." This doctrine goes to the very roots of the right relationship between man and man. It is necessary that every Mason shall understand it. To do so, he must consider his own relationship, not only toward his brother, to whom he is bound by the most sacred of ties, but to his fellow man everywhere, whom God the Father has made his brother. In trying to make more clear the application of "The Brotherhood of Man" to the membership of our Fraternity, we have divided it into a few simple but outstanding principles which we believe to be essential elements of human Brotherhood. One of these is "Equality before the Law," and because it touches the life of every individual man and Mason in our country, and because there are some people who are claiming that it is not working out in a practical way in this Republic, we as Masons must analyze the situation to discover, if we may, what is really wrong, and how each of us may help to right that wrong.

In discussing it we must always bear in mind that the Masonic aspect of this principle is what we are interested in, and that alone. Our first consideration ought therefore to be what the ritual of Freemasonry has to say about it. If "Equality Before the Law" is one of our great principles, then we ought to find in our ritual, in our charges, in our symbolism—in fact, in our whole Masonic system—a complete and practical demonstration of its value to us. That demonstration ought to be so complete, and so practical, that when anyone begins to deride Justice, as it is exemplified in America, we are able to give an answer which will satisfy and convince.

What does Freemasonry mean by "Justice"? We tell our initiate in no uncertain terms. Nor do we ask him to wait

long before we convey this information to him. He is taught in the first degree that Justice is one of the four cardinal virtues. It is symbolized by the four perfect points of our entrance, without a knowledge of which the entered apprentice is unable to make himself known as such. The definition which our ritual gives to this virtue makes Justice in fact a synonym for "Equality Before the Law." Here it is: "Justice is that standard or boundary of right which enables us to give unto every man his just due without distinction." It is, therefore, Justice in the *administration* of the law that Freemasons contend for as one of the essential elements of the human Brotherhood which we seek to bring about in the world.

Nor must we forget that, in our system of Masonic teaching, Justice is the companion of Temperance, Fortitude and Prudence. If, therefore, the laws in force in America are to measure to the Masonic standard of Justice, they must be administered prudently, temperately, and with fortitude. The judges of our courts must be prudent, the prosecutor must be courageous, and judgment must be tempered with mercy.

The next step we take in thinking this problem through brings us to our Altar, from which all Masonic light emanates. Let us examine it by the aid of the Three Great Lights which rest upon the Altar. One of them is the Compasses, which admonish us to keep ourselves within due bounds with all mankind. Is it not significant that right here in the first of these which comes to our hand, we find a symbol which has a direct application to our problem? For if the Compasses tell us that we must keep ourselves within due bounds with all mankind, then it limits or circumscribes the personal liberty of each and every one of us, insofar as the exercise of that personal liberty might interfere with the rights of others. Masonry tells us that the rights of others must be considered, if justice is to be done to all. Do we doubt or challenge the lesson of the Compasses?

Then we pick up the Square, another great light. It hardly needs argument to prove that this great light has a direct relationship with the question before us, because the world at

large has adopted our use of it. We say that any man who is honest and just is "on the square." When laws are administered equally to all men, we say that they are "on the square." Why has this phrase been borrowed so universally? Of course, it tells its own story, even to the profane. But we study the Square, and find it to be a combination of a horizontal and a perpendicular. It is, therefore, a combination of the level and the plumb. The level teaches us Equality; applied to the administration of law it means that all men must be equal before the law. The plumb, with its message of rectitude of conduct, shows us that the law, if it is to measure up to Masonic ideals, must be administered righteously. Therefore, righteous judgment, equally administered to all men, is, from the standpoint of the second great light of Freemasonry, Masonic Justice.

We now come to the third great light of Freemasonry, the Book of your Faith, a symbol of the law of God. It is the book upon which you take your oath in a court of justice. It is a symbol to all men of fair and equal administration of the law, because it symbolizes God's law. God's law is always fair and just, and is administered alike to the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak. To measure to Freemasonry's ideal, this third great light declares that human law must approximate as nearly as possible that absolute justice which characterizes the Law of God. Does any Mason doubt the teachings of the *Great Light* in Freemasonry?

Finally, as we raise our eyes from the Great Lights, our attention is attracted to the luminous letter "G" in the East, that mystic symbol the meaning of which none but Craftsmen know. Through Geometry, the greatest of all sciences, this symbol inevitably leads us to that attribute whereby Deity governs the movement of the planets in their orbits and produces harmony in the music of the spheres, the immutable law of God, that great system of divine jurisprudence, eternally just, which we seek to imitate.

In the same way we could go through the entire ritual of Freemasonry, finding everywhere symbols pointing the way

to Justice in the administration of the law as a great Masonic ideal; showing us that, without equality of all men in the eyes of the law, Human Brotherhood cannot be.

In earlier studies of the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man as applied to present day problems, we saw how this great nation is the work of Freemasons, actuated by the splendid principles of Freemasonry. We saw how Paul Revere, Joseph Warren, John Hancock, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin and many others, all splendid patriots and leading Masons of their day, founded this nation and wrote its Constitution in harmony with plans laid down upon the Masonic Trestleboard by the Great Architect of the Universe. We have also seen how John Jay and John Marshall, Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, were guided by the principles of Freemasonry in the interpretation of that Constitution. We would therefore naturally expect to find that, in laying the foundation for this nation, the superstructure of which they hoped to see completed, our colonial brethren had provided a system for the administration of the law which would also measure up to Freemasonry's ideals.

We shall not be disappointed. Investigation proves that such a system was incorporated in the fundamental law of our land.

Fortunately, it was not necessary for the authors of the Constitution to begin at the beginning. The Anglo-Saxon race had been at work for generations, developing a system of jurisprudence which today stands as its greatest contribution to civilization. In framing the Constitution, the makers of our nation covered the whole ground by the simple provision that no man shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. That phrase "due process of law" had at that time, as it has now, a very definite and positive meaning, because there was then already in existence a magnificent body of law which had been developed through the generations that had gone before. This is what we call the Common Law, the greatest system of jurisprudence that the world has ever known, or perhaps ever will; a system of law that was not for one day and age alone, but for all days and all ages. This

system of Common Law provides absolute equality for all men because it was then, and is now, but the application of the moral law of God, and the fundamental element of justice inherent in man, to the problems of life as they arise.

It is very necessary that you understand this great system of law known as the Common Law. You should understand it because it means so much to you in your life. You are governed by it every day that you live and in every action that you take. Your domestic relations,—your relationship to your wife, to your children, to your fellow men—your business life, your social life, all are governed in large measure by this great system of Common Law. If our people could come to understand what the Common Law is, we should hear less destructive criticism of the law as it is, and secure more constructive thinking as to how it can be improved.

Whenever you are confronted by a problem of law, whether it arises in your private life or in your business, you take that problem to your lawyer. Unless your problem is a simple one, your lawyer, after you have stated it to him, will go to certain books. In the books he will find certain principles or rules of law; grouped under these he will find their application to the various relationships of life. All of these rules and applications are simply applications, by means of the science of logic, revered by Masons, of the moral law of God. They are based upon what courts and judges have said and written in the past, when deciding particular cases submitted to them. Your lawyer may not find that a case just like yours has ever been submitted to any court, but that does not mean that the decisions or the judgments which he does find have no application to your case. On the contrary, he is most likely to find that a careful comparison of the facts and an application of the logic used in the former cases will reveal to you the principle of law which applies to your own. It is this body of principles or decisions of judges rendered in previous cases that makes up what we know as the Common Law.

Let us take a concrete example and see if we can understand how the Common Law develops and grows. In early times—the exact date is not very definite—a court decided

that a master was responsible if, by reason of the master's negligence or carelessness, his servant was injured. This question arose first, no doubt, in some case where a servant had suffered injury because of his master's negligence and went to court for relief; the court followed the general rule, which we all instinctively recognize as fundamental justice, that he who is negligent must pay the damage resulting therefrom. This decision was then written down in the law books and thus became the rule by which future cases were governed.

As time went on, the master became the employer and the servant the employee. But the law of master and servant, as it is now understood, governs the relationship of employer and employee. Then, at a later date, the master had a foreman or superintendent, and perhaps the superintendent was negligent and the employee or servant was hurt. The employee went to court and asked redress, and the court turned to the books and found the old doctrine of Master and Servant. Here, however, was a new angle to the question, because there was no showing that the master himself had been negligent, the master's agent having caused the injury. The court applied the principle of logic to the law already on the books and decided that, as the master had put this agent, or superintendent, or foreman, in his place, and since, as far as the servant was concerned, the foreman stood in the master's shoes, the master was liable for his agent's negligence and must pay damages to the servant for his injury. Thus a new rule was established.

A little later, perhaps, a question arose out of a case in which one employee suffered injury by reason of the negligence of a fellow employee. Again the judges went to the books to see what had been decided in similar cases in the past. But these new facts called for a new rule, and the "fellow-servant doctrine" was laid down, exempting the master from liability if a servant was injured by reason of the negligence of his fellow-servant.

It is by such a process as has been described that principles have been applied to changing conditions, modifying previous decisions to the end that the greatest possible measure of

justice might be had by the greatest number of people. Thousands upon thousands of these decisions have been rendered, and these decisions make up the great body of the Common Law. Thus is the experience of the past brought to bear upon your problems and mine today.

As time went on and the Common Law developed, however, it was found that in some cases the logical development of the old principles worked a hardship when applied to present day conditions; or perhaps developed a rule of law which the people could not endure. Following out the illustration drawn from the law of Master and Servant: later on in recent times it became evident that absolute justice was not being done to the employer and employee by the application of the law of Master and Servant as it had been developed. Men began to believe that if a servant was injured, the business should bear the burden of the injury, regardless of whether or not the master was negligent. The coming of large corporations broke down the more or less personal relations which had existed between employer and employee, and disputes were not so easily settled between the parties themselves. Law suits became more numerous, and complete justice was not being done when the courts tried to apply the old rules to the complex conditions of modern industrial life. Thus it was thought necessary to change the law. This called for action by the legislature, composed of representatives whom we send to the state legislature or to Congress to make laws for us. The courts could not make laws; they could but apply and interpret the laws as they found them. In the class of cases which we are considering, the various state legislatures passed Employers' Liability Acts, doing away with the old doctrines of Master and Servant and giving us new laws to govern this kind of a relationship.

These, then, are the two great sources of law. One is the system of Common Law, the accumulated wisdom of bygone ages applied to the varied and changing problems that arise in the onward march of civilization. It is the progressive development of the moral law of God: it is the use of the inherent sense of Justice implanted in the heart of man by the

Creator of heaven and earth. It is a growing thing, constantly expanding to meet new problems and new conditions.

The other great source of law is the will and wisdom of the people, expressed by legislation through their duly elected representatives. This source naturally contributes the smaller portion of the law, because the legislatures seldom act when the logical development of the fundamental principles of justice through the Common Law meets the need. When the Common Law fails to provide justice in a series of particular situations, the voice of the people is heard in protest, and the chosen representatives of the people enact a new law.

But this power of legislation, this right of the people to declare, within constitutional limits, what the law *should* be, is an indispensable check upon the power of the courts and judges to declare what the law is. It is this power that distinguishes a free people from a race of slaves. It is the peculiar privilege of citizens of a republic. This privilege the American people have in full measure, subject only to those fundamental guaranties of freedom which have been written into the Constitution of the United States in order that the liberties of the people may never be violated or infringed, even by their chosen representatives.

Thus do our two sources of law, the Common Law and the enactments of our legislatures, assure to us all the principle of Equality Before the Law.

But it is not sufficient that the laws regulating the conduct and affairs of men shall be just and equal; it is also necessary that the system devised for carrying these laws into effect shall be justly and equally administered. The task of the founders of our republic was not finished when they had provided the law regulating the relationship of men, one to the other. It was also necessary to establish or discover a system for administering that law. Again they studied the experience of the Anglo-Saxon race to find the method which would assure Equality to their children and their children's children. They found it in the jury system, and wrote into our Constitution the perpetual guaranty that the right of trial by jury should never be denied.

Do we realize what the right to a trial by jury means to us? We know the relationship which the judge and jury bear toward each other, for the judge decides what the law is, and the jury determines from the evidence submitted what the facts are. If you and I have a dispute which we cannot settle for ourselves, and we go into court, each of us has the right to present his case, supporting it by all the evidence we can command. The jurors must agree, and must be convinced of the justice of each situation. They determine what the real facts are, the judge applies the law to these facts, and judgment is rendered accordingly. Let the man who derides the justice of our courts offer a better method, before he asks us to discard a system in which the chances of injustice have been reduced to the minimum afforded by this system. Judges are required to be well educated, and they must gain the confidence of the people before they can be placed in that high position. Juries are selected from among our friends and neighbors, and it cannot honestly be said that our friends and neighbors wilfully desire to deal unjustly with us. Those who would tear down must be ready to build up again or humanity perishes. And those who would discard this system of law and administration must furnish evidence of the worth of what they have to offer as a substitute, before any thinking Mason will listen.

Why should it not be so? Have we not read our history? Do we not know the price that has been paid for this guaranty of our right? The jury system is the very foundation of Anglo-Saxon liberties. Our Masonic forefathers guarded it with their very lives and it should be our dearest possession as citizens. It is in reality our greatest guaranty of absolute justice. Judges may be subject to influence; it is even possible that judges may be corrupt. But judges are powerless to yield to such influence, or to favor those who try to corrupt them, as long as the great body of the people are honest and as long as the jury system lodges in them alone the power to determine the facts in every case in court.

But the guaranty of your liberty and mine does not stop, even here. There is still another right which is ours, the right

of appeal, which gives us assurance that Equality Before the Law shall not be denied us as a result of a hasty decision, without due deliberation and consideration. Even after a judge has declared what the law is in our case and the jury has found the facts and judgment has been rendered, the loser in the trial court still has the right of appeal, and may carry his case to the highest court in his state, if the question involved be one under state law. But the Supreme Court cannot substitute its opinion for the verdict of the jury. Should the court find that the jury's verdict is not just and should not have been rendered, it cannot render a new verdict, but must return the case for a new trial before a new jury.

Such is the great system of law under which we live. Elaborate? Yes. Technical? Yes. But do you begin to vision the wonderful structure of it? Do you begin to appreciate how carefully it guards your rights and mine, and with what zeal it tries to provide absolute justice to all men?

The authors of the Constitution were very jealous of our liberties. They insisted that never again must the people of America come under the heel of a foreign tyrant. They were equally insistent that the Constitution should protect them against the possibility of a domestic tyranny. Thus it came about that, after the Constitutional Convention had completed its work and adjourned, the Constitution was submitted to the states for ratification. But the people refused to approve it until they were guaranteed that certain abuses which they had suffered in the past would be prohibited. This was accomplished by the adoption of amendments incorporating a Bill of Rights for the protection of all the people. We think little about these guaranties, and we take them as a matter of course, sometimes considering them hardly worthy of discussion. But if we are to fulfill our duty as Masons, if we are to play the part today which will equal the part played by our Masonic forefathers who were so influential in writing these guaranties down for us, then we will make ourselves familiar with them, and when the radical or the bolshevist comes around and offers us some other form of government, we will be able to tell him the difference between the license

which he is striving for, and the liberty with which the Republic of the United States endows each and every sovereign citizen of that Republic.

We have seen how our Masonic forbears, in laying the foundation for this nation, provided for a system of law which guaranteed equality to all men. We have seen how carefully the rights of the individual have been guarded, how they made every possible effort to prevent corruption or the miscarriage of justice. We have seen how this great system of law has been extended to cover every relationship of life and how gloriously and successfully the Masonic principle of Justice, exercised with Temperance, Prudence and Fortitude, has been built into that system of law. Today we can examine that system of law by the aid of all the Great Lights of Freemasonry, and always we shall find it foursquare with the principles which our Fraternity teaches.

And yet this system of jurisprudence, the very foundation stone of our Republic, has been subject to attack and criticism. Men have said that it is unfair; men have said that it is unjust; men have said that it is an instrument of oppression in the hands of the wealthy and that the poor man has no chance. We cannot mince words on this point. These statements are not true.

And yet we must admit that there is some reason for the opinions which they hold. We cannot say that our system of law is infallible; we cannot claim that it is perfect. There have been abuses. There have been judgments rendered which were hasty and rash. The application of the law has worked injustices in individual cases. The immigrant, the radical, the revolutionary, the anarchist and the parlor bolshevist view these injustices, and they declare them to be the symptoms of a tyranny like that which has prevailed in so many countries of the Old World. They say that there is no difference between our system as it is working out, and these others which have oppressed the people.

But shall this be the Mason's vision of our American Jurisprudence?

Consider for a moment. Observe that workman on the

Temple. He is using his working tools. He is trying to prepare a perfect ashlar which will pass the inspection of the master overseer. He has worked diligently upon that stone; it is a beautiful thing, and yet is not without flaw. One surface is not quite level; a corner is not perfectly squared: there is a side that will not yet stand the accurate test of the plumb. But does that mean that the workman should be discharged, and the beautiful but imperfect ashlar upon which he has spent these many days of toil should be cast into the rubbish heap? No. The work already done upon that stone is too valuable to be discarded. It is a vast improvement upon the rough ashlar with which the craftsman started. We pay that craftsman his wages; we instruct him to keep on polishing the stone, dress up the side that will not plumb, smooth off the surface which is not quite level and work upon that corner which is not square. We declare our faith in his sincerity, and our belief that one day his beautiful stone will be a perfect ashlar, fit for presentation to the overseer of the work.

Similarly, we must take the institution of the law which has been handed down to us in its present imperfect state and polish it and level it and square it to meet the needs of the day. We are working upon the Temple of Liberty. The foundations of that Temple were laid true and square, by workmen who exemplified the Masonic virtues of skill, industry and zeal. We have their example before us. It should guide us. It should stimulate us. It should inspire us to do in our day what they did in theirs. Then may we claim to be Builders.

How shall we build? What can the average, ordinary, every-day Mason, who is not a lawyer, do to help, aid and assist humanity in attaining to real Equality Before the Law? What can the Masonic lawyer, who lives his Masonry, and takes pride in his profession, do? Is there work for us all on the Trestleboard? Are there designs which we can follow?

We have seen how the greatest and best men of all ages have given earnest consideration to this legal system of ours. They have found the same imperfections and inequalities which you and I see, and have labored diligently to rectify

them. The law of today is not the same as the law of yesterday, nor will it be the same tomorrow. Throughout the years that this system has been developing, one wrong after another has been righted and one imperfection after another has been removed. The great lawyers and jurists of our country are laboring hard to make the system of the law what it ought to be—absolute justice, equally administered to all men. All Masons owe a duty to support them in their laudable undertaking, knowing that in the long run the standards which we set will become the standards of civilization. We must have within ourselves the high standards which conform to the principles of Freemasonry, and in our business dealings be guided by a conscience that is permeated with Masonic altruism. Thus can we help to build a better and more nearly just system of jurisprudence.

There is still another way in which we can serve our country in its struggle for the advancement of justice. You and I may complain that our jury system is a gamble; that the best men do not sit upon our juries. Whose fault is that? Are we who complain willing to do our duty? How many of us have been drawn upon for jury service in the last five years, and *how many of us have served?* The very men who complain of the character of our juries are the men who, when their names are drawn, hurry up to the judge to get excused. Search yourself, when this opportunity for service comes. Consider well what your excuse really is, before offering one. And if you are at heart asking to be relieved of this duty because it will interfere with your business, with the making of money, know that by that very act you are clogging the wheels of progress in the promotion of justice, and you are lending your influence to give more ammunition to the radical and the anarchist who say that justice is not achieved in America. *You are helping to make Inequality Before the Law.* You are not a good Mason. You are not a good citizen. In a word, the question of the promotion of justice for all men is a question which is put to each one of us. We have education and understanding, we have the benefit of Masonic teaching and precept; if we fail to use this understanding and this teaching and precept for

the benefit of our fellowman, we are not measuring to our own standard of citizenship, we are defiling the spirit of justice which Freemasonry seeks to implant in our hearts.

The trouble is that we are nearly all inclined to be shirkers. In the language of the street we want to "pass the buck," when our private and selfish interests are at stake. We are jealous of our time, when it is called for public service, even more than we are jealous of our money. And yet everyone of us wastes hours, days and weeks which could well be given to our fellow-man. We glory in the fact that Benjamin Franklin served when he was called upon to serve. We point with pride to the public accomplishments of a brother like Theodore Roosevelt. We listen with swelling hearts to the St. John's Day orator who holds up before us the list of great men who have been Masons, because they did their full duty in the hour when they were needed. But what of you and of me? Each and every one of us has within himself a little of George Washington, a little of Paul Revere, a little of John Hancock and a little of Theodore Roosevelt—the spirit of sterling Americanism which inspired these men is a part of our heritage as Americans—but have we the backbone and the sterling character and the *will* to leave our business for a day or two and walk into the jury box and swear with uplifted hands to do our full duty as citizens of this great Republic, which needs us as it needed Washington and Revere and Hancock and Roosevelt? The Mason who merely walks the streets with a Masonic button in his coat lapel and a gold charm adorning his vest is of no value to America! America needs Masonic understanding and Masonic teachings and Masonic hearts on its courts and in its jury boxes! You and I can contribute these things—if we are trying to live up to our Masonry we can help to deal justice toward all men. We have the privilege of being Masons; we enjoy the distinction of being free American citizens. Are we willing to pay for these privileges and these honors? Are they worth to us just a little sacrifice of time and of money? That is the test of our Americanism; that is the test of the quality of our Masonic spirit.

You want an America which shall be one country, possessed

of one spirit, speaking one language, worshipping one God, the Father of us all; a country which shall be spoken of in the uttermost parts of the earth as the country which is exemplifying the spirit of the "Brotherhood of Man" by proving that man is the brother of his fellow man and treating him as such. You want a government against which the assaults of the Radical and the Revolutionary cannot prevail. Help, then, to build such a Government, by being a True Citizen of that country. Help to correct the abuses which lead these discontented craftsmen to attack our country, and help, by your voice and your example, and the designs which you draw from day to day upon the trestle-board of your own life, to educate these men into a fuller appreciation of what our Masonic statesmen have put into the structure of this government. Let us give men cause to emulate the *work* which we, as aroused American citizens, are willing to do and actually do, to the end that our America may live up to our Masonic Ideals, and justify the faith of its Masonic founders.

Equality of Opportunity

I. FREEMASONRY AND PUBLIC EDUCATION

IF THERE is one idea in Masonry, the significance of which must be obvious to every Mason, it is the Fraternity's never-ending search for Light, More Light and Further Light. This thought runs all through our Ritual. Before we were even allowed to enter the door of the lodge room we were required to state that our motive was a desire for knowledge and a sincere wish to be of service to our fellow creatures.

More than once you have been reminded of the first question asked you after you entered the door of the lodge. But have you ever considered the vital importance of the first question asked you after you had become a Mason? None of us will ever forget that moment. We were told that we stood upon the threshold of a new life. We were assuming new duties. We were brought to realize that for the fulfilment of those duties we needed "Light." How much light we needed we did not know. The road we were to travel was a strange one. Light we must have, and it was given to us. It illuminated the path for only a little way. But it was enough. We took the first step.

In doing so we became *apprentices*. Now an apprentice is a learner. In a very real sense the lodge becomes for us a school. Within its sacred precincts many a lesson was to be taught us. Brothers were our teachers. To their guidance we trusted, and they led us "toward the East"—the source of "Light." Our journey in quest of knowledge had begun.

As Fellow Crafts we were not allowed to forget that we were still "learners." The second section of that degree was another course of instruction. When first written by William Preston one hundred and fifty years ago it contained the essentials of a liberal education. The stores of knowledge are more abundant and more accessible to us than they were in

Preston's day, but the charge to us still remains that we continue "the study of the Liberal Arts, that valuable branch of education which tends effectually to polish and adorn the mind."

There were portrayed before us in the Master's Degree the Three Steps, dividing life into three stages: Youth, the time of opportunity, when we may equip for the struggle; Manhood, the building time, when we use the knowledge we have acquired; Old Age, the time of retrospection, in which our monitors say we may "enjoy the happy reflection consequent on a well-spent life." Thus does the search for Light remain always with us, symbolizing the education which each must acquire for himself. Apprentice, Fellow and Master alike, must make this search—to build, each must know how to do his work.

In Masonry's school we are taught by symbols. Even as we have learned that Light is the symbol of knowledge, so now we find that the Level, a simple tool in the hand of the Operative Mason, is the symbol of equality. Masonry conceives that equality is an essential element of brotherhood. Those who for a time have been raised to a position of leadership within our ranks are cautioned that it is but temporary, and is given them only as an opportunity for nobler and truer service.

Freemasons have written this principle of equality into governments. Our French brethren made it one of the trinity upon which they founded their great republic, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," one and inseparable. Our colonial brethren, in that great document in which they wrote their fundamental principles of government, declared in the very beginning that it is a self-evident truth that all men are created equal.

What is this equality which is taught in Freemasonry and which Freemasons have written into constitutions and laws? Is it an equality which reduces us all to a dead level? Does it kill initiative? Does it stifle advancement? Does it say that we all shall be alike and that one man is as good as every other man? No. Masonry is a progressive science. As we advance in

knowledge, as we attain to greater Light, we occupy a new relationship toward our brethren. Apprentices become Craftsmen, and the Craftsmen, who gains further Light, becomes a Master. As we use the tools placed in our hands, as we improve the brain God has given us, we advance to a higher rank among our fellows. This is what we mean when we tell the Apprentice that "even the purple of the Fraternity may rest upon your honored shoulders." The highest honors which Masonry can confer are within the reach of all. Thus do we demonstrate our belief in the principle of Equality of Opportunity.

What Masonry teaches in the lodge room she advocates in the world at large. That Masonic scholar who said Masonry was an institution which sought to bring about the universal brotherhood of man, and which practiced in a small way within itself that which it sought to bring about in the world at large, told the whole story. And it is for that reason that Masonry puts the whole weight of its influence behind the public school system. She is the advocate of schools because she is the friend of knowledge. She is the advocate of *public* schools because she wants every child to have an equal opportunity to reach the greatest heights of learning of which that child is capable. Freemasonry realizes that, as the public school system is improved and extended, its ideal of absolute Equality of Opportunity for all is that much nearer to realization.

Too many of us are inclined to take the public schools for granted, much as we do the churches, libraries and other institutions. It is something that gave us our education, something that we had to contend with, willingly or unwillingly, something that we finally finished with, and then gave little or no thought to afterwards. That it did not always exist seldom occurred to us. Back in memory's pigeonhole we find something about primitive tribes, but their connection with our present public school system seems a far cry. As a matter of fact there is a relation between the two, and a very interesting one.

Our primitive ancestors lived together in clans or groups,

bound together by ties of kin. There were no classes within the clan, although the young looked up to their elders with respect and veneration. This division, however, did not create an inequality, because the passage of time inevitably made the younger members of the clan elders and leaders in their turn.

As time went on we find several clans uniting to form a tribe. Envy of their neighbors' hunting grounds or grazing lands brought on conflicts and wars between the tribes. The conquered were made slaves, and the first division of society into classes resulted.

Later, tribes united to form the State, and we find a ruler or king, a group of lesser lords, a warrior class, and the slaves or serfs. In England, 800 years or more ago, each community had its "Hall," where lived the lord of the land, surrounded by the cottages of the "villeins," those who were "bound to the land." These peasants held shares of land which they could work for themselves. About half of the time they were obliged to work without wages for the lord of the manor, in exchange for the protection he afforded them and for the right to raise their own crops.

What chance did an unusually bright boy of the villein class have to better himself in any way? None at all. He had to remain where he was born. He could not hope to change his status. There was no equality of opportunity for him. Not only did class distinction hold him back but the clergy discouraged him. They were constantly "preaching to the tillers of the soil to remain where God had placed them, comparing the ambitious to the worm that thought it had wings or the rat who wished to marry the Sun's daughter." Only the clergy were educated.

Just previous to 1400 an interest in learning began to be taken by people of the upper classes. Books were made possible by the invention of printing early in the fifteenth century. Classical schools were started throughout Europe, where those who could afford to become doctors, lawyers or diplomats might obtain the required knowledge of Latin. These schools afforded no opportunity to the children of the poor.

It remained for the Protestants to establish a school for the child of the common man. Previous to 1500 the Church alone was responsible for the salvation of the people. The only responsibility of the individual was to perform the required sacraments, confessions, repentance and penances. Protestantism gave the individual the right to interpret the Bible for himself and made him, rather than the priesthood, responsible for his salvation. This made it necessary that he know how to read and understand the Bible. Thus arose the first elementary schools for the masses.

We therefore find a double system of education: on the one hand, schools in which children of the common people could learn to read a little of their native tongue; and on the other hand, the classical schools which paved the way to the medieval universities for the children of the wealthy classes. Aside from those who entered the service of the church, the class into which a child was born determined his station in life. Social customs and the lack of opportunity for education made it almost impossible for a child of the lower classes to rise.

From this beginning developed the dual school system of Europe. In France today the primary school does not lead to the secondary school. These exist side by side. The primary schools are for the poor, and prepare their pupils for agricultural, industrial and commercial life. The secondary schools, open only to the wealthy, lead to the universities and professional careers. In Germany before the war, the principal aim of the primary school was to teach reverence for authority. This was done by means of instruction in religion and history, with special emphasis on what the reigning house had accomplished for its people. The remainder of the curriculum was devised to prepare the pupils for the serious business of earning a living. The secondary educational system of Germany was entirely distinct. The preparation for entrance to the secondary schools was not made in the primary schools but by private tutoring and attendance on preparatory classes conducted in these secondary schools. Advancement from the primary to the secondary schools was discouraged, and not

one pupil in ten thousand ever passed from one into the other. Even in England, where this distinction is less marked than in other European countries, we fail to find anything resembling our American public school system. While the laborer's son begins his education in the primary school, we find the children of the upper middle classes attending private preparatory schools or being tutored in their own homes.

With the possible exception of the Scandinavian countries, conditions in other parts of Europe are very much worse than those just described. Whether one is to be a "hewer of wood," a "drawer of water," or a leader, is determined before he is born—the child of the poor is doomed to his family's station for life.

This was the state of affairs in our early colonial times. Naturally our forefathers brought over the same idea of education that they had inherited. There were schools for the rich children and schools for the poor children, and they differed in their courses of study. In the wealthier homes tutors were kept and when a boy was old enough he was sometimes sent to England or the continent to complete his education in their classical schools. The boy of poor parents attended either the Dame school (conducted by some one who taught the rudiments of knowledge), the Church school (where much catechism and little general education was taught), or the Pauper school maintained for the poor as a form of charity. These Pauper schools were the nearest approach to our present free public school system. Yet there was no Equality of Opportunity for the ambitious poor boy. At Harvard, in the early days, the students were listed in order, not alphabetically, but according to the social standing of their families. And the Governor of Virginia Colony said, "I thank God there are no free schools." Undoubtedly he expressed the attitude of the aristocratic colonists, for they believed that learning brought disobedience and revolt.

General education for rich and poor alike in a common school was not yet recognized as the foundation of free government. The sons of the rich and poor did not yet rub shoulders in the pursuit of a common goal. The responsibility for edu-

cation was still in the hands of the parents or the church. This was so generally conceded that no mention of it was made in the Constitution. There were those, however, who could see the necessity for general education. Washington in his farewell address said, "Promote, then, . . . institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. . . . It is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." Samuel Adams, in a letter to his cousin John Adams, wrote, "Education . . . will draw together the sons of the rich and the poor, among whom it makes no distinction." John Jay wrote to Dr. Rush, "I consider knowledge to be the soul of a republic." The founders of our republic pleaded for an equal opportunity for all, realizing in their great work of organization that education was the very foundation of our republic. Among these well known names are those of Masonic leaders who have unquestionably been firm believers and backers of educational movements. A printer in Germantown complained bitterly that Franklin and the Freemasons were trying to establish free schools, and said, "The people who are the promoters of the free schools are Grand Masters and Wardens among the Freemasons, their very pillars."

By 1825 free public schools were being fought for. There were hard legislative fights, and bitter contests with private school interests. The labor unions were gaining strength and insistently demanding a national system of education which would furnish all children instruction at public expense. A mechanics' union went on record as being "friends of general and equal education." Similar action was taken elsewhere, and soon the agitation for Equality of Opportunity for *all* classes, became widespread. Finally it reached official circles, and we find Grand Master DeWitt Clinton, Governor of the State of New York, with the support of the money and influence of the Grand Lodge of New York, sending message after message to the legislature, urging them to provide and maintain a system of free public schools. His efforts were successful, and New York was one of the first to adopt state-wide education.

In the "New West" other forces were at work. On the

frontier class was forgotten, and "who best can work and best agree" expressed the spirit of the hardy pioneer. Men were equal. Advantages as well as hardships were shared. Schools, open to rich and poor alike, were established to "counteract that inequality which birth and fortune would otherwise produce," as a legislative committee in Ohio expressed it.

Probably we shall never know the whole story of the Masonic influence back of the rise of our public school system. Many of the records are lost. Members were often compelled to work in secret, but that they did work is evidenced in the accomplishments which individual brethren were able to achieve.

By 1850 we find that the free public school system, as we know it today, was thoroughly established as an American institution. In it every child obtains the foundation for his education, whether rich or poor. "Every future American citizen passes through this common gateway unless his parents choose to send him to a private or parochial school" where equivalent work must be completed before he can enter the high school. This feature forms the essential characteristic of our American schools as contrasted with those of Europe, where learning is carried on in two parallel systems: one, for the masses, short and with the bare essentials; the other, for the classes, leading on to whatever goal the fortunate individual may have in view.

Our American public school system furnishes us with the nearest approach to Equality of Opportunity which can be found upon this earth today! But it does not yet measure up to Freemasonry's ideal. The doctrine "On the Level" teaches us that all children should have equal opportunities. We have opened wide the doors of our public schools. Rich and poor alike may enter. Unfortunately the fact that the doors are open and that the schools are free does not mean that all children pass through them. As Masons we must ask ourselves, Why? A very little inquiry will reveal the fact that in all sections of the country we have some pupils whose parents are too poor to pay the cost of the necessary equipment and clothing. To buy an arithmetic often means that food is taken

from the rest of the family. Distance from home to school has often been a handicap too great to be surmounted. Medical attention has not been available, and sickly children have been forced to remain at home because they could not compete with other boys and girls.

It is not enough for us to rehearse the accomplishments of our forefathers in laying the foundations for a free public school system. It is not enough for us to say that our public schools *offer* Equality of Opportunity to all children. We as Masons should see to it that the poor child, the weak child, the child living in a remote district, all have a real chance to get this Equality of Opportunity. How can we go about it? How can we help to raise these barriers?

From the standpoint of the Mason the greatest problem facing America today, the problem upon the solution of which depends the happiness of our own people, if not that of the whole world, is the problem of the future development of the public schools. How can we guarantee Equality of Opportunity to the children of today—and the children of tomorrow? We have seen how our forefathers brought this great system into being, and we are familiar with some of the more recent developments which are intended to make the public schools an agency for enlightenment for all the people. What is the next forward step? We must not lose what has been gained thus far. We must hold fast to these advantages, guarding them as hard-won privileges deserve to be guarded, but we can and we must do more. Inequalities still exist. They are barriers to the highest development of this republic, because they are hindering the rising tide of intelligence.

This is a problem for every school district. It is a problem for every citizen in that school district. More especially is it a problem for every Mason in that district. What can the Mason do?

First and foremost, he can pay his own taxes, and see that the other citizens do the same. He can make known his stand for the schools, and bring his friends and neighbors to realize that taxes for school purposes are the most profitable investment which American citizens can make. Whether he be a

school board member or not he can use his influence to the end that adequate financial provision is made for educational needs.

But he should not stop here. His voice should be heard in the school caucus where members of the school board are often nominated. On election day he should vote, and his vote should be in support of those candidates who are educated men and women, and who by nature and training are desirous of seeing the public school succeed.

A great principle is at stake. It is the same principle which caused Protestantism to champion the right of the individual to learn to read the Bible. It is the same principle for which Benjamin Franklin fought, thereby bringing down upon himself the abuse of the enemies of the public school. An ecclesiastical authority of our own day says, "The church, though in no wise opposed to an equitable and efficient system of public education, cannot but look upon the present American school system, divorced as it is from all positive religion, as not only unjust to a large portion of the population, but also detrimental to Christian faith and morality, and dangerous to the future prosperity and welfare of the republic." Is it reasonable to suppose that a member of such a faith can give to the development of our public school system, the sympathetic and whole-hearted support necessary to make it succeed? With all due respect to the ecclesiastical authority quoted, we as Masons believe that the greatest safeguard to this republic is education for all—the kind of education which brings to each individual an understanding of fundamental principles, and which enables him to think for himself.

The Mason ought to know which members of the school board have an intelligent conception of the needs of the school; whose experience enables them to choose the right kind of teachers and who recognize the fact that adequate salaries must be paid if men and women of real worth are to be attracted to the profession. He can do much as a private citizen, if in no other way than by opening the doors of his home to those who are charged with the responsibility of implanting the right ideals and conceptions in the minds of

the children of the community. By so doing he will make the teachers feel that their efforts are appreciated.

Many States have compulsory educational laws. In some instances means of enforcement are adequate, in others they are not. Where they are not, the Mason can give his support to such enforcement. Many children are compelled to drop out of school. If there are no means at hand of giving assistance he can use his influence in that direction, not in a spirit of almsgiving, but of genuine co-operation. There are many ways by which personal co-operation with the schools can be developed, and the individual must determine for himself which of these is practical in his own case. The great thing is to show his interest in his schools, and be able as an intelligent citizen to help them meet their problems.

It may well be doubted whether there is a single school district in the United States where a more intelligent co-operation between the citizens, the school board and the teachers will not increase Equality of Opportunity. Members of the Masonic Fraternity, with the lessons of education and true equality which have been taught them in the lodge, are equipped to become the leaders in every forward movement calculated to encourage Equality of Opportunity, whether it be in the way of financial assistance, health work or legal enactment.

As Masons we understand clearly the part which the public schools are playing in shaping and forming the America of tomorrow. We must have faith in these schools. We must have faith in what they can do. Through these schools our own children are to be developed. That will always stand as one reason for our faith. A selfish reason, you say? Perhaps so. But we ought just as selfishly to work for the development of our neighbors' children. Your boy may marry my girl, or my boy may marry your neighbor's daughter. If these children are happy we will be happy, and these children cannot be happy unless they and their playmates and their sweethearts have experienced an Equality of Opportunity and can meet on a common level.

Finally, the public school system of America must demand

the unswerving devotion of every Freemason in the land. Masons must awaken. Do you know what your own home schools are doing? Do you know what they need? Are you helping to make these schools what they should be? Are you sending your children to school with the idea that the opportunity that they have there to meet and study with all the children of your community, no matter whether they be rich or poor, is a privilege? Do these children of yours realize that that privilege has been fought for, and that only in America has it been won? Masons know what the Light is. We have sought for it—are still seeking for more. We insist that the doctrine of “On the Level” shall prevail in this great country of ours. We want the child of every other man to have as good an opportunity as our own, and if this be our aim and this our purpose, we will be the steadfast enemy of every influence, whether it be despotic or ignorant, which tries to undermine our public school system. Here is something for us to do. We must stand guard—stand guard like the watch dog, gentle and friendly as long as the foundation of our liberties is not threatened, but alert—always alert—at the approach of an enemy.

Equality of Opportunity

II. THE NEEDS OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

WE ARE going to discuss the greatest business enterprise in which you and I are jointly engaged. It is practically a new business, having been in existence, in a nation-wide way, only about seventy-five years. The world knew nothing about this business a hundred years ago, and some of our colonial fathers scoffed at it as something which, if it could be attained, was not worth the having. As a business, let us analyze it for ourselves, carefully.

A careful analysis is justified. For this business is one which has a greater capital invested than any other enterprise in America. Tremendous amounts of real estate are owned. Great buildings house the shops. There are officers in every city and town in the country. An army of directors and workers is employed. Upon this business is spent the majority of our peacetime taxes. Into its factories goes the most precious material that our nation yields. Out of it comes a product, the value of which far exceeds our production of foodstuffs and manufactures combined.

This business is the American Public School System. The product of this "factory" is the education of our children—your boys and girls, and mine. Upon this product depends the future of America. We, as a people, invest more money in it than in anything else in which we are interested. The system is a corporation—and you and I own and operate it. When we consider that the high school enrollment jumped from 915,000 to 1,645,000 in eight years, and that only a little more than seventy-five years ago there were no High Schools in this entire world, we begin to appreciate how gigantic an enterprise it is, and how rapidly it is growing.

The analysis that we are to make is not based upon sentiment in any way whatever. Let us think in terms of Invested

Capital, and Dividends; yes, and Wear and Tear, and Operating Expense.

It is from these points of view that we want to discuss the Public School system. Your child goes through the public school—how does he come out? You pay in more actual dollars and cents for the maintenance and upbuilding of the public school than you do for any other peace work that you are interested in as a taxpayer—what dividends do you get back? Your child is graduated from your High School—and what sort of a job does he get? More important still, what kind of a job does he hunt for?

We have the right of any stockholder to see what we are getting for our money. We are going to give credit for every bit of constructive work that enters into the product. We are going to charge every item which properly belongs on the debit side of the ledger. We are not going to admit that our efforts have been in vain, these seventy-five years. We are not going to indict the management, except as we shall find ourselves wanting.

Let us begin our survey.

The community in which we live has invested thousands, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of dollars, in our "plant." Yet that plant is idle more than three-fourths of the time. We admit that it should be idle a part of the time, perhaps a little more than half. But when the plant operates on a thirty-hour-a-week schedule for only thirty-six weeks, is it not just to say—as stockholders—that the idle time is out of all proportion to the working hours?

We are not saying that the children and their teachers should put in eight hours a day, twelve months in the year. We are talking about our "plant"—the buildings. Are we using them efficiently? Someone may say that they are specially constructed, that they are not adaptable to the production of other things. Are we so sure? Could they not be so adapted?

Then let us consider the managers, superintendents and foremen. They are the Faculty. Assuming that they are efficient, how about the way we handle them? Would you permit half or more of your foremen and responsible officers

to shift from one plant to another every year? Would you expect them to be satisfied and happy in an environment where they were unable to become acquainted with their neighbors until the year was up, or practically so? Would you care to have a business in which all your skilled operatives were changing every three years? Yet this is what happens to your teachers. A large percentage of them shift from place to place, at the end of the school year; they know little of the community in which they teach until the school year is ended. Does this kind of organization develop efficiency?

The recent war brought out the awful lack of even the most elementary education in the young men of draft age. The percentage of illiteracy was found to be disgracefully high. Our government had to spend billions in training young men so they could understand and obey orders. We paid a large price to give elementary education to these adults. Is it sound business sense to allow the next generation to come out of the schools as ignorant as these adults?

Good as our public school system is, we find that there is a tremendous economic waste in its administration. Viewed from a business standpoint, can we afford to let this go on? The public school system ought, in any balanced scheme of things, to link up very definitely, not only with "higher education" but with the home, business, and community life. Failing in this, there is an economic waste. The per cent. of business and professional failures is an index of our school system. The per cent. of failures is too high.

No self-respecting citizen, no stockholder in this great corporation of ours, needs to be told that the ideals of educated men and women must more and more be made the ideals of *all* our people. This is what we ought to mean when we speak of "Americanism." No thinking man or woman owning a share in this "Company" can fail to realize that the cost of education is a productive expenditure of money, that it will pay enormous dividends, and that in no sense of the word is it a charity!

It needs no argument to prove that the public school is *not* a place where political, religious or educational "axes" are to

be ground! There should be no argument to prove that every one of us must understand and appreciate the value of the public service rendered by teachers. They should know us, and mix with us, and acquire a practical knowledge of the problems of life which we face, and which our children must face. And it is infinitely more important that we know the teachers into whose care we intrust the minds of our children. It is worth while, from a dollar and cents standpoint, for us to cultivate them, entertain them in our homes, and make them feel that they are being relied upon, and that they can rely upon us!

We have spoken of "Americanism." What does it mean? What should it mean to our children? From this standpoint, what are the real needs of the public school?

"Americanism" means "Equality of Opportunity." We live in no feudal age. There are no barons or lords of the manor who hold us as chattels. Each man and woman is a human soul, entitled to a fair chance. Inevitably we are bound to each other by the ties of brotherhood, and the future of our America depends upon every boy and girl growing into a healthy, happy, competent manhood and womanhood, able to cope with the conditions that a citizen must face. Our public school system should fit children to take advantage of their opportunities, and so make of themselves all that ambition and thrift and character may hope to attain.

Universal education, more than anything else, must be the goal of our Republic. Upon this rest the foundations of government, for only through intelligent citizens can our government continue in the years to come.

The bane of factory production is returned goods—goods which have been improperly manufactured and are sent back to be worked over. Do we realize that there can be returned goods in our schools? Have we ever stopped to think that it costs as much to put a child through the same grade twice as it does to put two children through once? Everything which helps the child to learn quickly is real economy. Only if a child is healthy will he do the required work. Otherwise he will hold back his class mate as well as himself. Health becomes the greatest possible economy and if there were no

other grounds for asking that supervision of health be exercised over all children, this would be enough.

Our public schools can succeed only in proportion to the co-operation which they receive from the community. We have spoken of efficient organization. If this is demanded by the community, we will get the worth of our money. If a community demands teachers who believe in public education at state expense, the demand will be supplied. If the people of a community are determined that American ideals shall be instilled into the minds of their children, rather than the vaporings of foreign agitators, the schools in that community will have 100% American teachers.

In return for all this the community must do its part. We must give the teacher a place among us. He must feel at home with us because he has come into our homes. It is necessary for the teacher to know the home background of the child if intelligent direction is to be given. We cannot expect whole-hearted work without some measure of appreciation.

How long since you have attended any school activities? The enterprises which the teacher promotes in order to show the child how to work with other children, fit him for the part he is going to play in mature activity and are as important as the work of the class room. The success of these enterprises depends upon your support, not only from the standpoint of the money which is spent, but because the child will have faith in this instruction and will believe in its importance if we as parents show him that we also believe. These enterprises are the links in the chain which the teacher offers as a tie between the school and the community. The community must not lose hold of its end of the chain.

As individuals we have three ways in which we can become a constructive force for the betterment of the public schools.

We can do it as voters, supporting those measures which benefit the public schools, and voting against the measures which are opposed to their welfare.

We can do it by making our lives touch the lives of those directly connected with the schools. This does not mean work-

ing through a committee or an association. It means finding out for ourselves what the schools are doing. It means becoming acquainted with, and learning to know, the aspirations and the abilities of the teacher who guides the destinies of our child during school hours.

Finally, we can give our support as parents. The child is a healthy animal as a rule, and has very little natural desire for an education. We must show him that the way to success in the world lies down the long road of education. We must make this road reasonably attractive. We must show him that education is his greatest asset.

The Public School, which brings the child of the rich and of the poor together, is the one great agency which makes for a responsible citizenship. Our children must know that the right to go to a public school has been fought for. They must know what it costs in terms of money and sacrifice. We must realize that on the organization and influence of the Public School system depends the perpetuity of our Republic.

"The public school is the cornerstone of all American institutions."

—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

"The supreme task of our democracy is the right training of its future citizens. On our success, in this great and complex undertaking, depends the future of American civilization."

—*Henry Louis Smith.*

"We owe it to the childhood of the Nation and the childhood of the agricultural districts of our land to place at its disposal the utmost in educational facilities."

—*Warren G. Harding.*

"The best system of education is that which draws its chief support from the voluntary effort of the community, from the individual efforts of citizens and from those burdens of taxation which they voluntarily impose upon themselves."

.. *James A. Garfield.*

Equality of Opportunity

III. COMPULSORY EDUCATION

THE topic which we are to discuss here is one of the series brought out by the MASONIC SERVICE ASSOCIATION of the United States under the general heading of "Equality of Opportunity," one of the five great divisions of "The Brotherhood of Man" which that Association is helping us to interpret in practical terms. Before entering upon this discussion, we may well ask ourselves "What do we mean by 'Compulsory Education?' and how do we harmonize the use of that word 'compulsory' with the liberty and freedom which we as Masons advocate and defend?"

To us, as Masons, Life is a journey toward the Light. We symbolize that journey in our ceremonies. We impress it upon the candidates as one of the most important lessons of our degrees. He comes into our lodge of his own free will and accord, and when we lead him about our Altar it is not with any chains upon his mind or heart or conscience, but with a gentle, brotherly freedom which cannot but impress his mind with the fact that we recognize his rights and privileges as a man. At the same time we give him credit for understanding and vision, as well as the desire "for knowledge" which he expressed in his petition for membership. He may go his way if he chooses, before we obligate him; and even after that obligation is assumed, we still extend to him the privileges of returning to our lodge room no more, and we rest content with the simple vow which he has taken.

But if he be serious, as he declares himself to be, if he be earnest in his desire for knowledge, we point to him the way, and do everything in our power to help him secure it. True, we impose certain restrictions upon the kind of knowledge for which he is to search, because we believe that we have a

system of education which teaches our initiates their duty to God, Country, and Neighbor from the standpoint of true brotherhood, and our method of teaching is time-tried, constituting perhaps our greatest Masonic secret.

We may therefore say that, while we impose no restrictions upon our candidates further than to require that they be good men and true, and inspired by the most sincere of motives, yet once they declare their willingness to be taught, we give them a system of "compulsory education"—compulsory in the sense that if they are to be true Masons, we require of them a study of the fundamentals of our system before we accept them into full fellowship.

There is a direct analogy or comparison between this Masonic education through which we require our initiates to pass, and the attitude of a sovereign state which requires all its children to acquire an education. The state does not have the same opportunity for the selection of its citizens as a Masonic Lodge. It cannot pass upon their qualifications, physical or mental, by a ballot. It must take them as they are, and educate them as best it can.

This attitude of the state did not always exist. It is scarcely seventy-five years since the states in this country began generally to realize that they had an educational obligation toward their citizens. When this obligation began to dawn upon the thinkers of that day—and it may be said that most of the men who thought upon this subject at all were men who wore the square and compasses—they developed a *public* school system, open to every child, no matter what his station in life, and declared that the public school should henceforth be a symbol of that Equality of Opportunity which has characterized the United States since its early beginnings. Our Masonic forefathers stood for education because their own rituals had taught them that a man's real success is based upon his knowledge and understanding; they supported *public* education because they realized that if the symbolism of the level was to be carried into practical life, every child must have an equal opportunity, and that the safety of a Republic, such as they were trying to found after a Masonic pattern,

lay in the sincerity and practical manner in which the teachings of the level were enforced.

As the methods of education have been tried and tested, this early Masonic conception has been proven to be more and more accurate. Men of all beliefs, political and religious, have come to realize that our Masonic standard is a true standard, and that it can be applied to all children, high and low, rich and poor alike, to the benefit of all. More than this, however, we are coming to see that upon an impartial application of this standard depends the very life of the state itself. A Republic cannot live, said Abraham Lincoln, half slave and half free. Neither can a Republic live, says Freemasonry, unless all children have the same opportunity to develop their minds, regardless of whether their fathers are wealthy or poor, of "blue blood" or of lowly origin. Public welfare and public policy alike demand the education of *all* children of the nation.

This is why we are today enacting "compulsory" education laws. We refuse to permit young children to work in factories or at hazardous pursuits, not only because we want them to be strong and healthy of body, but because during their early days we want to mold their intellects and equip their minds with the facts and the powers which come through education. We know that the only safeguard of a government of the people and by the people is widespread intelligence. We as a Nation are committed to this policy now, and the need is greater than ever before, because the kind of civilization which we are building demands not only intelligence but also character, and both can come, in the broader sense, only as a result of a carefully planned education.

Just as we have found it necessary to enact laws to prevent child labor, and cruelty to children, so have we found it still more necessary to protect their minds. This is particularly true during the years when impressions which remain there through life are easily made upon the brain. And so our states have written laws which protect the child from ignorant parents, who cannot or will not see that education has a value, and selfish parents, who would rather live on the earn-

ings of their children than send them to school. Furthermore, many states lay the penalty for this abuse of children upon those who employ them under certain ages, and thus curb the greed of employers who would sacrifice youth in order to fatten their own pocketbooks.

In doing this, the state takes away from the child the right to earn his own living. In a sense it takes away the right to get a start in life in the way in which many of our pioneers made their beginning in the wilderness. Changing conditions have made it necessary to do so. The state does this for the common good, and for the good of the individual child, but it nevertheless takes away an individual privilege which has meant much to many men. It has no right to do this unless it gives something in return. That something is an education—education, which we know now will increase the earning power of the child when it reaches maturity, and thus make up for the seeming deprivation involved in compulsory education. That it does make for the common good we know; that it is in fact a privilege worth fighting for we have come to learn.

It is in this way that we defend the right of the state to bring all the children under its wing, protect and educate them in a public school, and turn them out into the best possible citizens that they are able to become. It is a logical position for the state to take—just as logical as the position we take in our lodges, when we declare that every initiate must become proficient in our system before its privileges shall be fully given to him.

The founders of our government were as jealous of their rights as we are jealous of ours. They paid the price for those rights, privileges and immunities. They wrote them into the organized law of this nation, and were afraid that the power given to the national government was too great. As we have developed our nation we have come to accept these privileges and immunities as matters of fact, as things which have always belonged to us, as things which are our own. At the same time, we have given more thought to the service which the government can and ought to give to us. We have demanded a

greater service from Uncle Sam than our forefathers ever intended Uncle Sam to give. And in order to get this greater service, we have found it necessary to work more closely with our fellow-men and give up a little of our independence in order that we may depend upon our fellow-men for closer co-operation. This applies to education, and we now see that the safety of our own children, and their children who come after them, is dependent upon our neighbor's child having as good an opportunity for education as we demand for our own.

Yet this is not all that has happened. With the development of our cities and the increasing strain of a civilization in which one man is expected to do but one thing, and have but one vocation, we have begun to realize that education alone will enable him to do his work efficiently. We are even beginning to insist that he have a *job*, and prepare himself, while a youth, so that he can do that *job*. For this reason we know that we must not have illiterate citizens. The state composed of illiterate citizens is not a state. It is only a mob. The state in which men do not work is not a safe state in which to live. Our state cannot have lawless citizens. Lawless citizens are all too often illiterate. They do not understand laws, or the need for them. On the other hand our citizens must understand, and be loyal to, the ideals of our country, its traditions, manners and customs; and to do this, they must be intelligent, as well as honest and sincere.

These are the reasons why we must support the right of the state to require its citizens to acquire an education. They constitute the basis of our American public school system. They are the reasons which lie behind our passing of compulsory attendance laws, involving the power of the State to tell every parent that he *must* send his child to school.

When we come to consider how the states have tried to accomplish this, however, we immediately discover that there is a lack of uniformity. In fact, in certain states the compulsory education laws are woefully inadequate, and sometimes where they are adequate, they are enforced with but little success. In 1915 there were six states without any compulsory education laws. Today all states have such laws, but

in some it is left to local option, and if the parents are not educated it is not difficult to see what the result will be. Then there are states which do not come up to their own standard of a minimum term. In part of this group the schools are required to keep open only six months of the year, and in a few of these even this is not enforced.

There is also a wide divergence among the states in the age of pupils coming under the school laws, and in the length of the term for which a child must attend. The maximum age limit runs all the way from 14 to 21 years. The minimum terms vary from three to nine months, but unfortunately not all of the states have minimum terms, and only a few that do have them live up to the letter of the law.

There has been very little co-operation between the states in the matter of enforcement. Some fix penalties, others do not. Some require that a child wishing to be excused from school attendance must have an exemption permit, others do not. Only eight states in the Union have ever reached a ninety per cent. attendance of all children between the ages of six and fourteen.

As Masons we have a right to ask why compulsory education has not accomplished the desired end. The answer is not far to seek. It lies in the inborn selfishness and greed of men. The child has always been an industrial asset. Children are nimble-fingered, quick on their feet, and are more easily imposed upon than adults. They can be driven by threats and influenced by fear. They do not demand high wages. They are easily exploited, either by parents or employers, when the desire to exploit them exists.

Why does this exploitation go on anywhere? Because of public indifference. But the public is becoming enlightened, and soon this indifference will cease to exist. We will not tolerate a slaughter of our innocents. It costs too much, in waste of intelligence, in sickness, and in crime. We must not only enforce our compulsory education laws in order to save the Republic, but we must enforce them in order to save the race! And you and I must help. We must not permit adults who have no children of their own to dictate the state's policy

of education. Nor dare we permit those selfish parents who want to live off the labor of their own youngsters to do so. We are not good Masons, we do not believe in the Level as a symbol of Equality of Opportunity, if we do permit these things.

Nor is it sufficient that we merely compel the pupil to attend school, the parent to permit him and the employer to cease from tempting him away. It is imperative that, once in school, the pupil should receive the right kind of education. Oliver Twist went to school to Fagin, learning from that scoundrel the art of becoming a thief. Surely we should want no compulsory education laws to attend a school like this. The radical socialists have talked of building schools to propagate their doctrines. Certainly we should want to compel no child to secure an education like this. Now laws compelling children to go to school, also compel us to provide for those children the kind of an education that they should have, the kind of an education that their parents feel that they should have, and the kind of education that their government judges they should have for the good of the country.

Every American child should receive a certain minimum of education, we say. This minimum should include a minimum of time and a minimum of content—just as we say no child should leave school without knowing our Constitution, without revering the heroes of the past, without respecting our laws, without speaking our language. We, as Freemasons, stand for education, education of the right sort; and if we will, we can have a large influence in determining the sort of education that American children should have. We know what we want our education to accomplish. We should work shoulder to shoulder to see that it is accomplished. We venture to set down seven requirements which we believe our compulsory education laws should be designed to effect, and we hope you will agree with us. Then within our own localities, right in our own schools, will we have work laid out before us on our trestle-board.

Effective compulsory education should accomplish at least seven different things:

1. It should bring into the school room every child capable of receiving instruction.
2. It should fix a definite minimum term during which every healthy child must be in attendance.
3. It should require every healthy child to complete that term.
4. It should fix the age periods of compulsory attendance requiring the normal child to complete the elementary course of eight grades.
5. It should provide for the instruction of adult illiterates and defectives of school age.
6. The state should determine the main objective of education, and, in a general way, the subjects to be taught, especially as they apply to loyalty and patriotism.
7. All instruction in the elementary grades should be in the English language.

We rather doubt whether some of our best educators would go as far as this, in the establishment of compulsory education laws. Certainly many of the states have not been willing to go this far. But in our opinion, this is not going even far enough. The support of the school system in every school district ought to be such that even this minimum requirement should be only a part of the aim of the teacher. Schools should be encouraged to go beyond this minimum. Compulsory education laws should always be considered as setting the lowest standards that will be permitted, never in any sense the highest.

First and foremost, there should be ample provision for all types of public schools, giving advantages to all who need them. We should have more vocational schools, teaching trades to those who desire to learn them; night schools for those who are forced to earn their daily bread in the day time; summer schools affording extra opportunities for attendance of those who for one reason or another cannot attend all the regular terms; out-of-door schools for those whose health requires them. We must set our minimum standard and require attendance sufficient for its accomplishment; then we must go one step further and offer additional opportunities

for those who by virtue of their needs or ambitions, must or will take advantage of them.

All this means co-operation between you and me, and between us and our neighbors. We have the power and the vision of Freemasonry working in a righteous cause behind us. If we will know our subject better than the opponents of the public school we will win for our children's children an educational system that will be well-nigh perfect.

The pioneers wisely preserved the balance between centralized and local authority in the administration of our school system. When the system is in the hands of intelligent men in every school district who will take off their coats and work for the future citizens of a Republic in which they believe, there is not much need for central authority. When those who do not believe in Education, or who are too stingy to support it, take off their coats to defeat the effective maintenance of Equality of Opportunity, or to prevent the impartial enforcement of compulsory education laws, then there is need for central authority, so that we who live in an enlightened community may force our most backward neighbors to do their duty by their children. That is the whole theory of our government—the welfare of the greatest number. That is why we believe in majorities. It is because we know that our children must live with other children that we must see to it that all children receive at least a minimum of education. A Mason who does not do it is a traitor to his children and to his Fraternity.

Laymen such as we are may well pause for a moment and study the methods by which compulsory education laws are administered. While the machinery for effective enforcement has not been tried out in many states, yet enough have had it in operation for a length of time sufficient for us to understand the essentials of their methods, and through a study of them we may be able to reach certain conclusions which will be a guide to our individual efforts.

First there is the school census. It is a simple classification of all the children of a given district, so that the proper authorities may know whether the theoretical Equality of Op-

portunity is being used by all the children for whom it has been provided. There is great need for accuracy and public co-operation so that the record may be complete. There is a greater need for co-operation between the states, so that a child moving from one locality to another is not lost sight of.

Next comes the question of the proper authority in whom should be vested the powers of administering the law. When the police department does one part of the work, and the educational officers have no supervision of the children until they reach the school ground, of course there is a reason for laxity of enforcement. Speaking generally, it would seem that those upon whom is placed the responsibility for the education of the child, should have the authority to make certain that he is in school. This would be common sense in business, and it ought to be good sense in dealing with truancy. Truancy officers, clothed with police powers, are essential.

Some states have tried out the system of work permits, by which children in poor families may work a part of the time, the permission to do so being dependent upon their health and the other conditions surrounding the parents. Here again it would seem to be sound reasoning to say that the relaxation of the law compelling attendance at school ought to be in the hands of those who are in closest touch with the condition, and these are, of course, the school authorities.

Then there is the provision of the law in some states that the parent who keeps a child out of school, without proper excuse, should pay a penalty for his act. This places a definite responsibility on the parent which the parent, as a natural guardian of the child, ought to bear.

Other laws go further, and put a penalty upon the employer in such cases, and here again there is a definite placing of responsibilities, and it needs no argument to prove that the greedy employer who refuses to go to the trouble of knowing that children in his employ are legally there, or who winks at the infraction of a law by which he profits financially, ought to suffer.

The enactment of laws such as these by every state in the Union would guarantee that every child would be in attend-

ance at school long enough to secure under decent conditions a respectable schooling. But it is essential that we take one step in addition. We cannot have proper compulsory education *until every school, public and private, is inspected by the state.* To many this is a radical suggestion. In the early days this would be unthinkable. But we have come to realize, especially in these later years, that upon the proper education of the children depends the welfare of the country, and that disloyal, discontented and dangerous citizens may be the result of poorly chosen teachers and wrongly built courses of study. The very self-preservation of the state depends upon all American children receiving a minimum amount of education in patriotism, citizenship, and character; no government of the people, by the people, and for the people, can exist half uneducated and half educated, that is, half slave and half free; and conditions such as were found in the Great War are intolerable. Do you know that all the schools in one county were taught in German? Do you know that German and anti-American ideals were taught in one county school system? Do you know that the states today have no means of knowing what is taught to more than a million elementary pupils, nor any control of how or why it is taught?

Private schools have commonly resisted inspection. Whenever the matter has been brought up they have fought it root and branch. This is only natural. Many American people feel that it is the right of the parent to send his child to whatever sort of school he likes. Many careful thinkers reflect upon the outstanding importance of the private school. Great advantages have come from these schools, they say. From private schools have come new methods of teaching. Advances in special subjects such as music, penmanship, home economics, manual training and drawing, and even the kindergarten, came largely from private schools, and only later were adopted in the public system. Public education tends to become systematized, they say, and we need the variations found in schools privately organized and privately managed. Each of these arguments is hard to meet. Clearly the right kind of a private school serves a good purpose. The trouble is that the

wrong kind of a private school serves a very bad purpose; and in order to rid ourselves of the bad schools we are tempted to advocate the wiping out of all private schools. But state supervision and inspection will serve the same purpose. What we want is that all shall teach a recognized minimum curriculum in the English language and what they want to teach beyond that need not worry us. Possibly the more variation the better, as Japan today, after several decades of rigidly uniform government education, is trying to encourage private schools, always subject to government inspection. Only in this way can we be sure that our compulsory education laws, requiring children to attend school, will accomplish their true result, that is that all children shall have the right sort of an education.

We must also remember that state inspection of all schools is advocated not only for the good of the schools, *but for the protection of the state*. The state has no obligations in return for its inspection. We as Masons must ever be on our guard to see that the public budget is never tapped for the support of any private school. Constitutional prohibition of taxation for the benefit of private schools exists in most states. Ours is the duty to see that this law is obeyed, and that no subterfuge is evoked to subsidize them. Those who want private schools must support them, and these schools should be compelled to submit to inspection and maintain standards. Failure to maintain standards should be the cause of closing the school.

The standard set in this discussion is admittedly going further than most of our best informed educators, many of them Masons, are willing to go, laying down hard and fast rules. Let us say to the private school, "This standard which we are setting up by law for our Public Schools you must live up to or close your doors." Let us say to the private school patron, "We don't mind if you wish to send your child to a private rather than to a public school. You must allow the school to be open for state inspection, and you must support it yourself. Possibly the variations in your school may do the public schools some good."

Then we should go about our real business, that of making

the *public schools* of America the finest elementary schools on top of God's footstool. Then we shall have done our duty. If we make our *public schools* good enough most of the children will flock into them. Relatively few will wish to go to private schools; those in private schools will have the same minimum training as the rest; and the variations in methods found there may do the rest of us some good.

Our activity, if we would make it effective, lies in the direction of accepting our full duty and responsibility, as citizens, for the education of the next generation. Let *us* help to find the truant boy and convince him that his best interests, in the life that lies before him, demand that he get for himself the very best education that he can. When we go to the polls let *us* cast our ballot for the school director who has backbone enough to enforce the law, and who will adopt and use the authority given him by the law. If we do not have laws which will punish the greedy employer who evades for profit's sake, then stand your representative in the legislature up in the corner and exact from him a promise to vote for laws which will do so. You do not need to do this as a Mason—do it as a Man and as a Citizen, thanking God that you belong to a Fraternity which dares to teach you the principle of Equality of Opportunity and what it means when interpreted in terms of Civic Duty! Dare to stand on your own feet, publicly or privately as the case may be, and tell your friends and neighbors that nothing less than a standard inspection of every elementary school in the state will satisfy you, because you are determined that only that which is truly American shall be taught to your own children and to your neighbor's children!

Then These Problems will be Solved.

The Dignity of Labor

MASONRY AND BOLSHEVISM

THE lapse of time, the ruthless hand of ignorance and the devastations of war have laid waste and destroyed many valuable monuments of antiquity on which the utmost exertions of human genius have been employed."

In these words have the Ritual makers of our Fraternity tried to depict *the waste of war*. As originally written these words of our lecture applied to buildings, monuments and cathedrals. But today, as the fever of the great War is dying down and our pulses begin to resume their normal beats, we may well ask ourselves whether these words do not apply with equal force to those things which, prior to 1914, we had begun to consider as the flower of our civilization. We fondly dreamed that man was drawing closer to his fellow man, that the sympathies and sentiments of fraternity, which our Order had been preaching through two centuries and more, were becoming something more than a mirage. It seemed to many of us that man was really coming to love his fellow man and that, despite the quarrels of our industrial life, he was building foundations for a real and lasting peace. It seemed as if another war could not be declared unless Capitalist and Laborer alike demanded it. But it was not so. The old hatreds had their way.

Today we stand appalled. Some have said that we won the War, but lost the Peace. The truth is that man became so accustomed to hate during the War that he is putting renewed vigor into the struggles and differences with his fellow man. Everywhere we turn we find that the old hatreds are revived, and it matters not what branch of human activity we start out to discuss, we find that brotherhood, in the Masonic sense, has been retired to the background of our daily life.

In our lodge rooms we have been accustomed to hear that Freemasonry holds itself aloof from the bickerings of Peace, just as it regards War as unnecessary in any balanced scheme of Brotherhood. Well may we ask ourselves if we have correctly appraised Freemasonry; whether we have been content with a half truth rather than the whole truth. Let us consider for a moment what Freemasonry is. Let us see whether in its origin, its history and in its organization, we can find a basis upon which Freemasons ought logically to consider problems such as have arisen today.

The first point which we must consider is that our Fraternity arose from a trade. It is needless to discuss those mythical theories regarding its origin, for which no reasonable man can find authority. It is not necessary that Masonry in our sense of the word should have labored upon King Solomon's Temple—that legend finds ample justification as a beautiful allegorical setting for our modern Ritual. We need pay no attention to those ancient societies and sects which had signs like ours, and to whom the square and the level and the compass were symbols—even though these may have taught great moral truths. From the standpoint which we are now adopting it is as futile to inquire whether the Essenes contained the germs of Freemasonry as it is to trace the activities of the Roman Collegia or the Cathedral Builders. We need not even bother our heads with the question as to whether the Masons' company of the City of London was one of our forbears, or whether we ought rather to go to the Guilds of the Middle Ages to find the first evidences of an organization like our own.

What we do need to realize is that all through the ages there have been societies of men who worked; worked with their hands and worked with their heads, and that these societies are the rivulets, some large, some small, which have finally gathered together in a mighty stream to form an organization of men sworn to those great fundamental virtues which to us are the real essence of human character. Somewhere in our Ritual we have heard that there was a time when Masons were Operative; later they accepted those who were not tradesmen but who wanted the benefit of the lessons which the square

and compass taught. These became Speculative Masons, and as time went on they dominated the Fraternity until it became, as we regard it today, purely Speculative.

But the time has come when Freemasons can no longer sit idly by and say that the great problems which are harassing humanity have no interest for them. We are awakening. We are beginning to see that no organization could draw together two and a half million men of the finest character in this great country of ours unless that Fraternity had a purpose. There can be no more striking evidence that our Freemasonry has a work to do than is to be found in its Ritual, its Charges and its Symbols.

Is it difficult for us to concede that Freemasonry teaches the Dignity of Labor?

Let us consider the evidences which are to be found in our Masonic system. We have always considered Freemasonry as an organization for "work." Time and again has this word crept into our Ritual—the subject of many an exhortation. It has been pointed out to us that Freemasonry is composed of Apprentices, Fellows and Masters, and we have been taught that those who start in the lowest may hope to advance to the higher ranks. Indeed we have had held before us the example of that great artisan, Hiram Abiff, who worked with the Craftsmen as their equal, though out of the recesses of his finely trained mind came the beautiful designs which he drew on his trestle-board.

But there is one aspect of this organization which we have not had called to our attention. Two other great characters appear, whom we have accepted as teachers. We must realize that they were more than teachers. They were Capitalists. Solomon in all his glory has stood for us as the symbol of wisdom, but it was his exchequer from which were drawn the talents of gold which paid for the construction of the Temple. Hiram of Tyre, too, sent woods and precious stones from his treasure houses that the Temple of the living God might be adorned. In our organization we find them symbolized as co-workers with Hiram Abiff, the Masters, Fellows and Apprentices. It is true that their stations are elevated above the com-

mon level. But they hold their rank, not because of their wealth, but because of the wisdom and strength of their characters. Thus it is that though we introduce kings into our allegories, we call them equals and treat them as such, and sit at their feet, not as subjects nor as slaves, but as learners.

What is the badge of a Mason? Probably the world would answer that it is some bit of jewelry worn in the coat lapel, but you and I know that it is no piece of precious metal, no glittering jewel. On the contrary, it is an apron, part of the simple habit of the laboring man which he wore to protect him from the stains of his daily toil, and which we wear as an emblem of innocence. We have been taught so long to look upon the gauge, gavel, plumb, square, level and trowel as symbols of the virtues which they represent in the lodge, that we have almost forgotten that they still remain the working tools of the laboring man, which we have dignified in our organization to the extent that they speak to us in the language of virtue.

Another implement to which we attach too little significance is presented for our consideration. It is the working tool of Hiram Abiff—the Trestle-board. He it was who had the brain to conceive the plan of a great Temple, and without him we may well question whether that Temple would have been built.

Nor does our Fraternity stop by merely bringing men and working tools together. For we have a system of training the workman. He serves an apprenticeship in order that he may become proficient. We teach him that he must use all the skill that he can command in order that his work may some day pass inspection. We challenge him to be industrious, and demonstrate to him how his zeal will not only contribute to the quality of his work but will also mark him as a man worthy to rule his fellows. We link these words, “skill, industry and zeal” together, and when we try to put into fewest words the qualities which make of a man the best kind of a Mason, we hold before him the ideal of “who best can work and best agree.”

And the reward for labor? Does Masonry offer one? She

does. And she does it with a simple dignity and an honesty of purpose which, instead of making the word a symbol of slavery, puts it at the very head of the column. She offers "wages." It is true that the wages which she offers are the kind of wages which appeal to intelligence, but by that token she leads us to a realization that after all the greatest reward for our labor is the consciousness of a work well done—a work which does not bear the taint of selfishness.

There are those who come to Freemasonry in order to justify the idea of the eight hour day. Let us welcome them. Let us say to them that an eight hour division of the day is a fair division; but those who come must not go away until they have learned that in our category of three eight-hour periods the first is devoted to the service of God and a distressed worthy brother, the second to our usual vocation, and the third to refreshment and sleep. Let them get the significance of the order in which we state them, for then they will have learned that they must take the whole lesson if they want a part.

We are not yet through with our study of what Freemasonry offers in these respects. We must not omit the great fundamental idea of brotherhood which pervades our every form and ceremony. It is a brotherhood born of an enlistment in a common cause. Everywhere we are directed to maintain a spirit of loyalty to the work. We are taught loyalty to a fellow worker with a tenderness which might well come out of the family relation. We are challenged to a recognition of equality among our brethren, not because of equal ability or skill, but by virtue of common interest in the work of the Fraternity; their loyalty to the job at hand and the recognition of the fact that each of their fellow workmen is a co-laborer whether he be Capitalist, Designer, Hearer of Wood, or Quarryman.

Can anyone question the fact that Freemasonry teaches the *dignity* of Labor? Can we possibly review the great principles, the striking ceremonies, and the organization of our Fraternity, without seeing clearly that not only did this Fraternity of ours arise from a trade, but its whole teaching for man is that he must work, work truly, work loyally, and treat his fellow

craftsman as a brother? Dare we say that lessons like these have no meaning in the present world unrest? Can there be any doubt of our right to say that an organization, a fraternity, teaching lessons like these, has the right and the duty to take a stand on problems which confront humanity, when those problems assail every fundamental principle which she teaches?

These are some of the things which Freemasonry should mean to us. They give us light on the subject of a proper relationship between our fellow men and ourselves. They make us judge ourselves before we judge him. They carry to us a meaning which is a conviction, a conviction that to meet the problems which face our industrial organization to-day, is a part of our work.

There is another word abroad today which is competing for world supremacy. One great nation is in its grasp. Insidious influences are at work in all civilized nations trying to make it sound plausible. Our study of what Freemasonry is should make us interested in knowing to whom this propaganda is directed, and when we find that the laboring man is being made the subject and the dupe of this treacherous thing called Bolshevism, we should study what Bolshevism means and see whether Freemasonry has given us light enough to enable us to answer what it suggests.

What, then, is Bolshevism? We have judged Freemasonry by its own principles. We have a right to judge Bolshevism in like manner. We will take no hearsay, we will go directly to the documents and pronouncements which Bolsheviks have uttered with their own mouths, and then we will come back and see if their principles offer a basis for human relations which, as Freemasons, we can accept.

A study of Bolshevik literature shows that Bolshevism has four cardinal principles. Let us look at them and see what they are.

1. Bolshevism says that there is an unending struggle between Capital and Labor, and that there is no possibility of a solution which will result in a gain for both.

2. That there is no such thing as a nation for the "worker," and that all talk of national patriotism is contrary to his interests. The Bolshevist would end all loyalty to nations, and in its place put loyalty to class. By this doctrine he would build a new definition of Brotherhood, for he recognizes as brothers only those in all nations who occupy his own station. This is the essence of the doctrine which we have heard so much about, the doctrine of Internationalism.
3. The third cardinal principle of Bolshevism is that The Majority is always wrong; that is, that "popular will," as expressed by majorities in constitutional governments, is in reality the will of the Capitalist. He argues that the workers are too tired, too hungry, too ignorant, too accustomed to domination, to know what is for their own good. He has a plan, too, which he hopes will bring about his cherished ends. It is a very practical plan and in a way a very human one. He would have a little group gain power and wield its authority in an autocratic way so that the "Capitalist" may be banished, starved, wiped out, and the "worker" triumph.
4. The fourth cardinal principle of Bolshevism is that the Christian virtues of humanity, charity, obedience, submission, faith, honesty, and tolerance are only fetishes, made use of by the Capitalist to hold the worker in subjection. He says that these standards are wrong for the working man; that the only admitted standards of virtue for him are those which contribute to his ultimate good — meaning by that term, his material good.

This is his boasted "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." It is despotism in an aggravated form. Little does he realize how human is all this aspiration. He does not know history, else he would find there a parallel to his method.

These are the principles for which the Bolshevist contends. These are the principles which he would have rule the world. These are the principles which he would substitute for the Constitution of the United States. We must not forget that he is in our midst, working to this end. Let us go to him now and endeavor to find out how he has made these principles work in practice. Fortunately there is but one country to which we can go, and that is Russia. There the Soviet system is supreme. The "workers" constitute the ruling class. All

Capitalists—bankers, manufacturers, merchants, millers, jobbers, packers and storekeepers—are refused admission to the Soviet. Their goods are confiscated, as the Bolshevist innocently says, “for the benefit of the state.” All Capitalistic enterprises are managed by the workers and are operated for their benefit. “This,” says our Bolshevist, “is the ideal of human brotherhood in industry.”

It is worth while to inquire what it was that inspired the growth of Bolshevism. We know that conditions in Russia were unsettled during the reign of the Czar. We know that the conditions surrounding the working man were bad—sordid in the extreme. We know that there was an untrustworthy group of educated men who dominated the ruling class, not from the standpoint of brotherhood, but solely in their own interests. We know that the time came when the Germans let Lenine and Trotsky into Russia and financed them in order to wreck her and make her easy to conquer, and so Bolshevism is in control of Russia today. How has it worked out?

The evidences are accessible. Discipline degenerated. Currency was depleted until it was not worth the paper it was written on. Trade with other nations has been practically eliminated. Transportation facilities have failed. Schools are disorganized. Famine stalks through the land and the world is asked to contribute that millions of children may not die.

What is the real answer? From an organization standpoint we might say that amateurs are in control, but from the standpoint of true brotherhood, as Masons understand it, we would say that the underlying cause is that the dominant power and control in Russia is selfishness.

Measured by the standard of the positive principles of Freemasonry, what becomes of the four cardinal principles of Bolshevism? It is not enough that we were ready, when we heard these cardinal principles stated a few moments ago, to stand up and deny them with all the power of our being. It is not enough that our minds revolt at the kind of a picture that Russia today presents. We are not here for the purpose of stating conclusions. We are here to analyze the facts. We

believe in Freemasonry. We believe in our America, and when the agitator and radical seek to undermine that America we want reasons for our belief. We want to be able to go out among our friends and neighbors and not only tell them why Bolshevism has failed in Russia, but why it must always fail. Bolshevism offers four cardinal principles as the basis for what it declares to be the ideal relation between man and man. What has Freemasonry to say regarding these principles?

The Bolshevik says that there is an unending struggle between Capital and Labor; that it is a class struggle, and that the problems involved cannot possibly be settled with both the gainers.

What lesson did we draw from that summary of Freemasonry's attitude toward Labor? Did it not convince us all that every human effort which contributes to the happiness of mankind is "work," and that the heart and head and hand of man must join if what he produces is to be a constructive element? Did it not prove to us, and prove conclusively, that "work" of any kind which fulfills this definition is dignified?

We are facing facts. What are the facts of our industrial life as they appear when illuminated by Masonic principles? We know that industry has produced more than the immediate needs of our people require. We know that frugality and thrift have resulted in savings, and whether we view it from a Masonic standpoint or from the perspective of humanity as a whole we are forced to conclude that the possession of a part of these savings—what we call wealth—carries with it an overwhelming responsibility. That responsibility is not a responsibility to a particular class. It is a responsibility which he who saves owes to his fellow man. It is a recognition of the fact that instead of living a life which demands our rights against others, we come to realize that we owe duties toward others; that "as we increase in knowledge and power our obligations to ourselves and to our brethren correspondingly increase." We have been taught this doctrine in the lodge; we have accepted it there as true. It remains for us now to take it outside the lodge doors and apply it to all our activities, business included.

What will happen when we as Masons begin to drive home this attitude to our friends and neighbors? We must not forget that there are three million of us, and every Mason worthy of the name is a worker. Will it not help to make men see that the causes of the friction between Capital and Labor can be removed? Will it not convince some of them at least that those causes ought to be removed? If we have truly learned the lesson which Freemasonry has to teach, can we not justly say to both Capitalist and Laborer that they will never accomplish the aims of either until they come to see that they are co-workers in the field of human endeavor? May we not rightfully say to the Laborer, "You must accept responsibility for 'Skill, Industry and Zeal' "? Must we not say with equal force to the Capitalist, "the wealth which you possess is yours only so long as you accept it as a stewardship and use it for the benefit of your fellow man"? May we not say to both that the Capitalist who profiteers is as bad as the Laborer who shirks, but no worse? It is by such an understanding of these problems that, if Freemasons will to do so, they may help to bring both Capital and Labor to realize that they are mutually responsible for the creation and maintenance of an atmosphere of brotherhood in Industry.

What shall we say of this doctrine of Internationalism which the Bolshevik proclaims as one of his four cardinal principles? He says that for him there shall be no nation, except the nationality of class. We as Masons say that the nationality of class fails to take account of the Brotherhood of Man, and fails to furnish man with the incentive to better himself by improving his skill, by increasing his industry, and by promoting his zeal.

We say further that the system by which peoples are gathered together into nations *does* serve mankind. It serves mankind because each nation is thereby able to develop within itself its own unique contribution to the common happiness. That contribution may be one thing, it may be another. What would the history of Art be without the contribution of the French people? Who can discount the gift which the German has made to science? The fact that an autocracy

taught him to make it his god, which he worshipped until his soul was warped, does not lessen the contribution itself. England led the world in the development of a great system of constitutional law, which was the crowning achievement of the age-long struggle for the rights of the common man.

As Americans, we believe that we, too, have a contribution which the Almighty Father intends us to make to the welfare and happiness of mankind. For the first time in the history of the world a nation has dedicated itself to the proposition that there shall be Equality of Opportunity for all and that every man who is willing to work and exemplify the Masonic virtues "skill, industry and zeal," may have the chance to rise and improve his condition. This is our tradition, written into the fundamental laws of the land—written there in large part by our Masonic forefathers. More than a tradition, it has been in large part accomplished, and if we as Masons can arouse ourselves so that we will carry out into the world the atmosphere of brotherhood which pervades our lodge room, the possibilities of making that tradition bear fruit are boundless.

Can the Bolshevik ever make us believe that the majority is always wrong? Can we accept without protest this insult to the intelligence of our people? Can three million Masons stand idly by and let this half-baked argument undermine our faith in America? No. We believe in majorities. We resent the arrogance of a minority because we know that whatever activity of life we may consider, minority control eventually leads to despotism. We want no despotisms in America, for we know that the despotism of the autocrat is no worse than the despotism of the mob, and no true American ever joins a mob.

The final challenge which the Bolshevik makes to us as Masons is the most stupefying of all. Here in America there are 15,000 lodges. Every one of those lodges has at its very center a small piece of furniture. It may be simple, it may be ornate, but on that piece of furniture rests a Volume which every Mason reveres. To him it is a symbol of the Divine Will, revealed to man. Around it he makes his pilgrimages;

toward it he turns in the hour of adversity; upon it he places his hand as the highest testimony of his sincerity of purpose. In it he reads the words which he accepts as the rule and guide of his faith and conduct.

Is it thinkable that any Freemason in America will extend the glad hand of welcome to the atheist, the irreligious libertine, or the infidel who would overturn that Altar and try to build a new world order, try to foist upon us a brotherhood which leaves out God? We know that there can be no Brotherhood of Man which does not rest upon the common Fatherhood. Our Ritual has made the simple working tools of the operative Mason speak to us in terms of morality. The application of virtue is a personal matter to each of us. We recognize and must always recognize the fact that those simple human virtues which are so akin to the very essence of the Father in Whom we put our trust are fundamental to our happiness and form the connecting link between the Great Artificer of the Universe and us who are His children. Of this faith, and of the hope which is bound up in that faith for us, no Bolshevik can ever rob us.

Thus do the principles of Freemasonry refute the tenets of Bolshevism. The Mason who thoroughly understands our principles will never have his faith undermined. More than this, he will be spurred to live his Masonry, to preach his Masonic principles, to practice them, to demonstrate them, to all with whom he comes in contact.

But there is another side to all this. Not only does Freemasonry riddle the four cardinal principles of Bolshevism, but she presents something in their place. Freemasons have always been builders. They are builders now. Our forbears built Temples which won the tribute of being called "Poems in Stone." We are striving now to emulate their example. We are working upon a Temple—a Temple at whose shrine the devotees of brotherhood must come to worship. It is the Temple of Law and Order. A Temple wherein man meets his fellow man as he does in the lodge room, "rendering his just dues to every man without distinction" and "cheerfully conforming to constituted authority."

Why should it not be so? We in America have been guaranteed a government in which regulation is possible through legislation. It has been made easy to write laws in this country of ours. Sometimes it has proven too easy, but we are optimistic enough to believe that though the pendulum may swing backward and forward in successive cycles, eventually we shall attain to true progress. Even our Constitution can be amended when necessary, and by orderly, sane methods, which express the will of the majority. To us this means that injustices that exist, whether they be economic or industrial, may all be corrected to conform to rising standards by an orderly process of evolution, rather than by a revolution based on the hatred of class for class. It is to an evolution of this kind that we as Masons are dedicated. It is by such a process that we who wear the square and compass may confidently hope to make a real Brotherhood of Man prevail in the world.

“What came ye here to do?” Today Freemasonry asks us this question again. It is in the same words as of old, but because we are concerned with new undertakings she expects a different answer—and yet, after all, that answer will not be unlike the other which has so often passed our lips. If we admit that a Fraternity can have a conscience, then we must also admit that it must first learn to subdue its own discordant passions. If we as a Fraternity have done that, if we have reached the point where as an organization we are able to control ourselves, then we are ready also to use our efforts to subdue the discordant passions in others. As individuals we have learned that this takes “work.” Now we must learn that if an organization would accomplish its ends, it, too, must work. The industrial problem offers us such a work. We as individuals can do much. Many of us have it in our power to exemplify in our every-day business activity the kind of brotherhood which Freemasonry has taught us. All of us can do some things which will help to translate our lodge-room form of brotherhood into practical results.

How shall we go about it? What are some of the things we can do? First and foremost, we can ourselves become students of these problems. We have been too busy. We have been too

prone to say that after all there is nothing in these radical movements. Because here and there we see sanity prevailing and find men abandoning their radical opinions, we must not be too confident that the change in them typifies what is going on all over our country. We must not forget that there is a rising generation of younger men to whom the lessons of the war have not been sobering lessons; and if our generation is to be of any real assistance to our young brethren into whose hands the solution of these problems will presently be placed, it is going to be because by active work upon our part we bring them a realization of what some of these problems involve.

To do this we must know more of what they are thinking. We must acquaint ourselves with the vagaries and theories which to them are appearing reasonable. Are we familiar enough with these doctrines to do this? Could we argue the merits and demerits of Marxian Socialism? Do we really know anything about the Communist Party? Have we any real understanding of what "I. W. W." stands for? Do we know what the word "International" means in the sense in which it is being talked from soap boxes and in hundreds of secret meetings which are going on in our cities?

Are we in a position to consider the possible results of the doctrines preached by the Socialists? How many of you men have ever read the political platform upon which Socialist candidates for president base their claim for your votes? How many of you know that in hundreds of our Universities there is a Society which, under different guises, and under the cloak of the free speech guaranteed to us by our Constitution, is presenting to the half trained minds of university students an interpretation of brotherhood which is in fact the doctrine of class hatred? Do you know that these young students are absorbing the ideas of anarchy; that while one professor tries to teach them a sound system of economics, another is using the class room of the same university to prove to them that the doctrine of private property makes slaves of all who do not possess property? This is the kind of thing which we must combat. A passive protest will not accomplish the result.

The very fountainhead of the intelligence of the next generation is being polluted. It is not enough that we watch the curriculum of our grade schools and our high schools. The men who are to be the leaders ten and fifteen years from now, the men who are to be our governors, our senators and our judges, are gaining today a conception of brotherhood which, judged by Masonic standards, is false. Either Freemasonry is wrong or these radical theories are wrong. Either there is a way to develop brotherhood along Masonic lines, or there is no such way, and Freemasonry with all its heritage of principles belongs in the museum of relics.

You and I do not and cannot believe this. We are willing to concede that a new world order is needed; but by "a new world order" we do not mean that we discard all the human virtues, all the incentives to right conduct and right living. We mean a "world order" which shall be "new" in the sense that it is pervaded by a practical expression of Justice and Good Will. We mean "new" in the sense that Equality of Opportunity shall be made real for every man who is willing to accept the responsibility for his acts and is willing to give, as well as take, Justice and Good Will.

Some of you may feel that a comparison between the Russia of today and the United States which we know, is unfair to us, and that an argument based upon such a comparison is too far-fetched. You may be minded to say that what has happened there can never happen here. We grant you that we can never have a population in which only a minor part can read and write; we admit that the public school system of this country has worked its wonders—even though all that we wish to accomplish has not come true; but we must understand that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We who believe in our system of public education, we who have the doctrine of progress "toward the light" impressed upon us by Ritual and ceremony, we are the ones upon whom the responsibility rests to see that the thought of those who come after us is guided by the principles which we, better than anyone else, know are true.

Russia lacked three things which would have gone a long

way toward spelling Equality of Opportunity and which would have prevented the development of class hatreds such as she has exemplified. The great mass of her people had no opportunity for education. Neither in government nor in society was there any honest consideration for the rights of the poor man. He had no guarantee of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" under the old regime. He could not hold a meeting for the discussion of his problems without having that meeting roughly broken up. It was not even lawful to meet as Masons. The protest against such a terrorism as this was another kind of terrorism, born of a hatred which knew no self-control.

We in America have education, an education which we can make better if we do not permit it to become polluted. We glory in the freedom of speech which is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. During the war the natural tendency for us was to deny to the pro-German this right of free speech. Had we used more effort to convince him we might be in a better position now. We do not want this free speech abridged. If that freedom of speech now permits the radical to expound his doctrine it gives us the same opportunity to tell our side of the story. It is our fault, not his, if we permit his doctrines to gain sway over the American mind. We must realize one thing, and that is that the only way a bad idea can be killed is by putting a better idea in the field. One good idea with the punch of public opinion behind it can defeat an army of false doctrines. Freemasonry has not one but many principles, which apply to the conditions America faces today. Those principles have heretofore been a passive force, and their influence has been felt in the world through the characters of individual Masons. The challenge of the hour is that we make that force active, throwing the whole weight of our organization into the fight. America today stands for the principle that a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," can survive. We as Masons possess the fundamental principles upon which that doctrine was built. If we use those principles the cause is won.

MASONIC POEMS

PREFACE

MASONRY has had more singers than songs to sing! Untold numbers of brethren with the happiness of brotherhood in their hearts and a sincere desire to voice it to the world, have written Masonic verse. Few there are who have written verse which is also poetry.

No lesser poets will take offense if Kipling and the two Bobbies—Burns and Morris—are named here as those whose music has sounded most sweetly in the ears of Masons. Yet there are others, and if the task of culling from thousands of well meant efforts, the hundred here set forth, was difficult, surely the result justifies the work. Few great Masonic poems there are, and none too many which satisfy the critical ear as well as the loving heart. To be metrical, poetic and Masonic at one and the same time is not, apparently, given as a gift to the many!

Yet some have accomplished what is readily seen to be a difficult task. The Editor does not flatter himself that this collection is a complete anthology; nor does he make apology for the lack of arrangement, made necessary by the small size and restricted number of these pages. But here are, indeed, if not all the lovely songs which have been writ of Masonry for Masons, at least a sufficient number to make harmony for an hour.

Swinburne, cameo artist in words, sped his "Century of Rondels" "out to sea"; no better introduction can be written to this Century of Masonic poems than his beautiful envoy;

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail pale wings for the winds to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly.

Here and there may a chance-caught eye
Note in a score of you, twain or three
Brighter or darker of mould or dye.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a low long sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly.

A MASON'S GREETING

By BRO. JOHN EDMUND BARSS

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, March, 1916)

To all who hope for life beyond this living,
To all who reverence one holy Name—
Whose liberal hand will not be stayed from giving,
Who count all human fellowship the same;
Whose lives ascend in wisdom, strength, and beauty,
Stone upon stone, square-hewn and founded well,
Who love the light—who tread the path of duty:
Greet you well, brethren! Brethren, greet you well!

ABOU BEN ADHEM

By LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

AN ANCIENT MASONIC SONG

This song was first published in 1756
(From *The Freemason*, London)

'Tis Masonry unites mankind,
To gen'rous actions, forms the Soul;
In friendly Converse all conjoined,
One Spirit animates the whole.

Where'er aspiring Domes arise,
Wherever sacred Altars stand;
These Altars blaze into the skies,
The Domes proclaim the Mason's Hand.

As passions rough the Soul disguise,
Till Science cultivates the Mind;
So the rude Stone unshapen lies,
Till by the Mason's art refin'd.

Tho' still our chief Concern and Care
Be to deserve the Brother's Name:
Yet ever mindful of the Fair,
Their kindest Influence we claim.

Let wretches at our Manhood rail;
But they who once our Order prove,
Will own that we who build so well,
With equal energy can love.

MIND OF GOD

By BRO. ROB. MORRIS

And can we know the mind of GOD,
A window to the will Supreme?
And is His purpose all exposed
To human eye, so faint and dim?
Look! open upward broadly lies

The WORD OF GOD—the unerring LAW,
Threatening and promising by turns,
As Masons yield to fear or love,
Oh, be it ours to walk therein,
And at the end have sure reward!

MASONIC ODE

The following ode was composed by BRO. J. K. MITCHELL, for the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Masonic Temple in Philadelphia, which took place December, 1854.

“O! glorious Builder of the vaulted skies!
 Almighty Architect of Earth and Heaven!
 Come down and bless the Mason’s enterprise,
 To Thee, O God, in Faith and Mercy given.
 A home to *Friendship*, *Truth* and *Love* we raise,
 Where, ages yet to come, shall sound our Master’s praise.

“O make its deep foundations firm and fast!
 O bless the rearing of the mighty pile!
 And when to Thee its spires look up at last,
 Upon its finished work, the workmen smile!
 Nor less the inner works of kindness bless!
 And make the Mason’s labor—peace and happiness!

“Enlarge our spirit!—let our means improve!
 Enforce our faith!—make strong our mystic ties!
 Exalt our friendship, and refine our love!
 And let our hearts be pure before Thine eyes,
 So that, while God approves, the world may see
 How great and good a thing is Ancient Freemasonry!

“Aid us to wipe the widow’s bitter tears!
 Help us to hear the orphan’s lonely cries!
 Be present when we soothe a Brother’s cares!
 And be our strength in all calamities!
 For what can we as one, or many, do,
 Unless, O Lord! with Thee, our labors we pursue!

“O! therefore, Builder of the vaulted skies!
 Almighty Architect of Earth and Heaven!
 Come down and bless our holy enterprise,
 To Thee, O God, in Faith and Mercy given.
 A home to *Friendship*, *Truth* and *Love* we raise,
 Where, ages yet to come, shall sound our Master’s praise.”

THE MASON'S PLEDGE

By BRO. ROB. MORRIS

Brother, harken, while I tell you
What we Masons pledged to do,
When, prepared at yonder altar,
We assumed the Mason's vow!
Foot and knee, breast, hand and cheek—
Harken while I make them speak!

Foot to foot, on mercy's errand,
When we hear a brother's cry,
Hungry, thirsty, barefoot, naked,
With God's mercy let us fly.
This of all our thoughts the chief,
How to give him quick relief.

Knee to knee, in earnest praying,
None but God to hear or heed,
All our woes and sins confessing,
Let us for each other plead;
By the spirit of our call,
Let us pray for brothers all.

Breast to breast, in sacred casket,
At life's center let us seal
Every truth to us entrusted,
Nor one holy thing reveal!
What a Mason vows to shield,
Let him die, but never yield.

Hand to back, a brother's falling,
Look, his burdens are too great.
Stretch the generous hand and hold him
Up before it is too late.
The right arm's a friendly prop,
Made to hold a brother up.

Cheek to cheek, in timely whisper
When the tempter strives to win,

Urge the brother's bounden duty,
 Show him the approaching sin,
 Point to him the deadly snare,
 Save him with a brother's care.

Brother, let us often ponder
 What we Masons pledged to do,
 When, prepared at yonder altar,
 We assumed the Mason's vow;
 Foot and knee, breast, hand and cheek,
 Let these oft our duties speak.

THE GODDESS OF MASONRY

By BRO. CHARLES F. FORSHAW, M. D.

From (*The Freemason's Chronicle*)

Goddess of Purity,
 Spotless and rare;
 Emblem of Charity
 Unsullied, fair;
 Symbol of Meekness—
 Radiant, bright,
 'Minding the Brethren
 Of realms of Light—
 Strong in the knowledge
 Virtuous might.

Symbol of Chastity,
 Spirit of Bliss,
 Coming to cheer us,
 Through the abyss,
 Token of faithfulness—
 Be thou our guide;
 Emblem of Hopefulness—
 Keep by our side:
 Help us and lead us o'er
 Every dark tide!

FREEMASON'S MARCH

"The words of this song were first printed in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, (V. III), 1730, under the title 'The Freemason's Health.' It appears in many eighteenth century song collections, the tune most commonly used appearing for the first time in 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' (Vol. 2), 1719. It was popular well into the nineteenth century." — *The Builder*.

Come, let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Met together on merry Occasion;
 Let us drink, laugh and sing,
 Our Wine has a Spring,
 'Tis a Health to an Accepted Mason.
 The World is in Pain
 Our Secret to gain,
 But still let them wonder and gaze on;
 Till they're shewn the Light
 They'll ne'er know the right
 Word or Sign of an Accepted Mason.
 'Tis This and 'tis That,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great Men in the Nation
 Should Aprons put on,
 To make themselves one
 With a Free or an Accepted Mason.
 Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
 Have laid by their Swords,
 This our Myst'ry to put a good Grace on,
 And ne'er been asham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a Free or an Accepted Mason.
 Antiquity's Pride
 We have on our Side,
 It makes a Man Just in his Station;
 There's nought but what's Good
 To be understood
 By a Free or an Accepted Mason.
 Then Joyn Hand in Hand,
 T'each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on;

What Mortal can boast
So noble a Toast,
As a Free or an Accepted Mason?

THE MODEL MASON

By BRO. ROB. MORRIS

There's a fine old Mason in the land, he's genial, wise and true,
His list of brothers comprehends, dear brothers, me and you;
So warm his heart the snow blast fails to chill his generous blood,
And his hand is like a giant's when outstretched to man or God;—
Reproach nor blame, nor any shame, has checked his course or
dimmed his fame—
All honor to his name!

This fine old Mason is but one of a large family:
In every lodge you'll find his kin, you'll find them two or three;
You'll know them when you see them, for they have their father's
face,
A generous knack of speaking truth and doing good always;—
Reproach nor blame, nor any shame, has checked their course or
dimmed their fame—
Freemason is their name!

Ah, many an orphan smiles upon the kindred as they pass;
And many a widow's prayers confess the sympathizing grace;
The FATHER of this Brotherhood himself is joyed to see
Their works—they're numbered all in Heaven, those deeds of charity!
Reproach nor blame, nor any shame, there check their course or dim
their fame—
All honor to their name!

THE FIVE POINTS SYMBOLISM

By BRO. N. A. MCAULAY

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, October, 1916)

Foot to foot that we may go,
Where our help we can bestow:

Pointing out the better way,
Lest our brothers go astray.
 Thus our steps should always lead
 To the souls that are in need.

Knee to knee, that we may share
Every brother's needs in prayer:
Giving all his wants a place,
When we seek the throne of grace.
 In our thoughts from day to day
 For each other we should pray.

Breast to breast, to there conceal,
What our lips must not reveal;
When a brother does confide,
We must by his will abide.
 Mason's secrets to us known,
 We must cherish as our own.

Hand to back, our love to show
To the brother, bending low:
Underneath a load of care,
Which we may and ought to share.
 That the weak may always stand,
 Let us lend a helping hand.

Cheek to cheek, or mouth to ear,
That our lips may whisper cheer,
To our brother in distress:
Whom our words can aid and bless.
 Warn him if he fails to see,
 Dangers that are known to thee.

Foot to foot, and knee to knee,
Breast to breast, as brothers we:
Hand to back and mouth to ear,
Then that mystic word we hear,
 Which we otherwise conceal,
 But on these five points reveal.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT!”

By BRO. CUMMINGS

(From *The Voice of Masonry*, 1894)

Brother, kneel before the altar,
 In silence grave.
 Show no weakness. Do not falter
 Like cowan knave.
 Honest brethren stand around you,
 With heart and hand,
 Ready to encourage, aid you,
 A noble band.
 Here you need not fear deception —
 All are true —
 Every brother here assembled
 Knelt like you.
 With throbbing hearts they silent listen
 To your voice,
 As you tell in earnest whisper,
 Your free choice.
 Gently loose the new made brother
 From his cord,
 He is bound by stronger fetters,
 On GOD's Word.
 Harken to the Master's language:
 “Pray for Light,”
 Responsive voices chant the echo:
 “Let there be Light.”
 Welcome, brother, to our household,
 You are Free;
 May it ever prove a blessing
 Unto thee.

I SAT IN LODGE WITH YOU

By BRO. WILBUR D. NESBIT

There is a saying filled with cheer,
 Which calls a man to fellowship.
 It means as much for him to hear
 As lies within the brother-grip.

Nay, more! It opens wide the way
To friendliness sincere and true;
There are no strangers when you say
To me: "I sat in lodge with you."

When that is said, then I am known;
There is not questioning or doubt;
I need not walk my path alone
Nor from my fellows be shut out.
Those words hold all of brotherhood
And help me face the world anew—
There's something deep and rich and good
In this: "I sat in lodge with you."

Though in far lands one needs must roam,
By sea and shore and hill and plain,
Those words bring him a touch of home
And lighten tasks that seem in vain.
Men's faces are no longer strange
But seem as those he always knew
When some one rings the joyous change
With his: "I sat in lodge with you."

So you, my brother, now and then
Have often put me in your debt
By showing forth to other men
That you your friends do not forget.
When all the world seems gray and cold
And I am weary, worn and blue,
Then comes this golden thought I hold—
You said: "I sat in lodge with you."

When to the last great lodge you fare
My prayer is that I may be
One of your friends who wait you there,
Intent your smiling face to see.
We, with the warder at the gate,
Will have a pleasant task to do;
We'll call, though you come soon or late:
"Come in! We sat in lodge with you!"

(Copyright)

TRY THE SQUARE

By BRO. DAVID BARKER

(From *Brotherhood*, New York City, May, 1916)

Is a Brother off the track?
Try the Square;
Try it well on every side.
Nothing draws a craftsman back
Like the Square when well applied.
Try the Square.

Is he crooked, is he frail?
Try the Square.
Try it early, try it late;
When all other efforts fail,
Try the Square to make him straight—
Try the Square.

Does he still persist in wrong?
Try the Square.
Loves he darkness more than light?
Try it thorough, try it long.
Try the Square to make him right—
Try the Square.

Fails the Square to bring him in?
Try the Square.
Be not sparing of the pains;
While there's any work to do,
While a crook or knot remains—
Try the Square.

APPRENTICE DEGREE

THE TRAVEL

Through midnight dark I feebly grope my way
Oppressed with fear;
I dread to go, and yet I dare not stay
With danger near;

Eternal Father! guide my feet aright,
And lead me, step by step, up to the Light.

I do not know the secret path I tread
Thro' scenes unknown,
I humbly wander whither I am led —
Thy power I own;
Eternal Father! guide me through this night,
And lead me, step by step, up to the Light.

The World, its pride and passions, wealth and power,
All, all are gone;
Blind, poor, and weak I trust, in this dread hour,
On Thee alone;
Eternal Father! guide me in Thy Might,
And lead me, step by step, up to the Light.

FELLOWCRAFT DEGREE

THE TRAVEL

Onward moves the whole Creation,
Working out the eternal plan;
Sun and planet, stream and ocean,
Flower and forest, beast and man,
Never resting, ever going
Forward on their destined way;
Spring to Summer-glory growing,
Morn merging into Day.

Forward, Brother, then be going,
To the might of manhood move;
And thy going be 't in growing,
And thy growing be 't in love.

THE MASTER DEGREE

THE TRAVEL

Life's brief moments, swiftly flying,
Speed us near and nearer Death;
Earth and Time are quickly dying,
Passing like a vapour breath.

Earth and all its passions perish,
Time and all its duties cease;
Wealth and power, that mankind cherish,
Bring us here no joy and peace.

Swift, swifter still, at every breath,
Near, and more near, steals silent Death;
Help! help us now, O Thou Most High!
In this dread hour of mystery.

THE BUILDERS

By BRO. CHARLES F. FORSHAW, M. D., Baltimore House, Bradford,
Eng., August 14th, 1916

(From *Masonic Sun*, Toronto, Can., October, 1916)

If in the rearing of an edifice
We form one stone that makes the perfect whole;
To us 'twould be the beau-ideal of bliss
And prove glad unction to the work-worn soul.
A Temple with proportions just and true
Can but erected be by Masons skilled,
Instructed by an Architect who knew
Exactly how to tell them what to build.
And he taught us—however small the stone—
To plumb and level by th' unerring Square—
To make it pattern, so that all might own
'T was strong and beautiful beyond compare,—
With Chisel and with Gavel we have wrought
To gain "Well Done,"—The Tongue of Good Report.

THE PALACE

By BRO. RUDYARD KIPLING

(From his *Collected Verse*)

When I was a King and a Mason—
A Master Proven and skilled—
I cleared me ground for a Palace
Such as a King should build.

I decreed and dug down to my levels;
Presently, under the silt,
I came on the wreck of a Palace,
Such as a King had built.

There was no worth in the fashion—
There was no wit in the plan;
Hither and thither, aimless,
The ruined footings ran.
Masonry, brute, mishandled,
But carven on every stone,
“After me cometh a Builder;
Tell him I, too, have known.”

Swift to my use in my trenches,
Where my well-planned groundworks grew,
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlar,
And cut and rest them anew.
Lime I milled of his marbles;
Burned it, slacked it, and spread;
Taking and leaving at pleasure
The gifts of the humble dead.

Yet, I despised not nor gloried
Yet, as we wrenched them apart,
I read in the razed foundation
The heart of that builder's heart.
As he has risen and pleaded,
So did I understand
The form of the dream he had followed
In the face of the thing he had planned.

When I was a King and a Mason,
In the open noon of my pride,
They sent me a Word from the Darkness—
They whispered and called me aside.
They said, “The end is forbidden.”
They said, “Thy use is fulfilled.
Thy Palace shall stand as that other's—
The spoil of a King who shall build.”

I called my men from my trenches,
 My quarries, my wharves, and my sheers;
 All I had wrought I abandoned
 To the faith of the faithless years.
 Only I cut on the timber—
 Only I carved on the stone:
 "After me cometh a Builder;
 Tell him I, too, have known!"
 (Copyrighted)

IS IT MASONRY?

By BRO. F. G. OLIVER

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, March, 1915)

Is it Masonry
 To dare to take God's name in vain,
 Or be careful of our speech;
 From evil thoughts and words refrain,
 And practice what we preach?

Is it Masonry
 To boast of your fine jewels,
 Or purify your heart;
 To be a man and Mason
 And act a Mason's part?

Is it Masonry
 To fail to help your brothers,
 Or your obligations fill?
 To leave it for the others,
 Or mean and say "I will"?

TUBAL CAIN

By BRO. REV. CHARLES MACKEY

(From *Masonic Bulletin*, Des Moines, Iowa, April, 1915)

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
 In the days when earth was young;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright

The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield these well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free;
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! Hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind;
And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe,
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face
And a bright, courageous eye,

And bared his strong arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high,
 And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
 And the red sparks lit the air;
 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made."
 And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And the men taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And ploughed the willing lands.
 And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
 Our staunch good friend is he;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough,
 To him our praise shall be;
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword!"

GOD'S FREEMASONRY

By BRO. H. L. HAYWOOD

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, December, 1918)

Here in a lodge of pines I sit;
 The canopy thrown over it
 Is heaven's own of very blue;
 Due east and west its precincts lie
 And always the all-seeing eye
 Of summer's sun is shining through.

Its portals open to the west;
 The chipmunk, gray and sober dressed,
 The tyler is: You see him dodge
 To challenge every new alarm:
 He has no sword upon his arm
 But well he guards this secret lodge.

Our master is that giant pine
Who bends o'er us with mien divine
 To keep the lodge in order trim:
His wardens are two gray-beard birch
Who sit like elders in a church
 Or make decorous bows to him.

The deacons are two slender trees,
Who move about whene'er the breeze
 Brings orders from the master's seat;
Our organist? Where thickest glooms
Are darkening in the pine top's plumes
 The brother winds our music beat.

Whoever knocks upon the door
To learn the ancient wildwood lore,
 That one he is our candidate:
We strip him of his city gear,
And meet him on the level here,
 Then to our ways initiate.

We slip the hoodwink from his eye
And bid him look on earth and sky
 To read the hieroglyphics there;
More ancient these than Golden Fleece
Or Roman Eagle, Tyre, or Greece,
 Or Egypt old beyond compare.

On grass and stone and flower and sod
Is written down by hand of God
 The secrets of this Masonry;
Who has the hoodwink from his eyes
May in these common things surprise
 The awful signs of Deity.

Here bird and plant and man and beast
Are seeking their Eternal East:
 And here in springtime may be heard,
By him who doth such teachings seek
With praying heart, and wise, and meek,
 The thundering of the old Lost Word.

All things that in creation are
From smallest fly to largest star,
In this fellowship may be
For all that floweth out from Him,
From dust to man and seraphim
Belong to God's freemasonry.

AN OLD MASONIC TOAST

"To him that all things understood,
To him that found the stone and wood,
To him that hapless lost his blood
In doing of his duty.
To that blest age, and that blest morn
Wherein those three great men were born,
Our noble science to adorn
With Wisdom, Strength and Beauty."

MASON MARKS

ANONYMOUS

They're traced in lines on the Parthenon;
Inscribed by the subtle Greek;
And Roman legions have carved them on
Walls, roads and arch antique;
Long ere the Goth, with vandal hand,
Gave scope to his envy dark,
The Mason craft in many a land
Has graven its Mason mark.

The obelisk old and the pyramids,
Around which a mystery clings, —
The Hieroglyphs on the coffin lids
Of weird Egyptian kings, —

Syria, Carthage and Pompeii,
Buried and strewn and stark,
Have marble records that will not die,
Their primitive Mason mark.

Upon column and frieze and capital,
In the eye of the chaste volute, —
On Scotia's curve, or an astrogal,
Or in triglyp's channel acute, —
Cut somewhere on the entablature,
And oft, like a sudden spark,
Flashing a light on a date obscure,
Shines many a Mason mark.

These craftsmen old had a genial whim,
That nothing could e'er destroy,
With a love of their art that naught could dim,
They toiled with a chronic joy;
Nothing was too complex to essay,
In aught they dashed to embark;
They triumphed on many an Appian Way,
Where they'd left their Mason mark.

Crossing the Alps like Hannibal,
Or skirting the Pyranees,
On peak and plain, in crypt and cell,
On foot or on bandaged knees; —
From Tiber to Danube, from Rhine to Seine,
They needed no "letters of marque;" —
Their art was their passport in France and Spain,
And in Britain their Mason mark.

The monolith gray and Druid chair,
The pillars and towers of Gael,
In Ogham occult their age they bear,
That time can only reveal.
Live on, old monuments of the past,
Our beacons through ages dark!
In primal majesty still you'll last,
Endeared by each Mason mark.

“UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE”

By BRO. GEORGE SANFORD HOLMES

(Dedicated to the Denver Orphans' Home)

(From *The Square & Compass*, Denver, Colo., December, 1921)

Hail, Craftsman, hail! Canst thou in honor say
Thou hast fulfilled the glory of this day,
Ere thou hast heard the plea of those who miss
A mother's holy love, a father's kiss?

Tho' from thy lavish hand such riches pour
As even princes had not known before,
Hast thou much given while a Brother's child
Wakes to a dawn on which Christ has not smiled?
If thou hast children, or the memories
Of dear soft lips that once thy cheek didst know,
Give to the orphaned waifs and thou wilt please
The Master who hath said long, long ago:
“As ye have done it to the least of these,
Thus ye have done it unto Me also.”

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

By WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

A fire-mist and a planet—
A crystal and a cell
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The rich ripe tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—

And all over the uplands and lowland
 The charm of the golden rod —
 Some of us call it Autumn,
 And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
 When the moon is new and thin,
 Into our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in —
 Come from the mystic ocean
 Whose rim no foot has trod —
 Some of us call it Longing,
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty —
 A mother starved for her brood —
 Socrates drinking the hemlock
 And Jesus on the rood;
 And millions who, humble and nameless,
 The straight hard pathway plod —
 Some call it Consecration,
 And others call it God.

To this beautiful conception, Deputy Grand Master Roe Fulkerson, Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, has added the following inspiration:

Brethren banded together
 Hand in hand for good,
 Joined for mankind's uplift,
 United in brotherhood.
 Each of the band a builder,
 Faces turned from the sod;
 Some folks call it Masonry
 And others call it God.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

(From *The Freemason's Repository* for 1797)

Let there be light! the Almighty spoke —
 Refulgent streams from chaos broke,

To illume the rising earth!
Well pleased the Great Jehovah stood,
The Power Supreme pronounced it good,
And gave the planets birth!
In choral numbers Masons join
To bless and praise this Light Divine.

Parent of light! accept our praise,
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays—
The light that fills the mind!
By choice selected, lo! we stand,
By Friendship joined, a mystic band,
That love, that aid mankind!
In choral numbers Masons join
To bless and praise this Light Divine.

The Widow's tears we often dry,
The Orphan's wants our hands supply,
As far as power is given;
The naked clothe, the prisoner free—
These are our works, sweet Charity!
Reveal'd to us from Heaven!
In choral numbers Masons join
To bless and praise this Light Divine.

THE APRON SYMBOLISM

By BRO. N. A. MCAULAY

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, December, 1916)

More ancient than the Golden Fleece
Whose story shines in classic lore:
Or Roman Eagle—which portrayed
Chivalric deeds in days of yore.

More honored than the Knightly Star,
Or Royal Garter, it must be;
A symbol you should fondly keep
From spot and stain forever free.

It may be that in coming years,
As time shall all your labors test:
That laurel leaves of Victory
Shall on your brow in honor rest.

Yea, from your breast may jewels hang
Fit any diadem to grace:
And sparkling gems of beauty rare
May on your person find a place.

Nay more, perchance with coming light,
Your feet may tread the path of fame:
Which in our Mystic order leads
To glory, and an honored name.

Yes, on your shoulders there may rest
The purple which we hold so dear:
That ensign which our progress marks
In high fraternal Circles here.

But never more can you receive
From mortal hand while here below:
An emblem which such honor brings
As this one—which I now bestow.

Until your spirit shall have passed
Beyond the pearly gates above:
May this the "Badge of Innocence"
Remind you of your vows of love.

'Tis yours to wear throughout your life,
'Til death shall call your soul to God:
Then on your casket to be placed,
When you shall sleep beneath the sod.

Its spotless surface is a type
Of that which marks a noble mind:
The rectitude of heart and life,
Which in its teachings you should find.

And when at last your weary feet
 Shall reach the goal awaiting all:
 And from your tired nerveless grasp
 The working tools of life shall fall.

May then the record of your life,
 Reflect the pure and spotless white
 Of this fair token which I place
 Within your keeping here tonight.

And as your naked soul shall stand
 Before the great white throne of light;
 And judgment for the deeds of earth
 Shall issue there—to bless or blight;

Then may you hear the Welcome Voice
 That tells of endless joys begun,
 As God shall own your faithfulness,
 And greet you with the words, "Well Done."

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE

By BRO. ROB. MORRIS

(This poem, written in August, 1854, is the most popular of all written by the Masonic laureate.)

We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square;
 What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are!
 Come, let us contemplate them! they are worthy of a thought;
 In the very walls of Masonry the sentiment is wrought.

We meet upon the Level, though from every station come,
 The rich man from his palace and the poor man from his home;
 For the *rich* must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door,
 And the *poor* man finds his best respect upon the Checkered Floor.

We act upon the Plumb—'tis the orders of our Guide—
 We walk upright in virtue's way and lean to neither side;
 Th' All-Seeing Eye that reads our hearts doth bear us witness true,
 That we still try to honor God and give each man his due.

We part upon the Square, for the world must have its due;
We mingle with the multitude, a faithful band and true;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long upon the Level to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying towards it fast,
We shall meet upon the Level there, when the gates of Death are
passed;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer with His own unerring Square.

We shall meet upon the Level there, but never thence depart;
There's a Mansion—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart—
There's a Mansion, and a Welcome, and a multitude is there
Who have met upon the Level, and been tried upon the Square.

Let us meet upon the Level, then, while laboring patient here;
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our Working Tools and part upon the Square.

Hands round, ye faithful Brotherhood, the bright fraternal chain,
We part upon the Square below, to meet in heaven again!
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are—
We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square.

“BOBBY” BURNS ON THE APRON

There's mony a badge that's unco braw,
Wi' ribbon, lace and tape on,
Let Kings and Princes wear them a',
Gie me the Master's apron!
The honest Craftsman's apron,
The jolly Freemason's apron,
Bide he at home, or road afar,
Before his touch fa's bolt an' bar,
The gates of fortune fly ajar,
'Gin he wears the apron!
For wealth an' honor, pride an' power
Are crumbling stone to base on;
Fraternity should rule the hour

And ilka worthy Mason!
 Each Free Accepted Mason,
 Each Ancient Crafted Mason.
 Then brithers let a halesome song
 Arise your friendly ranks along,
 Gudewives and bairns blithely sing
 Ti' the ancient badge wi' the apron string
 That is worn by the Master Mason.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE

An Ode to an Ode

By BRO. L. B. MITCHELL

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, February, 1917)

"We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square, —
 What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,"
 And they still are ringing, ringing as the Craft today doth know
 As they did when Morris sang them more than fifty years ago.

"We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square,"
 Did the Bard who caught the meaning and who flung it out so fair,
 Did the vision of the REAL that the years so soon should see
 Give the Poet the perspective of what IS and is to be?

"We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square,"
 In its true symbolic meaning was unfolded with such care,
 That it carried with its rhythm and its setting into song
 The true spirit that will ever to the Mystic Art belong.

"We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square;"
 With the Plumb in the triangle 'mong the symbols gleaming there,
 All their meanings were embellished for the Craft for coming time
 Through the Art and through the Poet of the Art that is sublime.

"We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square"
 Carries with it the momentum that the Bard transcribed so fair,
 Carries with it, upright ever by the true, unerring Plumb
 All that lies in mortal vision of the Masonry to come.

"We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square"
In its meaning has been finding hearts responsive everywhere;
It has met a nature longing in the hungry human heart
Undiscovered till 'twas written into real Masonic Art.

"We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square,"
On the Level as it finds us; on the Square as we repair
To our stations in the Temple, to our stations in the world,
Upright in the light of heaven flashing in the gems impearled.

"We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square"
Is the answer of the ages to its longing and its prayer.
The solution of the problem of the world's unrest today
Must be solved by this same token for there is no other way.

Let us then be forging, forging stronger still the Mystic chain,
For the glory of the meeting and the work that doth remain.
In the spirit of the Poet let us do our work with care
"As we meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square."

THE THREE GREAT LIGHTS

(From *The S. A. Masonic Journal*)

The Three Great Lights will guide our steps
Through life's uncertain way,
And bring us safe at length to see
The bright, eternal day.

The Holy Book our fathers read
With undimmed faith, today
Make clear our sight that we may know
Its precepts to obey.

With square of virtue, try our acts
And make them meet the test;
There is no other cause that leads
To Islands of the Blest.

Between the lines that represent
The longest, shortest day,
Keep circumscribed by compasses
That we go not astray.

The Three Great Lights will guide our steps
Through life's uncertain way,
And bring us safe at length to see
The bright, eternal day.

THE APRON

By BRO. J. HUBERT SCOTT

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, October, 1915)

Guard thou this Apron even as thy soul!
High Badge it is of an undaunted band,
Which, from the dawn of dim forgotten time,
Has struggled upward in a quest of light;—
Light that is found in reverence of Self,
Unselfish Brother-love, and love of God.
This light now on thine Apron shines undimmed;
Let ne'er a shadow intercept its beams.
Thine eyes late saw the Sun burst from the East,
Marking the Morn of thy Masonic day,
Calling thee forth to labor with thy peers,
Gird then thy lambskin on; nor fail to find
In it a thought of brooks and sweet clean fields,
Haunts of this lamb through many a sunny hour.
Find in it, too, a nobler thought of Him
The Light ineffable, that Lamb of God,
Immaculate, unstained by shame or sin,
Who, dying, left ensample to all men
Who would build lives in purity and truth.
In Wisdom plan thy Apprentice task; divide
Thy time with care, thy moments spend as though
Each day were lifelong, life but as a day.
In purity of heart and sheer integrity
Use thou the gavel on each stubborn edge,

Divesting thought of aught perchance might stain,
 Or scar, or tear this badge of shining white.
 At Midday in the Craft's high fellowship,
 Gird round thy life these bands of loyal blue,
 Uniting with thee all to thee akin.
 Strong in a deepening knowledge, bend thy skill
 To leveling false pride in place attained,
 To squaring thy foundations with the truth,
 To setting each new stone in rectitude.
 When in the West the Evening turns to gold
 And beautifies what Strength and Wisdom reared,
 Pause not, but search thy trestle-board, God's plan;
 And ply with solemn joy thy master tools,
 Earth's many cementing into heaven's one.
 Full soon an unseen Hand shall gently stay
 Thine arm; and on thine Apron, scutcheon bright,
 Shall rest the Allseeing Eye, adjudging there
 The blazoned record of thy workmanship.
 Anon, thy Sun goes out and brothers lay,
 With thee, thine Apron in the breast of earth,
 Among the forgetful archives of the dust.

* * *

Wear worthily this thy Masonic badge,
 While still thy body toils to build thy soul
 A mansion bright, beyond the gates of death,
 No edifice that crumbles back to clay,
 But a glorious house eternal in the skies.
 These, now, be Mason's wages; when from his hands
 Forever fall the working tools of life,
 Arising, to ascend to loftier work;—
 From out the lowly quarries to be called
 To labor in the City of the King;—
 Glad in the light of one long endless day,
 To serve anew the Celestial Architect
 And Sovereign Master of the Lodge Above:

* * *

Thy portion, Brother, may it be to hear
 These welcome words, when the great Judge shall scan
 Thy work, "Well done! Thou good and faithful servant,
 Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE PLUMB

By BRO. NEAL A. MCAULAY

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, August, 1915)

Build up your life like the temple of old
 With stones that are polished and true;
 Cement it with love, and adorn it with gold
 As all Master builders should do:
 Upon a foundation, well chosen and strong,
 Build now for the ages to come:
 Make use of the good, while rejecting the wrong—
 And test all your work with the plumb.

THE LODGE ROOM OVER SIMPKIN'S STORE

By BRO. LAWRENCE N. GREENLEAF

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, November, 1916)

The plainest lodge room in the land was over Simpkin's store,
 Where Friendship Lodge had met each month for fifty years or more;
 When o'er the earth the moon, full-orbed, had cast her brightest beam
 The brethren came from miles around on horseback and in team,
 And ah! what hearty grasp of hand, what welcome met them there;
 As mingling with the waiting groups they slowly mount the stair
 Exchanging fragmentary news or prophecies of crop,
 Until they reach the Tiler's room and current topics drop,
 To turn their thoughts to nobler themes they cherish and adore,
 And which were heard on meeting night up over Simpkin's store:

To city eyes, a cheerless room, long usage had defaced
 The tell-tale line of lath and beam on wall and ceiling traced,
 The light from oil-fed lamps was dim and yellow in its hue,
 The carpet once could pattern boast, though now 'twas lost to view;
 The altar and the pedestals that marked the stations three,
 The gate-post pillars topped with balls, the rude-carved letter G,
 Where village joiner's clumsy work, with many things beside,
 Where beauty's lines were all effaced and ornament denied.
 There could be left no lingering doubt, if doubt there was before,
 The plainest lodge room in the land was over Simpkin's store.

While musing thus on outward form the meeting time drew near,
 And we had a glimpse of inner life through watchful eye and ear.
 When lodge convened at gavel's sound with officers in place,
 We looked for strange, conglomerate work, but could no errors trace.
 The more we saw, the more we heard, the greater our amaze,
 To find those country brethren there so skilled in Mason's ways.
 But greater marvels were to come before the night was through,
 Where unity was not mere name, but fell on earth like dew,
 Where tenets had the mind imbued, and truths rich fruitage bore,
 In the plainest lodge room in the land, up over Simpkin's store.

To hear the record of their acts was music to the ear,
 We sing of deeds unwritten which on angel's scroll appear,
 A widow's case—four helpless ones—lodge funds were running low—
 A dozen brethren sprang to feet and offers were not slow.
 Food, raiment, things of needful sort, while one gave loads of wood,
 Another, shoes for little ones, for each gave what he could.
 Then spake the last: "I haven't things like these to give—but then,
 Some ready money may help out"—and he laid down a ten.
 Were brother cast on darkest square upon life's checkered floor,
 A beacon light to reach the white—was over Simpkin's store.

Like scoffer who remained to pray, impressed by sight and sound,
 The faded carpet 'neath our feet was now like holy ground.
 The walls that had such dingy look were turned celestial blue,
 The ceiling changed to canopy where stars were shining through.
 Bright tongues of flame from altar leaped, the G was vivid blaze,
 All common things seemed glorified by heaven's reflected rays.
 O! wondrous transformation wrought through ministry of love—
 Behold the Lodge Room Beautiful!—fair type of that above.
 The vision fades—the lesson lives—while taught as ne'er before,
 In the plainest lodge room in the land—up over Simpkin's store.

MASONRY

By BRO. JAMES ALSTON CABELL, Past Grand Master of the Grand
 Lodge of Virginia

(From *The Square & Compass*, Denver, Colo., July, 1922)

Three thousand years have rolled away upon the tide of time
 Since Masonry began her march of noble deeds sublime;

And though the angry showers of war have swept the earth with fire,
Her temple stands unscathed, unhurt, with sunlight on its spire.
Ten thousand widows in their words have blessed her advent here,
And many a homeless orphan's heart has owned her tender care,
Full many a frail and erring son to dissipation given
Has heard her warning voice and turned his wayward thoughts to
heaven.

Long may her beauteous temple stand to light this darkened sphere,
To gild the gloom of error's night and dry the falling tear.
And when the final winds of time shall sweep this reeling ball,
Oh, may its glittering spires be the last on earth to fall!

THE CRADLE AND THE CHARGE

By BRO. L. B. MITCHELL

(From *Oriental Consistory Magazine*, Sept., 1920)

So long as our Masonic Temples stand,
So long as lives the Ancient Order grand,
So long will float the Flag of Freedom's right
Which was, by them, in time past, brought to Light,

This potent power stands now behind the Flag,
And if so be a hand shall dare to drag
It from its place on Freedom's starry sky
The Craftsman will demand the "reason why."

The Flag speaks for the Spirit of the Free, —
The old-time thought of true Fraternity;
And it will live beneath it in the "West"
Forever for that which is noblest, best.

And so we'll trust in Masonry to be
Four-square for aye to righteous Liberty.
Its Cradle was by them rocked in the past
And they will guard their Charge while time shall last.

"WE ARE TWO BROTHERS"

By BRO. H. L. HAYWOOD

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa)

Give me your hand:
You are rich; I am poor:
Your wealth is your power, and by it you tread
A wide open path: where for me is a door
That is locked: and before it are worry and dread.
We are sundered, are we,
As two men can be
But we are two brothers in Freemasonry
So give me your hand.

Give me your hand:
You are great: I'm unknown:
You travel abroad with a permanent fame;
I go on a way unlauded, alone,
With hardly a man to hear of my name:
We are sundered, are we,
As two men can be,
But we are two brothers in Freemasonry
So give me your hand.

Give me your hand:
You are old; I am young;
The years in your heart their wisdom have sown;
But knowledge speaks not by my faltering tongue,
And small is the wisdom I claim as my own:
We are sundered, are we,
As two men can be,
But we are two brothers in Freemasonry
So give me your hand.

LODGE WELCOME TO LADIES

By BRO. ROB. MORRIS

It is in our hearts, dear sisters,
While the Mason chain is bright,
To give our warmest welcome
To the best beloved, to-night;

To the wife, so fondly cherished,
 To the daughter, sister, true,
 To the faithful, tender-hearted —
 Shall I say the word? — *to you.*

We acknowledge countless blessings
 From the Bounteous Hand above;
 Our bond was first cemented
 By Divine assent and love;
 We are grateful, truly grateful,
 For all gifts He doth bestow,
 But our warmest thanks are given —
 Shall I say the word? — *for you.*

The woes of life are many,
 Thronging dark on every side,
 In tears, and sighs, and broken hearts,
 And sorrows far and wide;
 The Mason's hand is generous,
 But most freely we bestow,
 When the appeal is made us —
 Shall I say the word? — *by you.*

Our brotherhood is countless,
 From the east unto the west;
 In every land, and clime, and tongue,
 They range among the best;
 And every man a hundred miles
 On frosty sod will go,
 To give you help, or win a smile —
 Shall I say the word? — *from you.*

Then hail! Adoptive Masonry,
 That brings us here together;
 May manly arms 'round lovely forms
 Protect from stormy weather;
 And when, adown the hill of life,
 Our tottering feet shall go,
 May our weary steps be comforted —
 Shall I say the word? — *by you.*

THE CORNERSTONE

By BRO. R. J. McLAUGHLIN

(From *The Detroit Masonic News*, Sept., 1922)

We have laid the stone all truly with a Master Craftsman's care,
We have tested it and tried it by the level, plumb and square,
We have made a firm foundation for our children's children's toil
And empty poured the vessels of their corn and wine and oil.

What further is remaining save stone on stone to rear
That soon the finished building in its glory shall appear?
What more to do than giving to this pile its latest touch
And a Voice that stirs the stillness makes this answer, "There is much."

"There is work to do, my brothers, wrought of neither stone nor steel
And never dome nor tower can its majesty reveal,
For this, the nobler labor, ere his toil can make it whole,
Must be performed in darkness in the Master Craftsman's soul."

"There are works of loving-kindness and of charity and good
And a structure to be builded with the stones of brotherhood,
For this mighty Temple's fabric is an empty, mocking shell
Unless within it there be built a shrine of souls as well."

Take heed, then, Master Craftsmen, when this Temple shall arise
With its brave and gleaming towers pointing grandly to the skies,
Let yourselves compose the structure, let yourselves the Temple be,
That shall stand in great proportions unto all Eternity.

THE FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP

By BRO. ROB. MORRIS

Joyful task it is, dear brothers
Thus to take upon the lip
With full heart, and fitting gesture,
All our points of fellowship.
Foot and knee, breast, hand, and cheek
Each a measured part shall speak:

Speak of answering mercy's call;
Speak of prayer for Mason's all;
Speak of keeping secrets duly;
Speak of stretching strong hand truly;
Speak of whispering the unruly.

Foot to foot: 'tis Mercy's mandate,
When is heard the plaintive sigh,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, naked,
On the wings of aid to fly;
Hasten, mitigate the grief—
Hasten, bear him quick relief!
Quick with bread to feed the hungry;
Quick with raiment for the naked;
Quick with shelter for the homeless;
Quick with heart's deep sympathy.

Knee to knee: in silence praying,
Lord, give listening ear that day!
Every earthly stain confessing,
For all tempted Masons pray!
Perish envy, perish hate,
For all Masons supplicate.
Bless them, Lord upon the ocean;
Bless them perishing in the desert;
Bless them falling 'neath temptation;
Bless them when about to die!

Breast to breast: in holy casket
At life's center strongly held,
Every sacred thing intrusted,
Sealed by faith's unbroken seal;
What you promised God to shield
Suffer, die, but never yield.
Never yield whate'er the trial;
Never yield whate'er the number;
Never yield though foully threatened,
Even at the stroke of death.

Hand to back: A brother falling—
His misfortune is too great,
Stretch the generous hand, sustain him,
Quick, before it is too late.

Like a strong, unfaltering prop,
 Hold the faltering brother up.
 Hold him up; stand like a column;
 Hold him up; there's good stuff in him;
 Hold him with his head toward heaven;
 Hold him with the lion's grip.

Cheek to cheek: O, when the tempter
 Comes, a brother's soul to win,
 With a timely whisper warn him
 Of the dark and deadly sin.
 Extricate him from the snare,
 Save him with fraternal care.
 Save him—heavenly powers invoke you—
 Save him—man is worth the saving
 Save him—breathe your spirit in him
 As you'd have your God save you.

This completes the obligation;
 Brothers, lest you let it slip,
 Fasten on tenacious memory
 All our points of Fellowship;
 Foot and knee, breast, hand, and cheek—
 Foot and knee, breast, hand, and cheek.

ORARE, LABORARE, CANTARE

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE

Three blissful words I name to thee
 Three words of potent charm,
 From carking care thy heart to free,
 Thy life to shield from harm.
 Whoso these blissful words may know,
 A bold, bright-fronted face shall show,
 And, shod with peace, shall safely go
 Through fire and wild alarm.

First, ere thy forward thou move,
 And wield thine arm of might,
 Lift up thy heart to God above
 That all thy ways be right,

To the prime source of life and power
Let thy soul rise, even as a flower,
That skyward climbs in sunny hour,
And seeks the genial light.

Then gird thy loins to manly toil,
And in the toil have joy;
Greet hardships with a winning smile
And love the stern employ.
Thy glory this,—the harsh to tame
And by wise stroke and technic flame
In God-like labors fruitful name
Old Chaos to destroy.

Then mid thy workshop's dusty din,
Where Titan stream hath sway,
Croon to thyself a song within,
Or pour the lusty lay;
Even as a bird that cheerily sings
In narrow cage, nor frets its wings,
But with full-breasted joyance sings
Its soul unto the day.

For lofty things let others strive
With roll of vauntful drum;
Keep thou thy heart, a honeyed hive,
Like bee with busy hum.
Chase not the bliss with wistful eyes
That ever lures and ever flies,
But in the present joy be wise,
And let the future come!

THE AULD LODGE

Written by BRO. GEORGE JACK, D. M., of Mother Kilwinning
Lodge No. O, of Kilwinning, Scotland, in 1893, on moving into the
new lodge hall.

The auld lodge, the auld lodge,
Auld, auld, though you may be,
There ne'er can be a new lodge
E'en half sae dear tae me,

Oh soon, oh soon, ye'll be nae mair,
 The house I lo'ed saw dear,
 And naething left tae tell us then
 The place where once you were.

Oh, weel I mind when I was young,
 My memory still retains
 O' brithers that are noo awa'
 Tae their lang, lanely hame.
 And when I think on former years,
 My heart seems tae get foo,
 Tae leave yo noo in your auld age—
 Na mair tae meet in you.

But we maun leave you, auld lodge,
 For ane that's granner noo,
 Nae mair tae meet within your wa's,
 Nor homage pay tae you.
 Sae, fare you weel noo, auld lodge,
 Tae you I bid adieu,
 Till this life ends on earth below
 I will remember you.

THE EBONY STAFF OF SOLOMON

By OWEN MEREDITH

King Solomon stood in his crown of gold,
 Between the pillars, before the altar,
 In the House of the Lord. And the King was old
 And his strength began to falter,
 So that he leaned upon his ebony staff,
 Sealed with the seal of the Pentagraph.

And the King stood still as a carven king,
 The carven cedar beams below,
 In his purple robes, with his signet ring,
 And his beard as white as snow;
 And his face to the Oracle where the Hymn
 Dies under the wings of the Cherubim.

And it came to pass as the King stood there,
And looked on the house he had built with pride,
That the hand of the Lord came unaware,
And touched him so that he died,
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
And the crown wherewith they had crowned him King.

And the stream of the folk that came and went,
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise,
Went softly over in wonderment,
For the King stood there always;
And it was solemn and strange to behold
The dead King crowned with a crown of gold

For he leaned on his ebony staff upright,
And over his shoulders the purple robe,
And his hair and his beard were both snow-white,
And the fame of him filled the globe;
So that no one dare touch him, though he was dead,
He looked so royal about the head!

And the moons were changed and the year rolled on,
And the new King reigned in the old King's stead,
And men were married and buried anon,
But the King stood stark and dead;
Leaning upright on his ebony staff,
Preserved by the sign of the Pentagraph.

And the stream of life, as it went and came
Ever for worship and praise and prayer,
Was awed by the face and the fear and the fame
Of the dead King standing there;
For his hair was so white and his eyes were so cold
That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

So King Solomon stood up, dead in the house
Of the Lord, held there by the Pentagraph,
Until out from the pillar there came an old mouse,
And gnawed through his ebony staff;
Then flat on his face the King fell down,
And they picked from the dust a golden crown!

ACROSTIC

By L. B. M.

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, March, 1916)

G rander than the lines that Pythagoras drew,
 E ngraved on the hearts that ever are true,
 O nward and beyond the science it ran, —
 M asonry, the nature religion of man.
 E nter thy temple, sweet spirit, and there
 T ry us by compasses, level and square.
 R ightly interpreting our mystical art
 Y ou can speculate on with happy heart.

THE TEMPLE

By BRO. LAWRENCE N. GREENLEAF

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, March, 1916)

The Temple made of wood and stone may crumble and decay,
 But there's a viewless fabric which shall never fade away,
 Age after age each Mason strives to carry out his plan,
 But still the work's unfinished which those ancient Three began.
 None but immortal eyes may view complete in all its parts,
 The Temple formed of Living Stones—the structure made of hearts.

* * * * *

'Neath every form of government, in every age and clime,
 Amid the world's convulsions and the ghastly wrecks of time,
 While empires rise in splendor and are conquered and o'erthrown,
 And cities crumble in the dust, their very sites unknown.
 Beneath the sunny smiles of peace, the threatening frown of strife,
 Lo! Masonry has stood unmoved—with age renewed her life.
 She claims her votaries in all climes, for none are under ban,
 Who place implicit trust in God, and love their fellow man.
 The heart that shares another's woe, beats just as warm and true
 Within the breast of Christian, or Mohammedan, or Jew.
 She levels all distinctions from the highest to the least,
 The Kings must yield obedience to the peasant in the East.

* * * * *

What honored names on history's page, o'er whose brave deeds we
 pore,
 Have knelt before our sacred shrine, and trod the checkered floor!
 Kings, princes, statesmen, heroes, bards, who squared their actions
 true,
 Between the Pillars of the Porch, they pass in long review.
 O brothers! what a glorious thought for us to dwell upon;
 The mystic tie which binds our hearts, bound that of WASHING-
 TON.
 Although our past achievements we with conscious pride review,
 As long as there's Rough Ashlars there is work for us to do.
 We still must shape the Living Stone with instrument of love,
 For that eternal Mansion in the Paradise above.
 Toil as we've toiled in ages past, to carry out the plan—
 'Tis this: The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man.

THE HABITATION OF THE GRAND ARCHITECT

By BRO. REV. J. GIERLOW

(From *The Masonic Mirror*, October, 1872)

God dwells in light!
 Before the ocean of unmeasured space
 Was islanded with stars serenely bright—
 Reflecting back the radiance of His face,—
 He dwelt above, in Heaven's immortal bliss,
 Thinking into existence that which is.

God dwells in light!
 Before He laid the world's foundation-stone
 High on the nothing of primeval night,
 And in Heaven's centre throned th' eternal sun,—
 He dwelt above, beyond the far-off sky,
 With Angels born of His Eternity.

God dwells in light!
 And holds within the hollow of His hand
 The universe of worlds which gem the night,
 Which, through Heaven's sea, at His divine command.
 Freighted with His own smiles now sail at even,
 Fearless of storms, around the sun in Heaven.

God dwells in light!
 And where He dwells, there spirits also dwell,
 Who drink fresh glory from His face so bright,
 As stars drink from the sun's deep golden well
 Exhaustless beams, so that they never die,
 And thereby show His immortality.

THE INITIATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

By BRO. WILLIAM HARVEY, Provincial Grand Bard of Forfarshire

(From The *Dundee Advertiser*)

The Craft owre a' the land this day
 Adorns the Lodge wi' garlands gay,
 Auld England shouts, in brave array,
 "Hail, Mason-Prince!"
 And Scots in canty, couthie way,
 Their *hopes* evince!

Our Prince and Brither! Here's our prayer!
 May Boaz build thy Royal chair
 In *strength*; may peace and pleasure mair
 Then fill thy cup;
 May walth o' years be thine to share
 Our sign and grup!

In spite o' what the Paip asserts,
 May Jachin in Masonic hearts
Establish thee, thou lad o' pairs—
 Prince o' the free;
 And loyalty frae o' the airts
 Encompass thee!

Thou'lt learn the knack o' Rule and Line,
 The Square—the Compasses—the Sign;
 Be tauld what Masons ne'er maun tine—
 Faith, Hope, and Love—
 Their three great symbols o' divine
 Grand Lodge above.

So, Brither Masons, raise your hand!
 This day the highest in the land
 Joins wi' the humblest: tak's his stand
 At First Degree:
 Let's *enter* him into our band
 Wi' Three times three!"

THE MASON'S HOLY HOUSE

By BRO. ALBERT PIKE

We have a Holy House to build,
 A Temple splendid and divine
 To be with glorious memories filled;
 Of Right and Truth to be the Shrine;
 How shall we build it strong and fair—
 This Holy House of praise and prayer
 Firm set and solid, grandly great?
 How shall we all its rooms prepare
 For use, for ornament, for State?

Our God hath given the wood and stone
 And we must fashion them aright,
 Like those who toiled in Lebanon,
 Making the labor their delight;
 This House, this palace, this God's Home,
 This Temple with its lofty dome,
 Must be in all proportions fit
 That heavenly messengers may come
 To lodge with those who tenant it.

Build squarely upon the stately walls
 The two symbolic columns raise,
 And let the lofty courts and halls
 With all their golden glories blaze
 There, in the Kadosh Kadoshim,
 Between the broad-winged cherubim,
 Where the Shekinah once abode
 The heart shall raise its daily hymns
 Of gratitude and love to God.

Masonic Poems
MASON LODGE

By BRO. JOHAN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

(Translated from the German by Thomas Carlyle)

The Mason's ways are
A type of Existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.
The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal: —
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!
While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terrors,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices, —
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless:
Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye have, to reward you;
Work, and despair not.

I AM!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Are you a Mason? Aye, I am! But stay
The mere profession of its principles,
When unsupported by the daily acts
Of duty it involves, proves false the tale,
And Truth, that attribute divine, the sure
Foundation of Masonic heritage,
Shrinks back appall'd at such a mockery,
Which, like the barren fig tree, fair to sight,
Is but the semblance of a fruitful tree.

“Faith without works is dead;”
Profession without practice, dead, also;
A man's a Mason only when he strives
To make his practice quadrate with his creed.
What is a Mason?

Symbol of a race,
Grand and historic, 'neath whose steadfast hands
The mighty fabric of the Temple rose,
Until in beauty and strength it stood
Harmoniously proclaiming, God is great!
Though—at the dictum of the power to whom
'Twas raised—o'erthrown and crumbled into dust,
With not a fragment left to mark the place,
Or tell the tale of its magnificence;
The art survives, but not alone
In perishable stone.

Through faith in God,
And hope of immortality, we build
A spiritual temple to His name;
Founded on Truth and righteous Charity.
Oh, glorious fellowship! Unshackled by
Mortal interpretation of the word
Vouchsafed by God to man, we seek the Truth
In Love, the refulgent essence of all Truth,
Which is of God alone, and God is Love.
He, then, who takes the compasses in hand
To circumscribe his daily life, will find
The center in that Love to God expressed
In deeds of charity and love to men.

THE MOTHER LODGE ¹

By BRO. RUDYARD KIPLING

There was Rundle, Station Master,
 An' Beazeley of the Rail,
 An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,
 An' Donkin' o' the Jail;
 An' Blake, Conductor Sergeant,
 Our Master twice was 'e,
 With 'im that kept the Europe-shop
 Old Framjee Eduljee.

Outside—"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"
 Inside—"Brother," an' it doesn't do no 'arm.
 We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,
 An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out there.

We'd Bola Nath, accountant,
 An' Saul, the Aden Jew,
 An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman
 Of the Survey Office, too;
 There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
 An' Amir Singh, the Sikh,
 An' Castro from the fittin' -sheds,
 The Roman Catholic!

We 'adn't good regalia,
 An' our Lodge was old an' bare,
 But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,
 An' we kep' 'em to a hair;
 An' lookin' on it backwards
 It often strikes me thus,
 There ain't such things as infidels,
 Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labor,
 We'd all sit down and smoke
 (We dursn't give no banquits,
 Lest a Brother's caste were broke),
 An' man on man got talkin'
 Religion an' the rest,
 An' every man comparin'
 Of the God 'e knew the best.

So man on man got talkin',
An' not a Brother stirred
Till mornin' waked the parrots
An' that dam' brain-fever-bird;
We'd say t'was 'ighly curious,
An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,
With Mo'ammed, God an' Shiva
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service
This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,
An' bore fraternal greetin's
To the Lodges east and west,
Accordin' as commanded
From Kohat to Singapore,
But I wished that I might see them
In my Mother-Lodge once more!

I wish that I might see them,
My Brethren, black an' brown,
With the trichies smellin' pleasant
An' the hog-darm passin' down;
An' the old khansamah snoring
On the bottle-khana floor,
Like a Master in good standing
With my Mother-Lodge once more!

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¹ To appreciate fully Kipling's stories of India one must have an intimate knowledge of India and Indian peoples. Every phrase contains some pointed remark about Indian life that is occult to all except those that have the key. Very typical of this is his poem, "The Mother-Lodge," that describes a certain Masonic lodge in India. No doubt many a Mason has read it, but its significance is more than seems at first sight.

The narrator is an ordinary English soldier of the lower classes, vulgar, dropping his h's and g's but good-hearted at bottom and with a certain dim ideal dawning upon his consciousness. In his Mother-Lodge, there were first several English, himself as Junior Deacon, and then two employees of the Government Railway, another from the army commissariat, a jail inspector, and Conductor-Sergeant Blake, who was the

MY ASHLAR

By BRO. GEORGE H. FREE

(From *The Square & Compasses*, New Orleans, La., April, 1921)

O, Master Builder, here I bring
 This ashlar as my offering—
 This block entrusted to my care—
 O, try it by thy faultless square.
 Prove Thou the stone which I have brought,
 Judge Thou the task my hands have wrought—
 My hands unskilled! Ah, much I fear
 Their work imperfect shall appear.

Master. All these were Christians and, though then in India, of the Established Church of England.

There were, however, other nationalities and religions represented. Old Framjee Eduljee, who dealt in goods imported from Europe in his "Europe-shop," is a Parsee by race and a Zoroastrian by religion; Bola Nath, accountant, is an orthodox Hindu, belonging to the writer sub-caste of the third great caste. Then there was the Hebrew, Saul, from Aden, and Din Mohammed, follower of the Prophet of Islam. Babu Chuckerbutty (a Bengalee form of the Sanskrit Chakravarti) is of course a Brahmin and a Hindu of the Hindus; but Amir Singh, though Hindu, follows the Sikh faith, one of the many semi-orthodox off-shoots of Hinduism, and Castro, and Eurasian "half-caste," is a Roman Catholic.

After labor they could not eat or drink, "lest a brother's caste were broke!" but they could smoke, and smoke they did, "triches"—cheroots made in Trichinopoly in South India, with the cigar lighter (hog-darn) passing from one to another. And while the butler (khansamah) snored without on the "bottle-khana" floor (pantry), the talk would veer to religion, "every man comparin' of the God 'e knew the best." Comparative Religion was no doubt studied in a lame fashion, but still they found it was "'ighly curious," and when they went home to bed it was with "Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva changin' pickets in our 'ead."

In the outer world salutation was according to the world's obligations and conventions—"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!" but once inside the lodge it was "brother!" And proud-of-race, uncultured Tommy Atkins realized that there was a view of the world wherein there was neither white nor black, Jew nor Gentile but only brothers.—*The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, March, 1917.

See, Master, here were corners rough
Which marred the stone, so stubborn, tough,
They long withstood my gavel's blow;
What toil they cost Thou mayest know.
My zeal I own did often swoon
Ere from the ashlar they were hewn;
(Ah, vice and habit, conquered now,
With agony you wrung my brow).

Crushed by the load of guilt I bear,
O, Master, look on my despair,
For where was drawn Thy fair design
My plan appears in many a line.
Hot tears, alas, cannot efface
The flaws which speak of my disgrace;
Too late the mischief to undo,
My ashlar I submit to you.

O, Master, grant this boon to me;
Unworthy though my stone may be,
Cast it not utterly away,
But let it rest beside the way
Where its grave flaws may warning be
To him who follows after me,
If he thereby my faults may shun,
I'll feel some grain of worth I've won.

AN APOSTROPHIC ODE

By BRO. WILLIAM DORSEY

(From *Masonic Constellation*, St. Louis, Mo., Oct., 1909)

Hail Masonry! thou theme divine,
Thou source of Light, and Truth, and Love
Through all the earth thy glories shine.
Thy secret place the heavens above,
Where constellations grand
In beauteous order stand
To light thy Lodge beyond the skies.

In all thy symbols we may trace
The grandeur of thy mystic plan;
Thy forms, thy lights, thy secret place,
Thy steps, thine outer door—and man
Still toiling on through strife
To higher, nobler life,
Till faith and sight are merged in one.

Thy hand first smote the ponderous ore,
And shaped with curious handicraft
The polished steel, and proudly bore
The flashing sword and pointed shaft—
A last resort to wield
On freedom's battle-field,
And stay the strong against the weak.

Yet more—thy hand hath shaped the plow,
The axe, the scythe, the reaping hook,
And stately vessel's cleaving prow—
Till savage men their wars forsook,
And commerce ranged the seas
And freighted every breeze
With richest stores from every clime.

All o'er the earth thy temples grand
With massive pillars, chaplet crowned,
Like love and solemn epochs stand
While grander ruins, ivy bound,
Lie slumbering with the past;
And long as time shall last
The world will own their grandeur first.

Thy Pillars, Square and Trestleboard,
Teach Wisdom, Beauty, and Design;
And to the Master, each afford,
In turn, instruction all divine.
A symbol too is given
That leads from earth to heaven,
By Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Nor less sublime thy mighty Globes,
With boundless seas and whelming flood
And glittering skies in starry robes,
That tell of an eternal God,

Whose Lodge is o'er all space,
Whose dwelling every place,
And working hours eternity.

Thy Sword, thy Naked Heart, the Eye
That all the earth and seas survey;
Thy Sun, and Moon, and Starry Sky;
Thy Glass, that marks life's ebbing day,
The Anchor and the Ark,
The wreck of life's frail barque,
Proclaim thy origin divine.

THE MYSTIC ART

(This poem has been attributed to Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton)

The world may rail at Masonry,
And scoff at Square and Line,
We'll follow with complacency
The Master's great Design.

A King can make a gartered Knight,
And breathe away another;
But he, with all his skill and might,
Can never make a Brother.

This power alone, thou Mystic Art,
Freemasonry, is thine:
The power to tame the savage heart
With brother-love divine!

A MASONIC ODE

"At the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands, held in January, 1920, the following ode was sung. It is a reminder of the troublous times when Free Masonry there was banned, and Free Masons persecuted and slain by the Spanish rulers dominated by the papal power and its friars. That condition ceased with American control."—*Oriental Consistory Magazine*, Dec., 1921.

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!

Masonic Poems

Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers chained in prisons dark
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,¹
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

OUR WORK

By W. H. DARNALL

(From *The Virginia Masonic Journal*, Richmond, Va., August, 1910)

Once more we meet—communion sweet—
A Brotherhood of Love;
Our only art, an honest heart,
That seeks the things above.

God give us grace, each in his place,
To meet His holy will;
In ease or pain, in loss or gain,
True service to fulfil.

Our one great light, to show the right,
The everlasting word;
Our one employ, our one great joy,
To build for Him, our Lord.

When toil is done, and one by one,
We meet with our release;
Beyond the tomb, life's perfect bloom—
The Temple, Heaven, Peace.

OUR BRETHREN AT THE FRONT

(From *Brotherhood*, New York City, July, 1918)

God of our Fathers, at Whose call,
We now before Thine altar fall;
Whose grace can make our Order strong,
Through love of right and hate of wrong,
We pray Thee in Thy pity shield
Our Brethren on the battlefield.

Asleep, beneath Thine ample dome,
With many a tender dream of home;
Or charging, in the dust and glare,
With bullets hurtling through the air,
We pray Thee in Thy pity shield
Our Brethren on the battlefield.

O soon, Thou Blessed Prince of Peace,
Bring in the days when War shall cease,
And men and brothers shall unite
To fill the world with love and light,
We pray Thee in Thy pity shield
Our Brethren on the battlefield.

OF MASONRY: AN ODE

By BRO. JOHN BANCKS OF ENGLAND, 1738

GENIUS of MASONRY! descend,
In mystic Numbers while We sing:
Enlarge Our Souls; the Craft defend;
And hither all Thy Influence bring.
With social Thoughts Our Bosoms fill,
And give Thy Turn to ev'ry Will!

While grofs BATAVIA, wall'd with Mud,
Thy purer Joys delight no more;
And winding SEINE, a captive Flood,
Laments Thee wand'ring from his Shore;
Here spread Thy Wings, and glad these Isles,
Where ARTS reside, and FREEDOM smiles.

Behold the LODGE rife into View!
 The Work of INDUSTRY and ART.
 'Tis grand, and regular, and true:
 For so is each good MASON'S Heart.
 FRIENDSHIP cements it from the Ground,
 And SECRECY fhall fence it round.

A STATELY DOME o'erlooks Our Eaft,
 Like Orient PROEBUS in the Morn:
 And TWO TALL PILLARS in the Weft
 At once fupport Us, and adorn.
 Upholden thus, the Structure ftands,
 Untouch'd by facrilegious Hands.

For Concord form's, Our Souls agree;
 Nor Fate this Union fhall deftroy:
 Our Toils and Sports alike are free;
 And all is Harmony and Joy.
 So SALEM'S Temple rofe by Rule,
 Without the Noife of noxious Tool.

As when AMPHION tun'd his Song,
 Ev'n rugged Rocks the Mufick knew;
 Smooth'd into Form they glide along,
 And to a THEBES the Defert grew.
 So at the Sound of HIRAM'S Voice,
 We rife, We join, and We rejoice.

Then may Our Vows to Virtue move!
 To VIRTUE, own'd in all her Parts:
 Come CANDOUR, INNOCENCE, and LOVE;
 Come, and poffefs Our faithful Hearts!
 MERCY, who feeds the hungry Poor,
 And SILENCE, Guardian of the Door!

And Thou ASTRAEA, (tho' from Earth,
 When Men on Men began to prey,
 Thou fled'st, to claim celestial Birth;)
 Down from OLYMPUS wing Thy Way!
 And, mindful of Thy antient Seat,
 Be prefent ftill where MASONS meet!

Immortal SCIENCE, too, be near!
 (We own Thy Empire o'er the Mind)
 Drefs'd in Thy radiant Robes appear,
 With all Thy beauteous Train behind:
 INVENTION, young and blooming, there;
 Here GEOMETRY, with Rule and Square.

In EGYPT'S Fabrick Learning dwelt,
 And ROMAN Breafts could Virtue hide:
 And VULCAN'S Rage the Building felt,
 And BRUTUS, last of ROMANS, dy'd:
 Since when, difpers's the Sifters rove,
 Or fill paternal Thrones above.

But, loft to half the human Race,
 With Us the VIRTUES fhall revive;
 And, driv'n no more from Place to Place,
 Here SCIENCE fhall be kept alive:
 And MANLY TASTE, the Child of SENSE,
 Shall banifh VICE and DULLNESS hence.

United thus, and for thefe Ends,
 Let SCORN deride, and ENVY rail:
 From Age to Age the CRAFT defcends;
 And what We build fhall never fail:
 Nor fhall the World Our Works furvey;
 But ev'ry BROTHER keeps the KEY.

PLEDGED!

By BRO. CHARLES F. FORSHAW, M. D.

(From *Tyler-Keystone*, Ann Arbor, Mich., July, 1915)

(On seeing the Jewel of a Past Master exposed for sale in a pawn-broker's window.)

What Mason did this honored Badge adorn,
 This Jewel 'mongst its fellows so forlorn?
 Its givers never dreamed that it should be
 Exposed for sale—an unredeemed Pawn.

Did he who wore it with such joy and pride,
Fall 'neath the battle of life's fitful tide?
And were there none to treasure or to claim
Such glorious Token when our Brother died?

Was he such Craftsman as would ne'er confess
He needed help so great was his distress?
And so he left it here in pledge the while
Old Father Time brought further hopelessness?

Or, did he tire of Ancient Art and Rite
For it was so long ere first he saw the Light,
That now his eagerness was on the wane
And fickle memory dared him to recite.

Had he seceded from our Mysteries—
Fraternal meetings nevermore be his,
Yet Secrets safely locked within the breast?
One can but wonder when such sight he sees!

THE MASON'S SACRED TRUST

By BRO. MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM

(From *The Masonic Constellation*, St. Louis, Mo., May, 1908)

We know not when this earthly form
May seek its kindred clod,
But this we know, through sun and storm,
The deathless spark will be kept warm
By child-like trust in God.

The square and compass of our creed
Shall cause this sin-cursed sod
To burgeon with a noble deed
For those who in their time of need
Preserve their trust in God.

As blossoms sprout from meanest mold,
Burst from the plainest pod,
So, bud as Aaron's rod of old,
The withered hearts whose sweets untold
Bespeak their trust in God.

We walk the thorny path of time
 With fearless feet unshod,
 Because ours is the faith sublime
 Of mankind in the peerless prime
 Of simple trust in God.

For well we know the ways we tread
 By holy men were trod,
 The strange and mystic stars that led
 To bliss by those who felt no dread,
 But put their trust in God.

And some day we shall stand with Him
 Before whose slightest nod
 The nations bow, the stars grow dim,
 The tides fall on the ocean's rim,
 But we shall raise that grand, sweet song
 Far-echoing through the aeons long,
 The Mason's trust in God!

SONNET

By CARL H. CLAUDY

(From *The Master Mason*, October, 1924)

So many men before thy Altars kneel
 Unthinkingly, to promise brotherhood;
 So few remain, humbly to kiss thy rood
 With ears undeafened to thy mute appeal;
 So many find thy symbols less than real,
 Their teachings mystic, hard to understand;
 So few there are, in all thy far-flung band
 To hold thy banner high and draw thy steel,
 And yet . . . immortal and most mighty, thou!
 What hath thy lore of life to let it live?
 What is the vital spark, hid in thy vow?
 Thy millions learned, as thy dear paths they trod,
 The secret of the strength thou hast to give:
 "I am a way of common men to God."

"THE MASON'S WORD"

By BRO. REV. JOHN GEORGE GIBSON

(From *The Tyler-Keystone*, Ann Arbor, Mich., January, 1914)

O Mason, pass thy word before the Throne:
 The throne of Truth and Light.
 Thine Honour pledge to God in Heaven above,
 Each day to do the Right.
 Then Mason, by the square of Holiest Law,
 Test every sweet desire.
 Plumb well each plan; then eager forward go
 To noblest things aspire.
 And Mason, never pass thy word to Man
 Save as the Law commands.
 But when 'tis *right*, then in fighting van,
 Each Mason faithful stands.
 Each Mason's word, though cautiously 'tis given,
 Is gone beyond recall;
 Though hearts, by tempting afterthoughts, be riven,
 For e'er he gives his all.
 The word was in the stoneyard plumbed and squared,
 'Tis now for aye built in;
 The King can never have his courses bared
 Sin's wage to win.
 What e'er the cost of loyalty may be,
 The Mason dares not fail
 His Honour's word to keep, and bends the Knee
 Before the Mystic Vail.
 And thus the Mason's word becomes the sign
 Of Honour's Holy Cross;
 Of true obedience to the God benign
 Who glorifies each loss.

THE SQUARE AND COMPASS

By BRO. ODILLON B. SLANE

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, June, 1917)

Both points beneath the square,
 Darkness, doubts, dungeons of despair,

Yet trusting in God who answers prayer,
Follow your guide—nor fear nor care,
Light will come with effulgent glare.

One point above the square,
As yet but partially there
Is light; for more light prepare,
As you ascend the winding stair.

Both points above the square—
Friendship and Morality share
With Brotherly Love, tenets taught where
Masons kneel, and vow, and swear.

THE EASTWARD FACING GATE

By BRO. REV. JAMES J. H. REEDY

(From *The New Age Magazine*, Washington, D. C., Sept., 1919)

“Then he brought me back by the way of the gate of the outward
sanctuary that looketh toward the east.”—*Ezekiel* 44:1.

Three score years and six and more,
Treading mountain, vale and shore,
Wondering what the end shall be—
What the future has for me.

Not alone each place I go,
Marked by painful step and slow,
Visions bright oft seal the day,
Milestones marked upon the way.

One score years and ten and more,
Studying Mason's golden lore;
Such has been my happy lot,
Gaining thence each blessed thought.

Marked by MASTER with HIS NAME—
Since this way Himself He came—
Light from Him shall lead us straight
Toward the Eastward-facing Gate.

Fellow-Crafts we still must be
 While we sail upon life's sea;
 Rudder, compass, pilot He,
 Trust in Him our only plea.

Safely landed home at last,
 Entrance gained to such repast
 As the Master shall provide
 Those who Him have ne'er denied.

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

(By JOSEPHINE B. BOWMAN)

(From *Brotherhood*, New York City, May, 1921)

I have taken the breed of all nations,
 Barred no religion or race;
 From the highest and lowest of stations
 They came—and I found them place.

Powers invisible drew them,
 Freedom unborn was their quest,
 'Till my uttermost borderlands knew them—
 The least of the world and the best.

They came with the wisdom of sages,
 The darkness, the stain and the dirt,
 They came with the glory of ages,
 And I took them—my hope and my hurt.

I have gathered the breed of all nations,
 Drawn from each caste and each clan;
 Tried them and proved them and loved them
 And made them American.

Made them a nation of Builders,
 Fearless and faithful and free,
 Entered them, passed them and raised them
 To the Master's Sublime Degree.

Theirs is the task of restoring
The Ancient and Honored Guild—
The work to the Speculative,
The spirit to those who build.

'Til none shall be less than a Master,
And know but one Ruler above,
Bound by the spirit of justice
And the mortar of brotherly love.

'Til the house shall belong to the Workman
And the Craft come again to its own;
And this is your task, oh, my people!
Through you will the Lost Word be known.

THE SENIOR WARDEN

By J. WERGE, of Glasgow, Scotland

Of a' the seats within our ha'
I dearly lo'e the West;
For here the Brethren, great and sma',
At parting ha'e been blest;
And memory lends her ready aid
Recalling all the past;
The many times we've met, and prayed
It might not be the last.

Each time we're Brothers, Brothers a',
And every worthy guest,
For here we to the Level fa',
E'en Kings are like the rest;
They may be great in Church and State,
Or any other sphere;—
The poor, the rich, the low, the great,
Are on a level here.

Assembled in our Sacred ha'
We're with our Order blest,
For by the great unerring law,
We're lowly in the West,

Before us we have Wisdom's light
 And Beauty shining there,
 Here Strength to keep the work aright
 By acting on the Square.

This symbol tells us once and a'
 Who with the light are blest,
 How grand and mighty structures fa'
 And mingle in the West.
 When faith must be our password on
 To the Celestial goal,
 Where Kings and peasants stand as one
 On the GRAND MASTER'S roll.

TO STRETCH THE LIBERAL HAND

ANONYMOUS

To stretch the liberal hand,
 And pour the stream of gladness
 O'er misery's withered strand, —
 To cheer the hearth of sadness, —
 To dry the orphan's tear,
 And soothe the heart nigh broken, —
 To breathe in sorrow's ear
 Kind words in kindness spoken, —
 This is the Mason's part,
 The Mason's bounden duty,
 This rears the Mason's heart
 In wisdom, strength and beauty.

To practice virtue's laws
 With fervency and freedom,
 And in her noble cause
 Advance where'er she lead 'em, —
 To curb the headlong course
 Of passion's fiery pinion,
 And bend its stubborn force
 To reason's mild dominion, —
 This is the Mason's part,
 The Mason's bounden duty,
 This rears the Mason's heart
 In wisdom, strength and beauty.

To shield a brother's fame
 From envy and detraction,
 And prove that truth's our aim
 In spirit, life and action, —
 To trust in God, through all
 The danger and temptation,
 Which to his lot may fall,
 In trial and probation, —
 This is the Mason's part,
 The Mason's bounden duty,
 This rears the Mason's heart
 In wisdom, strength and beauty.

THE APRON

By BRO. O. E. LOONEY, M. D.

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, July, 1917)

Emblem more ancient,
 Than order is old,
 Whose story, fancy
 Has never all told.

Culled from the innocent
 Pro'type of Christ,
 Worn in Fulfillment
 To circumscribe vice.

Presented on entrance,
 In "Temples of Light,"
 To Entered Apprentices,
 Whose trust is placed right.

Worn on his journey,
 From threshold to Sanctum;
 Heart filled with yearning,
 Circumspect, thankful.

Worn by him proud
 Through life as a token,
 Of acts unallowed,
 And secrets unspoken;

Placed on the coffin
 Of his last remains,
 An emblem to soften
 Our loss, of its pains.

PRESENTING THE LAMBSKIN APRON

By BRO. FAY HEMPSTEAD

(From *Rob. Morris Bulletin*)

Light and white are its leathern folds;
 And a priceless lesson its texture holds.
 Symbol it is, as the years increase,
 Of the paths that lead through the fields of peace.
 Type it is of the higher sphere,
 Where the deeds of the body, ended here,
 Shall one by one the by-way be
 To pass the gates of Eternity.

Emblem it is of a life intense,
 Held aloof from the world of sense;
 Of the upright walk and the lofty mind,
 Far from the dross of earth inclined.
 Sign it is that he who wears
 Its sweep unsullied, about him bears
 That which should be to mind and heart,
 A set reminder of his art.

So may it ever bring to thee
 The high resolves of Purity;
 Its spotless field of shining white,
 Serve to guide thy steps aright;
 Thy daily life in scope and plan,
 Be that of the strong and upright man.
 And signal shall the honor be
 Unto those who wear it worthily.

Receive it thus to symbolize
 Its drift, in the life that before thee lies.
 Badge as it is of a great degree,
 Be it chart and compass unto thee.

FRATERNITY

By BRO. DAVID E. GUYTON

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, October, 1915)

We build us temples tall and grand,
 With gifts we heap our altars high,
 Unheeding how, on every hand,
 The hungry and the naked cry.
 We sound our creeds in trumpet tone,
 With zeal we compass land and sea,
 Unmindful of the sob and moan
 Of souls that yearn for sympathy.
 We hurl to hell, we bear above,
 With equal ease we loose or bind,
 Forgetful quite that God is Love,
 And Love is large and broad and kind.
 O Thou Eternal Largeness, teach
 Our petty, shrivelled souls to swell
 Till Thou, within their ampler reach,
 In every human heart may dwell;
 Till Love alone becomes the creed
 Of every nation, tribe and clan,
 The Fatherhood of God, indeed,
 The blessed Brotherhood of Man.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

By BRO. FAY Hempstead

(From *Virginia Masonic Journal*, Richmond, Va., Dec., 1908)

In far-off regions of primeval night
 The voice of God decreed: "Let there be light!"
 And there was light. The sun's resplendent face
 Burst into life, and darkness fled apace.

The gentle day stole o'er the firmament,
 And east and west its rosy presence went.
 Then moon and star stood forth in milder guise,
 To deck the chambers of the azure skies.
 And all was light, and in perfection stood,
 And God, beholding, saw that it was good.
 So once again, in those grave days of need,
 The voice of God compassionate decreed:
 "Let there be light!" and once more was there light.
 For lo, as if a sunbeam, through the night,
 Should upward shoot its long and streaming mark
 And cleave a passage through the somber dark,
 There rose a light, whose all-sufficient reign
 Has swept the world into its wide domain—
 'Twas Masonry divine.

ENTERED—THE LIGHT

By BRO. F. H. SELLERY

(From *The Trestleboard*, Detroit, Mich., March, 1916)

The way was dark, no light could I discern—
 I knew not whither, east or west, I went;
 I did not even know the road would turn—
 But I on seeking "light" was solely bent.

I passed the ones who guard the sacred way
 Then I was told to kneel and 'tend a prayer
 To Deity, whose mighty power holds sway
 O'er all the mortals who assembled there.

And when my heart did quake with sudden fear
 That even now I might not find the light;
 A soft voice whispered in my list'ning ear:
 "Fear not!" and all misgivings took their flight.

At last I reached a place—'twas holy ground;
 I knelt before the "Master" on the throne,
 While all the other mortals gathered round
 To lend their aid and see his will was done.

I humbly asked that I the light might see,
And learn the truth as other mortals had;
And then a voice of great authority
Rang out! I saw the light and I was glad.

A MASON

By BRO. CARL W. MASON

(From *The Virginia Masonic Journal*, Richmond, Va., March, 1916)

A Mason's hand is a hand that helps,
That lifts the fallen one,
That comes, in need, with a kindly deed
To him whose strength is gone.

A Mason's heart is a heart that loves
The best that is good and true;
He stands the friend, his best to lend,
Under his banner blue.

A Mason's eye is an eye that smiles
And his a cheering voice;
He spreads the light, dispels the night
And makes the world rejoice.

Over the earth in stranger lands,
Where distant peoples dwell,
The eye, the grip, the life, the lip,
Of love unchanging tell.

A CREED

By BRO. HERBERT R. GRASSMAN

(From *Square & Compass*, Denver, Colo., June, 1915)

Hark ye, Masons, men of love,
Men of faith and men of fame!
Listen to the muffled cries
Of men in bondage, bound in shame!

Oh, what ignorance rules supreme!
 Oh, what darkness hides the Light!
 Oppose and fight all things unclean—
 You are champions of the Right!

God in all His glory rules,
 Watching over us with care;
 He sends us wisdom, love and truth
 With our fellow-men to share.

Teach men how to see the Light—
 Not by word of mouth or pen,
 But by deeds so kind and bright
 Illuminate life's path. *Amen.*

MASONIC JEWELS

By BRO. JOHN GEORGE GIBSON

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, April, 1917)

Does the square that you wear mean the test by your God
 Of the work that you do, and the word that you speak,
 Of the will of your mind, the thought of your heart,
 Of the Past that is gone, of the Future you seek?

The Compass you wear, does it mean that you move
 Within the true bound appointed and sure,
 Restricted desire, pleasure defined,
 A yielding of self to the bonds that endure?

The Triangle too—great emblem of Him
 Who is Maker, and Master, Beginning and End,—
 Do you wear it to show that He is to you
 The Source and the Aim that all others transcend?

What means the gold trowel that hangs at your chain?
 Does it tell of the mortar of Love that you spread?
 Of the joint well cement with fine brotherly love?
 Of the stones that now lie in the well-mortared bed?

If 'tis not so, then take the poor jewels away;
The meaningless bauble will only deceive
Yourself and the others you meet on your way
As meaningless lies which none ever believe.

MASONIC LIGHT

By BRO. FRANK W. REED

(From *Masonic Monthly*, Philadelphia, Pa., May, 1917)

When back we look upon the darksome way
From which we traveled with uncertain mind,
The selfsame mystic monsters do we find
Still making dolts their arrogance obey.
Confusing craftiness seeking to dismay
Each forward thought; their mental eyes to blind,
Enthroned deceit yells curses from behind,
And preaches hell to crutch its dying sway.
But when at last the will asserts its force,
And gains release from shackles long endured,
The phantom doubt dissolves in dawning light;
And from on high, where freedom gets its source,
A soul, new-born, of future life assured,
Finds God is love in each Masonic Rite.

THE SQUARE

By BRO. R. J. McLAUGHLIN

The elders of our ancient art
Built Temples, high and fair,
And never stone was laid in place
And never column rose in grace,
Untested by the Square.

Our elders left a heritage,
Upreared in wood and stone,
That we, who follow, might behold
The craft of these, the men of old,
Thus, through their works, made known.

Oh, let us do our work as well,
Though never dome we raise,
With brain untutored, hand unskilled,
A square-set Temple may we build,
Of simple nights and days.

The Square of Virtue for our acts
Wherewith to set them true,
Can make a building, standing quite
As worthy in our children's sight,
And in the Master's, too.

Thus may we, too, great builders be
As any ancient race;
Our Temple is the square-set mind,
Wherein the Master's Self may find
A fitting dwelling-place.

IN FELLOWSHIP

By BRO. C. M. BOUTELLE

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, November, 1915)

My foot to thy foot, howe'er thy foot may stray;
Thy path for my path, however dark the way.

My knee to thy knee, whatever be thy prayer;
Thy plea my plea, in every need and care.

My breast to thy breast, in every doubt or hope;
Thy silence mine too, whate'er thy secret's scope.

My strength is thy strength, whenever thou shalt call;
Strong arms stretch love's length, through darkness, toward thy fall!

My words shall follow thee, kindly warning, fond,
Through life, through drear death—and all that lies beyond!

A BROKEN ASHLAR

By BRO. SEYMOUR BRANDES

(From *The New Age Magazine*, Washington, D. C., April, 1915)

A sense of imperfection round me clings;
I hear an inward voice in deep lament:
Through the dark chancel of my soul there rings
A boding chant, with fear and yearning blent.

Thin as a specter's voice in lonely round:
I cannot tell from whence it came—or why;
It harrows all my thoughts with mournful sound,
Like echoes of a drowning seaman's cry.

The precious pearls of wasted talent thrown
In isolated spots of my life's field:
Its irrecoverable riches sown
As worthless seed that gave a barren yield.

The images of folly, sloth and sin
That flecked with error all my nobler past,
Troop mockingly around with leering grin;
I view with shuddering doubt—I am aghast!

ORIGINAL HYMN

(Rendered by Joseph Robbins at the celebration of St. John the Baptist Day, June 24th, 1886.)

Beneath Thy temple's bending dome
We meet, O Architect Divine—
Grand emblem of that brooding care,
Which makes these human temples thine.

Father, as we our altar rear,
Within the over-arching wood,
Oh, do thou raise in every heart
An altar to the True and Good.

Its incense be the love we bear
 To every earth-born child of Thine.
 Fan with Thy breathing love to flame
 The spark of brotherhood divine.

Safe resting on Thy mighty avon,
 Guide us through all these earthly ways,
 And grant us in Thy heavenly Lodge
 To join in never-ending praise.

KNIGHT ROSE CROIX

By BRO. HENRY RIDGELY EVANS

In twain the temple vail is rent;
 The sheeted dead appear;
 The Master hangs upon the cross,
 And all is dark and dear.
 An inky blackness hides the moon;
 The waves are tempest tost;
 The mystic cube sweats blood, alas!
 The Mason's Word is lost.

'Tis Easter morn! All nature smiles,
 The black-winged night has fled.
 The Master of All Wisdom has
 Arisen from the dead!
 Resplendent shines the mystic cube;
 The silver trumpets sound.
 Wide open are the temple gates, —
 The Mason's Word is found.

LIVE ON! O MASONRY, LIVE ON!

By BRO. LAWRENCE N. GREENLEAF

Say not, say not, that Masonry is waning in its power,
 Supplanted by the secret swarms which multiply each hour.
 It hath no rivalry with these; it seeks not but is sought;
 Relief a tenet, not an end, sole object of its thought.

Their single aims are incidents within its past purview,
Which sweeps the starry universe and canopy of blue,
Which traverses the lines of earth, the flaming sun its guide,
With sleepless vigil seeketh truth where'er it may abide.
It sees the Hand Omnipotent which traced the Grand Design,
And bows in adoration ere it graspeth square and line—
Live on! O Masonry, live on!

Live on! O Masonry, live on! Thy work hath scarce begun;
Live on! nor end, if end there be, till earth's last setting sun.
Live on! thy work in ages past hath but prepared the way;
For every truth thy symbols teach there's pressing need to-day.
In cultured or unlettered age humanity's the same,
And evermore the passions rage whose furies thou wouldst tame;
Would but the nations heed thy Plumb—war's carnage soon would
end,
Thy Level rivalries subdue, thy Square to virtue tend,
Thy Trowel spread that true cement which doth all hearts unite,
And darkness comprehend and glow with thy immortal Light—
Live on! O Masonry, live on!

Live on! O Masonry, live on! Thy "G" forever blaze,
To penetrate the mists of doubt, and heavenward turn our gaze.
To set our hearts aflame with zeal where'er our tasks may lie,
Within the quarry's gloomy depth, or on the turret high.
Or, mingling with the outer world, amid its noisy din,
Ne'er, ne'er, may we forget without, the lessons taught within.
Reflected ever may they be in upright lives and pure,
For on foundation such as this shall Masonry endure.
Till merged in those intenser rays that mark the Perfect Day,
Its blessed light, while earth revolves, shall never fade away—
Live on! O Masonry, live on!

A MASON'S PRAYER

By BRO. JAMES PERKINS RICHARDSON

(From *The New Age Magazine*, Washington, D. C., July, 1920)

Almighty Force, that makes the day
And gives the stars their course,
That started life from lifeless clay—
To Thee, almighty Force,

We offer homage, as we should,
 Convinced Thy might is for man's good.
Eternal Law, that rules the sphere,
 And makes each atom draw
 Each other atom, far and near—
 To Thee, *Eternal Law*,
 We speak obedience, as we must,
 Assured Thy dictates all are just.

Unchanging Truth, that fearest naught,
 Tho' oft by minds uncouth
 Misunderstood, and then mistaught—
 To Thee, *Unchanging Truth*,
 We bow the mind instead of knee,
 Believing Thou dost make man free.

Fraternal Love, that fills the world,
 Whose banner floats above
 All lands, all peoples, broad unfurled—
 To Thee, *Fraternal Love*,
 We pledge the heart and give the hand,
 Proclaiming that with Thee we stand.

Almighty Force, strong evermore;
 Eternal Law, true still today;
 Unchanging Truth, tried o'er and o'er;
 Fraternal Love, then, now, alway;
 Omniscient Soul, supreme, divine,
 These attributes we hail as Thine.

THE CRAFTSMAN OF NAZARETH

(A Christmas Morning Reverie)

By BRO. ROBERT I. CLEGG

(From Palestine Bulletin, Detroit, Mich., April, 1914)

Beside the bench He stood with square in hand,
 Around His feet the clinging shavings twined,
 Odorous woods sent forth their sweet perfume,
 Thoughts sadly pensive weighed down the mind:

There stood the Master Workman, skilled of hand;
While sunlight streamed in at the door,
Its dancing beams lit all the flying dust
And threw quaint shadows on the walls and floor.

At last, with labor and with thought opprest,
The Craftsman straightens up His figure tall.
With outstretched arms, to sun He turns His breast,
His shadow marks a cross against the wall.

Our Knights Great Light! Thy willing Templar sons
Patrol no more the roads of Palestine,
No longer theirs the implements of war,
But in their hands the tools of trade are seen.

Sometimes we weaken, as we stumble oft.
Eternal grinds the tedium of our days.
All that we see when sunshine brightly streams,
Is shadowed cross—not splendor of its rays.

Grant us more light into our blinded eyes,
Above the shadows lift our errant gaze.
With holy fire touch our Templar throng,
And keep our feet within Thy narrow ways.

Oh, Prince of poverty, exceeding rich!
To-day the conscience hears Thy clarion call,
This day we dedicate ourselves to Thee—
Thou Servant of men, Thou Master of all.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A MASON

By BRO. CHARLES F. FORSHAW, M. D.¹

(From *Masonic Constellation*, St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1905)

Who would not be a Mason
And wear the apron white?
And feel the bonds of Friendship
The rich and poor unite?

Masonic Poems

To know Masonic virtues,
 To do Masonic deeds?
 And sympathetic minister
 Unto a Brother's needs?

Who would not be a Mason
 And join the brethren true?
 To see our noble teachings
 Their glorious work pursue?
 To feel a bond Fraternal
 Is theirs where'er they go?
 And find a hearty welcome
 As they journey to and fro?

Who would not be a Mason
 A craftsman just and fair,
 To meet upon the Level
 And part upon the Square?
 To hear the voice of Charity,
 Where'er our Lodges be?
 And to know our Grips and Passwords
 And share in all our glee?

Who would not be a Mason
 To labor day by day?
 And laboring try to lessen
 The thorns upon life's way?
 To help to form a column,
 All perfect and complete?
 Fit for building that great Temple
 Wherein we hope to meet?

O, MOTHER LODGE, WE'VE WANDERED FAR

By BRO. LAWRENCE N. GREENLEAF

(From *Square & Compass*, Denver, Colo., June, 1915)

O, Mother Lodge, we've wandered far,
 And knocked at many a door,
 Since first we wore thy Lambskin gift
 And trod thy Checkered Floor.

And claimed our constant thought,
Till patient search at length revealed
Since first thy symbols met our gaze
The hidden truths they taught.
When heart at name of Brother thrilled,
And loyal but to thee,
We loved thy Square and Compass, and
Adored thy letter G.

The Chapter held recovered truths,
Why not possess the same,
That thought awoke a new desire,
And fanned it into flame.
The honor sought at length was ours;
We read the Keystone's face
And saw the treasures long entombed,
Brought from their hiding place.
Another tie had bound our heart,
Another name had we,
O, Mother Lodge, we've wandered far,
Yet still we cling to thee.

The Council next a votary claimed,
We passed within its door.
The Orders then of Knighthood took,
But still we craved for more.
The Scottish Rite's prolific brood
Rose temptingly to view,
We reveled in the mysteries
Expressed by 32.
At last the crowning honor came
With figure 33.
O, Mother Lodge, we've wandered far,
Yet still we cling to thee.

O, Mother Lodge, we've wandered far,
From thy more simple ways,
Mid scenes of splendid pageantry
With glories all ablaze.
Where dulcet strains fall on our ear
And pealing anthems rung,
And wisdom of the antique world
Was voiced by silvery tongue,

And yet, withal, true Son of Light
 With vision clear to see,
 O, Mother Lodge, we've wandered far,
 Yet still we cling to thee.

O, Mother Lodge, we've wandered far,
 With longings vain possessed,
 No higher jewel than thy Square
 Is worn on Mason's breast.
 No higher badge than thy first gift,
 The Lambskin pure and white,
 Thy Pointed Star ascendant is
 O'er every grade and rite.
 Between thy Pillars all must pass,
 Or else must cease to be.
 O, Mother Lodge, we've wandered far,
 Yet still we cling to thee.

BROTHER ROBERT BURNS

"One Round, I Ask it with a Tear."

By BRO. JOHN CAMPBELL

(These verses were written for the last celebration of Burns' birthday by his own Lodge—St. James', Tarbolton, No. 135—the author being Bro. Campbell, Secretary of the Lodge. They were printed in *The Scottish Freemason*.)

If ever was an "honored name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear,"
 'Twas *his*, who gave our Lodge to fame,
 And oft has worn the "jewel" here;
 Then surely 'tis our duty here,
 Whene'er his natal eve returns,
 To pledge his memory "with a tear"—
 The memory of Brother Burns.

On Coila's plains he first drew breath,
 'Twas Coila's maids he loved and sang;
 He won the bard's immortal wreath,
 Lone, wandering Coila's woods amang.

And Coila's sons shall honor now,
 While forest waves or river mourns
 The mighty Minstrel of the plow—
 Our gifted Mason, Brother Burns.

His songs are sung on Ganges' side,
 Zambezi's banks his strains have heard,
 Siberia's forests, wild and wide,
 Have wondering known of Scotia's Bard.
 The broad St. Lawrence hears his voice,
 Where'er the Scottish wanderer turns
 That name can make his heart rejoice—
 The deathless name of Brother Burns.

But here, within our native vale,
 On every glen and flowery brae,
 On classic Ayr and winding Fail
 His fame had shed its brightest ray.
 And here shall reign his glorious name,
 Until the grave its dead dis-urns,
 For every craftsman here can claim
 A kindred name with Brother Burns.

Then, brethren of the Lodge St. James,
 And sister Lodges gathered here,
 One silent round his memory claims—
 The round requested "with a tear."
 Then be upstanding to the call
 Of *him*—the Bard whom Scotia mourns—
 To pledge in solemn silence all
 The memory of Brother Burns.

A CLOSING HYMN

By BRO. WALTER WINGHAM

(From *The Masonic Constellation*, St. Louis, Mo., May, 1911)

In chosen Israel's favoured land,
 A famous temple once did stand,
 To Thee, Great Architect Divine,
 Was raised that vast and holy shrine.

But Thou to us hast given a part,
To build a temple of the heart,
In which to walk with soul erect,
A monument of Thine elect.

Then strengthen our Masonic tie,
Teach us to live, teach us to die,
Enrich our cause with all that's good,
Cement with love our brotherhood.

And ere we close our Lodge this night,
We thank Thee, God of truth and light.
In all our hearts Thy work proclaim,
And praise and bless Thy holy name.

FATHER'S LODGE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Father's lodge, I well remember, wasn't large, as lodges go;
There was trouble in December getting to it through the snow.
But he seldom missed a meeting; drifts or blossoms in the lane,
Still the Tyler heard his greeting, winter ice or summer rain.

Father's lodge thought nothing of it, 'mid their labors and their cares
Those old Masons learned to love it, that fraternity of theirs.
What's a bit of stormy weather, when a little down the road
Men are gathering together, helping bear each other's load?

Father's lodge had made a village: men of father's sturdy brawn
Turned a wilderness to tillage, seized the flag, and carried on,
Made a village, built a city, shaped a county, formed a state,
Simple men, not wise nor witty—humble men, and yet how great!

Father's lodge had caught the gleaming of the great Masonic past;
Thinking, toiling, daring, dreaming, they were builders to the last.
Quiet men, not rich nor clever, with the tools they found at hand
Building for the great forever, first a village, then a land.

Father's lodge no temple builded shaped of steel and carved of stone;
 Marble columns, ceilings gilded, father's lodge has never known.
 But a heritage of glory they have left, the humble ones—
 They have left their mighty story in the keeping of their sons.
 (*copyrighted*)

ROBERT BURNS' MASONIC FAREWELL

Adieu; a heart-warm, fond adieu;
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie,
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy!
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye
 I'll mind you still though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful festive night;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light;
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes, when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious architect divine!
 That you may keep the unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine.
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim
 Justly, the highest badge to wear!
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name
 To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the bard, that's far awa'.

THE WORKING TOOLS

By BRO. A. S. MACBRIDE

(From *The Builder*, Anamosa, Iowa, February, 1916)

Go, work on mind and matter now,
 A Master raised to power art thou,
 Impress on each and all you can
 Wise Heaven's eternal Temple-plan.
 As on a trestle-board portray
 The great Design, from day to day,
 And build, in silence reverently,
 The temple of Humanity.

AH, WHEN SHALL WE THREE

By JOHN H. SHEPPARD, late of Boston, Mass.

Ah, when shall we three meet, like them
 Who last were at Jerusalem?
 For three there were, but one is not, —
 He lies where Acacia marks the spot.

Though poor he was, with kings he trod;
 Though great, he humbly knelt to God;
 Ah, when shall those restore again
 The broken link of friendship's chain?

Behold, where mourning beauty bent
 In silence o'er his monument,
 And widely spread in sorrow there
 The ringlets of her flowing hair!

The future Sons of Grief will sigh,
 While standing round in mystic tie,
 And raise their hands, alas! to Heaven,
 In anguish that no hope is given.

From whence we came, or whither go,
 Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
 Till three shall meet who formed, like them;
 The GRAND LODGE at JERUSALEM.

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