

THE OBJECT OF FREE MASONRY!

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED JUNE 24, 1871,

*In Pike's Hall, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to the Officers and Members of St. James Lodge No. 47, F. A. M., and Visiting Brethren.*

By Rev. Dr. R. S. TRIPPETT,

STRANDED BY THE DEPT. OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DISTRICT.

REPRINTED BY UNANIMOUS REQUEST OF ST. JAMES LODGE NO. 47

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GRAND CHAPLAIN OF THE G. B. A. CHAPTER OF LOUISIANA.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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ST. JAMES LODGE No. 47, F. A. M. }  
Baton Rouge, June 24, 1871. }

Rev. Dr. R. S. Trippett, Baton Rouge:

DEAR SIR—We the undersigned committee, in compliance with a unanimous vote of St. James Lodge No. 47. hereby respectfully request that you furnish us with a copy of the Address delivered by you on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist.

We desire to have the Address printed in pamphlet form, that we may send copies of it to the different Lodges throughout the State.

Respectfully and Fraternally,

M. C. ALDRICH,  
S. M. HART,  
J. C. LANOUE, } Committee.

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BATON ROUGE, June 29, 1871.

BRETHREN—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your fraternal communication of 26th June, requesting a copy of the Address delivered by me on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, for publication.

I herewith furnish you a copy, as I do not feel at liberty to refuse that which has been requested by a unanimous vote of St. James Lodge.

I therefore send it to you as it was *delivered*, trusting that your charity will overlook any defects that you may discover as you *read* it.

If its publication shall advance the interests of our Ancient Fraternity, my highest ambition will be satisfied,

I remain ever fraternally and truly yours,

R. S. TRIPPETT.

To Messrs. M. C. Aldrich, S. M. Hart, and J. C. Lanoue, Committee.



## ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Officers and Members of the Masonic Fraternity.

The occasion which calls us here to-day, is no ordinary one. We have assembled to celebrate no success of political opinions; no discoveries of Science; no wonders of Art; no extension of Commerce; no advancement of Trade; and no triumph of Arms or successful generalship; with these our Fraternity have nothing to do.

We have forgotten for awhile the principles which make party strife; the thoughts and discoveries of learned men; the genius which makes the marble and canvass glow with life; the freight of loaded Argosies or the wants and wealth of distant lands; the rise and fall of the various commodities which crowd our marts; and the waving plume, the neighing steed, and the tramp of armed men rushing on to victorious battle. All these, making as they do, part and parcel of the business of our lives, by no means constitute the chief purpose of our being.

Were we so formed and fashioned by the Great God of the universe, that the various pursuits which occupy our time and attention, by which we live,—gratify our ambition, satiate our desire for knowledge, please the taste, and fill our coffers,—if these were all for which we were created, how supremely wretched would be our existence here; how dark how gloomy our life beyond the grave.

But these are not the chief objects of our creation, or the ends of our being.

They are of a higher, a more sublime nature. Else, why the generous impulse, the tender sympathy, the warm affection, which move our hearts and throw their sunlight o'er our pathway to our Heavenly Father's home.

Our nature has nobler attributes, and our souls are influenced by purer impulses. Wearied with the toil of life, the heart seeks communion with its kindred heart; and satiated with a gratification of its selfish desires, the soul seeks to unburthen itself, and indulge in sweeter sympathies.

The statesman, care-worn and anxious with regard to the success of his own notions of policy, or the responsibility of government, turns with eager wish from the halls where entranced senates hung with rapture on his lips, or from the cabinet where he has toiled for fame or the glory of his coun-

try, to the less harrassing and more pleasing scenes, where Faith, Hope and Charity exert their mild and gentle influence.

The lawyer, the merchant, and the planter feel more that they are men when engaged in doing those acts of charity and benevolence, which their hard-earned wealth enables them to perform.

And the stern-featured warrior feels a far deeper, a more heart-felt joy, than over the alarum of war or the noise of battle aroused within him, in healing the distress his victory may have occasioned.

We are here, then, brothers, forgetting the selfish and sordid feelings which curse our nature,—the toil which oftentimes makes life weary, to indulge in all those ennobling feelings of our nature; those high impulses, those generous emotions, those loves, those hopes, that faith, which prove that God, when he drove our first parents from the garden of Eden, left some good in our poor fallen nature.

We are here to-day to thank God,—and who bade us love our neighbor as ourselves, and whose All-seeing-eye penetrates our mysteries and reads the secrets of our hearts,—for His past kindness to us, and ask for a continuance of His kind and fostering care over us, and our time-honored fraternity.

It is not my intention on this occasion to attempt any labored defence of the great institution of Free Masonry. It needs none. Founded upon the purest principle of benevolence, and the cultivation and diffusion of the noblest feelings of our nature,—having humanity as its great object, our acts speak for themselves.

It has been blessed of Heaven, it has been sanctified by time. Ages have passed since it was formed, and for ages to come will exist. No institution of human creation can boast an origin of so great an antiquity. It counts its age not by years, but by centuries, tens and scores of centuries, and these are but links in the chain of its existence.

Guided by the lamp of history, we pursue back the links of that chain till years rolling on years, and age succeeding age are piled behind us in awful grandeur. And when the light of history grows dim, we take up tradition and travel along down the distant past, where tradition itself dies out and the inquirer is lost amid the mazes of speculation and conjecture.

The Papacy boasts of its antiquity, but Masonry existed in manly maturity when it is claimed the apostolic mantle fell from St. Peter upon his successor. And now, when the Papacy has grown old, Masonry is yet alive.

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living witness. Since Masonry began her glorious march, since her sublime edifice first dipped its spire in the clouds and shed its brilliance on the world, nations have arisen, flourished, and fallen; the whirlwinds of war have passed over it, and converted the spot where Eden bloomed into a wild and solitary waste; the monuments of ancient glory have crumbled into dust; the sceptre has fallen from the monarch's palsied arm; kings and princes have been hurled from their exalted thrones, and empires have passed away like a dream. And still Masonry exists, unshorn of its pristine glory, with all the freshness of youth, the vigor of manhood, and venerable majesty of old age,—bearing no symptom of decay, no sign of approaching dissolution. Amid the melancholy ruins of time, she has raised her standard and proclaimed her triumphs. The bigots and tyrants of every age have sought her ruin, and have found repose in the vortex of oblivion, while Masonry, like the bow of promise which encircles the pavilioned arch of heaven, remains the wonder, excites the admiration, and extorts the applause of every clime.

In its extent, too, Masonry hath equalled the bounds of the globe we inhabit.

Wherever civilization has shed its blessings, there is Masonry to be found. From the frozen regions of Siberia to the sultry plains of India; amid the classic fields of Italy, and the rugged mountains of Switzerland, its empire is established. In the land of Palestine—a land endeared to our recollections by its association with subjects which as Masons we delight to contemplate—we meet with those whose friendship assures us of safety, and makes us feel indeed that we are not wanderers upon the earth, and that Charity may find a residence even in the breast of the Turk. On the banks of the Ganges, and amid the snows of Lapland, the brother is found whose heart is replete with Charity; and in the spreading forests of our own land, the savage has been tamed of his natural ferocity, and by the mystic sign or word, the hatchet of the warrior has been rendered harmless—the scalping knife has fallen from his sanguinary grasp, and the holy dictates of mercy and benevolence calmed, as with a breath, the headlong fury of passion.

No blood-stained trophies have heralded its victories. No martial array has marked its progress. "Peace and goodwill" have been its watchword,—benevolence its motive of action. It has carried the cup of joy to lips feverish with thirst. It has been a balm to eyes dim with tears—a solace to the heart-broken children of helpless poverty. Wherever

its empire has been established, its reign has been marked by that ever hallowed Charity, "which droppeth as the dew, and blesses him that gives and him that takes."

It is from its peculiar adaptation to the wants and necessities of man, that it has been thus generally diffused. And so long as the Three Great Lights of Masonry sway our hearts, so long will men crowd around our Altars,—so long will our temples stand.

The object of Free Masonry is to elevate and improve man's moral nature. It seeks to call out and improve all that is lovely and pure in the character of man, and to inculcate the same elevated sentiments, the same single-hearted love, and the same expanded benevolence.

It opposes all that is low, mean, and sordid in our natures,—all that is vicious and immoral,—and drives from out its gates, with a sword of fire, "all envy, malice, and uncharitableness."

Starting upon the principle that, the great family of man is one universal brotherhood, it embraces in its grand design all that can ameliorate and improve the condition of man. It seeks to tear him away from evil passions and the deleterious influence of all vicious example. It desires to teach him "virtue; to add to that virtue knowledge, to that knowledge temperance, to that temperance brotherly kindness, to that brotherly kindness Charity."

In a word, we believe that it may go forth like John the Baptist, proclaiming its mission to prepare the way for a mightier than it. It may point to the cross of a risen Saviour,—it may tell of the wonderful works of Him, "who spake as never man spake,"—it may lead the weary and fainting invalid to the fountain opened in the House of David, for the washing of sin and uncleanness, but its mission stops here.

It cannot wash the polluted soul from the disease of sin,—it cannot change man's heart, because a higher power alone can do this work.

My brethren, our paths through life are thronged with strange and unforetold vicissitudes; now we tread on flowers, now on thorns; now the heavens are bright above us, and brooded o'er with the wings of serenest love; now the storm gathers around us, and despair o'er shadows us with her dark pinions. "We know not what a day may bring forth," and yet we pursue our course unconscious of danger—regardless of the future,—mindful only of the present.

Do you not remember the classic story of Sesostris, who harnessed his captive kings to his chariot and compelled them

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to draw him in his triumph. One of his unfortunate enemies  
turned his head and gazed upon the wheel as he was urging  
onward. Upon being questioned as to his reason by his Egyp-  
tian conqueror, he replied that, "the turning of that wheel re-  
minded him of fortune, for, said he, the part which is now  
uppermost will soon be in the dust, and the part which is  
lowest will in one turn be the highest."

How applicable this story to every one of the great family  
of man. No man controls his own destiny; no man is master  
of his own fortunes; no man holds in his own hands his life.

He, who like king Lear, gave laws to a kingdom, may be-  
come a driveller and a fool. He, whose wealth enables him  
to live in splendor and defy every want, may go down to his  
last resting place wearied with poverty and wretchedness.  
The man of strength may have his muscles paralyzed. The  
eye, that drinks in all the beauties of nature, may become  
darkened; and the ear, that is ravished by the sweet sounds  
of earth, may have its chambers eternally closed. No; there  
are none of us superior to misfortune. There are none of us  
who can defy the ills of life. And yet, little do we think that  
every step we take in life, buoyant as we may be in hope and  
elated with joy, is over the mangled remains of the happiness,  
or on the grave of the hopes of some less favored being.  
Happy ourselves, we whirl through the dance of life unmind-  
ful of the sorrow and misery which is always around us. We  
revel in pleasure, regardless of suffering unrelieved, of ignor-  
ance uneducated. We rejoice in the fulness of our own health  
and strength, unmindful that disease unnursed is destroying  
our kind, and death unattended and unmourned is filling the  
grave. Wrapt up in self, mindful only of our own wants, en-  
grossed in our own pursuits of pleasure, we are too prone to  
forget who is our neighbor. This is not love. This is not  
benevolence. This is not charity. This is not obeying the  
mandates of heaven or fulfilling our duty to our fellow men.  
It is stifling the nobler impulses of our nature. It is permit-  
ting the weeds to choke up those flowers which, if properly  
cultured, would make the heart an Eden. Hence one of the  
great objects of Free Masonry is to strengthen the heart in  
love and charity for man, so as to free it from the dominion  
of this selfishness.

It seeks to make us ever mindful of the cares and sorrows  
of others. It teaches us always to remember that while we  
rejoice, others mourn; and it enjoins upon us to divide with  
them our joys, and to share with them their sorrows. And it  
is in the discharge of these our bounden duties, that we alone



manifest ourselves to the world. The uninitiated only know us, and form their opinion of us, when they see those bowed down by sorrow and disease, sent on their way rejoicing by our kind ministrations. When they see the sick surrounded with every comfort, and his sufferings relieved by men who call him *brother*. When they see the dead, who have died far, far away from kindred and home, followed to his last resting place by crowds of sorrowing and sympathizing friends.

*But, my brethren, in the associations connected with the recollections inspired by the occasion on which we are assembled this day, are presented so many and varied views of all that is nobly magnificent, vastly profound, thrillingly interesting, dazzlingly beautiful, that your speaker confesses himself at a loss to decide from what point of observation to survey the glorious scene, or to which class of so splendid array of rival charms he should direct your attention.*

So far from being the trivial thing that many of the uninitiated suppose, there is, in the structure of Free Masonry—in the wisdom of its contrivance—in the peculiar and nice adaptations of means to accomplish important ends, matter which might afford not only vigorous mental exercise, but an intellectual feast to enlightened sages; while its revealed antiquity, its beauteous harmony, its admirable morality, and the hallowed objects to which all its operations relate, would captivate the enthusiast, gratify the moralist, and arouse to delightful exercise the generous emotions of the philanthropist.

We stand upon the platform where our forefathers have stood in ages past. We mark its vast dimensions, its fair proportions, its towering magnificence, its celestial beauty; whilst based upon its sure foundation of Eternal Truth, and its parts cemented together with *love*, it bids defiance to the wastes of time, braves the hurricanes of opposition, and the taunts of persecution recoil in harmless impotency from its polished walls.

Entering the Portal, we find that which is magnificent without, to be all-glorious within.

Its Threshold is purity; its Pavement, devotion; its Furniture, virtue; and on its Altar burns the pure and heavenly Light of Divine Revelation.

Upon its inner Walls, engraved in living characters, we read the names of the illustrious dead whose joy it was to worship, within this peaceful enclosure, the Great Supreme and Glorious Architect who furnished the pattern of our gorgeous edifice.

Kings and Nobles here meet their subjects on the Level of

one common brotherhood with energetic youth; are stimulated; the ranks are emboldened, and violence.

Foremost among the places the imperishable one, the forerunner, our blessed Redeemer.

The anniversary of this festival. The reverence we pay actions.

Let it, then, suffice long been dedicated the recollection of our which ought always.

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one common brotherhood. Wise old age joins hand in hand with energetic youth; the ignorant are instructed, the tardy are stimulated; the rash are made cautious, while the fearful are emboldened, and all unite in works of Charity and benevolence.

Foremost among these ancient worthies, Masonic tradition places the imperishable names of the two Saints John—the one, the forerunner, and the other, the beloved disciple of our blessed Redeemer.

The anniversary of the birth of the former is the occasion of this festival. The high regards we feel for his character, the reverence we pay to his memory, is best shown by our actions.

Let it, then, suffice to say, that all Christian Lodges have long been dedicated to the Holy Saints John, by which means the recollection of our duties as good Masons, and the virtues which ought always to adorn our lives, is continually revived.

*It has been objected by some, that we place Masonry in lieu of Religion, or at least try to exalt it to an equal elevation with the Gospel of the blessed God.*

This charge, though often repelled, has been continually renewed, and an argument has been based upon it, by which it is attempted to place our Fraternity in position antagonistic to Religion.

This allegation we again meet with a respectful but firm denial. We utterly disclaim any attempt to institute a parallel, and in comparison, will be the first to accord that superiority rightfully claimed by the Divine over the human.

Without prescribing any religious creed, except an acknowledgment of the True God, and the accountability of man, Masonry enjoins all the moral precepts of the ten commandments.

And, my brethren, it would be well for us to ponder these precepts at our leisure, and learn how we are too often in armed rebellion against God and Masonic teaching.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Keep we that law? Alas, so foul are the blasphemies blistering this day in high and low places on the tongues of men, and frequently by Masons, that Jehovah seemeth nothing but a Great God to swear by. Let the lines of Copper ever act as a check to this unmasonic vice:—

"It chills my blood to hear the Great Supreme  
Rudely appealed to, on each trifling theme;  
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise—  
To swear, is neither brave, polite, nor wise;  
You would not swear upon a bed of death;  
Reflect, this moment God may stop your breath."

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Masonry, in short, adopts the standard of morality which God has established; Christianity does more and supplies the efficacious means by which that standard may be obtained.

Another objection, and of more force than the preceding, is that men of corrupt principles and vicious lives are found among us.

With profound humiliation we respond, the charge is too true. There are amongst us, so forgetful of their solemn obligations and basely recreant to the sacred trust reposed in them, as thus to dishonor themselves and recklessly wound the reputation of the Craft. But this much we aver, if they are vile, Masonry never made them so, and it professes no miraculous ability to change men's hearts.

And we beseech you, not to form your opinion of the Institution itself from the unworthy conduct of unworthy members. None can more deeply deplore than all true Masons do, the existence of this evil, and none are more solicitous than they for its extirpation.

*I should feel myself justly liable to censure, and sadly deficient in that deferential regard which Masons especially delight to show to the claims of the gentler sex; were I to pass without a respectful notice an objection, in which my fair auditors, no doubt, feel themselves particularly interested.*

It has been said: If it be the design and tendency of Masonry to refine and ennoble human nature, who so susceptible of that exquisite polish as the already pure and gentle character of woman? If it be to cultivate and strengthen the fraternal relation which ought to exist between man and man—to facilitate and ensure the practical operations of those virtues so forcibly recommended in the Inspired Volume, viz: "mutual forbearance and mutual aid," who so capable of generous emotions, or so admirably fitted to excel in all that adorns, endears and hallows the social intercourse of mortals, as woman?

None! none!! is our emphatic reply. Her heart is truly a well-spring of sympathy—the Eden where alone flourish in their sweetest prime the ambrosial flowers of spotless innocence and virtuous sensibility. She has no admirer more enthusiastic—no friend more constant or devoted than the true Mason.

Why, then, it is plausibly asked, is she so rigorously refused admission within our walls? Why this want of confidence in her integrity, seemingly manifested in her being denied initiation into the secrets of our Art?

Our reply is, that Masonry was formerly an operative pro-

fession; and Masonic woman's delicate nature tasks which appropriate to her noble calling. The noble implements to be worn as burdens of rocks and fragile form.

Masons are averse to established customs, and have, therefore, been strictly observed.

There are still arduous duties of our Art; and it is still the fair the beneficiaries, and the mercies of our benevolent.

Among the female ranks, less will never want a place for the afflicted and distressed, who dwell within their reach of brotherhood. No sacrifice will be met and braved in support of these cherished.

Could the instances of tears have been dried, and joy, through the kind means in which the balm of the wounded spirit, and the hopeless and despairing morning cloud—your aid and every worthy Mason's felt blessing.

*In conclusion, my brethren, trust, and with it you in your honorable reputation and able institution, it is for*

The White Emblem of us by our predecessors, and to illustrate the character of our records the name of our affix a stain upon its spot.

Let the Guage still demand to move without the limit of the lawful gratification.

Let the common Gavel those invaluable ends for

fession; and Masonic gallantry could never consent that woman's delicate nature should be subjected to the rugged tasks which appropriately belonged to this useful but laborious calling. The Mallet and Chisel were deemed unsuitable implements to be wielded by feminine hands, and bearing burdens of rocks and mortar too severe employment for her fragile form.

Masons are averse to any innovations upon their anciently established customs, and this primitive regulation has, therefore, been strictly observed since the Order became speculative.

There are still arduous duties connected with the operations of our Art; and it is still the policy of the Craft to make the *fair* the beneficiaries, without imposing any of the inconveniences of our benevolent toil.

Among the female relatives of Master Masons, the defenceless will never want a protector, the needy a benefactor, nor the afflicted and distressed a sympathizing friend, while there dwells within their reach a single member of our noble Brotherhood. No sacrifice so great, no danger so perilous, but will be met and braved with alacrity in the defence and support of these cherished ones.

Could the instances be recounted in which the orphan's tears have been dried, and the widow's heart made to sing for joy, through the kind ministrations of Fraternal tenderness; in which the balm of friendship has been applied to the wounded spirit, and confidence and hope restored to the hopeless and despairing, your prejudices would vanish as the morning cloud—your admiration would become enthusiasm, and every worthy Mason would proudly bear away your heartfelt blessing.

*In conclusion*, my brethren, to you is confided a most sacred trust, and with it you incur a most solemn responsibility. The honorable reputation and prosperity of our ancient and honorable institution, it is for you to Guard and perpetuate.

The White Emblem of innocence has been transmitted to us by our predecessors, let it still continue to be the badge, and to illustrate the character of a Mason. And perish from our records the name of him who shall sacrilegiously dare to affix a stain upon its spotless surface.

Let the Gage still divide your time, and be careful never to move without the limits of that mystic circle, which bounds the lawful gratification of the passions and appetites of men.

Let the common Gavel be always in your hands applied to those invaluable ends for which it is designed, that you may

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be prepared, as living and polished stones, to enter into the composition of that Spiritual Temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Be ever mindful that the All-Seing-Eye, which surveys the Circle of the heavens, and which the Sun, Moon, and Stars obey, looks also into the inmost recesses of the human heart; and adorn your lives with those celestial vestments of Purity and Benevolence, which are the Shibboleth to felicity beyond the grave.

Mark-Well the instructions you have from time to time received, and suffer yourselves to be guided by the Divine Light to which you have had access. Remember of him to whom much is given, much shall be required.

Remove not the ancient landmarks, guard with sacred jealousy the inner door. Admit none to that fellowship in which we delight to dwell, who are not worthy and well-qualified, in the true sense of Masonic estimation.

Our glorious institution contains within itself all the elements of prosperity and perpetuity.

Masonry is unchangeable has been our boast; let our actions but comport to this proud declaration, and we shall never have occasion to blush for the reputation of the Craft. But looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, it shall cast its mantle of splendor over the sombre sky of hitherto unenlightened lands, and triumphing over the opposition of its foes, march onward, and still onward, with shouts of conquest, and songs of victory.

And when the strife and labors of this life are over, may we each realize our sweetly cherished hope of Immortality.

Believing this truth, divinely taught, our Order echoes in our ears the glorious words: "We are immortal." It tells us that,

"The earth will pass  
Like a wild dream away; the very heavens  
Be rolled together as a scroll; but He,  
Beneath whose feet the sun and stars are dust,  
Hath said, that we shall never die;—  
That the grave shall not receive our spirits;  
And that, "If a man die, he shall live again."

Light breaks in upon our souls and sheds a radiance around the tomb.

*I should, my brethren, like to tell you more about our principles and work, but time admonishes me that I must not trespass longer upon your patience.*

I should like, on a sort of mental panorama, to unroll be-

fore you the beauties that  
bow at our innermost shrine

I should like to take  
halls and chambers of our

To you, I would unfold  
rills, its gushing fount  
lawn, its gleaming fires  
by which some beautiful  
or God is forcibly inculcated

I should like you to  
anthems of harmony that  
are unfolded; harmony  
the choir above, till, in  
of the "Wonderful, the  
lasting Father, and the  
nah, or Visible Glory,  
that votary whose heart  
sence, and whose soul,  
mortality, quaffs from the  
lizes that God still dwells

And thus, having been  
the higher privileges in  
raised to the enjoyment  
children of God.

Having received the  
signet of the Almighty  
most excellent displays  
to the divinest honors  
to cross the tessellated  
cial presence chamber

*And now, brothers, let  
could bind men together  
the relief of suffering  
of benevolence and char  
could fallen man be en  
which enjoins love for  
and obedience to our C  
stitutions, how exalted  
How extended the sphere  
unconfined all those fac  
rest of created things.*

*proud position, he pres  
on an elevation, like th  
Pilgrim visited, he fir  
hitherto obscured his*

ed stones, to enter into the  
mple, not made with hands,  
ing-Eye, which surveys the  
the Sun, Moon, and Stars  
cesses of the human heart;  
lestial vestments of Purity  
ibboleth to felicity beyond

have from time to time re-  
guided by the Divine Light  
remember of him to whom  
red.

marks, guard with sacred  
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sheds a radiance around  
more about our principles  
that I must not trespass  
panorama, to unroll be-

fore you the beauties that flash upon the vision of those who  
bow at our innermost shrine.

I should like to take you by the hand through the various  
halls and chambers of our magnificent Temple.

To you, I would unfold its scenes of beauty, its sparkling  
rills, its gushing fountains, its grassy mounds, its flowery  
lawns, its gleaming fires, its starry dome, its varied emblems  
by which some beautiful truth is evolved or some duty to man  
or God is forcibly inculcated.

I should like you to stand by my side and catch the rich  
anthems of harmony the soul hears when its splendid visions  
are unfolded; harmony that floats in mellow cadences from  
the choir above, till, in rapt spirit, you kneel before the Name  
of the "Wonderful, the Counselor, the Mighty God, the Ever-  
lasting Father, and the Prince of Peace." Where the Sheki-  
nah, or Visible Glory, pours a flood of hallowed light upon  
that votary whose heart feels the touch of His mystic pre-  
sence, and whose soul, wafted upon the wings of its own im-  
mortality, quaffs from the fountain of perennial joy, and rea-  
lizes that God still dwells with man.

And thus, having been initiated here, may we be passed to  
the higher privileges in fellowship with angelic spirits and  
raised to the enjoyment of the sublime inheritance of the  
children of God.

Having received the Mark of the Lamb, the impress of the  
signet of the Almighty, may we be admitted to behold the  
most excellent displays of infinite Glory; and finally, exalted  
to the divinest honors conferred upon all who are permitted  
to cross the tessellated border of the celestial court—the spe-  
cial presence chamber of the Deity.

*And now, brothers, ladies and gentlemen, what nobler objects  
could bind men together? On what more sacred mission than  
the relief of suffering humanity, the diffusion of the principles  
of benevolence and charity, the elevation of our moral nature,  
could fallen man be engaged? In what nobler work than that  
which enjoins love for our country, fidelity to our fellowmen,  
and obedience to our God? Under the influence of such in-  
stitutions, how exalted, how ennobled the situation of man.  
How extended the sphere of his influence and usefulness; how  
unconfined all those faculties which raise him aloft above the  
rest of created things. How sublime the spectacle, from his  
proud position, he presents to angels and to men. Standing  
on an elevation, like the delectable mountains which Buayan's  
Pilgrim visited, he finds himself above the clouds which  
hitherto obscured his vision; his eye rests upon scenes of*



ravishing beauty, and the sun beams on him in undimmed splendor; the rainbow, with its gorgeous dyes, spreads itself above him; and through the merits of the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," we may all enter, there to receive, in the presence of an assembled universe, the crown of life immortal, and be admitted to the rewards of the "just made perfect."