



ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON THE

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST,

AT SHAWNEETOWN, ILL., 1843.

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NEW ORLEANS:

CLARK & BRISBIN, 70 CAMP STREET.

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ADDRESS.

Companions, Brethren, and Fellow Citizens:

We have this day assembled, from various sections of our beloved country, in conformity with an ancient custom of our Order, to cherish and revere the memory of our virtuous and illustrious Brother, ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

From time immemorial it has been the custom to celebrate anniversaries, and to set apart certain days for rejoicing, by almost every nation, and in almost every country. The Jews had their solemn convocations; the Greeks their Olympic games; the Romans their Saturnalia—their sacred votive and funeral games; and modern nations imitated their example and set apart certain days on which they cherish and commemorate the virtues of their sages, heroes and statesmen; or to celebrate some important events of their history. And where is the American citizen, be he naturalized or native, whose heart does not swell with high emotion on the return of the anniversary of our Independence? Do not our very souls thrill with veneration and esteem toward the patriots of seventy-six, when we contemplate their triumph over bigotry and tyranny, over kings and fools, over knaves and Shylocks? The annual return of that, as well as Washington's birthday, has for better than a half a century claimed tribute from the hearts of a free and happy people; and as long as truth shall be a beacon light to guide the human mind, as long as virtue shall find an advocate in the human breast, the birthday of Washington, together with that of our Independence, will be hailed with the happiest rejoicings of a grateful nation.

According to long established custom Free Masons cele-

brate the anniversaries of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, because they were brothers and patrons of our Order. They were holy men, whose virtues were so exemplary, so honorable to themselves, so useful to mankind, and so acceptable to God, that they should ever be held in grateful remembrance. It is therefore no common pastime that calls us together on this occasion, for at this very moment millions are gathered together, like ourselves, to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of our Patron Saint. The reflection of this fact is calculated to excite within our breasts sensations of a pleasing kind, while reviewing his exemplary character. If we look into history for his character, and trace him through the various vicissitudes of life, we find him zealously engaged in meliorating the condition of mankind. He ranked as one of the most worthy of the Christian disciples. It was he who leaned upon the breast of his Master; this is the one of whom it is written: "the disciple whom Jesus loved." He was the son of Zebedee, and brother of James the greater. Besides the gospel which bears his name, he wrote three epistles and the Apocalypse. He lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and the only one of the disciples who died a natural death. When he was too infirm through age to make a longer discourse, his constant exhortation to the Christians, at Ephesus, where he lived, was: "*Little children love one another.*" We have this day assembled to venerate his memory as Masons. Illustrous event! Memorable era, that witnessed so many virtues concentrated in one individual of our mortal race! And now, Sainted Shade, as you look down from your blissful abode, do you not exult in the contemplation, that the light of Masonry still burns brightly on the stream of time, and the mystic word is yet preserved. What honor, my dear brethren, I ask, is more appropriate than suitable reflections on the origin, progress, and present state of our society, our characters, and duties as Masons?

It has been but a short time since I had the pleasure of addressing you, but in looking back through the few weeks that have elapsed, we are furnished with abundant cause of gratitude for the signal blessings which have been extended to us individually and collectively. In the ceremonies of this day, we have, therefore, first acknowledged that gratitude to the author of all good for his mercies and protecting care over the destinies of our beloved institution. In my last address, I had confined myself almost exclusively to the rise, origin, and progress of Masonry. I have, consequently, but little to offer in addition at this time. On that occasion I endeavored to trace the march of Masonry from the antediluvian patriarchs, and from the building of Solomon's Temple to the present period.

When Rome was enriched by conquests, and was happy in the wisdom of her rulers, the principles of Masonry added to her honor, prosperity, and peace. Amid the turmoils which tore the Empires of the Goths and Visi-Goths, we clearly trace the progress of Masonry. The revolutions which wrecked political worlds, the hurricanes of desolation which have swept over nations and empires, have passed harmless over our heaven-defended Institution. In those dark ages that succeeded the subversion of the Roman Empire, and the general wreck of nations; when the public mind was swayed with endless storm and clouded by ignorance and superstition, modest and unobtrusive Masonry found a refuge in the various monastic orders, then the sacred retreats of science and religion. It was often necessary at that period to conceal her from bear-eyed envy, which hates that excellence it cannot reach; or from haughty and tyrannic ignorance that would with a barbaric hand extinguish the light it cannot comprehend. But from among the good and the wise of every nation and of every age, we can boast a brilliant succession of protectors.

Cæsar was a friend of the Craft—the Emperor Caramanus

granted them a charter with power to constitute judges, hold councils, and enact laws for their government, and appointed St. Alban their Grand Master, who fell a martyr to his Christian principles. Alfred the Great was a promoter of the art. King Athelstan called a grand convention of Masons at York, in the year 926, his brother, Prince Edwin, presiding as Grand Master, and from all the ancient documents then in existence, proposed the present Constitution of our Order—from which all the Lodges of England, France, Spain, Germany, Holland and this country have either indirectly or immediately derived their charters; and hence the name of "Ancient York Masons." Since that time (notwithstanding all the hostility of the unprincipled in this, as well as in other countries, Masonry has moved and is still moving on in all the sublimity of its purity, conquering and to conquer. A host of worthies decorate our Annals. Men distinguished in the field and in the cabinet—in the halls of legislation, and the courts of judicature—in the schools of philanthropy and the temples of religion—stand proudly enrolled among our ranks. Our illustrious brother, the immortal Locke, the profound and scrutinising philosopher, from the study of an ancient Masonic manuscript became convinced of the great antiquity and excellence of our Institution, was converted to the Order, and was noted as one of the warmest of its advocates. In the eighteenth century, Frederick the Great of Prussia was initiated; he was so well convinced of its good effects that he extended it through his dominion, and instituted the Grand Lodge at Berlin, which is still in successful operation. In our own country it found a more congenial soil than in many others; it took deep root and spread throughout the whole land; it found a friend in the Government and a protector in the people, because the pure principles of its religion and its laws were in strict accordance with the one, and its republican plainness and honest demeanor, won the confidence and esteem of the other;

and on the records of the Institution you will find, besides those we have named in our last address, the names of General Jackson, Monroe, David Clinton, Livingston, Poinsett, Clay, Chief Justice Marshall, Lennox, and a host of others. Sacrilegious, indeed, would be the thought that corruption and iniquity could find place in a society patronised and sustained by such master spirits. Shades of our beloved departed St. John forbid it.

Still there are those among us who accuse us of entering into obligations by which, as members, we might be called to set at defiance the established laws of the land. The charge is false. I here appeal to every enlightened Mason to bear me witness if the very first duty of a Mason is not the preservation of and obedience to the laws of his country, and if Masonry is not one of the most powerful supports of our national existence? We form a mighty bond of safety to the Union; and should grim-visaged war show his wrinkled front against our happy confederacy, either at home or from abroad, it will behold the Order of Ancient York Masonry in panoply around it, and the swords of millions of Free and Accepted Masons gleaming in its defence. It may be averred in favor of Masonry that the Institution countenances no deviation from right reason. Those who violate the laws, or infringe on good order, are kindly admonished by secret monitors; when those means have not the intended effect, public reprehension becomes necessary at last. When every mild endeavor to effect a reformation is of no avail, they are expelled from the Lodge, as unfit members of the fraternity. But, methinks, I hear some one say, that few, very few, are expelled from our Order; to this we aver, that a charge or complaint against a member of the Masonic family can be preferred by any of the family as easily as before any other institution, and, when properly authenticated, cogizance is taken of the case, and measures adopted to correct the offender. If, then, no such complaints be made, is it rea-

reasonable, is it just, to censure the Order for not acting upon them? One general remark here will close this part of our subject. If the Masonic Fraternity, like all other benevolent and praiseworthy institutions, be burthened with such members, are there any just reasons for condemning the Institution itself for conduct which it deprecates and discountenances?

Whatever may have been your views, my beloved hearers, in regard to this Institution, it is indeed far from being the *hydra-headed monster* which some suppose it to be. It is far from countenancing vice or immorality; no candidate can be received unless he declares his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being; *that his trust is in God*; "that he is influenced by no other motive than a desire of knowledge and a sincere wish of being serviceable to his fellow creatures." *Each candidate is duly recommended and vouched for, and in no case received, until his character has passed the ordeal of a committee.* Upon his introduction among us, he is taught of brotherly love, of relief and truth. The four cardinal virtues, which are *Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice*, are duly explained and enforced. In the very first charge delivered to every candidate upon his initiation, he is required to inculcate three great duties: to God, his neighbor and himself; to God, in never mentioning his name but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to a creator, to esteem him as the Chief Good; to his neighbor, in acting upon the square, and doing unto others as he would wish others to do unto him; to himself, in avoiding all irregularity and intemperance which may impair his faculties, or debase the dignity of his profession. Thus have the doors of Masonry always been open to those who wish to search her mysteries, and who were properly qualified to enter. She has never had anything to conceal of which she could be ashamed: although our proceedings are somewhat shrouded in mystery, and our doors guarded by Tylers with drawn swords. To reveal our universal language, by which we

know and recognize each other in any part of the world in which we may be thrown, and without which Masonry would not be Masonry—could answer no other end than to gratify an idle curiosity, while it would be the death blow of the whole fabric. Our Lodges are hallowed abodes of love in the truest sense of the word. Our landmarks, from first to last are humanity, morality and religion, yet religious or political disputes never engage the attention of Masons in their private seminaries. The tenets of the Institution interfere with no particular faith, but are reconcilable to all. Reverence for the Deity, and gratitude for the blessings of heaven, are inculcated in every degree; and in the investigation of its holiest doctrines, the Christian, the philosopher and the mathematician experience equal satisfaction and delight. With us there are no envious distinctions, no personal rivalries, no sordid jealousies, although before we were Masons some of us were kings, potentates, commanders of armies, lawyers, ministers of state and of religion, scholars, artisans, historians, rich men and poor men, sailors, soldiers, and men of every lawful calling; but on entering the Lodge all those distinctions ceased, and we became brothers, fellows, equals—with no distinctions save their respective degrees of masonic excellence and moral worth. Members of the same brotherhood—children of the same great Parent—co-workers in the same labors of love, in condition, in character, end and aim—we are one and indivisible.

From my very faint sketch of the high origin of our Order, and the many great and good men which I have named, who devoted their talents, their means, and their influence towards her support, the mind is naturally excited to inquire into the peculiar character and utility of our institution, that has twined itself around the best feelings of the human heart, identified itself with the history of man, and claimed the special protection of heaven. Does it not really appear as if by some mighty magic it has been able to brave the rava-

ges of the destroying hand of time; it has witnessed brazen statues crumble into dust, and the most labored monuments of antiquity have disappeared; but the ethereal flame which burns upon our altars survive the mouldering ruins of time, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds. It shines forth in all its beauty of holiness—clear as the sun—fair as the moon—purifying the moral atmosphere, and conducing to the health and vigor of the social compact. Troy, Babylon and Ninevah, the proudest cities of times long past, like Athens and ancient Rome, which were the seat of all that was refined and useful in the arts, of all that was heroic and brilliant in arms, have yielded to the devastating hand of time, leaving scarce a trace to mark the spots on which they stood. The owl now hoots among their dreary and mouldering ruins, and a race of slaves rear their humble roofs among their scattered fragments, and tread with cold indifference on the graves of their heroes and philosophers. Amid the night of ignorance, amid the fall of empires, and the common wreck of matter, Masonry has, with a firm and steady pace, held the noiseless tenor of her way, through circling ages, down the track of time, bathed in the dews of heaven, glowing with original brightness, and, as if shielded in the hollow of His hand, who rules in chaos as in order, survived the general wreck of nations, which caused the irruptions of those multitudes in the latter days of Rome, whose barbarian hosts came like a deluge over the land, and spread beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands. Although an Egyptian darkness pervaded the world, and a living sea in might and horror raged over Europe, we read our name and title clear amid all this wild uproar, chaos and annihilation; we still retain our ancient laws uncorrupted, our venerable rites, our expressive symbols unchanged, and its primeval ceremonies entire. Yes, there she stands, our venerable child of antiquity, clothed in the livery of Heaven; she stands forth, like the everlasting Pyramids of old, alike

shrouded in mysteries and hieroglyphics bright, "which none but craftsmen ever saw." It is the gift of Heaven, and to the eyes of the "favored and enlightened few," shines brightly forth amid the thickest darkness of antiquity. It must be good. If it were evil, if it were only indifferent, if it were the work of man, it must have perished, long ago, in the general wreck of evil, indifferent, and merely human inventions; but it is the work of God, and, therefore, it stands like his own Alps or Andes, rock-ribbed and lasting as the sun. It carries us back to the beginning of time, to creation itself. It enables us to mark every epoch through which the world has passed to the present hour, holding converse with the great, the good and the virtuous of passed ages, drawing lessons of experience as we pursue the course, gathering wisdom from that experience, and thus qualified to meet every position in which we may be thrown. Go to the closet of the historian and learn what has occurred since the birth of time. Go to the proud philosophers, who walk in the shades of academic groves, and learn all they can teach you of the wisdom of the earth. Go sit at Nature's feet, if you would find out her laws. But if you would appear with undefiled purity before God Jehovah; if you would be like the river that fertilizes the regions through which it flows, we point you to Masonry; for it is a pure excellent fountain, of which prophets, priests and kings, and so many of every nation and kindred of every age, now in Heaven, have drunk.

Notwithstanding its venerable antiquity, and its spotless purity, it has passed the fiery ordeals of public scrutiny, opposition and rage, in every age and in every country; and its persecutors have sometimes been no less bloody and unrelenting than those of Christianity. In our own country much has been said and written against our ancient institution, and the evil spirit of intolerance and prejudice has been enlisted in the bitter warfare against us; we have been

denounced in unqualified and unsparing terms. Notwithstanding all the foul epithets which have been hurled at our craft—our career has been inoffensive; the members of the institution have never retaliated—they did not try to gain political sway, or to organize a political party—for the whole superstructure of our institution is expressly contrived to restrain our passions and to lead us into a humble career of virtue. Its very secrecy prevents the agitations of ambition; it contributes to its purity and permanence, by debarring from it the voice of public censure or applause. These elevated principles sustained the craft through all their trials, temptations and persecutions. The institution has been sustained by him whose fields are the planets, and who holds in the hollow of his hand the fate of worlds. She stands like the stars in the milky way, illuminating and cheering the path of the way-worn pilgrim. She has gone forth in the glorious light of day—effulgent as the sun in its dazzling radiance, spreading the lights of learning and science, enlarging the powers and capacities of the mind, displaying the beauties of nature and wonders of art, pointing to the skies, holding forth the way to peacefulness and a satisfied conscience.

Trace the foot-prints of other societies, both modern and ancient—even the different denominations of Christians—you will find them stained with blood; forever carrying with each other about all the bigoted superstitions, opinions and inventions of men. Private strifes and national warfare are the order of the day. Throughout the whole length and breadth of Christendom, men, communities and nations, forget that they are children of one common father; they disregard the injunction of Jesus that they are all brethren: that they should love one another: that love is the only criterion by which the true disciples of Christ are known. Masonry would call them back and remind them of this fact; it teaches the Catholic, the Protestant, of every sect and name, together

with the Mahometan, the Persian, the Pagan and the Jew, that God is no respecter of persons—that he is the same yesterday, now and forever—that we must love God and our brethren.

Yes, my dear brethren, I love you all as I love my own soul; love ye one another; may brotherly love prevail among you; may this heavenly flame never be extinguished in your breasts, for it is the only strong, the only abiding sentiment which will produce peace and good-will on earth. In fact it is the only moral cement of the universe, and the supreme source of all felicity here and hereafter, which will not only live forever, but will continue to improve whilst the Universe shall last.

Time, the great mirror which strips all things of disguise, has faithfully shown forth the divine origin of Masonry, by the multitude of blessings which it has scattered through every part of the habitable globe. If you judge the tree by its fruits, you will find that the deeds of Masonry are deeds of beneficence. Although we feel ourselves in duty bound to relieve a brother of our own family first, in doing so we feel justified, inasmuch as at some period or the other, he contributed to the support of the Craft; and in doing so we but repay him in adversity what he in prosperity deposited in the treasury of the Order. It is, however, well known that this preference is but slightly regarded, for whenever a case of distress is hailed from without, Masons are always ready to fly to the rescue. It is not necessary for me to name the many public institutions which have been established by Masonic munificence. I need not tell of the bickerings which have been healed; the almost numberless instances in which the Fraternity have alleviated the situations of the distressed, and the tears that are wiped away in private. I need not speak of the widows and orphans. It is not necessary that these things should be told. The good deeds of Masonry are not done to be seen of men; they are the offsprings of disin-

terested feelings; they need no trumpet. Masonic charity needs no plea but the cry of distress, and no reward but the relief of the sufferer; her deeds of charity come from and go to the heart, and in the heart alone are their records preserved. Thus, Masonry has gone on a social and beneficent career; her principles emanate from the great fountain of light and love, and its blessings are richer than Potosi's silver, or the gems of Golconda.

But, perhaps, by the uninformed or the careless and inattentive observer, our garb, our symbolic arms and implements, may be mistaken for the idle trappings of office, or an imitation of the holiday splendor and gew-gaw trifles of tinselled royalty. Then let me inform such, that even the petty unmeaning plaything that adorns the brow of kings and emperors, could confer no honor upon our venerable Institution. It is true our symbols are not of these times, yet they are pleasing to a cultivated mind, for they carry away the fancy to an early period—even beyond the times of Caesar and the martial glory of Rome; beyond the day of Hannibal and the strife of the Roman with the Carthaginian hosts; beyond the glory of the Greek; beyond the lights of Pythagorean philosophy; even to the land of Judea and the Temple of Solomon. There is no empty show; every article of furniture attached to the Lodge, every jewel that adorns the person of a Mason, sparkles with intelligence, and is fraught with the richest lessons of instruction. Every form and ceremony, every type and symbol of the Order, illustrates and inculcates some great moral duty; every motto inscribed upon its banners, is commemorative of its virtues, morality and benevolence, and is replete with every noble, generous and social obligation; with an expressive silence, they speak a language to the heart which no words can convey and no tongue can utter; and, taken as one connected whole, form the most beautiful and impressive system of typical morality. The great luminary of our planetary system, was an emblem

three thousand years ago with us, as it is this day, of the omnipotence, omnipresence and eternity of its great Creator; of this *all seeing eye*, under whose watchful care the fiery comet holds its wide and wandering course through systems of worlds, undestructive of the beautiful and harmonious whole, so the softer lustre of the peerless queen of night, then was, and is now, a fit emblem of all the milder virtues of the great I Am. But Masonry, unless understood and practised in its true spirit, becomes ridiculous; and so do the most sublime doctrines of the Christian religion, when perverted by the novice, fanatic and hypocrite. All, therefore, who pass through the forms and wear the badge of Masonry, are not equally Masons, for a full understanding of these beautiful allegories requires a strong pervading mind and much tedious application.

I beg now the attention of the female portion of my audience for a few moments only. And what shall I say to you, that has not already been said on a former occasion, by myself, or some one of the brethren? Shall I again tell you that you are all Masons? No, my fair hearers, you know that; and, even before I told it in public, you were aware of that fact; but your modesty forbid you to let others know it; it was an indiscretion for which I have received a very gentle rebuke from one of my fair sisters; but you know truth will out. Forgive me, dear ladies, for this once; in future I shall expose your secrets no more. You are debarred from the Lodge rooms, it is true, because it would not be proper to permit you to become members; your admittance would from that very hour be made the great paramount objection to Masonry. Your sex alone disqualifies you from membership. The love and respect which have allotted you your present elevated rank in the scale of beings, in kindness, exclude you from our cares and labors. In excluding you as members, we do it, not in hate, but all in honor; we would not, if we could, let the winds of Heaven blow too rudely on

Your exclusion is a strong proof of the antiquity of our Institution; for there are no innovations permitted upon its ancient landmarks. Prudent antiquity was right. Masonry would be of no utility to the fair; your sex came fashioned so perfect from the hand of nature as not to require the correction of Masonry. If there be on earth one work of moral symmetry, one work of moral loveliness, whereon the hand of Heaven has written, masterpiece, that work is woman. Don't think, my fair hearers, that my description is a mere compliment or flattery, (though I plead guilty to the charge of my own and all my brethren's devotion to the fair sex) for if you do you will have to call all the kings, painters, sculptors and nations, who borrow the form of woman to personify their ideal of everything noble, and lovely, and good, flatterers, too; nay, look but upon the glorious ensign of our own proud land, you there behold *Liberty*—the adored *mistress* of the *freeman's heart*—unfolding her beauty in the symbol of *woman's loveliness*! Show me a man whose heart does not glow with sentiments of reverence towards woman, and I will show you a man who has not the necessary qualifications for Masonry. And I here appeal to every Mason present to bear me witness whether there is any other society in the universe that knows better how to appreciate the benevolence and general influence extended over the face of the earth by the fairer portion of creation, than the Masonic Fraternity. For that very reason Masonry is the peculiar friend, protector and guardian of woman. They could not, however, become useful members of our Order, and at the same time discharge the duties of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters. God has assigned you particular duties. The tenderness of your frames and the susceptibility of your minds, unfit you for the rude contests of the world's strife. Your sphere is not with the plumed troops and the big wars that make ambition virtue. You are wisely excluded from the jarring elements of political strife. To you are commi-

ted the consoling and comforting tasks of pouring a refreshing balm into the wounded heart of man when he returns home, stricken and borne down by the difficulties and sorrows of life; and by the sweet and melodious sound of language that flows from your lips, to make him forget the world and find his home a Heaven. It is you that *teach our infant lips the first accents of love*, that beautiful impress of the Godhead, which is the starlight of our joys and the beacon of our hopes; from the first smile that plays upon the face of infancy until that mind is matured with the strength of manhood.

Right Worshipful Master, Wardens and beloved Brethren! we have this day assembled to celebrate the mysteriously preserved reputation and usefulness of Masonry, and to pay the tribute of affectionate remembrance to its departed patrons and brothers. Around the altar of friendship do we thus yearly assemble and bring our votive incense to that temple which our predecessors founded on the firm basis of virtue, and supported by the pillars of *Wisdom, Strength and Beauty*. We do not meet to drain the bowl of intemperance, nor to indulge the excesses of gluttony, but to renew the cordialities of friendship, the resolutions of love and good will; our object is to enliven the kindly sensibilities of human nature, together with all the sweet civilities of social intercourse. While you commemorate the wisdom of *Solomon*, the fidelity of *Hiram*, and the virtues of *St. John*, you will join also in celebrating the illustrious fame of our departed brethren, *Warren, Franklin, Lafayette, Clinton*, and of him who filled the measure of his country's glory, the immortal Washington.

As Masons, we have been taught that adversity is not the consequence of crime alone, but may obtrude upon the good man's dwelling; that the brightest prospects are often evanescent, and permanent felicity not to be found on earth; that human nature is extremely frail, and misfortunes are the

common lot of all men. Adversity, like a desolation has swept over the land, and in its career has prostrated thousands, and drove them from the enjoyment of opulence and crushed them in the dust. These are times which try men's souls—these are the times which prove the soundness of our principles, and evince the excellence of our Order. Should the world see that we desert the honest and virtuous brother in his reverses, and leave him in an unmerciful manner to the pelting of the pitiless storm, without stretching forth the helping hand to relieve him, they will scorn our lofty pretensions of fraternal succor and affection; but seeing us cleaving closer to the victim of misfortune as the furious blasts of the storm increase: that we hear the faint whisper of complaint, the distant wailings of misery and wo, and fly forth with winged speed, like angels of consolation and relief, to wipe the tears from sorrow's weeping eye, and give the welcome of friendship to the wandering child of poverty and distress: then our honorable Institution will shine out with sweet and captivating radiance, and the world shall be constrained to say—"see how these brethren love one another."

The union of your Lodge is a proud triumph over the prejudices of your nature—you may be excused for regarding it with peculiar complacency; and it will not be useless at this time to recur to the success which has hitherto attended your humble efforts: though it may have reached even your most sanguine expectations, still it will require the most unremitting attention to the first principles of our Institution, to have the strictest guard over your passions, the most liberal indulgence to those of your brethren, in order to preserve inviolate that union which has been the boast of our Order. Check the first appearance of that party spirit which divides families as well as states; which distracts private friendship as well as public councils; which assumes all disguises, is known by every man, infects religion, and insinuates itself into scientific disputes. Guard, then, against the approaches of this

evil, as you would guard the treasure of your heart. Repress the first uneasy feeling of animosity for fancied individual slight. Apt to err yourselves, look with indulgence on the errors of a brother. A rapid view of our principles will convince us how well calculated they are to eradicate those evils which discord has produced in the world. As for myself, brethren, I am sure that a life strictly conformed to the principles of Masonry, will be a life holy, just, true, and felicitous in time and eternity. He who walks the plumbet's line of Ancient York Masonry, may calmly lay down on a dying bed with fearless confidence that his name, though not inscribed upon any sectarian roll, shall be written in the book of God: for Masonry proceeds from and leads to the great I Am. Oh! it is a glorious thought, my dear brethren, that he whose omnific word spoke the universe into existence, is the author of Masonry; that he whose power sustains the mighty vaults, whose wisdom points out the pathway of the myriads of visible and unseen worlds, is the God from whose munificent hand we receive the blessings of Masonry. Consequently she will stand until time shall be no more. The stupendous pyramids which were raised, the lofty obelisks inscribed, the magnificent temples built by Masonic hands, have yielded to the ravages of time—the statue to which the sculptor has imparted all but life—the towering monuments with which Architecture would hand down to posterity fondly cherished names, must follow in the wake of all that earth owns; but our venerable Institution has survived and will survive their overthrow, and outlive their glory. Masonry defies the power of external force; in all her foundations there is no principle of decay; her benevolence, like a stream from inexhaustible fountains, will flow on through ages and carry blessings in its course. The period of its existence upon earth is reserved for that final hour when the wisdom of man and all the works of his hands shall pass away forever.

And now, my dear brethren, may that Almighty Being,

without whose light and direction we grope in darkness like the blind, and stumble at noonday as in the night, afford you his divine assistance in all your well intended and laudable exertions. May you always cherish the principles of our beloved Institution in your hearts, and never forget that around the sacred altars of Masonry we have so repeatedly promised to relieve, protect and vindicate each other: so that when the places that now know you shall know you no more forever, when the events of time shall be ended and the retributions of eternity begin, when the morning stars shall again sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy, ye shall join the animating chorus and share the glorious triumph. And when the glorious Architect of universal Nature shall have caused the officers of the Grand Lodge above to open the everlasting doors, may we all be deemed worthy to enter in the celestial Temple and be adorned with jewels beautified with immortality, to be advanced to glories incomparably more resplendent than any here below.

And ye, kind-hearted sisters fair,
I bid farewell to all your charms,
Till sisters, brothers, all unite,
In that Grand Lodge that's far away.

Masonic Ode.

BY THE REV. J. J. UNGERER.

When once this fair Nature was chaos and night,
'Twas Infinite Wisdom that called forth the Light.
By strength He established the Heavens above,
And fill'd them with symbols of beauty and love.

Love! love is the word,
By which we will enter the portals above.

Then, Brethren, arouse! let us Wisdom proclaim;
Let all join the chorus, and sing of her fame;
Her ways are all pleasant, her paths are all right,
And those who are seeking find Wisdom and Light.

Light! light! Seek the light!
Yes!—all who are seeking find Wisdom and Light.

Then! let us excel in the Wisdom that's taught,
To those who have ever yet found what they sought.
For those who revile us, who envy and hate,
Free Masons have pity, and leave them to fate—
Leave, leave them to fate!
Pity their ignorance, and leave them to fate.

Come, all my dear Brethren, come Wisdom to hear,
To weeping misfortunes lend ever your ear;
Go, wipe off the tears of poor Orphans; caress
All those who may hail you, and succor distress.

This pathway is right—
The pathway of Wisdom, that leads to delight.

Before we were Masons, we wandered in night;
But, approaching the East, we found the Great Light,
Which teaches to show forth God's praises aright;
Who called us from darkness to marvellous light—
Who called us to light!
From error and darkness to Wisdom and Light.

Let phantoms not dazzle you, Brethren, the least;
Your guide be fair Wisdom and Light from the East;
Let this be your stay and your staff to the grave,
Till God, your Grand Master, shall summon the brave,
To feed them above,
Refreshing the weary with Glory and Love.