

L I N E S

*Written by Bro. Robert Morris, of Kentucky, to commemorate the Union between
the two Grand Lodges of Canada, July 15th, 1853.*

There never was occasion, and there never was an hour,
When Spirits of Peace on angel-wings so near our heads did soar;—
There's no event so glorious on the page of time to appear,
As the union of the Brotherhood sealed by our coming here.

'Twas in the hearts of many—it was in the prayers of some—
That the good old days of Brotherly Love might yet in mercy come;—
'Twas whispered in our Lodges, in the East, and South, and West,
That the time was nigh when the plaintive cry our God would hear and bless.

But none believed the moment of fruition was at hand;—
How could we deem so rich a cup was waiting our command !
It came like rain in a summer drought on drooping foliage poured,
And bade us look henceforth for help in all our cares to God.

The news has gone already upon every wind of Heaven :
The Wise, the Press, the busy Tongue, the intelligence have given ;
And every man who loves the Craft, or loves the things of Peace,
Has answered, " Praise the God of Love ! may God this Union bless !"

Vermont takes up the story—her " old man eloquent,"
Long be his days among us in deeds of mercy spent,—
He speaks for the Green Mountains, and you heard him say last night,
" Bless God that I have lived till now to see this happy sight !"

Kentucky sends you greeting—from her broad and generous bound,
Once styled of all the Western Wild, " the dark and bloody ground"—
Kentucky cries, " God speed you ! Heaven's be on you spread,
Who first took care to be *on the right*, then boldly *went ahead*."

From yonder constellation, from the Atlantic to the West,
Where the great pines of Oregon rear up their lofty crest,
From the flowery glades of Florida, from Minnesota's plain,
Each voice will say, " Huzza, Huzza, the Craft is one again !"

Old England soon will hear it ! not always will the cry
Of suffering Brothers meet her ears and she pass coldly by,—
There's a cord in British hearts vibrates to every tale of wrong,
And she will send a welcome and a Brother's hand ere long.

Then joyful be this meeting, and many more like this,
As year by year shall circle round and bring you added bliss ;
In Quarry, Hill, and Temple, Peace ! nor cruel word nor thought,
Disturb this perfect harmony the gracious God has wrought.

But while your *Walls* are thus compact, *Cement* strong and good,
Your *Workmen* diligent and just, a mighty *Brotherhood*,
Remember, Brethern, o'er the earth and on the stormy sea,
How many a heart there is to-night that sighs " Remember me !"

By the *Sign* the world knows nothing of, but to our eyes so clear,
By the *Grip* that speaks in darkest hours and tells a Brother near.
By the sacred *Voice* and *Word*, and by " the hieroglyphic bright."
Remember all the wide world round who claim your love to-night.