

Last year in America the Speaker had met advanced thinkers, who were better and more devout men for being Freemasons; and a few months ago, at his lodge in Middlesex, he had the pleasure of initiating a Mahomedan, in the person of an Affghan Prince of the blood, who had since passed the other degrees under circumstances of peculiar interest. (Cheers.) There were, too, many excellent Jewish brethren; there were brethren among the North American Indians, worshipping the Great Spirit on their native prairie, and the learned and devout English clergymen could meet with these brethren of various religious creeds, and on a common ground join in grateful thanks to the Great Architect of the Universe, and subscribe together to the great doctrine of natural equality and mutual dependence. Freemasonry was a religion of good works, and asked for no priestly intermediary between a man and his Maker. Its impressive ritual enforced the solemn truth that a man should be judged hereafter by his actions on earth rather than by any verdict passed on him by a professional caste, and it was broadly tolerant of differences and creed. When Roman Catholics were permitted by their spiritual rulers to uphold such opinions as these, then, and not till then, could they consistently continue members of the Craft. The speaker concluded by, as a Grand Officer, thanking Lord Leigh and the Warwickshire Brethren for their loyal welcome, and expressing his firm conviction that under the Grand Mastership of the future King of England—a Prince of the Protestant House of Hanover (cheers)—Freemasons would continue to conserve those principles of religious liberty and spiritual freedom to which the Roman Catholic faith had ever been strenuously opposed. (Cheers.)

LABOR.

By W. Bro. Robinson.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East;
Ye Craftsmen, for labor prepare;
There's work for the greatest as well as the least,
Rough ashlar in hundreds to square.

Foundations for structures superb must be laid,
By builders both skilful and wise—
By plans of the Architect, faultlessly made,
The walls and the turrets must rise.

But ere the grand structure can rise to the view
Must gavel and chisel and guage
Be placed by apprentices faithful and true,
In honestly earning their wage.

The level, the square, and the line of the plumb,
By Craftsmen of skill must be plied;
To prove all your labors the master will come—
Each angle and wall must be tried.

The compasses, pencil, and skirret with line—
Must mark the foundations and plan;
Apprentices, fellows, and masters combine
To finish the work they began.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East,
The sun's in the south at his height,
Then Craftsmen away to your noon-day repast;
Refreshment makes labor more light.

For profit and pleasure you labor and toil,
As Craftsmen both skilful and true:
Unless the material for building you spoil,
Your wages are honestly due.

The sound of the gavel is heard in the East,
The western horizon is bright;
With sunset your labors as Craftsmen have ceased:
Then rest and be happy to-night.

—*Masonic Tidings.*