

## THE DIMITTED MASON.

All sorts of projects have been set into motion to stop the tide of dimitting that threatens in places to overwhelm the fighting army by the hosts of deserters. Perhaps there is, after all, no better way to handle this subject than Brother Morris suggests in the following lines, viz: to invite the good ones back and let the balance go to the dogs, which they deserve.

## A POEM

Composed and incribed with fraternal respect to the Rev. C. Griswold, Deputy Grand Master of Minnesota, Nov. 1871.

BY BROTHER ROB. MORRIS.

[They went out *from* us, because they were not *of* us: for if they had been *of* us, they would no doubt have continued *with* us; but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us.—1 JOHN II, 19.]

*Why have they left us?* Did we not impart  
Through Mason's ceremonials, noble thought?  
Is there one doctrine, dear to generous heart,  
We have not somewhere in our system wrought?  
Faith hope in God—a childlike reverence  
High brotherly trust, a very strong defense,  
And patriotic zeal, and love for Art;  
Such are the lines we printed on their heart.

*Why have they left us?* did they not perceive  
Within our tyled retreats a holy thing?  
Walls, floor and ceiling, all combined to weave  
The pattern woven by Judea's king.  
Bright types of truth immortal, old and quaint,  
Things rare and common in strange union blent;  
The Square, the Trowel, objects near and far,  
The quivering Leaflet and the Orient Star.

*Why have they left us?* in yon hallowed graves  
Are there not buried friends for whom they mourn?  
How can they look where yon willow waves,  
Nor long for those who've passed death's solemn bourne?  
We laid them there with mystic signals given,  
All earnestly connecting earth with heaven;  
We'll join them there when the great Word shall come,  
And with them rise when bursts the enclosing tomb.

*Why have they left us?* do they feel secure  
That trials and afflictions will not come?  
Can they suppose that earthly things endure,  
That *nothing* is sure this side the tomb?  
Fl. alth, wealth, prosperity are but a span  
That mocks with transient bliss deluded man;  
When sorrow shades us, oh how good to bend,  
Our steps toward the Lodge, where friend meets friend.

*Then let the good return* and go with us;  
Their vacant seats wait to be occupied;  
Our shattered ranks have long bewailed their loss—  
Worse the *deserter* than the faithful *dead*!  
Return—go with us in our generous toil:  
Return—sleep with us in our hallowed soil:  
And when the well-pleased Master calls his own,  
Stand by our side before his great white Throne.

—[Loom is Journal.