

man should; and there, through the changing centuries, he kept watch and ward over the forgotten city. What an example he is of the discipline of Rome! We need not wonder at the extent of her conquests, when we think that she had just such men in legions at her command. I have cited him as an example of what soldierly training can do, and I might go on here to unfold the splendid roll of soldierly obedience, military honor, courage, daring, generosity to a fallen foe. It is one of the brightest in the history of the world. It is the one which the soonest brings the sparkle to the eye, the flush to the cheek, the quicker pulsing to the heart. But you might say the theme would be an inappropriate one. We are not real soldiers, but citizens gathered from every trade and every profession. Our ancient brethren kept the martial vigil, and stormed the Arab fort, and slept in steel, and rode gallantly into death. We keep their memory green, but we ourselves are only warriors in name. Our swords are unstained with blood; our uniform has been pierced with no bullet holes. If that be true, if because you live not in camp and go not out to bloody war, you, Knights of the Temple, are not soldiers; then do I mistake the whole spirit and genius of our Order. Who here does not know the value of symbols? You take two pieces of bunting, red and white, and sew them together in stripes, and put in the corner a patch of blue studded with white stars. It is worth a dollar or two, perhaps, in money value, but can words of mine estimate its symbolic worth? Why, thousands of men lie buried now in southern graves in order that this rag might float over those sunny cities. There is not a man here who would not, if necessary, pour out his heart's blood in the defence of that standard. Why? Because that worthless piece of colored stuff is the symbol of our land's honor, and our country's fair fame; and to dishonor it, to trample upon

it, would be considered an insult only to be washed out by retribution. The whole world bows down to symbols, and acknowledges their tremendous power. Now, the Order of the Temple is a symbol. Every act of its Ritual, every syllable of its service, every instruction to its sons is symbolic. Of course the greater part of what we do and say is, for the best of reasons, veiled in the secrecy of our own asylums; but all of it, public and private, is entirely symbolic. We are, my brethren, a solemn, a tremendous, a striking symbol of the conflict between good and evil, of the battle between the Prince of this world, and the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. We are symbolic soldiers, in a battle in which we also are actual fighters. Let me trace this symbolism for you, and God grant that you may think of it oftener than you do, and pause on the threshold of some sin, to ask yourselves whether one who is representing before his fellow-men the great battle of good and evil, ought thus to dishonor the thing he represents? You would blush to see the banner of your country floating over a house of bad repute, or a den of thieves, or a nest of traitors, for you look on it as the symbol of honor, of virtue, of truth; but do you blush at the sight of Knights of the Temple, slaves to intemperance, to lust, to wrong and wicked ways; and yet could there be a more mournful sight than sworn soldiers of the Cross, so recreant to every obligation, and so false to every vow?

Take your name—the Order of the Temple. What Temple? The Temple of Solomon, which was the Temple of God, glowing in gold and marble, and glorious carved work, on the top of Mount Moriah. You are Knights, then, of the Temple of God, which means Knights of the worship, the honor, the fervor, the glory, the reverence due to Almighty God. You are soldiers bound to contend for that, not with the steel sword and the