

ALL OF THE FOLLOWING ARE BY BRO. DR. CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

Known Throughout the World as the Poet of the "Mystic Tie."

The Trowel.

AS speculative Masons we adore
The precepts taught by this most honoured tool;
And if we minded well its gentle rule,
Our hearts and minds would even Heavenwards
soar;
In olden days our Brethren firmly bound
The stones and lime together by its aid;
Until the edifice, compact and sound,
Was in all points and parts completely made.
But now we use it as an emblem great,
Which firmly binds each true Masonic heart;
To join us in strong links that nought can part.
A Mystic Tie which Craftsmen consecrate,
To deeds which ever will their souls enshrine
With love for the Great Architect Divine.

More Ancient Than the Golden Fleece

RULERS of Nations in their pomp and pride,
Mid most triumphant grandeur have I seen,
Decked with what art and nature could provide
From all known regions of this vast terrene,
But not more stately these refulgent kings,
Nor yet more noble or sedate than he
Who simply clothes himself with Masonry
And who, each Lodge night, true emotion brings.
We are emblazoned with a righteous robe,
An emblem and a garment that will ne'er
Disgrace us, should we traverse all the globe;
A garment that e'en monarchs love to wear!
And he who dons this emblem old yet new—
Should pray for Strength to keep its teachings
true.

Due Examination.

LET not a stranger pass your well-kept door,
Until you've proved his knowledge of the
Square;
He must give freely all the Craftsman's lore,
Before he can our Ancient Mysteries share.
Ready at all times he should ever be
When rightly called for Due Examination,
And they indeed are foes to Masonry
Who cannot answer with facilitation.
Caution should ever whisper in his ear,
Bidding us test him thoroughly and well;
If he be true, he'll have no cause for fear,
But gladly will the Signs and Passwords tell.
Given him in Lodge, Just, Perfect, Regular
Which will the firmest of our gates unbar.

Prosper the Craft.

PROSPER the Craft, Great Architect Divine,
And make its votaries truly one at heart;
Shed down upon them all Thy powers benign,
To each the lessons of Thy might impart.
Imbue them with a sense of all Thy powers,
Confer upon them blessings of Thine own;
Give unto them full days of happy hours,
Until they stand before Thine awful throne.
Thou art indeed Most High, and Thon art Just.
Therefore instruct them in Thy wondrous
ways;
Teach them to ever feel a boundless trust
In Thy clear guidance through each worldly
maze.
Aid them to walk, although they cannot see,
And to repose a perfect Faith in Thee.

A Masonic Prayer.

WITHIN my heart, O Lord of Light,
Let no base passion come to stay;
Fill it with glory infinite,
And give me still the power to pray.
Keep everything within my breast
Sacred and safe from thoughts profane;
Pardon, O Lord, the sin confessed,
Thy everlasting mercy deign.
Vouchsafe, Most High, to give to me
A Heart to live for Thee alone—
A Heart of lasting Purity,
A Heart, Jehovah, like Thine own.
Unto my latest earthly hour,
Uphold and ever succour me;
Grant, O Great God, Thy perfect power,
Thy perfect power—Fidelity.

The All-seeing Eye.

OMNISCIENT God knows all our works and
ways,
His eyes, all-seeing, dwell in every place;
Through good, through evil, dark or pleasant
days,
We may not hide from His all-sacred grace,
Our Maker and Preserver reads each soul,
Nought can escape His searching vigilance;
'Tis He alone unfolds our earthly scroll
And tells our joys and sorrows at a glance.
'Tis He alone—the One Almighty God,
Who, with us always, strengthens and sustains;
And comforts with His staff and with His rod,
And guides and guard, and lovingly restrains.
Watching and warding from His Heavenly throne
Until He claims His children for His own.

Freemasonry Universal.

I LEFT the bustling town with all its cares,
To seek awhile fresh fields and pastures new;
And in sweet Lakeland's paradisaic lairs
I stood enchanted at each lovely view.
I pondered long and deep in raptured thought,
And said, "my gladness is indeed comp'ete."
For here in this poetical retreat,
My soul, a glimpse of Heaven hath surely caught.
When lo! 'mid all my bliss—a voice I heard,
A hand grasped mine—one never felt before—
And in the night by calm Winander's shore
We lowly lettered one mysterious word.
And my joy grew! My Brother held the key
Which made us one by right of Masonry!

So Mote It Be.

PEACE, perfect Peace, throughout each coming
day—
Love, Holy Love, within each Mason's heart;
With bright-eyed Hope to shed its sunny ray
On Faith that only can with Life depart.
Friendship to glow within the noble breast,
Prudence to check the rash and hasty deed,
Relief for all by dire some woe opprest,
And Charity to aid and intercede.
Silence to guard and curb the bitter tongue,
Temperance to stave our every downward pace,
Justice to mete to all who would do wrong,
And Fortitude to build upon this base
A glorious Temple on our earthly lands
So that we gain one built by perfect hands!