

Masonry in Verse.

What then, dear brother, binds you to me ?
 THIS, the great covenant in which we abide;
 Hearts charged with sympathy,
 Hands opened wide—
 Lips filled with comfort,
 And God to provide."

This is the very essence of that mystic union by which men of every country, sect and opinion, high and low, rich and poor, are brought together and made to know the pleasures of friendship which but for this had never existed. Our poet well expresses it in the following :

"The loving tie we feel,
 No language can reveal—
 'Tis seen in the sheen of a fond brother's eye ;
 It trembles on the ear
 When melting with a tear,
 A brother bids us cease to sigh."

And as thus we draw toward each other, and in the genial spirit of the Craft endeavor to promote the welfare of the Lodge and build up the walls of the temple, so that when our task is completed others may take our place and continue the work, we are reminded that

"Life's sands are drooping, drooping—
 Each grain a moment dies ;
 No stay has time, no stopping—
 Behold how swift he flies !
 He bears away our rarest—
 They smile and disappear ;
 The cold grave wraps our fairest—
 Each falling grain's a tear."

The Mason whose soul has opened to the real tenets of the brotherhood, in whose being, walk and conversation its principles are active and vital, will feel a desire to work while it is yet day, and lovingly yearn for the fellowship of those who, like himself, labor for the love of the cause, and his sentiment will be found well expressed in the following :

"One hour with you, one hour with you,
 No doubt, nor care, nor strife,
 Is worth a year as ages go,
 In all that sweetens life.
 One hour with 'you,' and 'you,' and 'you,'
 Bright links in mystic chain—
 Oh, may we oft these joys renew,
 And often meet again."

At last comes the time when wearied nature refuses longer to perform the accustomed toil, when the frosts of many winters bow the head "and years consume," then may the worthy Craftsman ask :

"Now dismiss me while I linger
 For one fond, one dear word more ;
 Have I done my labor fairly ?
 Is there aught against my score ?
 Have I wronged in all this circle
 One by deed, or word, or blow ?
 Silence speaks my full acquittance—
 "Nunc dimittis," let me go !

"Let me go, but "you" must tarry
 Till the sixth day's close has come ;
 Heat and burden patient bear me