

the Holy Land, with the special view of tracing up the origin and progress of the Order of Knights Templar, and it was

*Resolved*, That the Grand Commandery of Kentucky express their satisfaction in this purpose, and their hope that valuable light may thus be shed upon the history of Templarism.

At page 54 is to be found the following beautiful poem. No name is underwritten, but we think the silver pen of Sir Kt. Rob. Morris is recognizable:

"HIGH TWELVE."

"List to the strokes of the bell—

High Twelve!

Sweet on the air they swell

To those who have labored well—

And the Warden's voice is heard—

From the South comes the cheering word:

'In the quarries no longer delve.'

"There is, to each mortal's life,

High Twelve!

In the midst of his earthly strife—

With earth's groveling luxuries rife—

The voice of the Warden comes,

Like the roll of a thousand drums,

'In earth's quarries no longer delve.'

"List to the tones of the bell—

High Twelve!

As if from on high they fell,

Their silvery echoes swell:

And again the voice we hear,

As if from an upper sphere;

'Hence for heavenly treasures delve.'

"There shall ring in the world of bliss

High Twelve!

When relieved from our work in this—

If we've not lived our lives amiss—

The Master shall call us there,

Our immortal Crown to wear,

No more in earth's quarries to delve."