

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 Initiate.

FROM darkness unto light! He only knows
Part of the truths which yet may wake his mind
From out its former languorous repose,
And make him feel how truly he was blind.
He scarce can grasp th' unfolded mysteries,
Nor can he comprehend the secret ways
Which he has still to tread, e'er he portrays
To some apprentice their immensities,
In Masonry he's but a child in arms,
And should be quite content to rest a while.
Until the future all his fear disarms,
Until he's safely crossed the last crook'd stile,
Which leads him from the maze into the plain.
Where all is clear like sunshine after rain.

Light.

NO men are Masons till Masonic Light
Shines forth upon their awed and eager eyes;
Until breaks forth upon their wondering sight
The Lodge's form, and they are bade to rise.
And, Oh! The Light is welcomed by us all—
What groping wanderer loves the shrouded
night?
And soon we know that harm could ne'er befall,
For some true Brother led our feet aright.
This is a tender lesson to the Soul—
A lesson fraught with all-absorbing good,
Which ever points to that ne'er-darkened goal,
To which we strive to lead the Brotherhood.
Guide Thou our feet, Oh Architect Divine,
By Thine own Light and Thine own Mystic Sign!

The Apron.

EMBLEM of Innocence and Purity!
We find its votaries on every side,
Earth's greatest men have donned it oft with
pride,
Time-honored badge of sweet simplicity.
To'ten of Virtue and Morality—
Long may its lessons in the heart abide,
Its meanings grow till none the Craft deride,
And all are filled with blessed Charity.
Long shall its powerful mystic sway endure,
Long shall its teachings prove a mine of wealth
True Masons love the "doing good by stealth,"
And also love the heart that's good and pure.
May never one of Hiram's Sons of Light
By word or deed the Apron make less white!

The Cable Tow.

THIS is the Mystic Tie which still unites
With bonds of Love those men who've felt its
cords,
Instilling sweet affection in our rites
By aid of Symbols, Tokens, Grips, and Words.
Circling the globe—this e'er increasing band
Has such glad power within its many thongs,
That it enfolds the Masons of each land,
And maketh one all kindreds and all tongues.
All those who've seen the Light will know its
strength
And only they can grasp its magnitude,
They know it daily adds unto its length,
Where'er our Art has its grand habitude,
And they alone can ever hope to know—
For Light to them revealed the Cable Tow.

The Gavel.

RESPECT the Gavel, Brethren, nor forget
That 'tis but wielded by a master-hand;
And well remember that ye here are met
Under the rulership of its command,
Our Master is but human—he may err—
"To err is human—to forgive divine"
And each true Mason is a worshipper,
And bows when this great emblem is his shrine.
For as the Gavel smote from off each stone
Its rude deformities, and made serene
All that before had most unshapely been,
So we may take this lesson for our own:—
And Gavel down each harsh, ignoble deed
That otherwise would rank dissension breed

The Twenty-four Inch Gauge.

LET us Divide and Measure up our Time,
In Due Proportions on our way through life
And so be fitted for that Holy Clime
Which knows no stains of earth-born sin and
strife;
Part of the Day in Labour we must spend,
Part of the Day seek sweet refreshing Rest;
Part of the Day must fervent Prayers ascend
To Great Jehovah in His Mansions Blest.
If with a contrite heart our pleas arise,
If Labour here is well and wisely done,
We gain Eternal Rest beyond the skies,
And have for Due a crown of glory won.
Thus to our Morals we the Gauge Apply
And by its teachings even Death defy.

The Level.

WHAT does the Level demonstrate, you say?
And quick the answer cometh in reply!
It tells us that we mortals are but clay,
That prince and pauper, rich or poor, must Die,
Death Levels all men!—On his darksome bed,
All men are equal in God's Holy Sight;
For pomp and human greatness then has fled,
And "Dust to Dust" all ranks and creeds unite.
Social distinctions are—will ever be—
Without this rule, chaos would reign supreme,
But when the soul would from the body flee,
And cross, unfettered, Death's relentless stream,
Riches and power and titles cannot save—
All men are claimed and Levelled by the Grave.

The Plumb.

ADMONISHED by the Plumb we walk upright,
And hold the Scale of Justice equally;
It shows to us the duty-line of Right,
Portraying strict impartiality.
It teaches what the medium must be—
No constant gloom and no unceasing pleasure;
And ruled by it, Freemasons ever see
Their joys and sorrows in an even measure.
Straightforward conduct, fearless and erect,
Putting away all prejudice and pride;
Tempering the passions, bidding us reflect,
And choose with care who we would have for
guide.
Thus by the Plumb, we children of the Dust,
Are taught at all times to be True and Just.