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THE LORD'S PRAYER OF THE FREEMASON.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY JULIUS FRANKEL.
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I CALL ON THEE,

For whom a myriad suns are burning.
To whom a thousand hearts are turning,
I call on Thee!
Behold in awe all wonders of Thy hand,
I view Thy Beauty, Wisdom, Strength,
Thyself I cannot see.
I hear the melody of Thy eternal voice—
With thunder tones it does in heaven rejoice;
Thyself I cannot see.
O Thou Eternal Spirit! who has e'er divined
But yet I know that I can find Thee, Father,
In loftiest sanctuary, or by night or day;
There I will seek Thee, and Thy child will pray,
"Our Father who art in Heaven."

I praise Thee,

Where is the name pronounced the Godhead's own?
Since Thou on earth by many names art known;
And though they call Thee Isis, Allah, Bramah,
Seraphim praise Thee in Jehovah Jireh,
A name embraces not Thy glory:
And while in pious zeal, the pagan's idols burn,
And Greeks in ardour for their Demyrgos yearn,
So I great Builder of the firmament, would call on Thee.
While on my knees lie bent, and pray,
"Hallowed be Thy name."

Lord, I implore Thee!

Thou hast conferred the grace to see the right
By granting me the favour of Thy light.
Oh! list to me!
Let all the brothers feel Thy glory and Thy might,
That stronger grow the links that unite
To one great chain that death can not destroy;
And if forlorn we walk on life's lone strand,
If on the icepole or in desert sand,
They all bow down before the living God.
And all the scattered brothers will at length
Devote their lives to Beauty, Wisdom, Strength,
Oh! let me pray, "Thy kingdom come?"

I trust in Thee!

Show me the heights endowed by thy grace;