

even a glance, and yet from this moment, it becomes an object of interest to him. It has taught him a most important lesson; he questions himself as to how he has heretofore spent his time; what account is he to give at the last day for every twenty-four hours that have rolled by since he came to years of discretion? Have these been occupied in a manner that would reflect credit on himself and prove pleasing to the Great Architect of the Universe, or have they been wasted in slothful idleness, reckless extravagance, or wild debauchery.

The twenty-four inch gauge has caused him to think, and already brought his mind to contemplate the infiniteness of his Maker. The germ is sown, and will, if properly nurtured, grow and develop, shedding fresh seeds to again spring up into plants laden with rich foliage, fragrant blossom, and luscious fruit.

He looks once more at the little twenty-four inch gauge, and finds himself unconsciously offering a prayer to the Great I Am that he will be able in future to devote the twenty-four hours to their proper application. He remembers how often he has forgotten to offer up his daily oblations of prayer and praise, and thanksgiving to his Heavenly Father; how frequently the twenty-four hours have rolled by without a thought of that Great Creator, in whom he has just acknowledged his belief before his brethren. He determines, with Divine help, to be more careful in future, and then he remembers, too, that he is admonished to *labor*; to do this properly he is also taught by this same implement to devote a portion

of his time to necessary refreshment and sleep—not to boisterous and riotous living with boon companions, followed by uneasy, feverish, restless, sleep; but to the joyous refreshment of home and the necessary rest between the hours of labor.

And what is the labor of the Freemason? It is twofold—the labor of duty, and the labor of love. By the labor of duty we mean that application to our daily avocations by which we earn our living, or to those cares and responsibilities to that position in life in which we have been placed—the humble mechanic must steadily work at his trade, the professional man must labor in his calling, and the prince upon his throne and the mighty statesman of an empire must alike perform the duties which their high station in life demand of them. This is the labor of duty, and no Freemason can shirk it.

The labor of love is equally important, and often physically far more onerous than the labor of duty. The labor of love never can cease. Let the Freemason turn his eyes where he will, and in every direction he beholds his work marked out for him, for it cannot be concealed that amidst the thousands who range themselves under our banner there are those who are daily sinking into the sear and yellow leaf of old age, and others who, perhaps, from circumstances of unforeseen misfortune and calamity are being reduced to the lowest depths of poverty and distress. Such being the case, the Freemason's labor of love appears interminable. It is his *sworn duty* to aid and assist such; to go to the bed