

every man that cometh into the world." He does this if he is a true "Son of Light," but if not, he has merely been formally enrolled among the "Sons of Light," below, without acquiring the right to accompany them into the Grand Lodge above. Freemasons who are false to their professions are sons of darkness instead of light. Darkness should never follow light, the reverse is the natural order. In "Faust" Goethe calls Mephistopheles: *ein Thiel der Finsterniss die sich das Licht gebär*—"part of the darkness which brought forth light" The two principles seem to be necessary to each other. The eloquent Macmillan has said: "All light shineth in darkness. The one is the compliment of the other. There is no light without its sister, shadow, and no shadow without its sister, light. The visibility of the shadow is the evidence of light. It needs fear to define hope; disease, health; misery, happiness; guilt, holiness. No physical object or moral truth can have an outline without its corresponding darkness. Strange thought,—that which darkened the universe contributed most to its light!"

Lux e tenebris—Light out of darkness, is the motto of Freemasonry. Its fiat is, "let there be light." There never was a Lodge which was opened, continued, or closed in darkness. Such a course would contradict the teaching of the Craft. "Ye are the light of the world" should invariably be true of Freemasons. They have been to the East, the source of light; they have listened to Him who sat in the chair of King Solomon, who spoke to them not random words of a careless thinker, but words weighty and well considered, that have come down from time immemorial. Every Mason should be the synonym of truth, the soul of honor, the dispenser of light—freely has he received, freely should he give.

"Light, beautiful light!

Light, the reflection of Deity's smile,
That wakened worlds from the chaos of night,
And brightened ocean and isle!
E fleet as a thought o'er the waters careering,
Iris-hued pearls in the pathway appearing,
Gemming the foam, while the depths thou art cheering,
Light, beautiful light!"

Light comes from the East, and has always travelled from the East to the West; and so has Freemasonry. Masonry is related to civilization, the two travel together hand in hand. Hence every attempt to trace the origin of the arts and sciences; to reveal the first people who gave birth to civilization; to explore the ancient mysteries, is of interest to Freemasons. Masonic light comprehends secular light. The two grow together, and continue together, inseparable. No barbarous nation ever existed with Masonry; no civilized nation ever existed without it.

Of the three words used in Hebrew to denote the East, one means literally, the *sun-rising*. The word Saracen, also signifying "men of the East," was derived from the Arabic *sharak*, corresponding to the root of the first of the three words, *sarak*, the *sun-rising*.

One man, at least, in this country—and he a Freemason,—died an ideal death. He passed away after a long life of perpetual sunshine. Even his last moments were unclouded, save during the actual dis severing of the soul and body, and even this cloud was gilded by the rays of a restful peace indicative of purity of thought, and freedom from physical suffering. Possessed of supreme genius, he was the idol of his nation; but his death was as full of meaning as his life—distinguished by words of the loftiest symbolism, words that Masons appreciate more fully than others, words that are worthy opening and inspiring a life as well as closing it in death. The last words of Goethe were, "More light." And we doubt not his prayers was answered,—and that there flashed upon him, as his spirit winged its flight to the "Temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," an exuberance of light such as mortal never saw.

"More Light," is the cry of every earnest Freemason. He seeks to penetrate the meaning of the mysteries of life, to learn the history of the past and the scope of the future. The key to this future is "More Light." When the immortal Goethe, the greatest of the brotherhood of poets of this country, lay on his death-bed, he craved symbolically the highest of blessings, not riches, nor fame, nor life itself, but a lifting of the curtain of time, a glimpse of the glory of eternity. "More Light" was his cry. Let it be ours now, as well as when we come to stand upon the border land. Then we may not be able to utter it; then the agony of death may cloud the mind or paralyze the will. Now is the time to have "More Light."—*Masonic Eclectic*.