

When a member becomes poor and helpless after receiving the degrees, he should be helped to the full extent of the treasury; but when it comes to *taking* in those who cannot help others, the sooner it is stopped the better. A Masonic Lodge is not and was never intended as a hospital for broken-down humanity, either in morals or finances, but it was intended to be the grand repository of aid for those who are entitled to its support by virtue of *honorable service*. Every Masonic Lodge in this and other jurisdictions has found out by sad experience that those who got their degrees for nothing are the most useless of the whole lot, and who, in nine times out of ten, turn against the institution whenever a storm is raised. "Dead-heads" are of no account anywhere, and especially so in a Masonic Lodge. It may be laid down as a general rule that the more a man has to pay for anything he gets, the more he will appreciate and respect it. We therefore say that individual interest and responsibility is indispensable to Lodge success.

—*St. Louis Freemason.*

MASONRY IN VERSE.

Among those things to which Masonry most lends itself, and yet the one which has been most neglected, is the art of poetry. Doggerel we have had by the wholesale, but genuine artistic poetry, lines expressive of sentiment, symbolism and feeling, but very few. Most of these are due to one author, and from his poems we propose to select such verses as shall tell the story we now offer, in such a way that after their perusal no one can say that Masonry cannot be expressed in poetry as well as in plain prose. Thus, in Masonry as in all other earthly things, we must begin by sowing the seed; some falls by the wayside; some upon a rock; some among thorns,

"But some in the good ground—
God's precious mould—
Where sun, breeze, dew and showers apportioned well;
And in the harvest, smiling swains could tell
Their hundred fold."

The natural result of such a planting is seen in the following:

"A place in the Lodge for me,
A home with the free and bright;
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light;
Not here, not here is bliss,
There's turmoil and there's gloom;
My spirit yearns for peace—
Say, brothers, say is there room?"

The answer follows:

"Ask help of "Him" that's high,
Seek grace of "Him" that's true;
Knock patiently, the hand is nigh,
Will open unto you;
For all that "Ask," "Seek," "Knock" aright,
Are welcome to our Lodge to-night."

The neophyte having been admitted, and the solemn instructions given, the fruition thereof is made manifest in his earnest endeavor to keep the word and spirit of his covenant, as is well expressed in the following: