

DEDICATED

TO THE

BRETHREN

OF

"OLD ST. ANDREW'S."

When I was a King and a Mason—
A master proved and skilled,
I cleared me ground for a palace
Such as a King should build.
I decreed and cut down to my levels,
Presently under the silt,
I came on the wreck of a palace
Such as a King had built!

—Rudyard Kipling.

"Just as the father lives in the child; as the rain lives again in the rising vapor; as the dying taper lives in the bright flames which it has kindled; as the dead leaf lives again in the living green, which, by its own decay, it has nourished or fed; so these men, of whom you have no other record than their names on your books, are all living still; living in things seen or unseen; entering into or becoming mingled with the vast body of moral or spiritual influences which control our life.

"Our brothers who formed this Lodge have been in their graves for over a century. But their work did not cease when their hands were folded in the last sleep. They set in motion a train of influences that shall outrun the wheels of the universe, and shall continue when those wheels have ceased their revolutions forever.

"Whatever is sweet or gracious in us shall not perish, but remain an undying influence among men. It shall move through time like a scented wind, bringing health to the sick or refreshment to the tired. The best in us shall live, growing better as it lives; each new embodiment shall give it a fuller expression. Thus we shall live in endless usefulness upon the earth." Bro. Rev. E. B. Moore, on occasion of 125th, Anniversary of signing of 1768 Charter—March 26, 1893.