

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The new Scottish Rite Masonic Temple at Louisville, Ky., was dedicated on the 26th of February last. The dedication ceremonies, under the direction of Ill. Bro. H. H. Neal, 33 deg., Grand Consecrator, were grand and imposing, making the occasion one long to be remembered by all who were so fortunate as to be present. We were honored with an invitation, but business compelled us to forego the pleasure of participating. The address of Ill. Bro. Rob Morris was very appropriate, and contained words of wisdom that should be well considered by every Mason. We take pleasure in placing it before our readers:

Nine years ago I was standing, with uncovered head, on the spot once the S. S. of K. S. T. In all my travels and experience of forty years, I have nothing more affecting than this, my visit to the site of the temple of Solomon. I was standing where our three Grand Masters had opened their Lodge, as the morning sun came over the mountains of Moab; had called their Lodge from labor to refreshment, as the noonday sun stood over Bethlehem and Hebron; had closed their Lodge as the evening sun hid his glowing face in the waters of the great sea beyond Joppa.

Twenty-two years of hard service in Freemasonry, during which I had visited a thousand Lodges, and, at last, I stood upon the long-desired spot. Fancy came to my aid, and became more potent than reality.—Though the pavement beneath was not red, yet I saw it red with the blood-drops of our martyred Grand Master. Though the air around me was not moved to sounds, yet I heard the loud demands of ruffian voices, the firm, dignified reply, and then the mortal blow, and then the heavy fall. Oh, can I ever forget the sacred memories of that hour.

Nor is this all. I remembered that that holy spot, the holiest of holies, was the mysterious chamber, always dark, always silent, in the centre of which stood the cherubim brooding over the sacred ark that contained the tables of the Law—the Commandments of God to an erring world. Once a year, for 420 years, the High Priest had entered that awful place alone, and had communion, in its solitude, with Jehovah. Sublime thought! As its full force impressed itself upon my soul, I bowed my head, and in the solitude of my heart, echoed the words that had been uttered there so long before:—

"For He is good, for His mercy endureth forever."

You will smile at my enthusiasm, but before going to that thrice hallowed spot, I had collected together, as the workmen of K. S. did before building the temple, specimens of the wood and stone of which the marvelous structure was built. From the Island of Paros I had secured a piece of Parian marble, pure white, bright, sparkling, firm, durable, as the material ought to be of which a Masonic edifice is constructed. From the Mount Sinai I had secured a piece of porphyry—stone elegantly colored, hard and exceedingly beautiful under the polish of the workmen. From the foundations of the Temple, still remaining in their mountain fastness, I had secured a specimen of the plain, soft but durable material quarried by Hiram's men, and to the amount of 9,000,000 tons squared into great blocks, some of them forty feet long, and laid together with cement to resist the gnawing tooth of time. It was of these three kinds of stone the Temple of Solomon was built.

From the top of Mount Lebanon I had gathered a piece of the immortal cedar wood, the most indestructible of timber, of which the beams and ceiling of K. S. T. were constructed—a wood so durable, so defiant of worm and rot, that but for the torches of Nebuchadnezzar the building would, during all these three thousand years, be standing yet! From the Mount of Olives I had secured a piece of that fine grained hard-grained, variegated and beautiful wood called the olive, of which the doors of the temple were constructed—a wood than which all nature has not created its superior in beauty and fitness for such use. From the banks of the Jordan I had secured a piece of that holy wood which first appears in Bible history as the B. B. before which Moses prostrated himself and removed his shoes from off his feet, from the wood of which, afterwards, the Ark of the Covenant was constructed, and which, appears under Masonic tradition under the name of "acacia." It was of this sacred wood that King Solomon constructed the great altar of the temple and the two tables of shew-bread. From the groves of Joppa I have secured a specimen of the almondwood