

W.—He claims to be the first among his equals ; a Mason, free by birth, a Prince by rank, but now a captive and slave by misfortune.

S. M.—What is his name ?

W.—Zerubbabel.

S. M.—What does he desire ?

W.—An audience with your Majesty, if possible.

S. M.—Let the necessary precautions be taken that he be not armed with any hostile weapon, and let him be admitted.

*Warder goes outside, and addressing the Persian Guard, says :*

W.—Is he armed ?

P. G.—He is not.

W.—Then he has permission to enter.

*On entering, the detachment will march in two lines, in open order. Zerubbabel (the candidate), accompanied by the Master of Infantry. The Persian Guard will halt the escort when the right is near the East (the throne), cause the lines to face inward, and so remain during the reception. After a pause, the Sovereign Master, looking at Zerubbabel as if in surprise, exclaims (addressing Chancellor and Master of Palace):*

S. M.—This is no enemy or spy ; this is Zerubbabel, the friend and Companion of my youth.

Zerubbabel, having gained admission into our presence, we command you instantly to declare the particular motive which induced you, without our permission, and with force and arms, to pass the confines of our dominions ?

M. OF I —Sovereign Master, the tears and complaints of my Companions at Jerusalem, who have so long and so often been impeded by their adversaries on the other side of the river, in the noble and glorious undertaking