

earth was then "brought to light." But the sun had not yet shone. According to the theory of cosmogony now almost universally received, the light arose from the condensing of the mass of nebulous and incandescent matter which surrounded the globe. In Hebrew the sun is not called *Or*, light, but *Moar*, a place of light, and when God created the sun and moon, He said: "let there be light holders in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon the earth." According to Sir William Herschel, whose theory is shared by the greatest astronomers, including Laplace and Arago, the sun and its attendant planets were produced by condensation of a vast nebula, and probably the nebulae we now observe in the sky are plastic under the creative hand of the Almighty, and the *nuclei* of future worlds.

Masonry has adopted the sublime language of inspiration, and displays a wonder in some sense analogous to that we have just described. Although Masonic Light to some is a myth, and to others an empty drama, to the thoughtful it is the earnest parallel on earth to that which was thousands of years ago the result of the great creative fiat of Omnipotence. A man comes out of the world to be made a Mason, and his mind is in chaotic darkness, and his emotions represent the surging masses that composed the earth before its maker commanded, light.—He stands for the first time in the presence of the "Sons of Light," as the chaotic globe once did in the presence of its creator; and we may almost imagine the genius of the Ancient Craft to be hovering over the scene, as the Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters at the creation. The turbulent element of the earth knew not the order and beauty that were to be evolved out of them, neither does the candidate for Freemasonry know the sublime principles that are to be taught him within the tyled door of the Lodges. He has never had his soul lighted up by the true principles of Brotherhood. Brotherhood—what is it? Members of the same family, of the same faith, of the same party, of the same nation—we can understand how there may be a union between these; but what is it that binds together all families, all faiths, all parties, and all nations? Only Freemasonry. And why? Because all of its sons have been "brought to light," and learned the true principles of Brotherhood. The light of love and of obligation, at the fiat of the Worshipful Master, has flashed upon their minds, and moulded them to order. Hand has clasped hand, heart has throbbed to heart, and memory has learned the secrets that it parts with only with life. The fraternal tie that Cain snapped asunder when he slew Abel, Freemasons seek to unite. This is the Mystic Tie of the Craft that encircles the world. All men have some degree of light, but it is as the starlight—"distinct, but distant; clear, but Oh! how cold!" Ours is *all* of the light of nature and revelation, streaming upon us from the sun and moon in space, and the Bible, the "first great light," from the Masonic altar.

Freemasons have been appropriately termed, "Sons of Light." The name may be very ancient but it is very true. Its modern popularity is largely owing to the fact that Robert Burns embalmed it in his immortal verse. In his celebrated "Farewell to his Brethren," he wrote;

"Oft have I met your social band  
And spent the cheerful, festive night,  
Oft—honored with supreme command,  
Presided o'er the Sons of Light."

It is not surprising that the sun should have been the object of worship among certain nations in ancient times, since it is necessary to the very life of the entire animal and vegetable creation. Consider the sun's dazzling radiance, the majesty of his progress through the sky, and the crimson glory of his setting, and it is not wonderful that he was regarded as a god. The custom of the ancient sun worshippers of saluting their god by kissing their right hand and waving it towards him in the heavens, is alluded to in the Book of Job, (XXI, 36-38.) A similar custom is said to have prevailed among the Iroquois Indians, and is thus described:

"With deep solemnity he gently pressed  
His dexter hand upon his heaving breast;  
Then slowly moved it, touching lips and head,  
There silent held it—not a word he said,  
Until at length he raised his arm on high,  
With upright index pointing to the sky."

The Freemason worships not blindly, but calls upon "the true light which lighteth