

The Last Lodge.

THE LAST LODGE.

A GERMAN MASONIC SONG.

(TRANSLATED BY BRO. J. ANKETELL.)

When the last of the stars dimly flashing,
 Sees old time to its end hasten on;
 When planets to ruin are dashing,
 And the sun's light is pallid and wan;
 Through the halls where the Masons are founding—
 Their Temple majestic and grand,
 Shall be heard that last cry loudly sounding;
 'Hasten brothers, the morn is at hand!'

East and West, North and South—thro' all nations
 The work at that call will have ceased,
 And the brethren, observing their stations,
 Shall look in calm faith to the East:
 Joining hands o'er the valleys and highlands,
 Where each stands in the land of his birth,
 Shall be seen o'er all continents and islands
 But *one lodge* on the face of the earth.

To the Master's stern voice loudly crying:
 'Have the Masons obeyed my commands?'
 Comes the voice of the Craftsmen replying:
 'Look with grace on the work of our hands.
 In our feeble and poor earthly fashion,
 We have sought to hew out the rough stone;
 Let the depth of eternal compassion
 For the faults of our labor atone.'

'What's the hour?' cries the voice of the Master.
 They answer: 'Low Twelve—but, behold,
 The rays of thy morning come faster;
 To our eyes all its glories unfold,
 At His nod see the veil rent asunder,
 And, while earth sinks to chaos and night,
 'Mid loud peals of the echoing thunder,
 Shall the brethren be brought to clear Light.

Masonic Review,

SHAKSPEARE.—Bro. Fogle, who reads nothing short of four centuries old, says he can prove that in Shakspear's time women were made masons as well as men. He proves it by this passage:—

"He and his lady both are at the lodge."

Fogle is hard to move off any position *he* takes.—*Evergreen*.

(The line is from "The Taming of the Shrew," and spoken by Grumio.—ED. CRAFTSMAN.)