

THE GAVEL SONG.

BY THE LATE P. G. M. BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

Through the murky clouds of night
 Bursts the blaze of Orient light —
 In the ruddy East appears the breaking Day.
 Oh, ye Masons, up! the sky
 Speaks the time of labor nigh,
 And the Master calls the quarrymen away.

CHORUS.

One, Two, Three, the Gavel sounding
 One, Two, Three, the Craft obey;
 Led by the holy Word of Love
 And the fear of One above,
 In the strength of God begin the Opening Day.

Oh, the memory of the time
 When the temple rose sublime,
 And Jehovah came in fire and cloud to see!
 As we bowed in worship there
 First we formed the Perfect Square,
 And the Master blessed the symbol of the free.

While the Mason Craft shall stand,
 And they journey o'er the land,
 As the golden sun awakes the earth and main,
 They will join in mystic ways
 To recall the happy days
 When on Zion's mount they built Jehovah's fane.

Life is fleeting as a shade —
 We must join the quiet dead,
 But Freemasonry eternal life shall bear;
 And in bright millennial day
 They will keep the Opening Day
 With the Sign and Step that make the Perfect Square.

SEVERE BUT JUST.

The following clipped from the *Freemason's Journal*, New York, "contains several sentences that must commend themselves to all brethren who regard their obligations as binding:—There is now being read in the different lodges an edict of the Grand Master, based upon a resolution passed at the late Grand Lodge session, which relates to the Masonic work by the use of books in abbreviated form. We do not hesitate to emphatically say that we deprecate the use of this or any similar work by the different officers and candidates in making themselves proficient, and consider it a Masonic offence, which, as the edict states, will hereafter be strictly enforced, notwithstanding the plea of ignorance; but could not this evil have been avoided by tearing the weed out by the roots?

The writer as well as the publisher are Masons, known as such, and could have been reached by Masonic discipline, but what, when it was found that a former Grand Lodge officer stands sponsor to the work, and its large circulation, it will be rather a herculean task to undo now what it has taken years to grow into the flesh of the Masonic body. We bewail the existence of the work because it is coming into the hands of the candidate whose proficiency in the primary degrees comes from this source solely, and who naturally goes through the higher degrees before he properly receives them. We have seen Past Masters endeavoring to sell this special book to all comers in order to earn a paltry sum, but none do we hold more responsible than the author and its publisher. To these the Grand Master should look, put his foot down and forbid its printing and selling. These are the parties who are primarily responsible.

In order to aid the Grand Master in this really laudable undertaking, let us admonish the Masters of the different lodges to proclaim that it is an offence to use and possess such books. Let a few refractory members be brought before the bar of Masonic justice and dealt with according to the law, and doubtless these books will vanish, and then all the information and the teachings of our noble Craft will be from mouth to ear, as it should properly be, and as it has always been since time immemorial.

A STIRRING INCIDENT.

During the Revolutionary war, in 1779, St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of New York City, met at the Green-Bay-Tree Tavern, on Fair street. In that year, Bro. Joseph Burnham was taken prisoner by the British, then in possession of New York. Bro. Burnham made his escape, and found his way to the Green-Bay-Tree Tavern, where St. John's Lodge met, where he was kindly received, and fraternal protection was afforded him by Bro. Hopkins, the keeper of the tavern, who placed him in the garret. One evening (a lodge night) the prisoner lay down to rest on some planks that formed the ceiling of a closet, that opened directly to the centre of the lodge room. The boards being unnailed, slipped from their places, and the whole gave way; the door, too, being only fastened by a wooden button, flew open, and gave the