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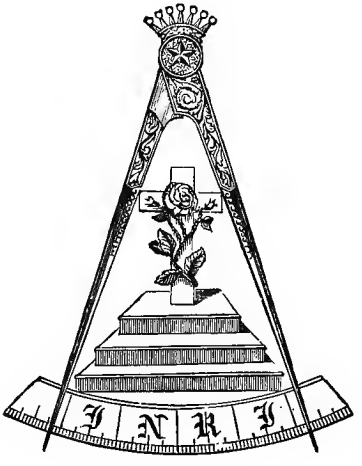
OBSERVANCE OF FEAST DAYS

BY

Gourgas Chapter of Rose Croix,



VALLEY OF CHICAGO, ORIENT OF ILLINOIS,

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 10th, 1879.

CHICAGO:
CHICAGO LEGAL NEWS COMPANY.

1879.

D·Y

OFFICERS.

JAMES E. CHURCH, 32°.....M.·. W.·. and P.·. MASTER.

E. W. CHAMBERLAIN, 32°...M.·. E.·. and P.·. K.·. SEN.·. WARDEN.

A. M. THOMSON, 32°.....M.·. E.·. and P.·. K.·. JUN.·. WARDEN.

W. A. STEVENS, 33°.....M.·. E.·. and P.·. K.·. GRAND ORATOR.

E. B. MYERS. 33°.....R.·. and P.·. K.·. TREASURER.

ED. GOODALE, 32°.....R.·. and P.·. K.·. SECRETARY.

E. F. DELUCE, 32°.....R.·. and P.·. K.·. HOSPITALER.

D. C. ROUNDY, 32°.....R.·. and P.·. K.·. MAS.·. OF CER.·.

R. M. JOHNSON, 32°.....R.·. and P.·. K.·. CAPT.·. OF THE G.·.



OFFICE OF WALTER A. STEVENS, 33°,
SOV.·. GR.·. INSP.·. GEN.·.
No. 121 EIGHTEENTH STREET,
CHICAGO, *Sept. 1st, 1879.*

Most Wise, Officers and Knights of
Gourgas Chapter of Rose-Croix, 18°

THE committee appointed for the purpose of preparing and publishing a synoptical report of the ceremonies of Maunday Thursday last, occurring under the auspices of this Chapter, respectfully present the following pages as the result of their labors. Your committee have to regret the absence from the book of the able and interesting addresses of the Ill.·. Deputy HOSMER A. JOHNSON, 33°, and Ill.·. Prince JOHN D. M. CARR, 32°, which we were unable to procure copies of.

The committee desire to congratulate the Most Wise and his assistants, upon the success attending the entire entertainment, as reflecting great credit upon their efforts to make these occasions worthy of the attention of the members of the Rite, and we regret that we cannot present, for our Fratres who were absent, illustrations of the beautifully arranged rooms, elegant floral decorations, and stage scenery, which so much enhanced the pleasures of the evening to those who were present.

The delay in publishing was caused by the desire to have this appear in connection with the Triennial Report of Oriental Consistory, but that not yet being ready, it was deemed advisable to delay no longer.

Courteously yours,

WALTER A. STEVENS, 33°,
HENRY H. POND, 33°,
GIL. W. BARNARD, 33°,
Committee.


33
DEUS.MEUMQUE JUS.

OPENING CEREMONIAL.

BY M.·. W.·. & P.·. M.·. JAMES E. CHURCH, 32°.

To the glory of the Grand Architect of the Universe; in the name and under the auspices of the Sup.·. Council of Sov.·. Gr.·. Insp.·. Gen'ls of the 33° and last degree for the North.·. Mas.·. Jur.·. of the U. S. of A., and by virtue of the powers in me vested, I call this Chapter from labor to refreshment.

This Chapter is now called to refreshment. Before we part, let us eat together the bread earned by our labors, and thank our Heavenly Father for furnishing us with the means for sustaining life.

Bro.·. Mas.·. of Cer.·., visit the avenues, and see if there be any brother, or even any of the profane, who suffer from hunger or thirst; if there be, bring him in, for whoever he may be, he is our brother, and we will freely divide with him our bread and wine.

[*Procession formed.*]

Brothers and Knights, let us assemble around the table of fraternal love, joyfully strengthening the tie which binds our hearts together.

[*In silence and order, the Knights followed the M.·. W.·. to the table.*]

INVOCATION BY JAMES MACLAUGHLAN, 32°, THE GRAND ORATOR.

Sovereign Creator of all things, and source of life and light, who providest for all our necessities, bless the nourishment for the body we are about to take, and make it to give us strength to labor for thy glory and the advancement of all the great interests of humanity. Amen!

ADDRESS BY THE GRAND ORATOR.

From time immemorial, man has plighted his faith and confidence in his fellow-man by drinking from the same cup and eating from the same loaf.

Among Eastern nations at the present day has this method of solemnizing a pledge been retained. We learn from history, and our Fathers of the Masonic faith, that in the ancient mysteries of Judea and Egypt, the newly initiated were presented with bread and wine as a symbol of the new life they were about entering upon, and that they were henceforth to be devoted to the laws of truth, and knowledge of their rights and duties.

This ceremony is noted as having been practiced in the mysteries of India and Eleusis, in their initiation to what they called the Degree of Perfection.

The Hebrews accquired the custom from the Egyptians, and celebrated their feasts of the spring full moon, with bread and wine.

With us it is simply a manifestation of fraternal love, as inculcated by Charity and Masonic Philosophy.

The solemn feast of the Rose-Croix Knights is held this day, and commemorates the feast of the Passover, observed by the Jews.

Resp.·. and P.·. Knights, the feast of which we are about to partake is thus ordered:

"On the 10th of the month of Nisan, they shall take to them every man a lamb, a lamb for a house; and if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbors next unto his house take it, according to the number of the souls. Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year. And ye shall keep it up until the 14th day of the same month, and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening, and they shall eat the flesh in that night, roasted with fire, and ye shall let nothing remain of it until the morning, nor break any bone of it; and that which remaineth of it until the morning, ye shall burn with fire.

"And thus shall ye eat it: with your loins girded, your shoes upon your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat in haste; it is the Lord's Passover. And this day shall be unto you for a memorial, and ye shall keep it as a feast to the Lord throughout your generation, a feast by an ordinance forever."

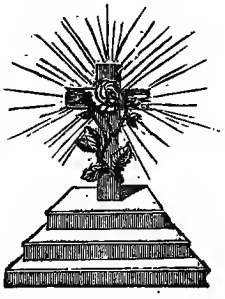
This feast, and the bread and wine of which we partake, are to us symbols of fraternity and brotherly affection, and of that perfect union that must ever subsist among Bro. Knights of the Rose-Croix.

M.·. W.·. Thus, Bro. Knights, are we assembled, solemnly and fraternally pledging ourselves one to another in brotherly love, in the presence of the angels and of that great Intelligence that surrounds us in our every action.

We are members of a universal Brotherhood, where Truth is the base and Morality the hand-maid. We are Knights of Masonry, and to her service our swords are consecrated. May we prove worthy soldiers in a worthy cause.

[*The Resp.·. and P.·. Knights, under direction of the Most Wise and Perfect Master, then partook of the general feast of Lamb and Wine.*]

After which, remarks appropriate to the occasion were made by several distinguished members of the Order, and sentiments responded to.



SENTIMENTS

PROPOSED BY M.·. W.·. & P.·. M.·.

1*st Toast:* "SYMBOLIC MASONRY."

Responded to by the M. W. G. M., of Illinois—T. T. GURNEY, 33°

Most Wise and Perfect Master :

I cannot express the gratification I feel in being permitted to be present upon this interesting and significant occasion. It is a pleasure to meet so many brethren of worth and distinction, and particularly as their presence is an assurance of their deep interest in the fundamental idea that this ceremonial indicates.

You have been pleased to recognize the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Illinois, and for this expression of reverence and regard for the craft, I desire, in return, to convey my high appreciation of the motives that prompted it. Though separate and apart in its official relations from all other organizations, still the personal associations of large numbers of the symbolic Lodge with this Rite, will always secure that respect that the source of all fraternal inspiration is certain to inspire. It is neither the time nor the place to discuss these relations, which we so well understand; but certain it is, that all branches of Masonry have a common origin, and are governed by the same immutable principles that are the adornment and strength of the present body.

As members of this Chapter, we have looked forward to this occasion with a large degree of interest, because of the supreme thought that these ceremonials typify. We are here in accordance with a custom coeval with our history, that the faith which this presence is designed to impress, shall be held in more fervid and enduring affection. We are here, that the sequences of our earthly pilgrimage shall reflect the power of this instrumentality in the suppression of wrong, and in bringing man into closer affinities with his Creator. If an occasion like the present was only to gratify a ritualistic ambition, that is to come and go like some *ignus fatuus*, to confound and mislead, rather than point us to the eternal realities that gather around human life. We could not indulge in that respect for ourselves which truest manhood inspires, or entertain that regard for our institution which these drafts upon our attention would indicate. I feel, however, that I am associated with brethren that regard the beautiful and impressive symbolisms spread out before us as of vital moment. The solemnity which overshadows this assembly is ample evidence that the truths represented are asserting their sway over our hearts, and for this reason I am gratified beyond measure that I am permitted to unite with you in this annual observance.

I cannot close this brief response to your courtesy, M.·.W.·. and P.·.M.·., without congratulating you and your official associates upon the success of this undertaking. It is one of the accumulating evidences of your value to this Chapter and Rite, and I am justified in the belief that your zeal for the body over which you have so long and intelligently presided, and your example as a "Perfect Knight Mason" will not be without their influences upon our present and future welfare.

2nd Toast: VAN RENSSELAER GRAND LODGE OF PERFECTION.

Responded to by VINCENT L. HURLBUT, 33°. Active member of the Supreme Council.

Bros.·. and Per.·. Knights of Rose Croix:

Let the sun shine; there is room also for the stars. There is no occasion for special humility in such a circle of lofty fellowship. But we may rightly stand in humility and awe before the exalted requirements, and the sublime symbolism that confront us and challenge our credentials. The highest has a charm which never grows monotonous. We do not weary in gazing upon the sunset splendors with which God heralds the night, and also prophecies the dawn; nor do we have a thought for common scenes. Standing on this high summit, bathed in ineffable light, all baser charms of the valley, where the path of our daily life is ordained, loose their hold upon our thoughts and aims, and we are free to breathe the purer air of a higher realm, and welcome the kindling glow of a Diviner aspiration.

What consecrated memories throng around us here! When I think of all the steps taken from an entrance through the outer veil of Free Masonry up to this grand height upon which we stand; of the trials of our *faith* and *fidelity;* of the vows taken; of the solemn pledges so often repeated and renewed, before we were found worthy to pronounce *that ineffable* name. When I think of our most wonderful history, and the mighty names that adorn it; of the gifted souls that have laid upon our altars their genius and devotion, I stand in *awe* before *such* a crowd of unseen witnesses, and seem to hear them saying: "Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." There is nothing of possible nobleness with-

in our reach to which we are not pledged. Think of the grave questions we were called upon to answer with sincerity of heart, and without mental evasion, before we were permitted to enter this Holy of Holies! Think of the sacred symbolism that surrounded and invested us; the ring, the symbol of *unbroken friendship;* an *unbroken circle*—ONE for time and eternity; the bread and wine the ancient symbols of brotherhood, and the pledges of undying constancy and devotion, reminding us of *that one* sacrament, the pledge of immortal love; the sad but fitting memorial of spiritual presence and discipleship, the prelude of the sublimest *sacrifice* and the most sorrowful *tragedy* time shall ever witness, and I am sure we shall all feel lifted far above all selfish aims, and with new zeal shall *here resolve* to consecrate every energy to the noble achievement to which we are personally pledged. Around us lies this weary, waiting world, cursed by selfishness and sin, and hither we must go with unwavering *Faith*, with courageous *Hope*, and a God-like *Charity*, to lift the burden from its bruised and aching heart, and make it throb with gladness in the warmth and the light of illimitable love. Brethren, I ask you to form again the sacred circle, and partake with me of the symbols of that holy covenant which binds us together for all time, and which, reaching beyond the valley of death, becomes the pledge of an immortal brotherhood.



3*d Toast*: "CHICAGO COUNCIL PRINCES OF JERUSALEM."
Responded to by E. W. CHAMBERLAIN, 32°.

Most Wise and Perfect Master:

Scripture and the traditions of the order furnish us with many interesting facts in relation to this degree.

This grade may justly be considered as a continuation of the preceding one.

The two grades are so closely connected by coincidence of design and spirit, as to be almost inseparable.

The 15th and 16th degrees have direct reference to the reconstruction of the Temple by Zerubbabel: first, by permission of Cyrus, King of Persia, as exemplified in the 15th degree, and then more completely by the sanction of his successor, King Darius, who made every effort to restore the Temple in its beauty, and to re-furnish it with the precious vessels taken from the first edifice.

It seems, therefore, eminently fitting and proper that my brief response should be confined to incidents connected with the history of the 15th and 16th grades.

God foretold to the Jews, by Jeremiah the prophet, before the destruction of the city, that after they had undergone servitude seventy years, he would again restore them to the land of their fathers, allow them to build their temple, and enjoy their ancient prosperity.

King Cyrus, upon reading the book which Isaiah left behind him, became impressed with the idea that God had appointed him king of the whole earth, and so issued his proclamation throughout all Asia.

Cyrus very much admired the divine power, and had an earnest desire to fulfill what was written. So he called together some eminent Jews in Babylon, and gave them

permission to return to their own country, and to re-build their City Jerusalem and Temple of God, at the same time assured them of his aid in their work—that he would write to the rulers and governors in the neighborhood of their country, Judea, and that they should contribute to the building, and besides that, beasts for their sacrifices.

Shortly after obtaining permission of King Cyrus to reconstruct the edifice, and while the foundation was not yet completed, Cyrus died. Great apathy and indifference in consequence existed among the brethern, more especially as they were the subjects of hatred by various tribes of Samaritans and Syrians, who constantly harrassed them, and they were compelled, if they continued their work at all, to labor with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other.

Those seven families, who were called the seven families of the Persians, appointed Darius to be their king, who in the first year of his reign feasted those born in his house, with the rulers of the Medes, princes of the Persians and the General of the armies, but when they had eaten abundantly they departed to their own home, and Darius the King, went to bed but could not sleep; so fell into conversation with the three guards of his body. He promised to him who should make an oration about points, that he, the King, should inquire of, such as should be most agreeable to truth and the dictates of wisdom, a reward of his victory—to drink in cups of gold, to put on a purple garment, to have a chain of gold about his neck, and to sit next to himself—on account of his wisdom, and said he should be called "my cousin."

He asked the first whether wine was not the strongest. The second whether kings were not such. The third whether

women were not such, or whether truth was not the strongest of all.

The first spoke in glowing terms, and claimed that wine was the strongest and most insupurable of all things. The second demonstrated that the king was the strongest of all, and more powerful than anything else that has force and wisdom.

Then the third, who was Zerubbabel—admitted the great force of all that had been said, and, besides, demonstrated how powerful women are. Yet claimed everything to be as naught when compared with *truth.*

The king decided that Zerubbabel had spoken most wisely, and commanded that he ask somewhat over and above what he had promised. So Zerubbabel reminded the king of the vow he had made—in the event of his being king—to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple, and restore the vessels. The king was pleased, and arose and kissed him, and wrote to the governors, and required them to conduct Zerubbabel and those going with him to build the Temple.



4th Toast. GOURGAS CHAPTER OF ROSE CROIX.

Responded to by J. B. BRADWELL, 32°.

Most Wise and Sir Knights:

I respond with pleasure to this toast, in honor of the CHAPTER whose good deeds are performed *sub rosa et sub stella;* which each succeeding year celebrates a double resurrection—that of Nature, and of Nature's God; at whose death the "veil of the temple was rent in twain," and who said "Destroy this temple and I will raise it up in three days," meaning the temple which his spirit inhabited—the temple of his body—but which his hearers mistook for the Temple of Solomon, and regarded him as a mocker and a blasphemer.

It is pleasing to contemplate that to-night, throughout the civilized world, wherever there is a Chapter of Rose Croix Knights, no matter to what nation its members may belong, or in what tongue they may speak, the brethren are unitedly joined in the ceremonies of this holy Masonic day, and are bound together by a mystic tie which reaches from Chapter to Chapter, until it extends around the globe.

If a man comes to the performance of our beautiful and impressive rights and ceremonies with "clean hands and a pure heart"—with *Faith* engraved upon its tablets, as well as Hope and Charity; if he can respond with truth and fervor when asked for the lost Word, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews"—these ceremonies are full of significance, and strengthen and encourage the novitiate in his pursuit of hidden wisdom. How much more impressively are the life, death and resurrection of our Savior shadowed forth in our emblems and ceremonies than in the austere, bare forms of the Church: the emblematic eagle, calling to mind the "Sun of Righteousness;" the pelican,

nourishing its young with its own life-blood, suggesting the voluntary shedding of Christ's blood to give eternal life to his erring children; the rose, signifying the "Rose of Sharon," to which Christ was likened, the perfume of whose good deeds and loving sacrifice has come down to the present day, and will shed its fragrance over Christianity and Masonry while time endures; the blazing star, which may either signify the morning star that heralded the dawn of a higher wisdom and civilization than had hitherto blessed the world—the light to which the true Mason was restored after wandering in darkness in search of the lost Word, guided only by the three mystic words: FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY, whose teachings were to lead him to a knowledge of the Word which had so long been lost to his craft; or we may regard it as the Star of Bethlehem, which guided the Wise Men of the East to the birth-place of our Savior, and hung, a blazing, sparkling, sphere of light, over the spot where the young child lay; the emblematic sacrificial lamb, of which we partake on this Holy Thursday, is in commemoration of the Passover or Last Supper, and is a symbolic representation of the sacrifice of the Lamb of God for the sins of the world.

If all these observances of our order are entered into in a believing and reverent spirit, they are blessed to the participant; but if there are Knights of the Sacred Rose and Cross who have entered into fellowship with us for selfish and worldly purposes; who, while professing to be governed by the principles of Faith, Hope and Charity, are at heart unbelievers and scoffers, to them our beautiful ceremonies are but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

While our love of freedom and liberty of conscience has led us to throw open our sacred portals to the Hindoo, the

Parsee, the Jew, the Trinitarian and the Unitarian Christian, and the Mohammedan, if they only signify their willingness to be governed by the principle inculcated by our motto, "Faith, Hope and Charity," yet none but those who can exclaim, in the language of Philip, as the life, death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth is portrayed before them, "My Lord and my God," can fully appreciate the significance of our ceremonies.

What other faith can be of any great significance than *Faith* in the existence of the Savior of the world—*Hope* in the resurrection in Christ, and the *Charity—Love*—which He taught His Disciples to feel for their Creator and their fellow creatures?

Not merely alms-giving, but a broad, warm, all-embracing love, and tender, generous forbearance toward all God's creatures, which is so beautifully and tersely set forth in the language of St. Paul, and which is a part of our beautiful ceremony.

Our craftsmen of to-day are no longer engaged in constructing material temples. Our skill is expended on "houses not made with hands"—spiritual edifices—in the erection of which, like the Temple of Solomon, no sound of hammer is heard; though each addition to these buildings must still be tested by the square and the compass, and the "stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner, and their supporting pillars are inscribed with the mystic words—"FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY."

He who shall bring to these buildings "wood, hay and stubble," or who shall bring more substantial material, yet in its crude state, not having submitted it to the test of the proper instruments of his craft, will call down upon himself the ridicule and contempt of his more skillful fellow-

craftsmen and the condemnation of the Grand Architect of the Universe.

Let us then, Brethren, beneath the blazing star that hung over Bethlehem more than eighteen hundred years ago; the representation of the "Dewy Rose of Sharon"—the emblem of our Savior—and in view of the Cross upon which Jesus of Nazareth "offered up his life as a sacrifice," resolve to shape our lives by our knightly vows, and so to build up our spiritual natures that when this earthly tabernacle is destroyed, we shall inherit "houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



5th Toast: ORIENTAL CONSISTORY.
Responded to by J. D. M. CARR, 32°.

6th Toast: THE SUPREME COUNCIL N. M. J. U. S. A.
Responded to by H. A. JOHNSON, 33°, Deputy for Illinois

[*Res.·. and P.·. Knights, under orders from the M.·. W.·. and P.·. M.·., re-formed lines and repaired to the Egyptian Hall, which was appropriately draped in black, the furniture consisting of the seven-branch candlestick in the East; Columns of Faith, Hope and Charity displayed in the South, West and East, with triangular transparencies of the sacred Word, suitably placed at their respective stations.*]

All being in readiness, the Knights were favored by the following beautiful and impressive discourse, by John Sheville, 33°, active member of the Supreme Council:

M.·. W.·. & P.·. M.·.,
Res.·. & P.·. Knights:

When I made a trip to Palestine some years ago, I felt as a Christian that I wanted to visit all those places connected with the life and labors of our Emmanuel—to press with my feet the soil where he walked, labored, wept and died. But, as a *Knight Mason* I especially and more particularly desired to visit those places that are dear to every *true Knight's heart*—those places more closely identified with the *closing* events of his life—his death, his resurrection and ascension. I wanted to stand in Bethany where the woman poured ointment upon his body; and as he himself said "for his burial;" I wished to stand on Zion where He ate the passover with His disciples; in

Gethsemane, where He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, and where He was betrayed; on Calvary, where He died; in the sepulchre, where He was laid, and on the mount from which he ascended. In accordance with this desire of my heart, on the morning after reaching Jerusalem, I made a trip to Bethany. I could almost imagine I saw the Master and His disciples assembled in the house of Simon the Leper; that I saw the woman pouring the very precious ointment on His head as He sat at meat; that I heard His disciples saying unto Him: "Master, where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the passover?" and He replying: "Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master sayeth my time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples. And he will shew you a large upper room furnished and prepared; there make ready for us." Then turning my face toward Jerusalem, I traveled over the ground, no doubt, trod by the Master on that eventful occasion, until I reached Mount Zion, and there entered an upper room now called the Canaculum, or dining room, so called because it is said to be the place where Jesus ate with His disciples the passover, and where he instituted the memorial feast in remembrance of his broken body and shed blood. I cannot tell you all the solemn thoughts that impressed me as I entered that large "upper room," and was shown a large oblong stone, said to be the table at which Christ and his disciples sat and ate. I felt that it became me to put off the shoes from off my feet, for the place whereon I stood was indeed Holy Ground. Leaving the Canaculum, I crossed the brook Kedron and entered the Garden of Gethsemane, a place (as Mr. Fisk says) of loneliness and seclusion, just such a spot as a soul desiring to be alone with God would choose, when

the shades of evening were gathering over it. Sitting down under an old olive tree I read the whole account of our Lord's agony and betrayal, my soul heaving with intense emotion. From the garden I wended my way to Calvary, the place of crucifixion, and in the agony of my soul I exclaimed:

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

"Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree."

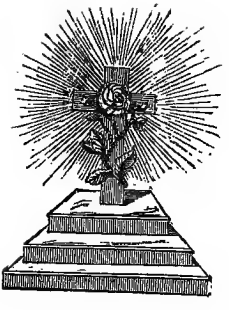
Then with deep solemnity and reverence I entered the sepulchre where Christ was laid; and as I stood there with my head bowed, my heart heaving and my tears flowing, that soul-reviving, soul-cheering, soul-stirring language of the angel to the heart-stricken women, came with power and consolation to my heart: "He is not here; for he is risen, as he said." Leaving the sepulchre, I again visited the Mount of Olives, and stretching my eyes toward Bethany, tried to imagine I saw the Master leading his disciples out —blessing them, being parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

And now, M.·. W.·. and P.·. M.·., Res.·. and P.·. Knights, in the solemn ceremonies of this evening the several events to which I have alluded will all be represented. We have already assembled in an "upper room" and have "kept the passover." The other ceremonies will now follow. Let us see to it, Sir Knights, that those ceremonies have their due effect upon our minds and hearts, so as to make us bet-

ter men, better Masons, better Knights; and I pray God, that at last, when our work is finished, and we are done with these ceremonies here below, we may *each of us see our King in His beauty, and be like Him, seeing Him as He is.*

[*Music.*]





CEREMONIAL.

M.·. of C.·., [*Advanced to the lighted triangle in the East, and said*]:

"He came to regenerate humanity, but they knew him not and put him to death."

[*He then put out the lowest light on the left, and returned to his station.*]

TREASURER [*Advanced and said*]:

"He willed that all men should be brethren, but they knew him not and put him to death."

[*He then put out the lowest light on the right, and returned to his station.*]

SECRETARY [*Advanced and said*]:

"His sublime doctrine was intended for the happiness of mankind, but they knew him not and put him to death."

[*He then put out the next light on the left, and returned to his station.*]

ORATOR [*Advanced and said*]:

"His object was to substitute TRUTH for ERROR; LOVE for HATRED; but they knew him not and put him to death."

[*He then put out the next light on the right, and returned to his station.*]

JUN.·. W.·. [*Advanced and said*]:

"He proclaimed that men should do unto their brethren as they would be done by, but they understood him not and put him to death."

[*He then put out the next light on the left, and returned to his station.*]

SEN.·. WAR.·. [*Advanced and said*]:

"He attempted to deliver his brethren from the yoke of tyranny; to protect the weak, and to recall to their duty the oppressors of humanity; but they listened not unto him and nailed him on a cross."

[*He then put out the next light on the right, and returned to his station.*]

MOST WISE [*Said*]:

"Yes, my brethren, the Apostle of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, has fallen a victim to religious and political despotism! Fanaticism, with the aid of ignorance and superstition, has nailed him to an ignominous cross; has inflicted the punishment of slaves upon the great sublime Emancipator of mankind; the Friend of the poor and destitute; the *Comforter*, who, covering with the mantle of his word the nakedness of the lowest among the low, had introduced them into the banquet-room of immortality, there to enjoy the seat which has been from all eternity prepared for them by the Father! Guests of one day, and disinherited the next! The friend is dead, the benefactor is no more! Woe unto us! woe unto us! woe unto us! Error triumphs, truth has disappeared, ignorance has extinguished the light of philosophy."

[*He then burnt the triangular paper, put out the light and said*]:

"My brethren, we have this day met for the purpose of commemorating the martyrdom of the great apostle of human emancipation. With no other weapon but an immense love for his brethren, he hesitated not to assail despotism and hypocrisy. First of all, he proclaimed that mankind was one and the same family, whose Father was God, and whose heritage was an everlasting happiness. Cast your eyes, my brethren, cast the eyes of your mind and heart back through the intervening ages to Calvary

and contemplate the scene transpiring there; see that noble and sweet countenance streaming with tears! behold that crown of thorns bruising the sublime forehead of Him who sent forth these regenerating words, "Love ye each other." Oh! how intense his agony! for he was not only falling a victim to despots and hypocrites, who, after his death, divided mankind among themselves as a vile herd of slaves; but he was forsaken and betrayed by the very ones whom he had loved most, and whom he had selected to be the heralds of his doctrine.

"Oh, Father! pour into our hearts a ray of Thy heavenly meekness, guide us in the arduous path of life, so that when the last hour shall have come, we may rise to the bosom of our only friend, contemplate his beaming countenance, and enjoy forever the sublime lessons which he no doubt delivers to the pure beings who surround him.

MUSIC:

Song......"THERE IS NO DEATH."

M.·. OF C.·. [*Advanced and said*]:

"The doctrine of him who died for the regeneration of humanity, has become the living Son of Truth."

[*He then lighted the lowest candle on the left, and returned to his station.*]

TREASURER [*Advanced and said*]:

"The doctrine of him who lost his life for having proclaimed that men being the children of the same father were brethren, shines in the awful night of the past."

[*He then lighted the lowest candle on the right, and returned to his station.*]

SECRETARY [*Advanced and said*]:

"The doctrine of him whose attempts for the happiness of mankind were punished with death, rises now triumphantly from darkness."

[*He then lighted the next candle on the left, and returned to his station.*]

ORATOR [*Advanced and said*]:

"The doctrine of him who suffered an ignominious death for having attempted to substitute truth for error, love for hatred, has overwhelmed ignorance and superstition."

[*He then lighted the next candle on the right, and returned to his station.*]

JUN.·. WAR.·. [*Advanced and said*]:

"The doctrine of him who recommended to man 'to do unto others as he would be done by,' is now the life and light of all intelligent minds."

[*He then lighted the next candle on the left, and returned to his station.*]

SEN.·. WAR.·. [*Advanced and said*]:

"The doctrine of him who gave his precious blood to insure for ever the liberty of the oppressed, the rights of the weak and the cessation of tyranny, is now the standard rule of regenerated humanity."

[*He then lighted the next candle on the right, and returned to his station.*]

MOST WISE [*Said*]:

"Yes, my brethren, political and religious despotism is forever defeated! Liberty, equality and fraternity, the beloved daughters of Him who is risen, have inherited the treasures of his love. Ignorance, superstition and fanaticism are retiring from a world which they can hold no

longer. The ignoble cross, on which was nailed the sublime emancipator of mankind, the friend of the wretched and destitute, shall henceforth be for us as the symbol of the victory which was promised unto us, the sign by virtue of which we will crush usurpation.

Immortal guests, no power can henceforth deprive us of our inheritance! Glory unto our Father! Glory unto our Father! Glory unto our Father! Love and liberty give life and light to philosophy. Truth reappears. The Word of life, of regeneration is recovered.

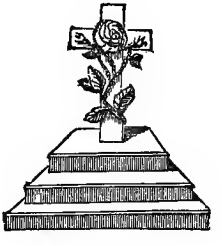
[*He re-lights the candle.*]

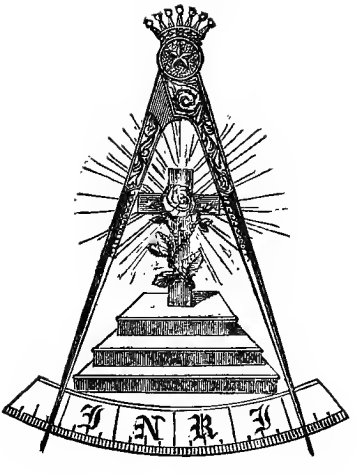
The soul of every true Knight yearns for heaven; it cannot, will not, be content with less, and disclaims that there is death, but only life eternal for which it longs in a higher, holier, spiritual sense.

The cubic stone is changed to the Mystic Rose that sends forth its perfume to heaven, and the world is restored to man.

Finally, my brethren, have in holy remembrance the one only God, the only principle, the light of heaven; the father of all, who is, and was, and shall be.

[*Music.*]




I N R I

CLOSING ADDRESS

BY

J. ADAMS ALLEN, 32°.

ALFARABI, the eminent Adept (Rosicrucian) of the tenth century, is said to have abruptly and without ceremony, entered the Court, where the Sultan of Syria was sitting, with his ministers and learned men. Indignant at his boldness, the Sultan ordered his forcible ejectment. But Alfarabi said to him: "O King, he who acts hastily is sure to repent."

I have found myself, since consenting to speak upon this occasion without due reflection, a striking illustration of the truth of this sentiment.

After the wonderful elucidations of both the history and philosophy of these degrees, which the Nestor of Masonry,—ALBERT PIKE, in the best sense, the *Albertus Magnus* of our day—has spread before the Ancient Order, he who dares come after must feel like one who lights a pitiful candle from that great torch.

When the more than kingly Masonic Magician of the South has cast down his marvelous wand, what worth is it for me to follow with my feeble rod?

But the request of the "Most Wise" shapes itself to me as imposing a Masonic obligation, and you will pardon me if I find it necessary to repeat, in different language, some of the thoughts which the symbolic representations of the evening inevitably suggest.

A writer of the last century puts down: "It has been of old, and will forever remain, the first requirement of a Freemason, to possess a pair of clearly-seeing eyes."

Not merely those which need no spectacles, telescopes or microscopes, but those which are literally "windows of the soul"—through which it can receive the light of TRUTH—not as it appears, but as it *is*.

For there is no greater source of deception than the senses. The senses would make us believe the earth flat and motionless; this "brave o'erhanging firmament, fretted with golden fires"—a solid concave vault, blue at mid-day, black at midnight, within which sun, moon and stars revolve, as satellites around our central world."

And even when a higher education has dissipated errors like these, there remain differences in the report of the eyes, from the fact that we each of us look at TRUTH itself from different points of view.

You look into the kaleidoscope, and the different colored pebbles and bits of glass arrange themselves on the mirrored surfaces in exact geometrical figures; you pass the instrument to me, and the lightest tremor of a muscle causes me to see an entirely different set of forms.

Place yourself at a particular point in the famous "whispering gallery" at St. Paul's, in London, and you can hear the slightest articulation from a wonderful distance; and I, standing only a few feet away, am oppressed by absolute silence.

The old prophet saw the mountains filled with armed angels and horses and chariots of fire, protecting him, but his servant saw nothing until his eyes were divinely opened.

There was once an artist who painted a picture so curiously, that from every position but one, it presented only a confused and shapeless assemblage of colors and shadows; but the proper point being taken, these were quickly resolved into the constituent parts of a most exquisite landscape.

An excellent gentleman, now deceased, then the leading editor of a great daily newspaper in this city, was standing by my side, about twenty years ago, as a Masonic procession was passing. He said to me: "This looks childish—"or, at best, an idle mummery, behind the age. Cannot "you Masons carry out the real objects of your association "without your aprons and swords and feathers and secret meetings?"

And a few weeks since, one of my friends, who has taken most of the degrees of Masonry, said to me: "It is a good, "social institution—used to be better when there were not "so many members, and we all knew each other—but I "really do not know of what use it is to me—I never expect "to need or receive any of its charities—it costs a good deal "of money, and takes considerable time, and don't help my "business in any way."

And I, looking at this thing of Masonry, from my standpoint—which was neither that of my friend, the Anti-Mason, nor that of my friend, the Mason, possibly present here this evening—saw a meaning in it all which convinced me that the eyes with which I looked upon it, though similar in anatomical structure, saw something which neither of my friends saw.

One of the most magnificent orators now on the lecture rostrum, I read in the newspapers, was recently seen in an auction shop in New York, purchasing the little bronze, stone and wooden images, some collector had brought from heathen hands, to illustrate his portrayals of human superstition, and help him ridicule human weakness.

More than a third of a century since, I saw a similar collection in the cabinet of an Eastern College, my Alma Mater, and to the latest hour of existence shall never forget the emotions they raised in my mind.

Heads, arms and limbs of men and animals collocated as confusedly as the figments of a dream, or what we might conceive a madman's reveries—gaunt, grim, ghastly and grotesque, and yet I could not smile, and all sense of the ridiculous and absurd was lost in another emotion.

I have seen the baby in its mother's arms, reaching out its tiny hands not only for the objects near it, but even for the far away moon and stars,—and recognized in this little movement that aspiration characteristic of man alone, which ultimately ennobles and brings him up to his appropriate place, "a little lower than the angels."

"The mind grows, and in the whole world there is no "analogue of this growth. It adds idea to idea from "the localities of the nursery, to the far off heavens, and "before the body is three feet high, there is not space "enough beneath the stars to contain its spirit."

And so, to my eyes, those rudely carved images assumed an impressiveness, and awakened a depth and tenderness of emotion, unspeakable.

They are the evidences of the often unspoken but everywhere felt want of the power and protection of the ALL FATHER, whose Being perhaps no argument can demon-

strate—but whose Not-Being, no subtilty of logic, splendor of rhetoric, keenness of ridicule, or virulence of invective, can convince the thinking mind.

For this *mind* will still recognize, in its inmost self, a flame of existence it received when God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

The little hands reaching after the moon are those which, by-and-by, shall belong to the grand astronomer studying the stars in their courses, and pointing out the majestic orbit, not only of that moon around the earth, the earth around the sun, but of that vaster revolution of the entire solar system around the Pleiades, from which we have already swung so far that for ages the world's wise men have spoken of the lost Pleiad.

And so to me, coming in through these eyes of mine, which I humbly believe are of the kind our brother wrote of a hundred years ago—the ceremonial observances of this evening—the wanderings in the forests and mountains; the search for the lost WORD, even within the portals of Hades itself—the crucifixion, the death, the descent into the abyss, the resurrection, the ascension—each and all bring thoughts and emotions which are entirely independent of the representations themselves.

The pictured Hell of Dante and Milton, with their weird and repulsive shapes—the scenic exhibition of the death and resurrection of the SAVIOR, pass before me as fleeting light and shade. Not so the impression on the mind—the ideas carve their memento on the soul, never to pass into oblivion.

The real life and power of Masonry do not depend on the historical truth or falsity of even its most venerated traditions.

The brother of the Blue Lodge should know, if he does not, that whether such a king as Solomon ever existed, or such a structure as the Temple was ever erected, or whether such a society as the Masons had at that time been organized, are not matters upon which it is necessary to form an opinion for or against.

And in these emblematic devices which have claimed our attention this evening, the questions which mere sectarians, sceptics and philosophers might raise, have no place.

The essential relation of Christ to the God-head, the future state as to the particular character of its rewards or punishments, are not for us of the Rose Croix, as such, to decide, or even debate.

It is the lesson conveyed which we are to ponder.

In Oriental tale there was once a city, which falling under the wrath of a mighty magician, had in an instant of time, every living thing within its walls changed to stone. The warrior about to mount his horse, the artisan at his task, the orator with his arm outstretched, the mother bending over her babe—stood still in the latest attitude of breathing life. And there they stood for centuries, until a mightier magician came, whose power broke the spell, and the current of happy life came back—living souls looked out from the long darkened stony eyeballs, and all the sweet associations of humanity awoke to joy again.

The *selfish* life is hard, sombre and cold. A community of selfish men are like the denizens of that storied city under the baneful enchantment of petrifaction.

The dramas of Masonry, to them, bring no thrill of feeling. Our actors might as well be doomed to personate their parts before an audience of statues.

Let no one mistake. Masonry is not a church, nor a substitute for a church. True, it pre-supposes in its members obedience to the moral law, but it demands more than this. The young man who had kept all the commandments from his youth up, was informed that more was necessary before he could be received as a disciple of Our Lord—and Masonry would have told him that more was necessary before he could become a worthy Mason.

The Masonic law was simply the Moral Code, to which the teachers added *Faith* in God, to the exclusion of Moloch, Baal and the other heathen deities, and *Hope* in the future grandeur of the Hebrew race through a coming Messiah.

The Masons of the Rose Croix turn to the generally accredited *Christian Dispensation*, as sublimely exemplifying and bringing more prominently into the foreground, the highest grace—CHARITY.

It does not meddle with the mystic relations of the individual soul with its Creator, nor attempt to explore the mysterious abyss of future existence. It is for *this* life—the Church for this life and the next.

Nor is it an Insurance Society against accidents, poverty, or death. Those who enter its ranks on the level of health and social standing, usually early in life, have least in their thoughts that the apartments of the craft are to be substitutes for the almshouse or hospital.

Neither is it for the aggrandizement of individuals. He who seeks its portals hoping or expecting after admission to be voted for, or traded with, or socially advanced, has mistaken the purport and object of the association—which is to discourage selfishness, not to build it up. He will find the bonds of Masonry too weak to help him in these directions.

Although degrees and orders are piled heaven high upon him, he is no Mason, and when he complains of his disappointment in failing to advance his selfish designs, he is but an embodied folly.

There are avenues to success for enterprise in trade, or worthy ambition in politics, or honorable aspiration for improved social position, but not through the assistance of our rites.

I have no fault to find with Ambition, Enterprise or Emulation, appropriately manifested—but they are not exclusively Masonic virtues.

There is a legend that the well of St. John, in county Meath, Ireland, has a subterranean communication with the river Jordan. And so in the south of India, many hundred miles away, there is a river whose waters are said to have a similar relation to the Ganges—the holy river of the Orient. Miraculous influences are attributed to each of these, and long pilgrimages are made for the privilege of bathing in their holy waters.

I have heard many people ridicule this as superstition, but as "there is a soul of goodness in things evil," so in all human customs, however strange and absurd they may appear to us, there is now, or once was, a deep significance.

We, of the Rose Croix, have dipped our hands into the water of the brazen laver, not as an idle form, but in conformity to a custom old as history, whether recorded on papyrus or stone—a custom based upon a symbolism emanating from the loftiest thought of which the human mind has been capable.

According to the traditions of all races of mankind, as well as the Mosaic account, *water* preceded all other forms of matter, whether living or lifeless. Before light came or

life was, water rolled its heavy waves over the dark surface of the deep. *And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.* It existed before Life, and without it life could not exist

The exactness of modern science has shown that without water there could be no change, even in the solid strata of the earth's crust, and organic life, whether animal or vegetable would be impossible.

Even in Chemistry the axiom holds good—*Corpora non agunt nisi soluti.*

All the ancient philosophers speak of water as the first and oldest of all things, and it was to them the apt symbol of Creative Energy.

In the parched wastes of the Oriental cradle of the race, the beneficent influence of "the mists going up from the earth and watering its surfaces." were peculiarly evident—men seemed to *see* the marvelous effects. So in Egypt, the long unknown sources of the Nile sent out into a rainless land the water whose overflowing not only created the delta of Lower Egypt, but made it the most fertile of all lands upon which the sun shone.

In districts where there was rainfall, Phœbus was termed the god from whose mouth a river flowed—because the Sun by his heat drew up the vapors, which, stretching out into clouds, descending bring to life the dormant seeds, and develop into all forms of use and beauty, the grasses and flowers, the trees and foodful grains.

The well of St. John and the river Jordan; the Tircangy and the Ganges, *are* connected as one; and so are all the waters which descend as rains from heaven, as rivers from the mountains to the sea, or ocean rolling around the globe.

Water is also an emblem of Purity and Purification, because without it not only would foreign matters adhere to our bodies and render them unclean, but the products of internal changes, necessarily incident to the manifestations of life, could not be removed, and our system would be clogged and suffocated by its own *debris*. The application of water, therefore, has been for ages significant of the putting away of all defilement, whether physical or moral.

Thousands of years before "John came baptizing in the wilderness," this custom had prevailed in all inhabited parts of the earth of which there remains any record. It was significant of repentance over violation of the moral law, and of purpose hereafter to remain pure.

But there is yet a higher symbolism in the application of water.

When the rising of the *Blazing Star*, Anubis, announced to the Egyptians the welcome coming of the annual inundation of the Nile, their hearts were filled with grateful rejoicing, because they recognized in this *Beneficence*, and not merely an orderly, motiveless phenomenon of Nature. Where every natural event was looked upon as the result of some especially acting divinity, we can easily apprehend that He who sent the welcome rain, or inundation, should be looked upon as a lover of the people benefited, and endowed with all kindly and beneficent attributes.

Hence, to the vivid Oriental imagination, Water became the emblem both of Abundance and *Charity*.

As Water goes upward before it can come downward, so *Charity* springs from the aspiration of the Human toward the Divine, before it can drop "like the gentle rain from Heaven upon the place beneath, blessing him that gives and him that takes."

Abundance without *Charity*, is like the Nile in Ethiopia, where it flows through arid wastes, and sandy deserts between its high banks confining its flood, while all the region around is parched and dry—like Tantalus perishing with thirst, "chin deep in water."

Water again is an emblem of *Perpetuity*—as the fountains flow ever to the river, the river to the sea, and so to utmost ocean. I have seen in old deeds conveying lands, instead of the word "*Forever*," "so long as grass grows and *water* runs."

It is also an emblem of *Firmness*, commingled, as it always should be, with *kindliness*, for whilst it is stubbornly incompressible, "it placidly avoids force, bending every way with ready fluency."

It is an emblem of that feeling of brotherhood which tends to bring all men in one sense upon the level, for it is gradually bringing the mountains into the valleys, and thus removing the inequalities from the surface of the earth.

In the Hindoo mythology, *Sivha* is both Destroyer and Creator, and so water symbolizes, at times, not only the creative but the destructive energy.

The interdiction of water is perhaps the most terrible punishment to which man can be subjected—and he to whom all men refuse charity, or who is himself devoid of that quality, is of all men the most miserable.

The great Lord Bacon in his old age, banished by his king, and neglected by those who in his days of power fawned upon him, prayed more fervently than for any other blessing, the "charitable memories" of mankind.

Under the city of Rome is a series of vast excavations in the volcanic rock, extending in a bewildering maze a score

of miles—a labyrinth which is a world's wonder. Multitudes of persons have lost their lives, incautiously attempting its exploration.

A few years ago an artist provided with a torch and clue-line, visited it for the purpose of copying some of its ancient inscriptions, for it had been used as a repository of the dead for thousands of years. Interested in deciphering the antique epitaphs, he failed to note the lapse of time, and the wasting of his torch, until its sudden extinguishment awoke him to his situation. He had dropped his clue-line, and insensibly wandered away from it, whilst using his pencil.

Above him was the ancient city, its streets still thronged with the living he could never more hope to mingle with; around him the more numerously populated city of the dead, where millions had been laid to rest by the kindly hands of loving friends; and the passages and rocky aisles of that silent city were strewn with the bones of those who, like him, had been "Lost in the Catacombs."

To die upon the battle-field, myriads have joyfully dared —to die at home, surrounded by the prayers and affection of those who love us, is but to submit to an inevitable lot, and even to the happiest, deprives death of much of its dread.

But in the full vigor of youthful manhood, whilst the blood is still rioting in its healthful course, and those high faculties that can grasp the Universe in their range are in their highest glory of action—to die alone in the dense darkness, whilst gaunt hunger torments and thirst maddens —this, this is terrible!

How sweet life looks in moments like these to the veriest misanthrope, who, under the blessed light of noonday, talks calmly of death but as a sinking to an eternal sleep.

The young artist, at last, after wandering desperately through hours upon hours of which he could make no note, threw himself upon the rocky floor, worn out and craving death as a relief from the agony of his sufferings, and wonder of wonders! millions to one against it!—he grasped the clue. He is saved!

And thus, my Brothers of the Rose Croix, we are threading the labyrinth of life—around us the inscriptions of the past, for the living are but a trifling minority of those who have lived. Too often we are content to be guided on our way by the torch which we call *Reason.*

We seek to add to our possessions either wealth of money, or knowledge or power—or even of ignoble, because *selfish* pleasures; and in our carelessness or greed, we drop the precious clue which is to connect us with that higher, brighter, nobler realm, where the the love of self is merged in that grander, sublimer, more godlike sentiment—the love of our fellowmen. Happy for us, if our wakening better nature can grasp that silken and golden clue.

The clue is CHARITY—not that impulse which leads some people to give money lightly valued to those who need. Not even that sentiment which is willing to practice self-denial to discharge a moral duty. The prompt discharge of moral duties is often characteristic of those whose *hearts* are hard as adamant.

Not at the call of what men of cool blood call *principles.* There have been thousands of men who have submitted to tortures, flames and death for their principles, who, had they been in the majority, would just as gladly have consigned the other party to the rack, the gallows or the faggot for *their* principles.

There is a nobler ideal of manhood than the ascetic, the martyr, the confessor of the faith, or even the "man of principle."

It is that Charity which does not permit the accidents of birth, education, opinion, creed, or even *action*, to conceal from us that all men are brothers.

That *Fraternity* is more priceless than icy moralities. That true kindness of heart and *Charity* in the sense the Apostle Paul so grandly describes it, is something infinitely more worthy of men and Masons than the most immaculate observance of the Decalogue.

We read in the Book of Books, that when a party of Israelites were burying a dead man, they were so alarmed by the appearance of a troop of Moabites, that they hastily threw the body into the grave of the prophet Elisha and fled. *But when the young man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood upon his feet.*

These old allegories, which some would have us discard, have a quality of life in them, germinant and upspringing, to him who cares to understand.

There come times to each of us, when looking over the world and seeing apparently the worst qualities of the race in the ascendant—wars and dissensions, strifes and fierce debates—when the more trivial the cause of difference the greater the hatreds engendered—we are almost forced to believe that *Charity* has clean gone out of the world, and we are tempted to lay its very name away among the dead things. But be not disheartened; although we think it buried out of sight, the time will come when some Chicago conflagration, some wasting pestilence, some great public misfortune, or even some private sorrow—like the body of the dead man touching the bones of the Prophet—shall

cause the supposed lifeless to spring to its feet, erect, majestic, full of vitality and power.

St. Paul said, "*Charity* covereth a multitude of sins;" and in the VEDA, written ages before his time, I find this eulogy of a good man: "*Charity* is always pure, and he *is* charity."

In this "jurisdiction," I am informed that Jews, or those who do not admit the Divine Nature of Christ, are not admitted to affiliation. In the southern jurisdiction they are.

Both are wrong and both are right. It is in one sense, reverently be it spoken, no more an essential of our high degree, that the New Testament record of the life and sufferings of Christ be actual facts of history, or that Christ himself was an incarnation of, or from, the Triune God, than to Blue Lodge Masonry that there ever was a Solomon, a temple, or Masonry then existent.

To us who acknowledge the Christian Dispensation, HE is the *Logos*, the WORD, Creative, Beneficent—the incarnation of CHARITY.

The Mosaic Dispensation was one of obedience to the moral law, rising to *Faith and Hope*, as heretofore stated.

Let the Jew add to these CHARITY, in the broad sense I have given it—receiving into his inmost soul its Divine power—and I welcome him, with all my heart, to the Rose Croix.

Let a man call himself a Christian, and *have not* this soul-felt ideal within him—this faculty that "thinketh no evil;" and, though he were spotless as to the Decalogue, and orthodox as St. Paul, I would no sooner admit him to these sacred apartments than I would seek to warm myself by the glittering radiations of an Alpine glacier.

Our ceremonies and representations, including the wan-

derings in the mountains and forests, descent in to the poetical ideal of the Hades of antiquity, and so on, are not to impress upon the neophyte a belief in the actual existence of flames, demons and infernal abysses, but to infix the profound teaching, that all of human effort and toil, sacrifice and endurance, should be called into action to lift the glorious Human Spirit up from its gross surroundings, into the pure atmosphere, which the Supreme designed for that Human Spirit—not alone when the body is dead, but while it yet lives.

Work to be done while life's *day* lasts—*for the night cometh, in which no man can work.*

These three—

Faith—HOPE—CHARITY; and the greatest of these is CHARITY.



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