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From Bro W Kelly D.C.G.M.

Leicester



FORM OF THE CEREMONY

OF

CONSECRATION & DEDICATION

OF THE

FREEMASONS' HALL,

LEICESTER.

BY THE

RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT WOR. BRO.
EARL HOWE G.C.H., P.G.M.,

ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1859;

ALSO

THE SERMON AND THE ORATION,

DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION,

BY THE

REV. J. O. PICTON, B.A., P.G.C.

LEICESTER :

PUBLISHED BY BRO. J. SPENCER AND CO., MARKET-PLACE.



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FORM OF THE CEREMONY.

The Provincial Grand Lodge having been opened, and the minutes read and confirmed, the Brethren attended Divine Service at St. George's Church, where Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Robert Burnaby, M.A., Incumbent, and a Sermon preached by the Rev. J. O. Picton, B.A., Provincial Grand Chaplain. On their return to the Hall, a Procession was formed in the following order by the Provincial Grand Directors of Ceremonies:—

Tyler with a Sword.
 Visiting Brethren from other Provinces.
 Tyler with a Sword.
 THE FERRERS AND IVANHOE LODGE, No. 118, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH,
 Members according to Seniority.
 Tyler with a Sword.
 THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA LODGE, No. 58, HINCKLEY.
 Tyler with a Sword.
 THE JOHN OF GAUNT LODGE, No. 766, LEICESTER.
 Tyler with a Sword.
 ST. JOHN'S LODGE, No. 348, LEICESTER.
 Provincial Grand Steward, with a Wand.
 Visitors, being Provincial Grand Officers, from other Provinces.
 Provincial Grand Pursuivant, with a Sword.
 Past Provincial Grand Organist.
 Provincial Grand Organist.
 Past Provincial Grand Sword Bearer,
 Past Provincial Grand Directors of Ceremonies.
 Provincial Grand Superintendent of Works, with Tools.
 Past Provincial Grand Deacons.
 Provincial Grand Deacons, with Columns.
 Provincial Grand Secretary and Treasurer.
 Past Provincial Grand Chaplain and Grand Chaplain, with Censer.
 Past Provincial Grand Warden.
 Provincial Grand Wardens, carrying the Vessels of Corn and Wine.
 P.G. Steward, } THE R.W. DEPUTY PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER, { P.G. Steward
 with wand. } carrying the Cruet of Oil. { with wand.
 Provincial Grand Sword Bearer.
 P.G. Steward, } THE R.W. PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER. { P.G. Steward,
 with wand. } Provincial Grand Steward, with Wand.

The brethren marching slowly to solemn Music entered the Hall, and passed from East to West, by the South, around the Lodge three times, the thrones and seats being placed at a distance from the walls.

The brethren then seated themselves, the Officers took their places, and the various elements of consecration were placed on a table, in front of the P.G. Master's pedestal, covered, together with the Charters of Constitution of the John of Gaunt and St. John's Lodges, on a Crimson Velvet Cushion, encompassed by the three luminaries.

The D.P.G.M. then informed the P.G.M. that the members of St. John's and John of Gaunt Lodges in this town, with some assistance from members of the Knights of Malta Lodge, No. 58, Hineckley, had, at great pains and expense, erected a Masonic Hall for the convenience and accommodation of the Fraternity of the Province, and were now desirous that the same should be solemnly dedicated to Masonic purposes, agreeably to ancient form.

The P.G.M. gave his assent, and directed the P.G. Chaplain to proceed with the Ceremony.

The P.G. Chaplain read a passage of Scripture, taken from 1st KINGS, VIII. Chapter, 22nd to 30th verse.

The following Anthem was then sung by the brethren —

(TUNE—*God save the Queen*)

HAIL! Universal King,
By heaven and earth ador'd.
All hail! great God!

Before Thy Name we bend,
To us Thy grace extend,
And to our pray'r attend.
All hail! great God!

The P.G. Superintendent of Works then delivered to the P.G.M. the implements of his profession, entrusted to him for the erection of the Building, and announced that he had completed the work, according to the plans and specifications, which were agreed to by the brethren.

The P.G.M. expressed his approval of the Architect's conduct, after which the following Anthem was sung, the music composed for the occasion by Bro. Böhr, P.P.G. Organist :—

Behold! how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well.
For brethren, such as Masons are,
In unity to dwell.

Oh! 'tis like ointment on the head;
Or dew on Zion's hill,
For then the Lord of Hosts hath said,
"Peace shall be with you still."

All brethren who were not Master Masons having retired, the P.G. Chaplain perfumed the Lodge with the censer and read EXODUS XXX. chapter, 7th and 8th verses, and the Provincial Grand Officers formed in procession, the elements of consecration being carried by the D.P.G.M. and the Worshipful Masters of Lodges No. 348 and 376. During the procession the organ continued playing solemn music, excepting only at the intervals of Dedication.

The circuit of the Lodge having been made, and the P.G.M. having reached the East, the W.M. of Lodge No. 766 presented the cornucopia of corn to the P.G.M., who sprinkled the Lodge with corn, the P.G. Chaplain reading PSALM LXXII., v. 16.

The P.G.M. then said, "IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH, TO WHOM BE ALL HONOUR AND GLORY, I DO SOLEMNLY DEDICATE THIS HALL TO MASONRY."

Musical response by the Brethren, "Glory be to God on High!" with the grand honours.

After the second circuit was made, the W.M. of Lodge No. 348 presented the chalice of wine to the P.G.M., who sprinkled the Lodge with wine, the P.G. Chaplain reading NUMBERS, chapter 16, v. 7.

The P.G.M. then said, "IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH, TO WHOM BE ALL HONOUR AND GLORY, I DO SOLEMNLY DEDICATE THIS HALL TO VIRTUE."

Musical response, "Glory be to God on High!" with the grand honours.

After the third circuit, the P.G.M. presented the cruet of oil to the P.G.M., who anointed the Lodge with oil, the P.G. Chaplain reading EXODUS XXX., 25th and 26th verses.

The P.G.M. then said, "IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH, TO WHOM BE ALL HONOUR AND GLORY, I DO SOLEMNLY DEDICATE THIS HALL TO UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE."

Musical response, "Glory be to God on High!" with the grand honours.

The Entered Apprentices and Fellow-Crafts having been re-admitted, the P.G. Chaplain offered up *The Consecration Prayer*, the brethren all standing.

"Almighty Architect of the Universe, we Free and Accepted Masons do here solemnly dedicate and consecrate ourselves and this building, where we are now assembled, to the service of Masonry, and the practice of virtue and universal benevolence. We have erected it in Thy name; sanctify it, we beseech Thee, by Thy presence, as Thou didst Thy holy temple at Jerusalem. May it prove a refuge to the destitute; and from the foundation to the capstone, may it be the resort of truth, honour, and virtue. As the sun rises in the East to open and enliven the day, so may the station of the W.M. in the same quarter, be a station of righteousness and spiritual instruction to the

Brethren. As the sun sets in the West, to close the day, so may the S.W., at the close of our periodical labours, not only see that every brother has his due, but also that he may have been improved, and his mind enlightened, by Masonic instruction from the chair. Grant, O Thou Most High, that the chief corner-stone of this our building may be holiness to the Lord; and whenever we assemble here for the sacred purposes of Masonry, may we be guided by the rules and precepts contained in Thy Holy Tracing Board; and may they lead us, through all the devious scenes of this chequered state of existence, to a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Then will Freedom only be made subservient to the practice of our religious duties, and help us forward towards that Grand Lodge above, where we hope to meet our Christian and Masonic Brethren in perfect happiness, when the scenes of this world shall be closed, and the Pass Word of Fidelity, Fidelity, Fidelity, shall for the last time be pronounced over our graves."

Musical response, "So mote it be!"

The P.G.M. then seasoned the Lodge with salt, the P.G. Chaplain reading LEVITICUS II., 19th verse.

The P.G.M. then declared the Hall duly consecrated and dedicated according to ancient form, after which the P.G. Chaplain delivered an Oration on Masonry, and the ceremony concluded with the following Anthem, composed for the occasion by Bro. G. A. Lühr, P.P. Grand Organist:—

"The glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handy work." PSALM LXX., v. 17.

The ordinary business of the P.G. Lodge was then resumed.

The following Members of the Order were present:—

- BRO. THE RIGHT HON. EARL HOWE, *G.C.H.*, P.G.M.
 ,, WILLIAM KELLY, D.P.G.M.
 ,, W. J. WINDRAM, as P.S.G.W.
 ,, EDWD. MAMMATT, P.J.G.W.
 ,, REV. J. O. PICTON, B.A., } P.G.C.
 ,, REV. JOHN DENTON, M.A., }
 ,, JOSEPH UNDERWOOD, P.G.Tr.
 ,, FREDERICK GOODYER, P.G.Sec.
 ,, WILLIAM MILLICAN, P.G.S. of W.
 ,, WILLIAM PETTIFOR, P.P.S.G.W.
 ,, JAMES GIBSON, P.P.S.G.W.
 ,, WILLIAM HARDY, P.P.S.G.W.
 ,, JOHN BUCK, P.P.J.G.W.

- BRO. EDWIN CLEPHAN, P.P.J.G.W.
 „ JOHN PRATT, P.P.J.G.W.
 „ HENRY GILL, P.P.S.G.D.
 „ GEORGE BANKART, P.P.S.G.D.
 „ ROBERT BREWIN, JUN., P.G.D. of C.
 „ ALFRED CUMMINGS, P.G.A.D. of C.
 „ JOHN WILLIS GOODWIN, P.P.G.S.B.
 „ H. E. EMBERLIN, P.G.S.B.
 „ W. S. BITHREY, P.G.O.
 „ G. A. LÖHR, P.P.G.O.
 „ J. D. PAUL, P.G.P.
 „ J. B. HAXBY, P.G. Registrar
 „ C. J. WILLEY, P.G.S.
 „ THOS. SHEPPARD, P.G.S.
 „ JAMES BOUSKELL, P.G.S.
 „ M. NEDHAM, P.G.S.
 „ G. F. LLOYD, P.P.G.A.D.C.
 „ THOMAS HARROLD, S.W., Knights of Malta Lodge, No. 58, Hinckley
 „ HARRY J. DAVIS, J.W. ditto and 766
 „ CHARLES WATSON, S.D. ditto
 „ THOMAS GOADBY, J.D. ditto
 „ JOHN HOMER, ditto
 „ THOS. W. CLARKE, ditto
 „ F. FERRIMAN ditto
 „ WILLIAM HANDS, ditto
 „ JOHN SLOANE, M.D., J.D., St John's Lodge, No. 348, Leicester
 „ E. R. DENTON, I.G., ditto
 „ H. A. THOMSON, ditto
 „ ARTHUR BOYER, ditto
 „ H. F. GAMBLE, ditto
 „ W. M. MARRIS, ditto
 „ WILLIAM JACKSON, ditto
 „ LIEUT. HARRY BARBER, John of Gaunt Lodge, No. 766, Leicester
 „ J. H. GARNAR, I.G., ditto
 „ D. CHALIS, ditto
 „ T. M. BOBART, P.M., J.W., Ferrers and Ivanhoe Lodge, No. 1081,
 Ashby-de-la-Zouch
 „ JOHN REDFERN (P.S.G.D. of Derbyshire) ditto
 „ ALEXANDER BUTEL, P.P.S.G.W. for Derbyshire
 „ E. W. FENTON, 607 and 786
 „ J. L. PFUNGST, London
 „ JAMES PENNOCK, Tyler, 348
 „ GEORGE HAWKINS, Tyler, 766



TO THE

RIGHT HON. AND R.W. BRO. EARL HOWE G.C.H.,

PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER,

TO THE

R.W. BRO. W. KELLY,

DEPUTY PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER ;

AND TO THE

BROTHERS PRESENT UPON THE OCCASION,

THE SERMON AND THE ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE THEM AND PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST,

ARE DEDICATED,

BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND BROTHER,

THE AUTHOR.

P R A Y E R .

Let us pray for all sorts and conditions of men. And herein for our Sovereign Lady, Victoria the Queen, that she may be endued plentifully with heavenly gifts and long reign over a loyal, united, and happy people, for the Prince Consort, for Albert, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family. Let us pray especially for the Ancient Order, as members of which we have this day assembled; particularly for the Right Honourable and Most Worshipful the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master, for the Officers of the Grand Lodges of England, especially of that Provincial one to which we belong; for those who bear rule amongst us; for the Right Honourable and Right Worshipful the Earl Howe, Provincial Grand Master, and for his Deputy. Let us further implore the Most High to bless all private Lodges, particularly those now gathered together to worship in His holy temple. May God prevent us in all our doings with His most gracious favour, and further us with His continual help, that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in His most holy name, we may promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and ever set forth His honour and glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord, in whose most comprehensive form of words, let us sum up our petitions to the throne of grace—

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever, *Amen.*

SERMON.

'But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, and who is my neighbour?'—ST. LUKE, chap. X., v. 29.

THERE is a very common notion, not I mean that it is often openly expressed, to the effect, that religion concerns only ourselves, each one of us, apart from the rest. That is to say, men act as if their duty towards God were in nowise connected with their duty towards their fellows. They think it right and proper that they should have good feelings, and be open to generous impulses; but as to carrying out those feelings and impulses into practice, that is a very different question. That ordinary saying, which has now passed into a proverb, namely, that charity begins at home, is a convincing proof how widely this notion prevails. There is a manifest willingness to make ourselves the sole objects of our good thoughts and actions, an obvious reluctance to extend them to others. When pressed, either by conscience or by a direct appeal to live in the practice of kind deeds, self steps in the way, and willing to justify itself, says unto Jesus, "and who is my neighbour?"

To expose and condemn this error, is what our Lord proposes to himself in the parable which I have chosen as the theme of my present discourse. An obvious reason induces me to make this selection, inasmuch as we have here most forcibly illustrated that principle of comprehensive charity, which our order inculcates upon all its members. May we obtain that benefit which the earnest consideration of the subject is so well suited to bestow!

We read in the context, "that a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He artfully asked Him such a question as he hoped would

draw forth an answer, which would either expose Him to ridicule or make Him the object of scorn and hatred to the bystanders. Jesus, however, defeated his malicious purpose by a reply, which clearly set forth the truth, severely rebuked the questioner, and to which at the same time none could urge the least objection. Not seeming to notice the half-angry, uneasy enquiry, "and who is my neighbour;"—the Saviour puts the case of a man who in his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among thieves, who plundered him, stripping him of his raiment, and leaving him half-dead through ill-usage. While he lay in this destitute, forlorn condition, it chanced that a certain priest passed by, and beheld his miserable, abject state. Now what should we suppose would be the feelings of the priest at witnessing so piteous a sight? As a priest, he was the representative of the Most High God, of Him who delighteth in mercy; by virtue of his office he was commissioned to stand forth and make known the exceeding great love of Him, whose appointed servant he was. Now what should we imagine would be his thoughts and conduct under the circumstances? Should we not at once conclude that he would be moved to the deepest pity for the unhappy sufferer, and would hasten to his relief with all alacrity and zeal? But the narrative says otherwise. "When he saw him, he passed by on the other side." Though a priest, he had gone on discharging his office without any sense of his important calling, he had contented himself with simply observing the outward forms of his duty, and without any regard to their significant meaning. He had thus cherished a notion of his own consequence, and instead of being led to dwell on his own worthlessness in the eye of his Maker by the numerous signs which should have constantly reminded him that man's heart and actions were to be fashioned after what was discovered of the nature of Jehovah—instead of being thus a true representative of the qualities which he knew resided in his God, he had probably become harsh and uncharitable, given to censure, apt to look upon others with the feeling—Stand off! I am holier than thou; and thus, when any spectacle of misery came in his way, proudly said to himself, see

here is a token of God's righteous vengeance, and rapidly fled, lest he might be contaminated by a contact with human suffering and distress. He passed away with all his selfishness, his pride, and contempt.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on this wretched being, whom priestly indifference had left to be forsaken and to die. By virtue of his office, the Levite was also engaged about holy things, and though he enjoyed not the knowledge and the position of the priest, yet his calling was such as should have rendered him keenly alive to emotions of kindness and good will. At least, he should have felt as a Jew for his own countryman—at least he should have had the feelings of a man for a poor, helpless, perishing object, in whom God's image could be read, however faintly. He came and looked on him, and there he stopped. He, perhaps, said, this is a sad sight, but what a world of trouble I shall have if I encumber myself with him; what an amount of expense, which I can ill afford! Let others take care of him, I must consult for my own ease and comfort. And he, too, passed by on the other side, hurrying onwards to forget what he had seen.

So the wounded, writhing traveller lies; and, we can fancy, given up to despair. Could he look for human aid in any other quarter? His own countrymen had turned from him, and what hope remained? Still he was to be rescued. Relief came to him from a source from which it was least to be expected. In one, at all events, real pity was not extinguished. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him." Now, just think for a moment who a Samaritan was. The Samaritans, as they were so called from their chief city Samaria, were originally a mixed people of Jews and heathen, who in their worship retained only the law of Moses, and at the same time added to it many idolatrous practices. They were consequently at variance with the Jews, to whom they had occasioned much trouble, and who regarded them as wicked apostates. The Jews and Samaritans hated each other with a bitter

and intense hatred. As a proof of it, you will remember that when our Lord came to the well of Samaria, and asked the woman to give him to drink, she said unto him, "How is it that Thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" and St. John explains the meaning of this, by adding, "for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." With this fact before us, we should conceive that the Samaritan would be less inclined to give assistance to this ill-treated Jew than either the priest or the Levite.

We can picture to ourselves the gleam of satisfaction, which we should suppose would come over his face, as he stood and gazed—aye, I say, *we* can picture it—for, alas! we are so much the more conversant with the feelings and expressions of bitterness and wrath than with those of mercy and love. We might conjecture that he would exclaim, here is one of that accursed nation, which has been the most hostile to our race. I rejoice at the misfortunes into which he has fallen, and leave him to perish as a brute beast. We might believe that he would naturally act thus. But it was far different. "When he saw him, he had compassion on him." Though he had been brought up in the grossest ignorance, and had been surrounded by numberless forms of evil example, though doubtless he was no stranger to the strife, the churlishness and the wrong-doing, which prevailed among his own people, yet still he was a man, still the fire of charity was smouldering in his heart, and it required only the influence of the Holy Spirit, and suitable objects on which to feed, to quicken it into a bright and sparkling flame. He had compassion on him. He did not merely look and afterwards pass on. His whole heart was roused at the lamentable appearance, he deemed that the sufferer had a strong claim upon him, as being of the same flesh and blood with himself, as a partaker with him of that human nature, which here is ever liable to sorrow and woe. Thus it was that he identified himself with him, saw in his case what might probably at some time befall himself, and accordingly he hastened to do the part of a right true and loving friend.

I need not recount to you the details of his kindly usage, how he took care of him, but will direct your attention to the question, with which Jesus sums up, "which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour to him that fell among the thieves?" The conceited and supercilious Pharisee was constrained to reply, "He that showed pity on him." Then followed the admonition, "Go and do thou likewise." He was to go and act in like manner, if he would inherit that which he asked about—eternal life. For what is eternal life? The Saviour answers, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent." If we would be sharers in that life eternal—and think how it will fare with us hereafter if we have it not now—we must be solicitous and eager to do the works of love.

The lessons which this parable teaches us are so patent and so plainly to be seen on the face of it, that it will not be necessary to dwell on them long. Away, therefore, with all paltry pretexts, all pitiful excuses, which shape themselves into the form, "and who is my neighbour?" They are those around thee, all with whom thou hast to deal. We need not go far to find them. They are to be met with in almost every case, wherever there is the "trivial round, the common task." In thy family, thy friends and acquaintances, in those with whom thou art brought into any relation, there they stand, calling upon thee to approve thyself a true, considerate neighbour. Strive to take in the full meaning of that expressive word—neighbour. A neighbour is one who is nigh to thee, not merely in regard of the place where thou livest or hast to act, but is nigh to thee in every respect, hath the same feelings, hopes, and passions with thyself, is alike susceptible of kindness and neglect, alike capable of joy and grief, of being elevated or degraded. It does not point out to a man standing by himself, to that condition which we wildly dream of as independent (for in a proper sense no one ever has or can be independent), but to a man whose life is more or less bound up with the life of others, who requires for his happiness that others should be as neighbourly to him, as it is incumbent on him to be to them. If we environ ourselves with a

cold, calculating spirit, as to how we may make other men simply further our private ends, there is no neighbourliness in us. If our eye is ever upon ourselves, we are seeking, as the devil tempted Adam to do, to become gods, yes, and weak, silly gods, whose foul images will be shattered to pieces by the all-powerful decrees of the Lord of Hosts. Let me impress it upon you, that it will avail us in no degree whatever to have a right faith, to entertain correct notions about this world and the next, if we are not sincere neighbours, if we refuse to do to others as we would that they should do unto us, if we hesitate as far as in us lies, each in his own sphere and according to his opportunities "to seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, and plead for the widow." With this conviction, let us gird up ourselves to an active course of neighbourly offices. Let us carefully foster all friendly dispositions and benevolent sentiments, and let us not permit them only to dwell in our hearts, but bring them forth so as to be clearly felt and acknowledged.

Brethren, I need not remind you, that the sum and substance of what I have been urging has been repeatedly brought before you in the mystical teaching to which you are privileged to have access. If Masonry is, as we hold it to be, a system of pure morality, expressed in allegory and illustrated by symbols,—if it delights to trace in nature and in human acts the manifold indications of God's providence, wisdom, and love, common sense must tell us, that if no practical conclusions follow, if it be inoperative, its adherents can have but little faith in the principles they profess.

The true Mason is a builder; his task it is to build up his body, soul, and spirit, a holy temple, acceptable to God. Hence he cannot afford to be idle, his bounden duty it is to work. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, saith the grand Master, do it with thy might, with all thy might, for if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. And the work must not be protracted; it must be done ere the workman be summoned into the silent land, ere the silver cord be loosed and the golden bowl be broken, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit go back to

God who gave it. Consequently, if he would exhibit himself as a genuine master builder, if it is his aim to promote the glory of God and the happiness of his fellows, there must be an active display of the spirit of love, he and his brethren must bring forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold. If Masonry is to be acceptable to the community at large, if it is to manifest itself as the handmaid of religion, as emphatically setting forth those principles on which the strength and stability of all order, legislation, and freedom must permanently rest, as the strong upholder of all the amenities of friendship, and the purity and courtesies of social life; it is then imperatively required of those who are members of this ancient craft, that they show by the love which they bear towards each other and those who are without, that they are mindful of the great commandment—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; that ever meditating the precepts of the divine law, they are at all times ready to acquiesce in the exhortation, “go and do thou likewise.”

At the rearing of the august temple, that there might be an absence of all rude and jarring discord, no sound of metal tool was heard,

“No workmans steel, no pond’rous axes rung,
Nay, ere some tall palm, the noiseless fabric sprung.”

Each stone and wooden beam had been previously prepared, so that each was accurately fitted to its appropriate position. Let us copy this example, and cheerfully and harmoniously adapt ourselves to those states of life to which the Great Architect of the Universe has been pleased to call us.

“Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.”

To have a pure heart and clean hands, to be true and just in all our dealings, to rest not on the letter but on the spirit of the law, to have regard to the inscription that was engraved on the tiara of the High Priest under the old covenant, “Kodesh Ladonai,” holiness to the Lord, and to the same as expounded under the new

covenant, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men"; this is the spirit in which a free and accepted Mason is enjoined to act, a spirit which can not be attained but by striving to lay hold of that all-embracing charity, which suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

It behoves us, therefore, to be on our guard, lest we sadly fall short of what is demanded of us in this regard. The arrogant priest, and the indifferent Levite, though continually occupied with that which should have led them to cherish the deepest compassion for the outcast and miserable, could not so far restrain their selfishness as to succour a sinking brother. There may be in our case as great inconsistency between our principles and our practice; we may become like them, so full of ourselves, as to be unmoved at the sight of misery, so bent on gratifying our own wills, as to imagine that we were sent here but to riot and to idle, and not to do the good which is marked out for us, not to do somewhat towards soothing the wounded spirits, and lightening the distresses of the heavy-laden and the depressed. Our attention may be taken up with the symbols of what is "pure, lovely, and of good report," and we may give little heed to the realities they embody. We may descant feelingly and eloquently, on the pleasurable sensations arising from philanthropic acts. But as the philosopher observes, "sensibility is not necessarily benevolence." It may hold good of us, no less than of others, "provided the dunghill is not before their parlour window, they are contented to know that it exists, and perhaps as the hotbed on which their own luxuries are reared." If we would look around us, there is many a Samaritan to teach us better, many an one whom we, perchance, regard as far beneath us, and who has never enjoyed the privileges that we have, and who in spite of his ignorance, his coarseness, and otherwise reckless demeanour, is not unfrequently strengthened to do some kindly act, to perform some

act of self-sacrifice, which puts to the blush all our complacent schemes and half-hearted efforts.

There is, moreover, another lesson that we may gather from this parable, and it is withal a cheering one. If, Masonic brother, thou art suffering in body or in mind, if thou hast been brought low by misfortunes or unjust treatment, deem not, though everything should appear unpromising, that no human aid will at length be at hand. The priest may pass on and heed not thy mournful look, the Levite may gaze at thee with ill-timed levity, friends may forsake and the world may mock, but faint not, thou art not given over; look to the Star in the East, and if thou wilt call, the good Samaritan will come. He will bring thee the largest possible relief that a human being can offer, even Jesus, for He is perfect man and perfect God; He will sympathise with thee to the utmost extent, gently raise thee by the hand, pour on thy wounds the oil of pardon and the wine of peace, safely conduct thee to the inn, his Church, and leave thee under the protection of the friendly Host, the Father, who will watch over thee until the Son returns to claim thee as His own.

Let not this parable be to us as an oft-repeated tale, or an empty sound. Let not the sterling truths it contains be received with but a partial approval, an indolent assent. I ask you, from your own experience, is there not much solid comfort in the act of doing good? does it not create a state of mind which renders us all the freer and the lighter? Is not the consciousness of having in some sort lessened the anguish of an afflicted brother, of having made some hearts to beat with a calmer and more regular motion, or even of having caused a momentary smile of joy to flit across a pale and sickly face, far more ennobling than the sense of aught that adds to our importance, or of having attained that which ministers to our conceit? In the wildest outbreaks of passion, when we have succeeded in mortifying or crushing those to whom we have borne the feelings of hate, is there not left behind a canker and a root of bitterness, which grievously disturbs our quiet? I ask, is there a Masonic spirit, is there any satisfaction in the sneering,

criticising remark, in the cowardly insinuation, in putting the worst construction on the acts and motives of your neighbours, in keeping up that state of things which the poet too justly describes as "the dreary intercourse of daily life," namely, evil tongues, rash judgments, the sneers of selfish men, and greetings where no kindness is ?

Rest assured, my brethren, that when we lie down to die, the remembrance of kind deeds, kind words, and kind looks, of anything which has been done brotherly or compassionately for the sake of Jesus, and in His spirit, will steal over us like a soft refreshing breeze, gently lulling us to sleep in the hope that we may find acceptance. Say not, then, "and who is my neighbour?" Justify not thy attempt to shrink from duty, but "go and do thou likewise"; go and act the neighbourly, Masonic part, and God's blessing will attend thee. Brethren, may we who are solemnly pledged to practise brotherly love, relief, and truth, may we who are exhorted to give heed in all our transactions to prudence, temperance, fortitude, and justice, to make faith, hope, and charity the guiding principles of our lives, so walk in love through the chequered scenes of this transitory existence, that passing through the grave and gate of death, we may finally rise from the tomb of transgression to partake of the resurrection of the just !

Brethren, — The Lord bless you and keep you ! The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you ! The Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore !

ORATION.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MASTER AND BRETHREN,

It devolves upon me, in my official capacity, not to allow the present opportunity to pass by without making a few remarks, which I deem to be most pertinent to the solemn business in which we have been engaged, and which, inasmuch as they will be advanced in no dogmatic spirit, will, I trust, be received with candour and forbearance. I am not an old mason, and, consequently, the observations to which I may give utterance will be devoid of the clearer insight and fuller comprehension, possessed only by those who have made a further progress, and have enjoyed a more extended experience with the craft, than that to which I can lay claim. Still, I will not shrink from what is imposed upon me, but will endeavour to discharge my duty to the best of my ability. Let us, then, bear in mind that we have met here for no trivial object; that we have not been convened to inaugurate the opening of a building, which is to serve merely for convivial purposes and healthy, social relaxation, but which has been erected with a far higher end in view, namely, as a suitable place for the investigation of those sublime yet simple principles of beauty, strength, and wisdom, which our Order so strikingly illustrates. Under the influence of this consideration, every thoughtful person will not fail to perceive how suggestive is the present occasion, and how profitably it may be employed by revolving some one of the numerous topics which are offered to our notice on even a cursory survey of Masonic science. Let me, therefore, crave your attention for a few minutes, while I bring before you a subject deeply interesting to us all, as members of this ancient craft, I mean symbolism and its nature, more especially in reference to its connection with architecture.

The twofold nature of man indicates, that as long as he is a denizen of this earth he will inevitably seek to express the inward by the outward, to embody the spiritual and intellectual in such representations as are palpable to ear or eye. Hence it is, that we have symbolic language, symbolic acts, and symbolic art. By the term, symbolic language, I imply speech and music, and in a narrower and more restricted sense, the fable, the allegory, the metaphor, the simile, and the proverb. Under the head of symbolic acts, I designate those significant transactions, wherein "more is meant than meets the eye," as in the instance of Abraham laying the wood of the burnt-offering upon Isaac his son, in that of Jacob erecting a pillar of stone, and pouring oil upon it, and of Jeremiah hiding the linen girdle and breaking the potter's vessel; and lastly, by symbolic art, I refer to architecture, sculpture, and painting, and their kindred and subsidiary arts.

By these different external modes, man struggles to communicate that which is passing within, and the more he enters into converse with nature, the more is this instinct strengthened and confirmed. For in her varied aspect we have the smiling valley, and the luxuriant plain, bedecked with fruits and flowers and golden crops, the savage wilderness, the noxious marsh, the tall rock, the mountain and the deep and gloomy wood; all which in their alternate phases seem to re-echo the conflicting passions, aspirations, and emotions by which men, and the hearts of men, are agitated and swayed in this transitory state. The exquisite adaptation of the external world to the mind of man, and of man's mind to the external world, has been a constantly recurring theme in the effusions of the Muse. Shakspeare bids us discern

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The great philosophic poet of our own age has sung—

"One impulse from a vernal wood,
May teach you more of man;
Of moral evil and of good;
Than all the sages can."

And again :—

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

Go forth into the world, take with you a “heart that watches and receives,” and in the landscape which lies before you, you will find sufficient to cheer, to elevate, and to soothe. “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work.”

Symbolism is a law of humanity, and provided it be kept within due limits, is well suited to man's needs. The monarch, the judge, the priest, and the soldier, wear the insignia of their several offices. There are the apposite emblems of peace and of war; and flowers, “the stars that in earth's firmament do shine” have in their picturesque variety been at all times associated with the deepest and tenderest affections. Like everything else, this principle is liable to abuse. The heart of man is prone to idleness, ever ready to prefer the shadow to the substance, the outward vesture to the inner spirit. Hence it behoves us to watch, that we be not enslaved by that which is but a medium of significance, that we labour to grasp the substantial and abiding truth. With this precaution, symbolism becomes a wise and judicious teacher, and exercises an influence for good.

Seeing, then, the law is of universal application, we should naturally expect to trace its presence in architecture and the plastic arts, and in them it has been most widely developed. We have only to contrast classical and mediæval art, in order to witness how in either case the symbolism has been the reflex of the respective spirit of the age. Classical or Pagan art, as has been justly observed, is characterized as being “horizontal, definite, and reposing.” Its aim was to embody strength, grace, harmony, and proportion. In it the Doric column was regarded as the ideal of manly strength, while the Ionic column was viewed as the type of feminine beauty. It spoke of all that was outwardly noble, beautiful, and grand, as connected with earth; of gods coming down from heaven in the likeness of men, but of gods tormented by evil passions, and oftentimes yielding to degrading lusts; and of the heroic, but of the

heroic as manifested only in acting, not in suffering. It spoke of the dulce and decorum and the *nescio quid venustum*, of life crowned with flowers, inspired by the wine-cup, and embellished with wit ; but it spoke of nothing more ; in fact, in many respects, it seemed but a graceful enunciation of the comfortless adage, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Not so with mediæval art, which is contradistinguished as being "vertical, indefinite, and aspiring." It was based on the sublimities of faith, and became the serious exponent of the elevating sentiment—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

It too spoke of strength and beauty, but of these in conjunction with the infinite and the eternal ; of the beauties of earth, but in reference to the glories of heaven. "A Gothic cathedral," says Coleridge, "is the petrification of our religion ; its principle is infinity made imaginable." And in another place he happily remarks : —"An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples, which as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward." As an exemplification of what I am propounding, let us visit in imagination some ancient minster, one of those august fanes, which are at once the ornament of our land, the glory of our Order, and the culmination of Masonic art. On approaching, we discover that the ground plan is arranged in the form of a cross, thus shadowing forth the great truth that the cross, or self-denial, is the only foundation of all that is really noble and good. Entering through the western portal, the first object which presents itself is the font, typical of regeneration, or the new birth. The font is generally octagonal in shape, the number eight being significant of the new creation, as the number seven is of the old. Proceeding onwards, we discern the number three pervading every direction, as em-

blematic of the Triune Elohim; manifested in length by nave, transept, and chancel, in breadth by nave, north and south aisles and in height by pier arches, triforia and clerestory. The nave, which indicates the church militant on earth is separated by a screen from the chancel, which points to the church triumphant in heaven. For this reason, the doors of the chancel invariably open inwards, never outwards; and on the lower parts of the screen allegorical allusions to the grim king of terrors are not unfrequently to be met with, as implying that the entrance from the one church into the other must be through the grave and portal of death. Station yourself at the west end of either the north or south aisle, and let the eye wander in an oblique direction; and in the seemingly never-ending vista of pier and arch gradually dwindling away in the distance, and in nave, aisle, transept, and chancel harmoniously blending into one, you have no inapt symbol of the infinite. Climb up to the roof, or to any place whence you can survey those portions of the fabric which are removed from observation, and an investigation of them will prove that they have been as thoughtfully designed and as carefully executed as those which are more obvious to the eye. And hence the lesson, that the acts which are transacted in private ought to be as strictly conformable to the standard of integrity, as those which are done before the public gaze. Look upon the

“storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,”

and know that in performing the offices of devotion, thou oughtest to retire to the inner man, and turn away thy attention from the glare of earthly splendour and worldly attraction. And as thou art doomed to die, let the recumbent effigies, with their pallid countenances and hands gently clasped over their breasts in the attitude of prayer, admonish thee of the transitoriness of the things of this earth, that ere long thou must go to thy long home, that

“Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

Thus, wherever you turn, you will find the beautiful and true,

and through earthly magnificence and the works of human skill you may catch, as through a glass darkly, faint glimpses of the glory which is above. Now, what is the moral of all this? It is obvious. I have said before, that the true Mason is a builder, whose task it is to build up his body, soul, and spirit a holy temple, acceptable to God. To accomplish this, let him apply himself to the work with a stout heart and a willing spirit. Let him rightly use the means of grace. To build high, you must dig deep. Therefore, let him listen to the voice of God speaking to him in conscience, in nature, in Holy Writ, in the Church, in the transactions of the past, and in what is now going on; let him patiently listen to this voice, and obey its behests. Let the chief corner-stone of his foundation be holiness to the Lord. Thereon let him lay each stone of his spiritual house, accurately adjusted by the level and the square; adding "to faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity," till the whole is completed and the keystone is brought forth with the exultation of a wise master-builder, who shall at last hear the salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" In such a building, all that is excellent in classical and mediæval art will find its appropriate place. The strength, beauty, and repose, which distinguish the one will be visible in manly bearing and upright dealing, in the absence of a churlish spirit, and in a graceful interchange of kind offices; while the lofty aspirations and the solemn sense of the infinite and the eternal, which mark the other, will be no less fitly represented by unshrinking devotion to duty, by self-sacrifice, and by a constant communion with the Great Father of spirits. In the ceremony of setting apart this earthly house, we have used corn, oil, and wine, frankincense, and salt. Each has its meaning. Let our prayers ascend on high like fragrant incense! Let the salt of divine grace cleanse the impure streams that well from our hearts! May we be thankful for corn, oil, and wine, for the fruits of the earth, the blessings of the deep, and the cattle which graze on a thousand

hills! Let us be temperate in our use of these gifts, and in our competence and abundance forget not the distressed! Brethren, may the Great Architect of the Universe enable you and me, each one of us for himself, to rear such a fabric as I have just described, and then, when the rains descend, the winds blow, and the floods beat, our house shall stand forth, built, not on the sand, but on a rock, even the rock of ages, firm and secure for ever!

