

“BEHOLD, I SHEW YOU A
MYSTERY.”

—1 Cor. 15, 51.

AN ODE ON FREEMASONRY

By J.L.D.

LEARN as if you were to live for ever ;

Live as if you were to die to-morrow.

(Ansalus de Insulis).

THE MYSTERIES OF FREEMASONRY.

The mysteries of Freemasonry are mine by solemn right.
Her secrets too I promised, I'd never tell or write.
And though they're substituted, they serve the purpose fine,
Till the genuine ones I'll merit by circumstance or time.

The secrets of the Higher Degree, I hope some day to know,
But my steps must still be in due form, and as short as my G. Tow.
For the regular steps to the pedestal are patient industrious thought,
And the man is a fool and a traitor, who our secrets would extort.

I took my first in December of 1921,
And though the Light was given, I still was blind and dumb.
And all the intricate windings of the moral Second Degree,
Seemed but a shadowy standard of what an upright man should be.

The study of Nature and Science to my enlightened Masonic mind
Produced the mysterious vista of the Architect's great design.
I could see the Sacred Symbol, the Centre of that Degree,
And the work of the Grand Geometrician became more clear to
me.

But to know more of His person, my enquiring mind seemed bent,
And to the Study of the Sacred Law, many serious months I spent.
I must have made some progress with the Level and the Line,
For the Master soon rewarded me with the Third Degree sublime.

Each Degree I found mysterious, yet the symbol seemed quite clear.
But when I tried to symbolise, the vision disappeared.
In very truth all things were dark, 'twas the darkness of the grave,
Though, through this darkness visible, some plan showed to
my gaze.

It seemed by revelation I gradually came to know
That all the deepest mysteries and symbols went to show
That the speculative Masons themselves are but the clay
With which the Mighty Architect His wonders would display.

I caught the theme one evening, when the Lodge was in the Third :
'Twas the Charge on Immortality, the words I'd often heard,
But the Light from out the East seemed to penetrate my soul,
As I found that my own self to know was the secret of the whole.

This has always been a problem since Man was known as Man.
Every age has brought its theory since this old world began.
Confucius caught one vision, as did Moses on the Mount.
Then Socrates' decision turned the whole School inside out.

Plato later on discovered wherein lay the greatest flaw,
So he brought about another theme within the Moral Law.
His pupils marvelled greatly as they grasped the different view,
Till his little pupil Aristotle became a Master too.

Now all the different teachings didn't help man with his fate.
Mohammed tried with sword and flame to bring them up to date.
There is one thing I think, though, these teachers all agree,
That Man with all his freedom, is never really free.

His many Gods brought no relief, but mocked a constant fear,
He sought the aid of Earth and Sky—He'd Gods in every Sphere.
Blinded by pride he could not see the plan of Faith and Love
Of Jehovah's Word on the blue print that came from the Lodge
above.

In peculiar types and symbols, God did Himself reveal.
Through Pillar of Cloud or Tabernacle, He did constantly appeal.
Until down through the ages, as each faithful man He saw,
He built a glorious Temple, where His servants taught His Law.

The Headstone of the Temple with our Working Tools was
wrought.
And the Volume of the Sacred Law produced just what it taught.
For upon this rock foundation, I can symbolise the term,
"In Strength My House I'll 'stablish, which for ever shall stand
firm."

Where is the glorious structure which Hiram so well knew,
Which Solomon in Glory with Queen Sheba came to view?
Pulled down, destroyed and ravished, as the other two have been,
They were symbols not to be compared with the Temple Faith has
seen.

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To some this was but folly. "Superstition too" said some,
But His chosen people understood, and said "Thy will be done."
With labour, skill and money they raised a house of stone.
They were earnest honest Masons to the King upon the Throne.

And we are still the followers of those clever men of old,
But with a higher vision than their mysteries did hold.
We are the stones and ashlar, if we could but understand.
And we go to make the Temple of "Omnipotent, I Am"

Now this Masonic Mystery, I can openly declare,
Having served my full Apprenticeship, and passed the Master's
chair.

The interesting study of the Mason is to find
That the Geometrician uses tools to train the human mind.

It's the Gavel, Gauge and Chisel that by Prayer make Self to fall.
The Square, Plumb-Rule and Level lighten up His Sacred Law.
So that the Pencil, Line and Compass may fulfil their purpose true,
Then he finds in Life his purpose, and his purpose finds him too.

So when we reach our allotted span, and take that Last Degree,
In those Emblems of Mortality no fear or dread there'll be.
For the Study of the Sacred Law in a true Masonic way,
Will turn that glimmering Eastern Light into God's most Perfect
Day.

Then shall we be "True Operatives" in the service of the King,
The shining ashlar of our lives which before Him we must bring
Will be plumb and square and regular, like the Jewels of His
Throne

Reflecting the strength and beauty of The "Heavenly CORNER
STONE.

Here's the great Masonic Secret we all freely can divulge.
Here's the greatest of all Mysteries True Masonry can solve.
That the Grand Geometrician has revealed to us a plan,
Which enables His great spirit to possess the heart of Man.

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