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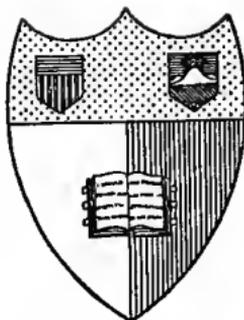
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MASONIC GEM;

CONSISTING OF

ODES, POEM AND DIRGE.

BY

REV. J. A. ALFORD,

LOGANSPORT, IND.

Being a Miniature Sketch of Esoteric and Exoteric Masonry.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK:

MASONIC PUBLISHING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
432 BROOME STREET.

1868.

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DEDICATED TO
TIPTON AND ORIENT LODGES,
IN LOGANSPOBT, IND.
AND TO THE
CRAFT UNIVERSAL,
BY THE AUTHOR.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

The Author of the "MASONIC GEM" begs leave to express his gratitude to the following Lodges and Brethren for their kind notices and recommendations:

TIPTON LODGE, No. 33, Logansport, Ind.

WHEREAS, Our worthy Brother L. A. ALFORD, Chaplain of Tipton Lodge, No. 33, did, at the request of said Lodge, read a beautiful Masonic Poem, written by himself, and dedicated to the Craft; and

WHEREAS, Its beautiful teachings of Masonic Love and Duty merit our highest consideration, and as we believe its publication, together with the Odes and Dirge that accompany it, would contribute to the good of our beloved Order and obtain a wide circulation; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we pledge our hearty co-operation in the circulation and sale of the same when published.

I. BARTLETT,

Secretary Tipton Lodge, No. 33, F. A. M.

ORIENT LODGE, No. 272, Logansport, Ind.

The above Resolutions were concurred in by Orient Lodge, No. 272, on Friday evening, March 22, 1867, as the same appears of record.

D. W. TOMLINSON, *Sec'y.*

SUMMIT CITY LODGE, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Summit City Lodge, No. 170, F. A. M.:

We, the undersigned, your Committee appointed at a Special Meeting held 12th of April, 1867, respectfully report: That we believe the Masonic Gem—a book of Poems about to be published by the Author, our Brother Rev. L. A. ALFORD, Chaplain Tipton Lodge, No. 33, Logansport, Ind.—being a miniature sketch of Esoteric and Exoteric Masonry, as worthy the approbation of this, and cheerfully recommend its merits to all Sister Lodges, as dedicated to the Craft universal.

Mr. Alford has, in this Poem, so interwoven the language of Divine Truth, as known to Masonry, in a manner to make it a "GEM" as it professes to be, and to promote the general good of our Ancient Order.

(Signed,)

W. H. NEWMAN.
WM. WADINGTON
JOS. E. GRAHAM.

I certify, that the above is a true copy of report and resolution.

FRED. F. BOLTZ, *Sec'y.*

GALVESTON LODGE, No. 244.

The Masonic Gem, written by Brother ALFORD, is truly a literary gem. Its high and lofty sentiment, chaste and beautiful language, entitles it to a place in every Lodge in the land.

Its publication will, we are sure, be hailed with delight by all true Masons, and by the literary world in general, and entitles its Author to the gratitude of the Craft universal.

A. MURPHY, W. M.
H. FRUSH, S. W.
D. THOMAS, J. W.
M. B. KNOWLTON, *Sec'y*

NEW HAVEN.

It will be invaluable as a Masonic Gift Book.

J. McHENDRY:

LA GRANGE, KY., May 24, 1867.

I have read with great attention the manuscript of Brother ALFORD's beautiful Poem, and can sincerely recommend it as worthy, in soundness of sentiment and eloquence of diction, of the exalted theme to which it is devoted.

ROB. MORRIS, LL. D.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

It is purely a 'Masonic Gem,' and should be read in all the Lodges, and would contribute to the good of the Order vastly more than hundreds of the lectures given.

SOL. D. BAYLESS,
P. G. M. of Indiana.

SIROCK CHAPTER, BRONSON, MICH.

The production of Rev. L. A. ALFORD, entitled 'The Masonic Gem,' is certainly one of the richest and most comprehensive of the kind I ever saw. No Esoteric Mason can read it without feeling its enlivening and thrilling influence. It is emphatically a cluster of gems.

REV. P. ROWDEN,
P. K. Sirock Chapter.

LEBANON, IND., September 12, 1867.

I have carefully read Brother ALFORD's beautiful Poem entitled "The Masonic Gem," and can cheerfully and fully recommend it to the Craft universal, as not only an invaluable Gift Book, but a purely Masonic Hand Book.

Its symbolic teachings, so beautifully illustrated by Masonic hieroglyphics, its perfect harmony with the Holy Scriptures, its deep and highly creditable research, and its moral and esoteric instructions entitle it to a world-wide circulation.

H. G. HAZELRIGG,
G. M. of Ind.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

It merits my hearty approval and I believe its publication conducive to the good of the Craft universal.

JOHN SHERER,
Masonic Publisher.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

To the above I most conscientiously give my support.

W. H. NEWMAN,
S. K. Ft. Wayne Commandery Chapter No. 20.

PERU, IND.

I have never heard a Gem so completely Masonic.

E. W. HARVEY,
W. M. of Miami Lodge No. 67.

PERU, IND.

I consider it a rare Gem of Masonry—no Mason should be without it

J. C. CLARK,
P. W. M. Miami Lodge.

YADE MECUM.

*Thou fairest flower of aroma divine,
In social value, man with man combine;
Breathe in his life, pervade his inmost soul—
His powers enlighten, and his wrath control;
Sway thy grand Sceptre, as his soul shall rise,
Till, like the hosts that fill the azure skies,
He lives for man—to help, to save, to bless,
Th' afflicted widow, and the fatherless.*

* * * * *

*Let knowledge spread her world-wide wings abroad,
Unfold in Art the wondrous works of God,*

*Till truth and life and science shall adorn,
The world of matter, like the tints of morn.
Then deign, O Mighty God, thy child t' inspire,
To raise the soul, to elevate desire,
O'er each bright line let wisdom's power preside,
The thought enlarge, the pen and pencil guide—
Adorn this Poem, written in Thy name,
For thine is Genius—Thine alone is Fame.*

INTRODUCTORY.

MASONRY, or more properly speaking, Free Masonry, unlike Christian organizations, takes to its mystic altar the rough Ashler—the rough stone out of the quarry—and by its esoteric working tools, fits it for the more noble and glorious design of the Great Master Builder.

It is really a wonder, even to its adversaries, that it should have such a world-wide membership, and accomplish so much in relieving the distressed in every nook and corner of the earth, and not become either Political, National or Sectarian. And yet its moral teachings pervade all, and every department of human society.

In Monarchies, in Republics, in States, in Legislatures, in Institutions of Learning, Colleges, Semina-

rics, Churches—in all orders of society, Masonry has its foot-hold—its altar, and its esoteric school.

Fears have been entertained, and the tocsin of alarm sounded, to warn the outside world of its encroachments and its dangerous mysteries. Still, like the Celestial Grand Master of the Order, its reign is pacific, and pre-eminently conducive to the progress of science, morality and virtue

Did Masonry, like religious organizations, receive to its altar only the professedly good, the pure, the spiritual, its great design would be entirely ignored, and its prototype and esoteric working tools, powerless and unmeaning. It is a *building* school—a school of moral architecture. Speculative it may be called, but not given to speculation, in the common acceptance of the term, but really *speculative*, that is, given to meditation on the subject of individual and moral rectitude.

Its rituals carry the initiated back to the greatest display of architecture ever found in any age—the grandest Temple ever built by mortal hands. A

Temple which was to be a prototype of that House not made with hands—eternal in the heavens.

That Deity should leave no trace of so stupendous a work in the esoteric school of our architectural natures as the Temple, when He had designed to destroy, and totally efface its exoteric glory and beauty, would almost seem inconsistent with His revelations to man.

In some manner, this Temple had a grand design to accomplish. We believe Masonry inheres in the industry that achieved this great work of art—in its Divine relationship to moral rectitude—to subordination—to arts—to sciences—and in the far off cycles of the future, to form a part in the grand accomplishment of peace, harmony and brotherly love throughout the globe.

Our highest aim and object in offering this Masonic Gem to the Craft is, to hasten that time—to contribute to that end—to honor our Celestial Grand Master.



FRATERNAL GREETING.

TUNE—*Bonnie Doon.*

I.

We greet you, brothers, tried and true,
And Masters all, and Wardens too;
Your cordial welcome, heart and hand,
Makes us a joyful, happy band.

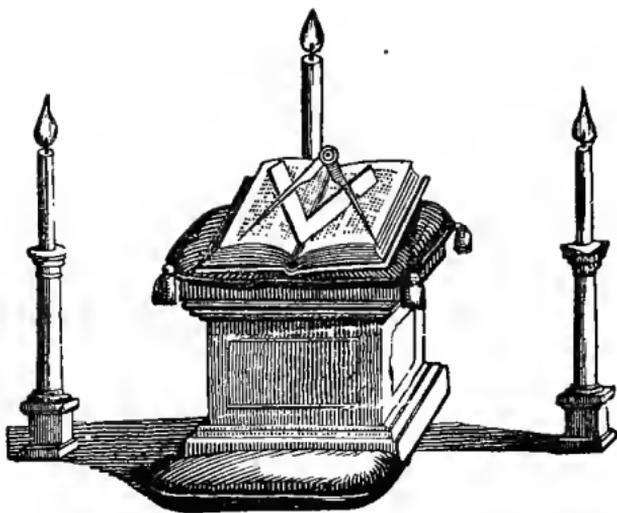
With cheerful hearts we join with you,
Then hear our song of friendship true;
'Tis joy to meet when hearts agree,
And join in songs of harmony.

II.

There's none can meet as Masons meet,
In love and harmony so sweet;
Where jarring discords never come,
Where craftsmen work with square and plumb.
Where social value finds its claim,
Above a mere ephemeral name,
Where links of love fraternal last,
'Till all the storms of life are past.

III.

From where Atlantic's billows roar,
To California's golden shore;
On mountain top, in valley green,
The Mystic Brotherhood are seen.
While million voices joined in one,
Tell what the working craft have done,
To soothe the sufferer, ease his pain,
Or bear him to his friends again.



THE
ESOTERIC AND EXOTERIC MASON.

A MASONIC POEM.

ALL HAIL! Masonic mystery,
A Sublime in Sacred history,
First in the heart to wisdom given,
Then broad, and bright, and high as heaven,
Profound in esoteric skill,
God's wondrous purpose to fulfill;

To bind in one fraternal glow,
The world-wide brotherhood below.

* * * * *

No sounding titles mark thy way,
No revolutions, no decay;
No dialect, no Christian creed,
No politics, no warrior's meed,
No wealth or fortune, birth or fame,
Have made for thee thy wondrous name.

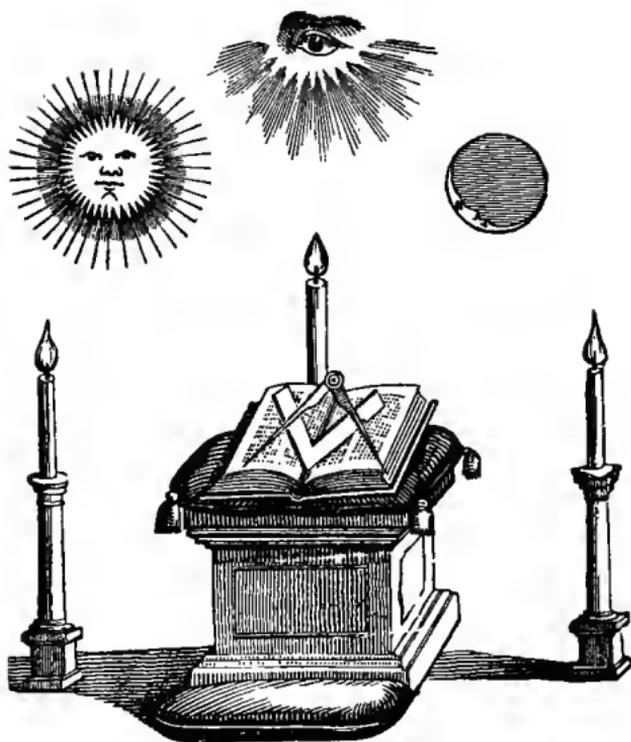
* * * * *

Masonic brotherhood, to thee
God gave the charm—the mystery,
The symbols of the ancient art,
The moulding of the human heart,
The wondrous canopy to trace,
The moral culture of our race;

Our passions to subdue with care,
To worship God in humble prayer,
That, like the host of heaven above,
We share the Great Creator's love.

* * * * *

What is thy mission, mystic band,
In every clime, in every land,
On every ocean—every strand,
Where simoons sweep the rolling sand,
Or where the frozen glaciers hold,
Their mountain summits in the cold,
What is thy mission, tell us, pray?
What marks the progress of thy way?



Thou silent tongue, thou listening ear,
Thou anchor hope, thou blazing star,
Thou triple lights, that always shine,
Thou Holy writings, all divine,
Thou altar where we bow the knee,
As worshipers of Deity.

Canst thou control the immortal mind?
Canst thou the human passions bind—
Ambition, avarice, malice, pride?
Canst thou these hateful passions hide?
Fit the rough ashler for a place
In God's most glorious work of grace?

* * * * *

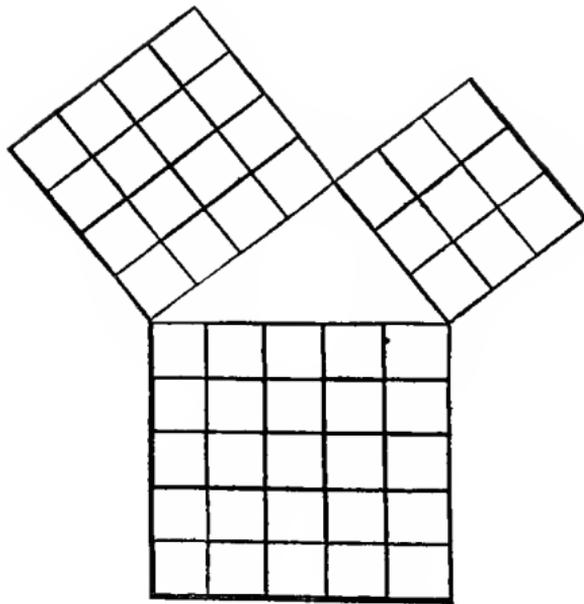
'Tis hoped, through thy broad reign of peace,
That wars throughout the world will cease,
That love and joy, from shore to shore,
Will rid this earth of human gore,
And make all nations love each other,
As Masons love a worthy brother.
That Jews and Gentiles will unite
To worship God with pure delight,
And spread o'er earth His knowledge far,
By that mysterious blazing star.



And Christian Churches too combine,
With Masons in this work divine,
To build on Zion's glorious height,
That city of supreme delight,
Whose master builder is the Lord,
Grand Architect! by all adored.
Such hopes in faithful hearts are stored,
And drawn upon thy trestle board.



Here exoteric knowledge grows,
 Hence arts and sciences arose,
 Received their impulse first from thee,
 Sublime and wondrous Masonry.
 Here Euclid, father of the art
 Of mathematics, took a part.
 First learned of Plato to be wise,
 Then solved the wonders of the skies.



Pythagoras, too, we here are told,
A hidden problem did unfold;
In honor to the art made known,
He sacrificed a hecatomb.
Geometrician, scholar, friend,
Thy name, thy fame will never end,
Till tides and seasons cease to roll,
While mystic peans fill the soul.

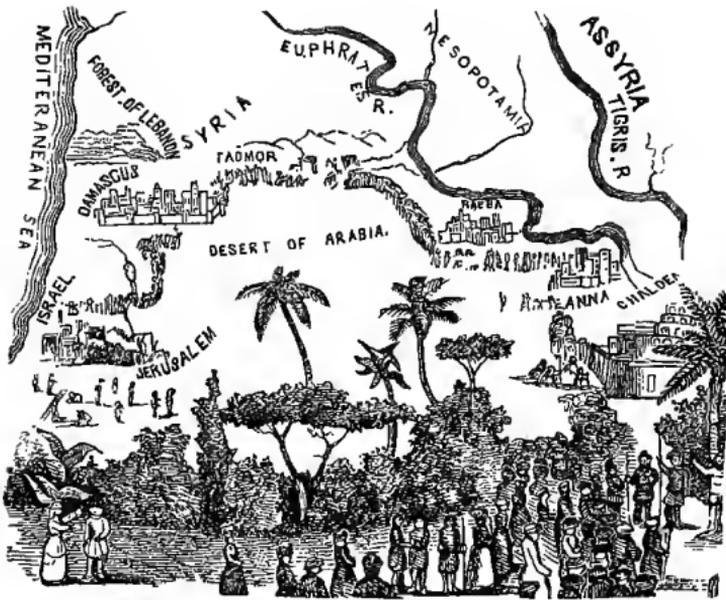
The great and good have honored thee,
The patron saints of history,
From age to age thy name has given
A boon to man—a hope of heaven.

* * * * *

The greatest King, the wisest man,
Drew up this architectural plan,
To raise a temple, Lord, to thee,
A masterwork of Masonry.

* * * * *

King Solomon did then desire
The aid of Hiram, King of Tyre,
And Artist Hiram, these agree,
Grand Masters of Free Masonry.

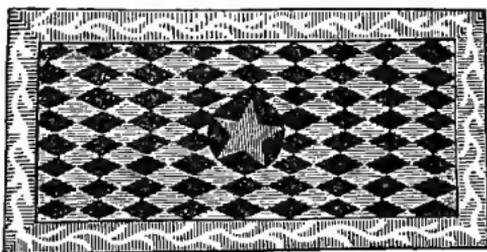


Apprenticed workmen, thousands told,
 Brought in the wood and stone and gold,
 And Fellow-crafts, with great delight,
 Labored from early morn till night,
 And skillful Masters, all agree
 To build this House, O God, to Thee!
 And thus obey the Master's will,
 Who loves His promise to fulfill.

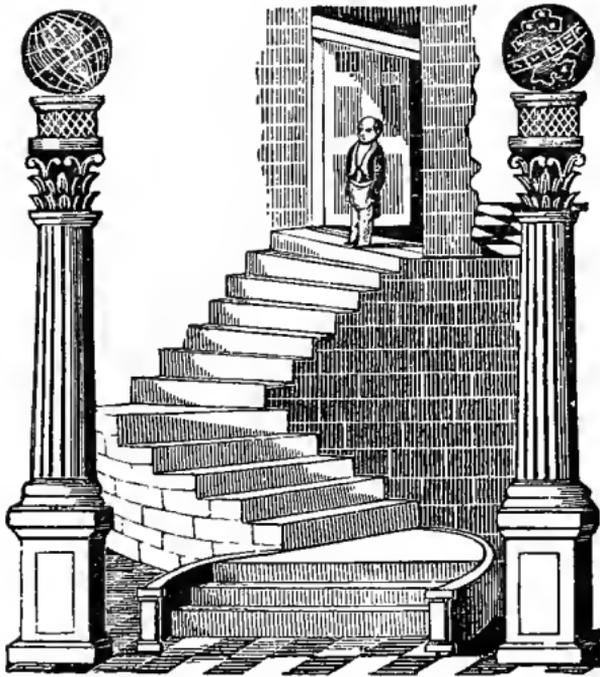
Then God himself, who rules the day,
Caused all the storms to pass away,
Till high the dome in grandeur rose,
Above the hills where Kedron flows.
Stone after stone was laid with care,
No sound of hammer rent the air,
Each to its place with skill divine,
Made this a work of art sublime;
Till from the hill-tops, far away,
The Temple-tower, in grand array,
Called forth the praise and admiration
Of every tongue, of every nation;
For ten score thousand laboring men
Were working on the Temple then;
Its glory spread through earth abroad,
Because its architect was God.



Here wisdom, strength and beauty shone,
In the bright Parian marble stone,
While net and lily work adorn
Like golden tints the early morn.
Here fourteen hundred columns stand,
Gilded and beautified and grand,
And shouts of glory rend the air,
As thousands bow in humble prayer.



Now at its checkered pavement stay,
This mighty structure to survey;
Its massive gates we here descry—
Its beauty and its majesty;
Its seamless walls so purely white,
Its strong defence, its lofty height,
Five hundred feet by plumb and square
This marble wall is towering there.
Then see its porch and sanctuary,
Its courts and all its outer glory,
Its splendor and its grand array,
No genius could more art display.



See two embellished columns rise,
On either side, they greet our eyes;
All bright like burnished gold they stand,
In strength established by command
Of Deity, to represent
His strength and His establishment.

Here Jews remember, as they pass,
Their journey through the wilderness,
The cloudy pillar their delight,
The flame of fire that shone at night;
These mystic Pillars long will stand,
Memorials by Divine command.

* * * * *

Thus ancient Israel gathered round
This hallowed, consecrated ground;
With zeal and longing hopes they stay,
In waiting for that promised day,
When SHILOH King of Kings shall come,
And make this citadel His home.

* * * * *

This was the pride of every Jew,
The Canaan land they had in view,
While hopes as high as heaven rise
Toward this earthly paradise.

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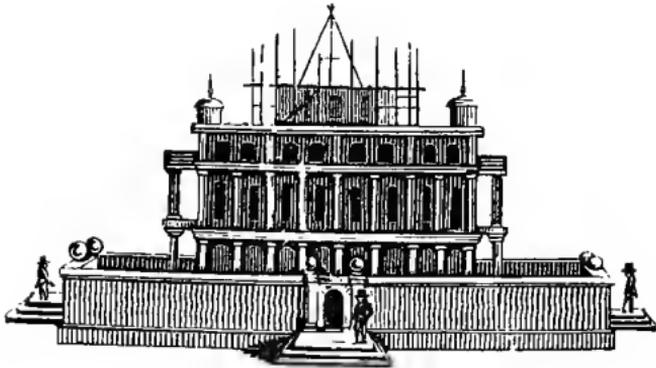
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This temple reared so grand so high,
Must all the blasts of time defy;
T'was built by God's express command,
And must the storms of war withstand.
T'will last forever, said the Jew,
T'was built for us and not for you,
The day of jubilee is near,
When all must come and worship here.
Nor was it strange that this should be,
Since t'was foretold in prophecy,
That nations should their treasures bring
To Zion, city of the King.

* * * * *

A sum so vast, all paid in gold—
T'was thirty billion dollars told;
And ornaments more rich and grand
Than e'er were known in any land.

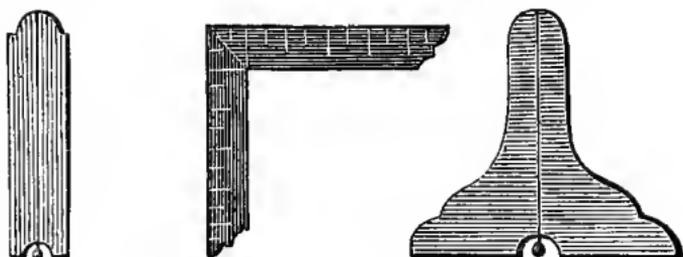
Nor did its glory dwell alone
In gold and silver, wood or stone,
But in the inner chamber bright,
SHEKINAH made the temple light;
And God, the Architect, did claim,
Grand honors to his wondrous name.



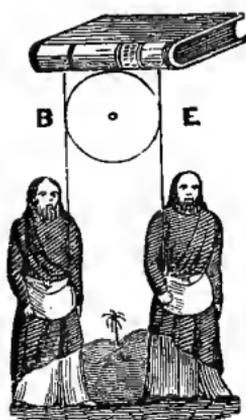
T'was thus to be a house of prayer,
For every nation, everywhere.
But was this temple built alone
To represent a house of stone?
Did not the mind of God inspire,
With something nobler, something higher?
Was not this work of art to be
A prototype of Masonry?



T'was done, the cope-stone now was laid,
The labors cease, the craft were paid;
But bonds that bound the craft together,
No finished temple can dis sever;
Nor can the outside workmen see,
The beauties of Free Masonry,
How this great craft could separate,
And travel far in any State—
Receive a Master's wages there,
Or in distress, a brother's care.



Then hail the craft with plumb and level,
 With square and compass, rule and gavel;
 With esoteric trowel too,
 With holy writings, just and true.
 Those emblematic pillars hold
 More precious far than pearls or gold.
 The Lamb-skin emblem, white and pure,
 The badge of our investiture;
 More ancient than the golden fleece,
 Eagle of Rome, or star of Greece,
 Or any other royal name,
 Of honor, dignity or fame,
 Conferred by king or potentate,
 In any realm, in any State.



Draw round these parallels of life,
 And circumscribe all wrath and strife;
 Let false ambition bow the knee
 To those who work and best agree.

* * * * *

Then from refreshments hear the call,
 The Orient Master needs us all,
 To build our glorious temple dome,
 A heavenly lodge, a better home.

The question comes to you and me,
What should a Master Mason be?
Who takes the Bible for his guide,
Who holds the plumb-line by his side?
Whose deeds of love and worth should be
As bright as heaven's broad canopy?
Who tries his life by virtue's square,
Who offers up to God his prayer?
Should not his life a pattern be,
Of Esoteric Masonry?

* * * * *

In archives of the human breast,
There's the bright image of the blest;
God dwells in man with glorious light,
Keeps this dear temple in his sight,
Adorns it by the Master's hand,
And fits it for the better land.



Then answer brother to the call,
 O hear the mystic gavel fall;
 Be clothed—the craft to work must go,
 No work more grand on earth below.

* * * * *

Prepare the floats from Lebanon—
 In Joppa let the work be done
 Take the rough ashler, have it raised,
 And let the Master's work be praised;



Number the finished marble stone,
Inscribe your mystic mark when done,
And then the outside world can see
The beauties of Free Masonry.

* * * * *

O, mystic brotherhood, arise,
Thy ladder stretches to the skies;
By its mysterious rounds we see
Our Faith and Hope and Charity.

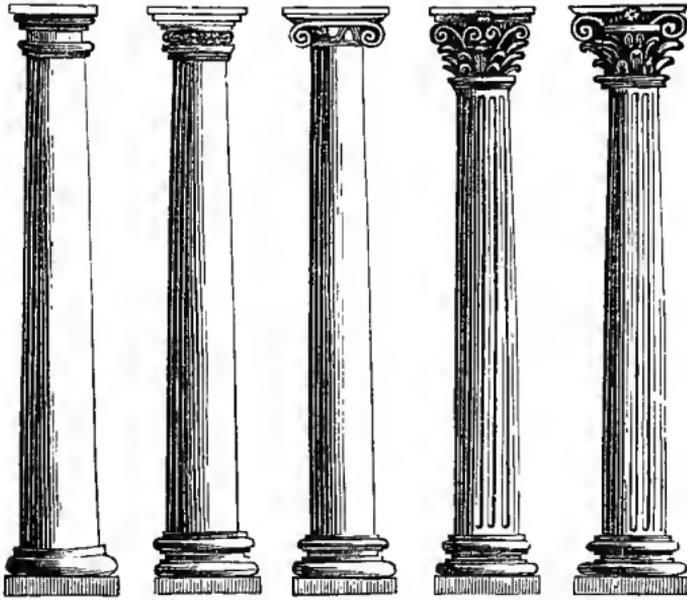
Here esoteric beauties tower,
Faith looks beyond the dying hour.
Hope, like an anchor to the soul,
Will all our fears and foes control;
And Charity, that heavenly guest,
Will soothe the weary heart to rest,
And spread its peaceful mantle, where
A suffering brother needs our care.
Then o'er the globe, from shore to shore,
Where mountains rise or oceans roar,
A Master Mason there may find,
A present help, a kindred mind.
Thus let each brother try to live,
Each fault o'ercome, each wrong forgive,
And by the angle of the square,
Honor the Craft, no labor spare
To be an upright Master Mason,
In ever place, in every station.



Our Great Grand Master soon will come,
 And try our work with square and plumb;
 O may we shout the Shibboleth,
 While passing through the stream of death,
 And lay our working tools aside,
 Beyond the chilly Jordan's tide:
 Our work complete, our Lord say, come
 Ye craftsmen to your better home.

* * * * *

Then hail! our bright celestial home,
 From East to West the Craft have come.
 Grand Master take the diadem
 And raise the NEW JERUSALEM.



Then, like the antitype of old,
In numbered stones and pearls and gold,
This mighty temple will arise
In glory, towering to the skies,
Without the sound of metal tool,
As by the Orient Master's rule;
Its beauteous symmetry reflect,
The highest style of architect.

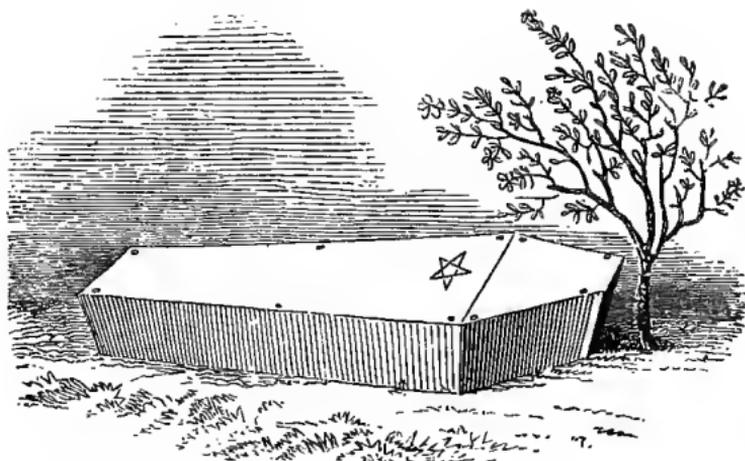
Its Doric, its Corinthian base,
Ionic and Composite grace;
Or Tuscan glory o'er its gates,
Inlaid with burnished golden plates.

* * * * *

Here see the twelve foundations laid,
In precious stones all marked and weighed;
The Jasper walls, a solid mass,
The gold transparent like to glass;
The Sapphire and the Chalcedon,
The Emerald, the Sardonyx stone,
The Amethyst, the Chrysolite,
All sparkling pearls, all shining bright
Whose gates shall ne'er be shut by day,
For foes and fears have passed away
There God's celestial Craft will meet,
To worship near the Master's feet.



No more the funeral dirge to hear,
No broken column will appear,
For Judah's lion gains the day,
And scatters night and death away.
There Esoteric glories rise—
Hail! hail!! GRAND MASTER of the skies.



Craftsmen hear the chime of death,
Life is but a fleeting breath;
Let the mystic Cassia wave,
O'er our fallen brother's grave.

Golden links in life's bright chain,
Broken by the Conqueror's reign;
Death! O death thy solemn call,
Brings a terror over all.

Here thy toils of life are o'er—
Brother thou hast gone before,
To the spirit world above,
To thy God—the God of Love.

Master! can thy promise fail?
Judah's lion must prevail;
Strong his mighty power to save,
From the terrors of the grave.

CLOSING ODE.

TUNE—"The Gipsy Flower Girl."

We've loved ones in the mystic tie,
They are our friends and brothers:
For us they keep a watchful eye,
And we for them and others.
The tenderest links of human care,
Bind us to them and others;
Then let us offer up our prayer
For officers and brothers.

We bid you now a kind farewell,
Perhaps to see you never;
But in our hearts your memories dwell
Forever—yes, forever.
Then fare ye well ye loved ones all,
May heavenly grace attend you,
To wait the Orient Master's call,
And may his love defend you.

And when our work on earth is o'er,
And we have filled our station,
Though tempests rise and oceans roar,
With sweeping desolation.
Our home is bright beyond the tide,
Where partings grieve us never,
Nor party names nor creeds divide,
Our harmony forever.



