

History of Freemasonry and the Development of the 15 Original English Masonic Lectures

By

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Where did it begin?

In 926 A.D. Prince Edwin invited the guilds to England to build. 421 years of building the many great building which are standing today, 927 to 1348.

The Black Death in 1348 wiped out over half of the population, 1-million.

After the Black Death, there was no more building, yet for the next 250 years to 1590 the guilds stuck together and working at other jobs. They were no longer limited to construction. They also adopted the English language (OLD ENGLISH) and the generations were loyal Englishmen

It was also during this period that the doors of the guilds opened to accept what might be called outsiders, such as Prince James, which is another story.

But the Masters continued to entertain with their stories of their past history of building and Ancient World History.

So you see, just as here in Virginia, there were many guilds or Lodges in England, 300 years before there was a Grand Lodge in 1717, which only united them under one Supreme Head.

Even after the Grand Lodge was formed, there was no system of what we call degree work. I never found anything like an initiation of any kind; you were just accepted or rejected.

It was not until 1718-19 that any thought was given to establishing degree work of some kind to instruct the new Member into the history of Masonry.

It was at that time that Dr. Desagulier formulated or abbreviated the history of the guilds, from the many stories the Masters used to tell, thus preserving much of what the Guilds or Lodges were continuing to do.

Also, he formulated the idea of the three degrees, in which to present the 15 stories or lectures.

The Original 15 Lectures Introduction

The following Lectures are translated from the original handwritten copy by John T. Desagulier, written in the original OLD KING'S ENGLISH, just prior to the Kings English used in the preparation of the Bible.

They carried the date of 1719, and were edited by Dr. Anderson. It is doubtful if they were used more than a few times as they were shortened in 1721, and again in 1723. There is no record as to the continually shortening of the Lectures; however William Preston, prepared the PRESTONIAN LECTURES, which were used until Thomas Smith Webb devised the American ritual which we are using today.

(How I came to receive the original Lectures.)

A brother and friend, (on the London Illustrated News) was permitted entrance to the Grand Lodge Library, where he photocopied the

original hand written lectures. Being unable to have the time to translate the hand written Old English, he spoke to me about it and I volunteered to translate into Modern English, if he would send me photo copies of the originals.

It took me eight and a half months to complete the job. When I finished, (back in the seventies) I placed the originals and one copy in the Library of the George Washington Masonic National Memorial, in Alexandria. VA.

The Lectures were set up as follows:

- 7- Lectures for the Entered Apprentice
- 5- Lectures for the Fellowcraft
- 3- Lectures for the Master Mason

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- 1. Build me a Temple
 - 2. Temptations of Hiram
 - 3. The Craft is classified
 - 4. Mysteries in Numbers
 - 5. Trela's Reward
 - 6. Solomon speaks of Death
 - 7. The Five Senses

- 1. Hiram and the Three
- 2. A Clandestined Lodge
- 3. Boaz and Jachin
- 4. Looking to the East
- 5. Solomon and the Iron Monger

- 1. No passes for Ethiopia
- 2. The Key Stone is missing, Where is Hiram?
- 3. The Golden Legend

BUILD ME A TEMPLE
(First lecture of the first)

The sun had been gone for a long time. One by one, in order of their greatness, the stars were coming into sight in the mighty dome of Heaven.

Two men stood on the Mount of Olive gazing toward Mount Moriah. For many minutes they stood in utter silence. Each seemed too much

engrossed with great thoughts to break the silence. None but GOD himself could have caught a single word of all that they might have chosen to speak.

One of the men, the younger, was hardly more than a youth; yet his eyes showed a wisdom far beyond his years. His poise commanded respect for he was a man born to rule. The world had never seen the likes of him, and it never will again.

The older man, though one might hesitate to call him old, was so alert and active, strong and self-sufficient; his brow bore deep furrows, and his hair and beard were beginning to turn white.

Far down at the foot of the Mountain, among the shadows the dead day had left behind, could be faintly seen great throngs of men and horses richly decked with all the pomp and splendor demanded of servants of rank and power.

The older man let his gaze fall from the heavens over the Mountain, to the men and horses below. Then slowly, but in a voice of mighty power, he spoke, "I came alone, I shall go alone."

The Younger man gave him a keen glance and wondered at his words. At first he was about to ask his meaning and thought better of it. With directness, and disregarding the words of his companion, he waved his hand toward the sharp ruggedness of Mount Moriah, and demanded, "Canst thou do it?"

"There are better places on which to build," answered the artist, "and a more fitting foundation," waving his hand toward the head of Scopus.

But the other shook his head, "I cannot have it so. I will not. Too many crises in the sacred history of my race have been lived out on that rugged hill yonder. My mind is fully made up. There Abraham stood ready to obey GOD, to

the utmost. My own Royal Father purchased the land from Oran the Jebusite for the house of the Lord. It is my will that this marvel shall be. Canst thou do it?" A pause and then Solomon began again. "There would I build such a house for the Living GOD as the world has never seen. Hiram Abif, will thou do it for me? Canst Thou?"

"Solomon." replied the great Artist, "In the service of God and by His might and power I can do anything. I came here gladly, willingly, and eagerly; of my own free will I came. My desire is as pure as yours. You have but to command me."

"Build me a Temple that will last forever", replied Solomon.

"Forever?" The Old man shook his head sadly. "Oh King of wisdom, which is forever? How can I know what will last forever? This one thing I can not do. For nothing lives forever except by the hand of GOD. Order me to build for-a hundred years, and I will build. Order me to build for a thousand years and I will build. But forever I cannot build."

"Oh man of skill," replied Solomon, "build me a house for the Lord, and a house for the King, and a City to surround it, and I will ask the LORD of Hosts to take care of it forever."

"Build thee a Temple? Yes, I can and I will, such a Temple as will never be again, but everlasting? No! That would be as blasphemous as the building of Babel." The Older man paused in his speech, then went on.

"Thou must die. I must die. All that is born must die. And yet, no one has died, or ever can or will. When GOD breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of the first man, He gave him a bounty of deathless-ness, A heritage that will grow on less as generations yet unborn rise up to share in its blessing."

"Build me a Temple, a house to our Father in Heaven." Spoke Solomon.

"The Temple thou shall build, -- We shall build on yonder craggy heights will be as temporary and fleeting as the lives of those who carve the stone and cut the timbers, and fit its parts together with exactness and nicety, But the memory shall be as lasting as the spiritual temples I shall teach the workmen to build, as deathless as the souls that inspire thy every great ambition."

The two men walked slowly down the hill toward the camp. Not a word was spoken for several minutes. The night stillness was finally broken by the sounds of men and women laughing and singing.

"There are your workmen" spoke Solomon. "Instruct and teach them in the skill of building. Give every man his opportunity; let him be all that he may be."

"Thou art a wise King," replied Hiram. "Let us every man in the beginning where justice demands. Let his own power determine the class into which he shall fall, let us indeed offer to each admission into any rank, no matter how exalted if he possesses the necessary power, ability and knowledge. For every man is fertile field of usefulness."

"It is my will that every man be given his chance to learn and improve himself, and be awarded for his ability." Thus spoke Solomon.

"But how shall we keep each man in his place?" interrupted Hiram. "How shall we prevent cunning and greed from entering in where it has not earned admission? How shall we keep the grades among the workmen Marked and Distinct?"

"We know." replied Solomon, "The whispered secrets of hoary antiquity. Let a little truth, a glimmer of light be the precious possession of

the humblest of those who follow us and serve us. Let the more advanced know more. They will see more of the brightness of truth."

"I see the wisdom of your plan," said Hiram.

"Dost thou also see" Solomon went on "how the keeping of the sacred secrets will insure the purity of every grade, every degree? Dost thou also see how the love of knowledge will stimulate study and promote ambition and trust?"

"I see. I see all." Hiram answered. "The world will be a better place when man is permitted to grow in knowledge."

Solomon went on. "There will come a time when there will be but one more step to take, one more grade to grasp, one more rank to reach, one more light to look for."

What will their reward be?" interrupted Hiram.

"What is the highest and most potent of all mysteries?" asked the King.

Hiram shivered and did not answer.

"Thou dost hesitate," spoke Solomon. "The unwise would not delay, and the foolish tongue would shake down the foundations of the earth and the Heavens."

After a pause Solomon went on. "The greatest service underlies the greatest gain, and insofar as the soul is far greater than any builded house in which GOD may be worshiped by his people so will the gain of the people be greater than that of the king and his architect."

"I find it so," agreed Hiram. "In my reasonings upon it, I find the greatest to be the least and the least to be the greatest. I find the first last and the last first. The most humble cometh nearest exaltation, and so."

"You asked, 'What shall be their reward? At this time I can only say the workman is worthy of his hire, but that is not a reward. That is his due.'" Solomon paused and taking Hiram by the hand, led him through the campsite where the fires were burning brightly. As they became lost among the multitude, Solomon was heard to say. "A reward is something which has to be earned by fervency and zeal, and the reward which I have in mind cannot be spoken of in casual conversation. Be patient."

TEMPTATION OF HIRAM (Second Lecture of the First)

Left alone, Hiram Abif turned toward the East, fell on his knees, and bent forward until his gray head lay in the dust. "Oh GOD" he uttered, "I thank thee that I live, that I have health and strength. I thank thee that I have Wisdom and that my hands are cunning. I thank thee for the tender Father Love of my early years, and for the Mother that has been doubly dear since the dread day when it was true that I was the Widow's Son."

"Knowing, Oh Omnipotent one, that thy wisdom is infinite, thy word hath created all things. I thank thee for all that is, all that has been, and all that ever shall be.

"Great Architect of the Universe, be with me as I place the men Thou has created in the classes to which they belong. Be with me at the cornerstone. Be with me in the arches, on the walls, and beneath the swelling dome. Be Thou with me LORD, on the day for the celebration of the copestone whether I be counted among the living or numbered with the dead. I thank Thee for that good out of which men will aspire and grow, even to thy everlasting glory."

Now when Hiram had finished his spoken prayer, he remained in the attitude of adoration and pondered in silence. Suddenly a harsh laugh, evil and malicious and sneering, caused

him to look up, but he saw no one around. Hiram arose and seated himself on a rock. In his meditation he took a thick stick and began to draw complicated diagrams on the ground.

"What dost thou draw?" demanded a harsh voice. "It is some shape stolen from the stars?"

The Being on which Hiram gazed was twice the height of man, though his lean limbs were twisted and contorted that one felt he would be little more than a shapeless mass were he to sit down. The face only seemed alive. It was black as the sky of night in a storm. There was a pathetic trace of dignity in that demon-face that hinted that it had known better things, holier things.

Hiram saw all this and shuddered, but he had taken too long to answer the friend's question.

"I ask thee, he snarled, "What dost thou draw?"

"Plans for the Temple," said Hiram, "and designs for its adornment."

Satan smiled. "Dost thou mean to tell me" He demanded, "That thou will be so foolish as to serve Solomon?" He went on, "Art thou so weak as not to assert thy freedom from all obligations, either to him or King Hiram of Tyre? Solomon calls himself wise. So must those who live in his dominions call him wise? But thou art a genius, Hiram Abif. I have watched you all these years from thy boyhood. I know how thou hast toiled and struggled. Thou art not so overmodest as to dare dispute me. Yet thou would waste time in building temples. What reward does he promise you? What is to be thy pay?"

Hiram answered saying, I do not know what my compensation will be; not in the perishable things of this world. I have made no bargain. I shall just do my best, utterly and completely. Then I shall say to Solomon, look on the work,

is it good? Art thou pleased? Pay me what thy wilt."

Satan laughed his evil laugh. "You let him name his price? Ha! Ha! His price will be nothing".

"No never that," cried Hiram. "Though I gain no silver or gold I shall have served my fellow men. But above all, I shall be sure of the approval of GOD."

Satan shuddered at the mention of the name. "Come Hiram be wise. Prove thy knowledge and serve me. I will give thee gold engrossed, jewels unnumbered, Silver beyond the power of men, a long life of many years and days."

"And then after that?" asked Hiram.

"After that who knows?" said Satan, cunningly. "The smoke rises and is lost in the air, the mist falls, and where are they? So of man. Thou can but guess and know not, how many generations of the sons of man have guessed in vain since the beginning of time? Thou hast this life. I promise thee many years in it. The world has wealth, honor and power, more than you can squander. Come and serve me and the world is thine."

"I am promised to Hiram of Tyre. I am pledged to the great King Solomon," said Hiram.

"Promised? Pledged? And what is a promise? Empty wind, vacant air. Success keeps on promises, power remembers no bargains. Serve him and thou diest. Take thy choice and prove thyself the wise man I have pictured, or the poorest and meanest fool. Life or Death, choose thou."

Hiram stood up and said, "I chose long ago, and I shall stand to abide my choice. Thou dost waste thy breath and squander thy venom. As for death, I am ready at any time and any hour. I have the protection of Solomon."

"The protection of Solomon? Bah!" Smoke rose from the ground around Satan.

"Evil one, Thou wert ever a liar, ever the father of lies and of liars. I have planned my foundations. Clearly I have imagined my cornerstone, my walls, my towers, and battlements; the roof to shield and shelter and the ornaments of the Lord. My vision is clear. I shall make the house of the Most High. I see the key set in their arches, Keystone after keystone set in arch after arch, all to the beauty and glory of the LORD GOD."

Satan winced at the sound of the name and interrupted Hiram. "Be Silent. Wait a little until thou knowest what thou scornest, what thou are tempted to cast aside. Come stand by me and look."

The evil spirit stretched forth his hands which were as claws, and beautiful visions formed in the sky and across the land; green lands with fountains and pools of crystal water; fields of grapes and date trees; vast orchards of olive trees and domestic animals of all sorts. "All that I offer you." exclaimed Satan.

The scene changed and all that was there was gone. The ground was dry and barren, men dug in the ground with their hands for a little water.

Once more the scene changed and Hiram saw before him all that he had ever worked upon, slowly crumbling into dust before his eyes. "Look Hiram, look thy fill, for after this night, this hour, thy folly may elect to see it nevermore."

"I cannot believe," said Hiram.

"I offer you rulership of it all, all I say."

"I will not believe." said Hiram.

"Against it there is death. The death that is speedy."

"I am ready. I refuse to serve thee." said Hiram.

Satan stamped his foot, and the ground burned hot. Then he once more turned to Hiram. "Share with me thy wisdom, and thy secrets."

"Never," replied Hiram. "Never".

Satan raged and turned aside. A huge pair of uncouth wings which rested on his bent and curved back, opened and spread slowly, and Satan rose into the atmosphere. He turned and looked back at Hiram, and said "Thou art a Fool." He then disappeared in the black sky.

Hiram raised his eyes to Heaven, the clouds began to disburse, and the wind blew cool in the night. He drew his garments more closely about him and stretched himself upon a rock with another for a pillow, and closed his eyes.

Hiram heard a voice call to him in his sleep.

"The man who has risen above the evil of his own soul, ...the fortunate man who has conquered himself... may hope of all things."

Hiram was not sure he understood the voice but then he slept, and peace was with him until day came again.

THE CRAFT IS CLASSIFIED (Third lecture of the First)

The three Grand Masters partook of their morning meal together and exchanged signs and tokens of the mystic knowledge.

"How shall we spend the day?" demanded Solomon, "when hunger had been appeased."

"In Labor," replied Hiram Abif, "as all my days must be spent, save only the sacred seventh day." Hiram arose from the festive board. "Will you not join with me as I meet with the Craft? I will meet the overseers of the work and give them directions 'regarding the foundations. It is

most important that they be builded all about the rugged and irregular peak you call Mount Moriah."

The morning was therefore spent with the Master Overseers, until the sun reached its meridian.

The three Grand Masters after their meal at High Twelve went out to meet the numberless throng who had gathered to serve at the building of a temple to the Great GOD of Israel, at the hands of his servant.

The gathering was greater than either had ever witnessed before. An assembly in which all classes, all ages, all sorts and conditions of people had found a place. Old men, young men, women, tender children, all were there.

In some faces devotion shone. In some, sordid ambition. In some, lawless lust. In some, pitiful poverty. In some stupid curiosity; and so on. They were the human faces divine.

It seemed a hopeless task to think of establishing order in this stupendous chaos, but Hiram glanced at Solomon, who nodded his permission for him to begin.

Hiram raised his right hand to command silence, and when all was still, he spoke. "GOD giveth us wives for our fireside, daughters for our homes, but women hath no place in the mountains, in the forest, in the quarry, nor on the steep walls of the Temple. Into the Fraternity which we this day found, women may not enter. Let the women go!"

The Great crowd parted silently, into a thousand avenues of escape. Down them the Women, old and young, with the girl children of Israel and Tyre, slowly walked out and away, beyond the boundary lines of Masonry, forever.

Again the Temple Builder raised his hand, and again he spoke. "The old have served, they have earned rest. Let them have their wages. The Old men may go. Let them go." Again the pathways widened in the ranks of the crowd. Old men with vacant eyes, trembling lips, shaking limbs, and in their dotage went slowly down these paths and out and away. But Hiram, with a keen eye, called back many with bright and shining eyes. Old men though their hair had turned gray with age, still walked steadily, and stood straight. Their brows were dignified and their hands were still strong and steady. Hiram recalled these men to the service of the king, for they had wisdom to give to the young.

"Youth can wait," he cried. "The golden years of the future are his and the hopes which go with them. We will find room for all, all the good and the wise and the true, when immaturity hath outgrown itself. But today is the day of men." The multitude cheered loudly.

Hiram raised his hand for silence. "Believe in GOD or go." His words cut like a sharp sword, and his face seemed like the inspired face of a prophet. Some, not many, averted their gaze, some bowed their heads. They looked down and not up, and went their lonely and unlovely ways. "None but the virtuous, the pure, the chaste," he insisted. And some, self-convicted, daring not to face the glorious inquisitiveness of his eyes, slunk quietly away.

"It is like the day of judgment," moaned one. Nor was he far from right.

Again Hiram raised his hand for silence, and then spoke. "Let those of unsound minds, men unable to appreciate wisdom, or guard its secrets, go their several ways."

Hiram waited a little. Then he looked over the greatly diminished throng, with much pleasure. He hesitated before speaking, and seemed anxious to make his words as kind as might be.

Hiram looked toward Solomon, and Solomon nodded his assent.

"We institute this day." he said, "A Fraternity that shall never die. Solomon, the Wise; Hiram of Tyre, the Strong and I, God's humblest of artificers, ordained in the name of the Omnipotent GOD, that until all things pass away, it shall not pass. It is an empire of intellect, a spiritual temple, a community of soul, Masonry looks deeper than a man's garments, deeper than the body, and seeks the man himself. Yet there is labor, and muscles must be strong, eyes must be keen, ears must be acute and alert, and footing quick and sure. He must have physical perfection."

And the strong men, moving more closely together, made the mass more dense and compact. They seemed to squeeze out the unfortunate, the defective ones. The rejected ones ran away from their fellows, as water runs from the compressed sponge. They were cast aside, as dross from the molten metal.

Again Hiram spoke, "let those not free-born stand aside." and they did so.

"Now," said the wise architect, "But one test remains. All who pass that test shall be allowed to labor with us, in some capacity. The test is this, and severe enough it is. Many there shall be who fail because of it. Those who will be accepted, Masons in very truth, who find recommendation from one already accepted, with none among them to say nay.

"I name King Solomon the first Most Excellent Grand Master." All eyes were turned to the King, who stepped forward and took his place a foot in advance of where Hiram Abif stood. The multitude greeted him with acclamations of joy and shouts of loyalty.

When all was silent again, Hiram spoke. "I propose Hiram King of Tyre, as second Most Excellent Grand Master, Senior Warden of the

Master's Lodge in which Solomon will preside. I ask Solomon to so accept him."

The Tyrian King advanced to Solomon's right hand, and the two monarchs exchanged greetings of the most fraternal character.

"I apply for acceptance as a third Most Excellent Grand Master, Junior Warden in the first Master's Lodge the world shall ever know. I ask the rulers of Israel to accept me, if they find me worthy." Each one, in turn, took his right hand, and each took the hand of the other in a grip that is known and used to this day.

This formality over, the three men stood apart, and then one by one, those who were near and dear to one or the other of them, those who had held places of honor or trust in the courts of Israel and Tyre, or who had wisely served the interest of architecture or geometry by the side of Hiram Abif, came up for recognition, approval, acceptance, and the grasp of the hands of their brethren. Then after a little time, these new comers became centers of other groups. Their followers, the nuclei of larger groups; and so on, until every man had demanded admission of those who knew him and had been accepted.

It was a pleasing picture on which the genial sun then looked down on. In the center the three who were responsible to GOD and to all the unborn generations of men, for the founding of a new order. The sending forth of a new force, the ordained of a new dispensation in the universe of righteousness. So ran the ladder of excellence, the circle of power, the gamut of glory.

"I dropped a pebble in a pool one day," said Hiram Abif, addressing his brethren and rings ran forward, shoreward, until ripples bathed the farthest bank. We dropped a pebble this day into the pool of humanity, and the rings shall broaden, deepen, while time lasts, and lose themselves, when time is swallowed up in

eternity, against the great white throne, at the feet of Almighty GOD."

"Future Ages will ask." said Hiram, "how were you numbered and classified? What record shall we leave for them? Shall I say that I have this day, acted for Solomon and in his place, selected and set apart the first three Grand Masters?"

"I have done that".

"Shall I say that three thousand and three hundred have shown themselves qualified to be Masters or Overseers of work? It is true.

"Shall I say that eighty thousand of you, and more, have established claims to a rank one step elevated above the seventy thousand who have nothing, save that they are free born of man's age, and that no man can say aught of evil against them? It is true, I say it."

"And yet when the future shall demand the enumeration of the workers upon Solomon's Temple, I have no answer. I shall divide and re-divide. I shall organize and reorganize. No two men ever occupied the same level of excellence and if you say of any man, 'He is today what he was yesterday, and tomorrow he shall be the same. I shall have but one answer for you. Only the dead change not. Some of you will aspire, some will advance. I should grieve deeply not to find it so. Youth shall press in eagerly to fill the places of those who go up into the middle chamber or higher still. Some alas will die. I regret to say it. But I must, for I am your teacher" and tears appeared in Hiram's eyes.

"It is human to be ambitious." Hiram went on, after a slight pause. "Unless you have ambition, all of you, you will be worth little to yourselves or the cause you are to serve. But there are two sorts of ambition, as widely apart as day and night. One sort blesses; the other blasts and ruins. It will be strange indeed, among many, if

we do not find some of the false ambition rooted in our midst.

"Look to it, each of you, that you keep this fearful thing far from you."

"Do you see my brethren, how your numbers will change? Like the drops in the tide, or the grains of sand of the desert."

Here a youth grown into manhood. There a man grown old in the service, laying aside his working tools at the margin of his grave. Add one, subtract one, and the world goes on. I say that the builders of the Temple out-number you, unseen though they may be."

He paused and looked lovingly over the throng who listened to his words. "We shall divide you into lodges on the morrow and set you to work. I shall give instructions in the mysteries and the science of symbolism, and shall transmit to you such signs and words of recognition as the three Grand Masters may devise. Sometimes the knowledge-and instruction will come to you through those above you, and through the officers set above you."

"What I have said regarding directions and commands we propose to maintain. The designs will be from my trestleboard. No matter how far from me you may be, you will see no sign that I have not made, you will recognize no token I have not felt; you will listen to no word I have not spoken from my own lips."

"I most humbly pray GOD to so guide and instruct me that knowledge I send down to you, crude and imperfect as it may of times be, may you sometimes have in it a spark of the fire that is divine."

"The sun is setting on this day, and I say forget not this. As knowledge worketh ever downward among men and through wisdom man groweth upward. Come up, come, I say, step by step as

rapidly as you can. Win your promotion, and the wages you deserve. No one will be happier than I to welcome you to a seat with Solomon, Hiram and myself."

MYSTERIES IN NUMBERS (Fourth lecture of the first)

"Your Masonic clothing hints at every great and worthy number that science knows and philosophy reverences," continued Hiram, speaking untiringly. The Three thousand and three hundred listened with interest.

"The Apron is one. God is one. The Universe is one. You have one life to live, one soul to save, one eternity for one reward, good or evil. Out of ones are all the numbers made. Into ones will all series fall."

"One is the root from which all numbers grow as the giant tree from the tiny seed, The beginning of all things may be found in numbers, even as the beginning of numbers is found in one, the one is their cornerstone."

"When unity repeats itself, two results. The Apron and the flap are two. The Apron suggests two solids, and humanity and Deity are. There is night and day, morning and evening, high twelve and low. From north there is south, east and west, up and down. There is past and future."

"The flap of the apron has three sides. If we omit the line of side already counted in that symbolic triangle, there are three sides left for us to count in the apron itself. This evident repetition of the number three is to be regarded as very significant. Three is the most mystical of numbers, and the most sacred among them. Three represents the past, the present, and the future. It suggests earth, and sea and sky, which are the fundamental elements among which our lives are spent. There are now three Grand Masters, I predict that three will be the mighty

Masonic number when these days are ancient and we are myths and our lives legends."

"The name of God we worship is a tetragrammaton. The triangle with three sides represents our Almighty GOD above and below, for he is Omniscious, Omnipotent, and Omnipresent."

"Four lines there are, bounding the Apron itself and four corners limiting them. The four lines of man, below the legs and feet, raise him from the earth. That is what the lower line symbolizes. Above, his arms ready and eager with hands to do labor and elevate and advance man. Bent are the corners signifying it is fitting that man should bend the knee in silence and adoration of Deity."

"The Apron strongly suggests five. Extend the flap and the number of sides presented by the figure as a whole is five, that is a symbol of union. But above all, are the five senses our Father in Heaven has given to man to hear, to speak, to see, to taste, and to smell. What would life be without them? But I will speak to you later about these."

"Five is the union of the first two produced numbers, 2 and 3; five symbolizes order and disorder, happiness and misery, life and death, odd and even, the male and female.

"Five numbereth the components of all things, the elements of air, earth, water, fire, and ether which is above the air."

"The quadrangular pyramid has five faces and five corners."

"The quadrangular solid has six faces, paired by three, and in the perfect cube and pairs are equal. Six lights do I ordain for Masonry. But three of them shall be greater, and three lesser, for the beauty of the three is double that of six. Three lights stand for three dispensations; the patriarchal, which was the second, that of

Moses, which is, and the greater than both is the God of Truth, which shall be. And three stands for the three aspects in which God presents Himself to the student of history."

"Six days GOD created, and then He rested on the seventh. Thus we pass from six to seven. That alone were we to search the earth and heaven in vain for any other seven in truth the actual or the intents of symbology, would make seven most sacred of all numbers, except three. We know seven planets, seven Palisades, seven Hyades glorify the heavens. I decree for Masonry the strength of seven. We establish it upon the seven liberal arts and sciences, I say to you in seven years, with God's helping hand, the Temple shall be finished and the way made between Boaz and Jachin by three, five, and seven steps. By this way the worthy shall come up from light to knowledge. I look into the past, I see seven the symbol of fullness. Seven witnesses shall confirm the oaths and all sacrifices to covenant shall demand seven victims. Noah knew of the coming deluge seven days before God opened up the Heavens and of all the animals of the earth, Noah selected seven of the clean and two of the unclean."

"The Rectangular solid, cube, oblong, has eight corners or angles, and when the solid is surmounted by the pyramid the angles are nine."

"The rectangular solid has twelve edges. Surely, my brother, the number twelve is one at which we may thoughtfully pause and contemplate. There are twelve months in the year; twelve signs in the heaven, twelve tribes of Israel, and the pectoral of the High Priest, which is the Breastplate of judgment, carries twelve great stones. Twelve priceless treasures of beauty and glory."

"One thought however, I would still express. One truth more I must leave you. Let us go back a little and see how we may simply arrive at the successive numbers of natural series. The apron

is one, the apron and flap is two. The flap is three, the apron is four. The apron and bib together gives us five. We add from the apron to make six, and from both to make seven. Eight looks out at us from the cube, nine smiles at us from the added glory of the vertex of the pyramid. And so the lesson goes."

"Farewell, Your Brethren wait you. Go to them with our gift. Go to them with the lessons; go carry Masonry in every age. Wherever you find the blindness of the human seeking light of knowledge, through you, Masonry shall dominate the earth. One day all mankind shall be brothers. One day there shall be no need of a guard at the gate."

"Glory be to God that maketh these things so. Glory be to him for the lamb and the aprons. Thank Him for the square, triangle, cube, pyramid, and stone of foundation. Praise Him for the number that maketh age, wealth, and wisdom possible. Pray, too for all your brothers, those below, about you and above you."

So said Hiram Abif. And all the brethren cried aloud, "So Mote it be, Amen." So said Hiram Abif that day to the assembled Brothers.

TRELA'S REWARD (Fifth lecture in the First)

Hiram rose from his bed, stretched himself and sat for a moment listening to the early sounds of morning, even the steady tramp of the guard posted outside his door, which had not disturbed his nights sleep, now rang clear in his ear.

Hiram dressed himself and opened the door. The guard, a young man of clean and well groomed appearance stood silent with his head bowed.

"Well" spoke Hiram, "I am well pleased with thee. It may chance that the King shall hear of thy service. Dost thou know the King?"

"I have seen him several times, at a distance, but I have never exchanged words with him. My duties are not near the rooms in which his time is spent. An officer of the guard employed me, and I dare say the King knows it not, nor my face."

"What is thy Age?" asked Hiram.

"Five and Twenty."

"And thy name?" asked Hiram.

"I am called Trela."

Hiram mused for a moment or two, and then said that the name seemed to be a good one, and fitting. "Thou hast ambitions?" he asked.

"In my profession, or calling, certainly, the field is a narrow one, and will keep the mind so."

"How camest thou then to be a soldier, a guard?"

"The pay is fair, there are mouths to be fed; some may serve in one place some in another. Fate sent me here, I try to be content."

"What are thy duties?"

"To watch by night in and about the palace. To carry messages to and fro. To look upon visitors, sometimes, and say whether wisdom would wake the slumbers or let them sleep on, and say whether they shall be out or in. My duties are not very heavy, nor promotions very rapid." Trela shrugged his shoulders.

"I must look not for promotion for many years, and yet a man's head may have slipped from his shoulders by that time."

"Thou art no officer, not yet?" asked Hiram.

"Oh no, no indeed, and much removed from such dignity. Good behavior, the approval of my

superiors and the favor of the King these might advance me rapidly; but the ordinary road is slow and steep."

"Of a truth." said Hiram, "the calling thou dost follow does not seem a promise of advancement for so clever a man as I find thee to be. Hast thou had no ambition outside of and beyond it?"

"I had once," said Trela slowly. "When thou madest up the several lists of those who should build the Temple. - Then my heart was very sad and very heavy. Inclination led me there, duty kept me here. It was hard, but it is over now and I accept the inevitable."

"Suppose I was to present your case to the King? Suppose?"

The man fell on his knees at the feet of Hiram Abif and said "If thou only would, I would give my best to thee, to Masonry, to the great God thou servest."

"Indeed that is well, thou shalt have what thou longest for. My mind is fully made up. Remain here until Solomon comes. I am to meet him with Hiram of Tyre, as soon as they have risen."

"Thou hast not broken fast," said Trela. Shall I not bring thee food while thou dost wait?"

Hiram thanked his new friend, and it was not long before the alert young man returned with bread and meat upon dishes of silver and gold.

Hiram bade the man eat with him and when Trela would have refused, hungry though he was and weary from the night watch. The great artisan gave him the reason of brotherhood.

"Between the two of us before an hour is gone, there will be a tie that is closer than the ties of the brotherhood of kindred souls, so eat with me."

And Trela obeyed him, and it was so. They broke bread together and the flesh of one animal was the nourishment for two. They had not been engaged so for long, when an officer and ten men came in and announced the coming of the Kings.

When they entered to a blast of trumpets, Hiram Abif and Trela arose and did them honor.

Solomon gazed keenly at the man who stood beside Hiram Abif. "Who is this man?" asked Solomon sharply. "He seems dressed like one of my guards."

"He is one," answered Hiram "and I hope I may say, was, in an hour or less."

"Has he offended you?" asked Solomon, "If so, it is enough I leave his sentence to thee."

Hiram Abif bowed before the Royal face. "I crave the royal favor for this man, He has not offended; he has served."

"It is so? Let him name his reward, I shall confirm it instantly."

"I thank thee King Solomon, I thank thee in the name of Trela, thy servant, and in my own name Trela has served thee. He will serve still, and serve thee in serving GOD. It is his desire that he be made a Mason, even as thou and the Tyrian, and the son of the widow are Masons. I approve his choice, I recommend him. Wilt thou confirm the matter?"

"I will and I do," said Solomon glancing toward Hiram of Tyre for his approval.

"I gladly approve" said the Tyrian King. And so it was, that Trela was proposed and accepted a Mason.

"His instruction must begin at the beginning" said Hiram, "and he must win his way grade by

grade and rank by rank. Trela is prepared in his heart. I shall go amiss in my predictions if he does not become a tall tree in Masonry."

"So Mote it be, it is well. Amen" said Solomon and King Hiram.

Then Hiram Abif took off his apron and bound it upon Trela and he came and stood before Solomon. "Wilt thou say to the king of Masonry that he shall show our brother how to wear the badge of Masonry?"

When the Tyrian Monarch had given the lesson requested of him, Hiram Abif spoke again to King Solomon, "Wilt thou take Trela with thee and give him elementary instructions in the holy secrets of our Craft?" Solomon promptly consented.

So Trela, a humble and unknown soldier of the guards at dawn-time, was now standing in a secret place, alone with the Royal of Israel listening to the thoughtful teachings of a brother and the swiftest glass in the place must be turned, again and again, more than once, ere the exhausted sands within it would show the hour of High Twelve.

While Solomon taught Trela, the two Hiram walked up and down in the great audience chamber conversing easily on the plans and methods for magnifying the importance of Masonry.

When at length the two Masons returned - the highest and most exalted of Grand Masters and the youngest candidate for the ceremony of Masonic approval and confirmation stood in the northeast corner.

Hiram Abif thus addressed the newly made brother. "The business we have in hand is the building of a temple to God, but today for the first time, Masonry has taken active steps looking to its perpetuity for all time. Today, the

Fraternity has added one to its original number, Selected Masons they were, many thousand of them. But thou hast the proud and unique distinction of being the first to be received, and formally approved. The first Masonic body or Lodge has elected you, the first Master has instructed you. Thou art the first Entered Apprentice that established Masonry has made, and in due time thou mayest advance, grade by grade to the highest position of trust and honor."

"Thou are a soldier by profession, a Mason by choice, Thou hast in a high degree, the attributes of promptness and courage and tact. I foresee the possible coming of a time when it will be at least prudent and necessary to organize a class of such as thee for special work, and special watchfulness.

"Thou mayest go now to the rest thy night's work has just earned for thee. When another day has come return to me I will have a place ready for thee with work waiting for thy hands."

Then the three Grand Masters, when Trela had gone his way, spent the remainder of the day in plans and discussions. Their labor lasted until the shadows of evening were long and dark, and very heavy shadows lay upon the land.

SOLOMON SPEAKS OF DEATH (Sixth lecture of the First)

The day was much like any other day, the sun shone brightly as usual, for it had been noted by the Craft that the Great Almighty had not permitted the rain to fall during the day, that the Craft might not be hindered in their labor.

Yet, during the late hours of that day the clouds had covered the burning sun allowing the cool from the mountains to reach Jerusalem early. The night before, death had taken an elder craftsman to the Great Temple not made with hands. According to Hebrew law the sun must not set on the uncovered body, Therefore Solomon called a halt to labor on the Temple,

and assembled the Craft to attend the funeral of the worthy brother.

The service at an end, the Craft thoughtfully were returning to Mount Moriah. Suddenly one of the fellowcraft broke silence.

"Oh great wise Master, you who have the knowledge of the world, and the blessing of the Heavenly Father. Tell us your servants. What is death? And where do we go?"

Solomon turned to the great throng who followed, all was quiet and for a time Solomon was in deep thought, the craft pressed in closer about him so as not to miss a single word, for never has been born the man who had not asked the same question. "What is Death?" and "Where do we go?"

And thus spoke Solomon, "The body is like many things. I have not time to name them all. A few must suffice. The body is like a humble hut. We live in it. It is our home. We learn to love it. We are unwilling to give it up, but when it falls about us, it is because the Master of all habitations is ready to invite us to come and dwell in a palace.

"The body is like a garment. Death is a sleep. The grave a luxurious couch. We lay the garment aside, knowing that there shall be another day, certain that a better garment will be ours when the dawntime wakens us.

"The body is a machine. It is like the engines by means of which we haul our burdens up the mountains. It will wear out as they will. It will break as they will. Malice may destroy either the man or the machine, but the work that is done is done, and GOD keepeth the memory of it."

"The body is a prison. In it we are shut from our true home and our real fellows. We have forgotten whence we come. We doubt regarding that to which we go. We cling to prison

discipline and prison fare, saying we love them and will not let them go. We weep over the broken walls, when a prison has fallen and the victim of its cruel detention has gained his native freedom."

"Into these prisons come messages to us, not messages of free men and women but from those imprisoned like ourselves, and from those in the natural world in which our prisons are placed."

"Weep not for him who has escaped his prison, but rejoice in his good fortune, and dream of that day or moment, when you will be permitted to join him, for that time is inevitable."

Solomon turned as if to leave, then after two steps he again turned to the throng, held up his hands for attention and spoke. "There are five avenues through which these messages come. The unseen prisoner standeth in the darkness and the silence, at the inner end of each, and learneth what he may. Soul by body, his ear is to hear, his eye behind its eye, his hand hidden in its hand, his taste and smell giving life to the sense the body hath. So stands the prisoner in his prison."

"These senses are a priceless gift. We should use them with care, remembering they are ours in trust."

"You may ask to know more of these five senses, but the hour is late and you must rest. I make thee a promise. When you have proven your skill, virtue, and the right of advancement, I will go more deeply into the five senses bestowed upon you by the Great Architect of the Universe."

THE FIVE SENSES (Seventh Lecture of the First)

It was the ninth hour of the sixth day of a certain week, and the Craft had retired for sleep. Yet

those who were Fellowcrafts remained at the assembly, for they had been told that Solomon would speak with them. All were silently awaiting the Great King's arrival, and yet when he approached out of the darkness into their midst, he came so quietly that his voice startled them.

"My brothers, who are fellowcraft, I have come to fulfill a promise. It has been some time since I have spoke to you of the great gift of the five senses which the Great Master of Heaven and Earth has given you. Listen closely to my words." Then Solomon began to speak.

"How noble a sense is hearing. How much enjoyment flows in upon us through this sounding gateway to the soul. I have stood a far off and heard the tools of the Giblim of Gebal ring on the hard stones they wrought. I have stood on the beach, between Lebanon's foot and Joppa, and heard the lusty songs of those who guided the floats of timber for the Temple, mingle with the roar of the inrolling breakers. I have reined in my impatient steed, again and again in the valley, and listened to the keen axe, and the dying crash of the giant cedars, high above me on the steep sides of Lebanon. I have heard the mighty music swell on this mountain on which we stand. I have heard your voices when I set the cornerstone of our Temple. I have heard in the lodges of my brethren, words of faith and hope and charity; lessons of brotherly love relief and truth. Let us thank GOD, my brethren, for the sense of hearing."

At this point Solomon stepped back and King Hiram stepped forward and spoke.

"By hearing I associate with you and you with me. By it I learn your needs. By it you receive my instructions. By it, even in the darkest night, we know who cometh, and can say whether he has love or anger, fear or courage within his soul. By it we learn secrets we may not speak, and hear symbols we may not say.

"My brethren, death dulls the ear. In the grave all sound is forgotten. But in place of hearing God will give your soul a higher and holier sense." King Hiram grew silent.

Hiram Abif stepped forward. "I say unto you so listen and hear and forget not. We shall all hear the sound of rejoicing when the Temple is dedicated, and this shall be though some of us be dead."

All was still again and silence drew the Fellowcrafts even closer together.

Once more Solomon stepped forward.

"Seeing bringeth the far near, maketh the little large, and setteth the great within the reach of our comprehension. By this sense I have seen the insects at labor and have learned the habit of their lives, grafted upon their tiny intelligences by the silently said word of the speaker of all laws.

"Vision has revealed to me the beauty of all lands to which sailors of Tyre have set their feet, it showed me all the monumental reasons of Ancient Egypt and all the glories of its wonderful presence. By it I have known the mighty armies of Israel and of Tyre, and I have recognized the greatness of the new Fraternity that out numbered them all.

"By it I have seen at a single glance, the half of all the worlds and suns and systems which God set near enough to watch the grain of sand on which we live and creep.

"Brethren, join with me in thanking God for sight."

With this Solomon stood back and King Hiram stepped forward and spoke.

"By sight we see one who cometh in silence and know he speaketh. Whether his heart is hot or cold, his soul, good or evil. By it we recognize

the sign of a needy brother afar off, and so quickly assure him rescue and relief. But were I to delay to tell you all the beauties of the sense of sight, I might keep the Temple waiting to the end of time." King Hiram stepped back.

Hiram Abif stood and spoke, 'Brethren, Death closes the eye. The sods of the shallow grave are too thick for sight. The unburied man who died in the wilderness has no glance, either, of hate or fear for the wild beasts who draw near to look down upon him. But the promise of God is sight for the soul. He, who once seeth not, shall surely see again. I say unto you, and the believers in my saying are wise indeed, when the day of dedication shall come, even though the angel of death has been among us and his inexorable way, all shall be able to see the face of Solomon." Hiram Abif was silent.

Once more Solomon stood forward and spoke.

"Feeling is the gift of the touch of God. I have felt the heat of the south and the cold of the north. I have touched the hard hands of the stone squarers and have held the soft fingers of women in the grasp of my own. The new stones of the quarry have told my fingers how well the workmen have toiled, and in the darkness of night the smooth face of the rocks revealed themselves to my touch. My sensitive hands have traced out the forms of many beautiful things. Spheres and cubes and pyramids have told me a thousand things the untrained and uneducated fingers would not know. Feeling, when metal and wood moves in vibrations, is the ear of deafness, feeling, when the grasping hand has found, the eye of blindness. My Brothers, for the blessings of feeling, let us give God the thanks he is due."

Solomon grew silent and stepped down, and King Hiram took his place.

"By feeling I know my brother from my foe. By feeling I can say whether terror has set man's nerves a-tremble, or fortitude stilled or steadied

the nerve. By Feeling I know the honest hand of friendly aid, and the clammy palm of ignoble treachery." King Hiram stepped down.

The silence was Broken when Hiram Abif took his place and said. "Brethren death numbs the touch, in the sepulcher one has no knowledge of cold or of narrowness, and though death be among us, I say to you, and my oath is most solemn and binding, the nerveless hand shall thrill again. Not one of us shall fail to feel the mountain road beneath our feet, Solomon comes up to dedicate his Temple to the service of the ever-living God and any man whose hands might have been laid on the copestone, as they put it in its place, had his life been spared him, shall still be laid upon it though he be dead," Hiram Abif stepped down.

Solomon once more began to speak, "Brethren, I praise God for the sense of smell. Praise Him with me, I have breathed the life of flowers in the fields, caught the fragrance of strange flowers from every land of which the Hebrew or the Phoenician has record or legend. I have sought the balmy odors of the healthy forests of evergreen and fled from the horror of the plague-smitten plain. God's gift of smell, then being my call or my warning."

"Every breath teaches me. It will also teach you. The air of the nostrils is a pleasure or a pain, a joy or a sorrow, a hope or a fear, a promise or a threat forever. Even now the air is filled with goodly odors, from the field and forest, from tree and flower, and fruit and grain. How happy I am you enjoy this with me." and Solomon was silent again, only to be replaced by King Hiram who, spoke.

"Brethren, though your eyes be covered by darkness, and your, ears be stopped by noise of the elements, my sense of smell will tell me by the odor of smoke what type of fire is burning, whether it cooks my food or burns my home." and the King stepped down."

Hiram Abif stood up and said. "And yet though death shall come among us, between now and then God is my witness that everyone here shall smell the smoke of the sacrifices that shall blaze upon his altars, what Solomon and the High Priest and all the hosts of Israel shall be at the dedication of the Temple." Hiram Abif was silent.

Once more Solomon rose to speak, "My Brethren, taste is the last of the five senses, and yet taste furnishes man a test between the good and the evil things that may come before him for the nourishment of his body. A man must eat or die, but unless he eateth in wisdom, the food he taketh may compass his death, Thrice has food told me of poisons.

"When I sojourned in the land of Egypt, the taste of wine warned me of an unknown flavor and I did not drink. I ask you, to whom has taste been a warning and a safeguard?"

"But I am sure God gave taste to man for more nobler reasons than this. He who would eat must labor. Taste is one of the rewards given by God to men who labor. It is true that all men eat, all drink, though not all labor except by compulsion; and taste, in a higher or lower degree, it's God's impartial gift to all."

At this point King Hiram stood beside Solomon and raised his hand for attention.

"But who has the highest enjoyment in the tasting of food and drink? My Brethren, it is he who labors most. The harder a man works and labors, the more he enjoys the taste of his food. The more a man sweats under a burden, the more he enjoys the taste of cool wine. The delicacy of a man's taste is the reward of his doings. It measures the approving judgment of the God who gave six days of mighty toil to the building of a universe. My brethren, I have been temperate. No man ever saw me dull with food or drunken with wine. I have tasted of every

draught that maketh the wise wise and fools mad. I have enjoyed them all."

Hiram Abif stood also beside the other two and spoke.

"My brothers, when a man tastes death, he tastes no more. He may not touch flesh more, being not flesh himself, but only clay. Dead on the mountain, the timid animal may approach without fear, and yet in the day when the Temple is completed and dedicated, I will sit with Solomon and my King and eat flesh and drink wine, even though I be dead.

Almighty God, I thank thee for taste and for all the senses thy love hast given. Come Brethren, give thanks with me."

As Hiram Abif settled to his knees in the dust and bent his head in prayer, even the Great Kings, Solomon and Hiram knelt beside him.

HIRAM AND THE THREE (First Lecture in the Second)

Hiram Abif arranged the Craft into Lodges, making the number in each small enough to insure through instruction, adequate advancement and free from the nervous embarrassment that large numbers of imperfectly known or unfamiliar will sometimes inspire.

The lodges met frequently. Every member was always present. Hiram once said to Solomon and the other Hiram that he wished the regular attendance of every Mason might be secured for all times, that he regretted it might not be a landmark of the order.

Wisdom in the East was heartily in accord with the proposition, and Strength in the West urged that the rule might be made a part of the unalterable constitution of Freemasonry. But Harmony in the South said that the idea was ideal but not practical.

Not all the lodges met at anyone time, of course, but six nights in every week, all over the Holy Land, the knees of brethren were bent in adoration around the records of their faith which laid upon the altar of the brotherhood.

While they learned golden lessons of the fatherhood of man, the holy hosts of heaven looked down and saw that Masonry was good.

One day, word was sent to Hiram that there was a quarrel among the workmen on Lebanon.

The disagreement was simple enough, the quarrel trivial, but out of trivial things results may grow. The case was this; one of the men had lost his ax. He complained that he could not work without it. He asked to be allowed leave of absence, for that day, until another axe could be provided. The master of the lodge to which he belonged refused the request, sending one of the workmen for another ax. He took the workman's tool and put it into the hands of the brother who had lost his own and commanded him to continue to work.

He was met with an angry refusal. The Master used mild words, and then he spoke more sternly. The man grew sullen and silent, but with more marked defiance. It was when affairs were in this condition that Hiram was sent for.

Hiram's first act, when he came to where they were standing a little apart from the others who were all busy at labor, was to silently scrutinize the two men. He looked them over from head to foot, taking account of facial expressions, of posture, of gestures.

"The face mirrors the soul." He said, and the posture of the body is a hint at the attitude of mood and characteristic."

He paused and looked at the two men again. The Master looked squarely into his eyes and smiled. The rebellious looking workman gave him a quick glance, looking down at the ground again,

and snarled as a wolf might have done, his lips drawn back over his teeth.

"I will listen to thee first," said Hiram, addressing himself to the Master.

"This man is one of three brothers," said the Master, "who have given me no end of trouble."

Hiram started in spite of himself, when he heard the number and their character named. He raised his hand for silence, and once more closely observed the man. He was a man of good physique and strength, yet dissipation showed upon his face, from too much wine and strong drink. He was a man of Tyre, beyond doubt, but not such a one as the average. It hurt Hiram to know he was of his own county.

The man looked up, with a threatening leer, and spoke, "Make him give my story, if thou hast any of the power thou dost boast. My Brothers will be heard from soon enough. Am I my brother's keeper?"

Hiram did not answer but turned back to the Master. "Speak on." said Hiram, "and speak as thou wilt."

"The three" said the Master, "are unwilling to work. They are unwilling that others labor in peace. This is the third time an axe has been lost, I am tired of it. I say there has been no genuine loss at all. I call the offense crime, not carelessness. I say it is a theft, not a loss. I charge this man with concealing the tool, that he might possibly find an excuse to be absent."

"The others, are they with the workmen this day?" asked Hiram.

"Both Brothers are absent." said the Master. "One claimed he was ill."

"He was sick almost unto death." interrupted the workman.

"The other asserted business at home, and..."

Again the brother interrupted, "He had it. Thou darest not say he lied."

"He said nothing of the sort." replied Hiram, speaking before the annoyed Master could find his voice. "He has refrained from putting any opinion in words. Thou will remain silent until I am ready for thee to speak." Hiram turned back to the Master and said, "Have these men any following among the Craft?"

"It is hard to say. I have watched closely. I have pondered deeply. I have spent some sleepless nights upon the matter, and I do not know. Sometimes I think they have followers. Other times they have no friends and no sympathizers. Then I am hopeful and my soul is buoyant.

"Then there are times when I have feared they have the ears of others. There are twelve others who appear to listen to them most consistently, but I have no proof. It may be thy wisdom can find a solution to the problem."

Hiram then spoke, "Thinkest thou the three have an appointment together?"

"I fear so," replied the Master.

"Where?" asked Hiram.

"I have neither knowledge nor opinion."

"For what purpose?" asked Hiram.

"I do not know nor am I sure; I should not speak my suspicion. I have no proof."

"No proof indeed." growled the man on trial.

Hiram held up his hand for silence and looking at the Master, and asked. "Well?"

"That is all." said the Master.

"It is well," said Hiram, and he turned to the one on trial. "Now what is your story, and what is thy name?"

"I have several," said the man.

"Give me thy name," repeated Hiram.

"Thou hast heard some of them and thou has forgotten."

"Well, I'll not over-task thy treacherous memory.

"Stolkin is one but you may call me Jubela, for one name is as good as another."

"Well Jubela, What hast thou to say?" asked Hiram, ignoring the insult the fellow had put into his words and tone.

"I? Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"Indeed? It is well." Hiram then turned to the Master. "Until we know where and how he spends his time he gains, rightly or wrongly, from his hours of labor, and who his companions are, we cannot be sure of a final judgment in his case. For present he may work."

"I work?" cried the Judged. "I say I will not work. Not all the powers possessed by you, and the Tyrian Tyrant, can coerce and compel men to work, I will not work more. I will never work again."

"Wilt thou not? Rash man, I am half minded to take thee at thy word, and condemn thee accordingly. But I cannot bring myself to be so cruel. None others are more miserable than he who may not labor; none so worthy of pity as the man who the priceless privilege of work is denied. Jubela, I will not cut thee off forever, though thy own lips have spoken the penalty. I do not send thee to a Masonic death. I do not expel thee from the fraternity Thou dost defy."

Hiram paused and then went on, "But for such time as the Grand Lodge at Jerusalem may find right and fitting, THOU SHALT NOT WORK in their name, by their authority, and to last during their pleasure. I SUSPEND THEE FROM ALL RIGHTS AND PRIVILAGES OF FREEMASONRY."

The condemned advanced with threatening eyes and raged. "I refuse to submit to the sentence," he cried. "I defy thy power and authority, Send for Solomon. Call also the King of Tyre. I ask that the court set upon my case. Let the Princes of the Craft decide weather a refusal to work is a sufficient reason for shutting the gates of the Craft and Masonry to me."

But Hiram did not stoop to quail, did not turn away. His hand was thrust into his bosom and from an inside pocket he drew forth the symbol of Majesty and held it before the eyes of Jubela who, after looking upon the seal, turned his head and in his dejection and dishonored self, staggered down the rude pathway to the sea. He had looked upon the signet of the Great King and seal of Solomon.

A CLANDESTINE LODGE (Second Lecture of the Second)

Some days after Hiram had suspended the Tyrian, who had called himself Jubela, business called the architect to Mount Moriah on a certain sixth day of the week. Remaining until labor was over, it pleased him to meet with several of the lodges which assembled soon after labor was done. Hiram passed from lodge to lodge, remaining for only a short time in each, but giving a hearty word of commendation and encouragement in each.

When the lodges were over, the last prayers said, and the brethren gone, Hiram retired to his own house, builded for him near where the Temple site had been selected.

Having praised God for the glorious past and asking his care for the future, he laid down and was soon asleep.

Exactly how long he slept he never knew, but when he awoke, the place of the full moon in the sky showed that it was long past low twelve. The week was gone. The sixth day was finished. Once more the six-stepped symbol of the period taken for the creation of all things had gone from the future. The Sabbath had begun, a coming day of rest that shall know no morning or night and neither beginning nor end. Hiram came down from his bed. He bent his knees upon the stones of the mountains. He laid his forehead in the dust. He prayed to God.

It was in the month of Tamuz. The night was hot, the air still, but something chill and dread seemed standing near the soul of the artist, priest, prophet, an uncrowned king of the Kingdom of I AM THAT I AM.

But Hiram deeply impressed by something, he knew not what, clothed himself in all his garments; then he arose and went his way.

He moved slowly between the rows of houses built to shelter the men whose labors were near the very dwelling place of God. His step was light. His breath was soft, He would not wake any of his tired brothers from their well earned slumbers and he did not. He went his way alone. So every man must go in hours of greatest danger and need, save only God goes with him Hiram seemed to be drawn to the back of the mountain, and then he heard sounds in the night and cautiously advanced guided by the discordant sounds, and found, at no great distance, that the noise came from the earth at his feet. A short search revealed an opening between the rocks, leading steeply downward, too narrow for the passage of a man, and too precipitous for safety had its breadth been greater. It nevertheless gave the architect a good view of all that was below him. His astonished

gaze rested upon a cleft in the rocks which opened into a cavern, which extended in such a direction that he felt certain it opened to the outer world toward the west.

The Cavern, or so much of it that Hiram could see, was dimly lighted by three torches, placed in a triangular form and suspended from the roof of the cavern their feebly blazing ends below.

In the center of the space, marked by the ill-favored triangle, and at the spot where piety would have raised an altar, a deep hollow had been cut into the rocks. In the hollow was what Hiram at first thought was a scroll containing the Sacred Scriptures. His anger waxed great at the blasphemy he felt had been done in so placing it. A moment later a careless foot brushed it a little aside, and it fell open. Hiram's heart was glad to see no word was written upon it.

Hiram looked about the strange hall of assembly, and discovered fifteen men in all, twelve of whom were garbed as fellow crafts who sat in silence. Though they faced the north, Hiram could not clearly see a single face of them. The North was indeed the abode of darkness, and their faces were bowed down upon their breasts.

The other three, with bloody faces and blackened eyes, fought to and fro across the altar that was no altar, over the record that was no record. Each one was for himself. The sound of their deep breathing was like the roar of a distant tempest, and the noise of their cries and threats was like the song of devils. "I will have the east," snarled one, striking two murderous blows right and left. Up to his feet sprang another and cried out, "I will never sit in the South. Never. Never, Never."

Two of them grappled, struggled up and down in a shapeless heap. The other sprang up shouting, "I will sit in Solomon's seat." "I then

shall be king," said the other, rising to his feet, And so the wicked work went on until the three were so weary that they could do no less than stand and look at one another.

"We need not quarrel" gasped one. "It is only by agreement that we shall gain strength. Let us settle the matter by recourse to reason. You two are Masons, still. Unsuspended, because undetected. I have been out. They have been closed against me. I do not look to see them open for me again."

"I claim otherwise," said one, "and base my reason on the same event as that on which thine rests. Little Hiram hath disgraced and dishonored thee. What better canst thou do than take his place?"

The third nodded approval.

This Point Settled, the contest between the two remaining became double serious as it had not been settled.

The one Hiram had rejected then spoke. "Why not invoke chance when about to enter upon any great and important undertaking? I propose that the East and West be assigned by lot."

"Agreed! agreed" cried the eager and satisfied in a breath. The man of the south produced a silver piece and stepped between the two. "Choose thy side." cried the self appointed arbiter. One greedily claimed the side on which the name of God was written; the other selected the back of the piece.

Up went the bit of silver and down it came with the name of God face down in the dust. Thus was the question settled, but not for always. Oh, no.

The three officers took their places. "This is the East." cried the one to which the station fell. "And this is the west." cried the other. The other

seated himself between the two and said. "And this is the south."

"We will proceed to open a lodge of Master Masons," said the Master in the East. "I believe all present are Mason. If not, it matters little. We will waste no time determining so unimportant a point. Clothe yourselves, brethren." Taking the apron in his hand he held it up so that all might see. "We have heard that the apron represents the earth and man; and the flap, divinity and heaven," and he tied the apron about his body. The others followed his action.

One of the twelve spoke, "Is a meeting of this sort lawful on the Sabbath?"

"It is not." said the Master, "Which is our reason for holding it."

"It would be regular enough," said the one in the South, "if the occasion had to do with the death of a brother."

"We will omit prayer." said the Master, "Advance with me to the altar."

Slowly, the three drew near the center of the hall and grouped themselves closely together. Hiram's heart stopped for a moment. His breath was stilled upon his lips. His face grew pale and cold as though death had stricken him. Hiram at first expected the heavens to open up and fire to smote these three blasphemous brothers.

The next moment they spoke the name of one of Egypt's false gods, disgraced and disowned long before Moses led his nation out of captivity.

"The record is open," said the Master, looking down at the outspread scroll at his feet. "Hast thou" he asked, turning to the South "anything to contribute?"

"The twenty four inch gauge." said the one addressed, "is an instrument made use of by

masters to measure and layout their work. I use mine more wisely to measure the time I must wait for the secrets of a Master Mason." And he cast down the tool he had named upon the scroll at his feet. "The ancient use of the square," said the one in the West. "I have long forgotten, nor do I care to find out again. It teaches me that he who would live wisely should secretly square himself with every foe." He too cast his square down with the gauge.

The Master, without a word, threw down the setting maul, and the three returned to their places,

"What little matter," demanded the Master, "might as well be attended to at a later hour?"

"The setting of the guard." replied the South.

"Set the guard." said the Master.

"The guard is set." replied the West.

"What duties has he?"

"To admit all who come, to permit none to go; to slay all who would escape before thou sayest the word."

"It is well." said the Master.

Hiram hastily rose, He would not trust-himself to look upon such a wicked performance, as the scene played out before him. Hiram retraced his steps to the surface above, and in the clear cool air of the night returned to his abode.

"We shall have to add to our obligations that no Master Mason shall at any time sojourn with lodges which are clandestine; nor speak of Masonry to anyone but a known brother of Masonry. All this I must speak to Solomon and Hiram of Tyre. But, how can I dare to tell them what I have seen this night?" Hiram sat to watch the sun rise on a troubled Sabbath.

BOAZ AND JACHIN **(Third Lecture of the Second)**

It was morning and the sun was not yet many hours high. Many great carriages came up near Mount Moriah, accompanied by numerous bodies of Entered Apprentices, These carriages were laden with the massive brazen Pillars of the Porch, Boaz and Jachin, with the chapters of brass to set on the tops of the pillars, and with the stones on which they were to be elevated above the level of the floor that had been builded about Mount Moriah, builded so that the original peak of the mount showed through in only one place, and that not over large.

There were also in the carriages drags for conveying the pillars up into the mountain, with strong ropes and much tackle, and machines for raising them on end when they should come to the place where they were to be set. The carriages in which these things had been brought from the clay grounds of Jordon, between Succoth and Zarthan, were speedly unloaded. The drags were put in place, the pillars put thereon, and secured so that they might neither roll nor slip. Then the glad army of Entered Apprentices bent their backs and their muscles to the work. In some places the drags were simply drawn along the earth. In some, rollers beneath them aided and accelerated labor. In others, where the way was steep, the burden bearers did not draw directly. But by means of machines with grooved wheels, they pulled far and fast down the hill, while the drag moved slowly up a little.

So thoroughly had Hiram planned all things and foreseen all difficulties, so carefully had he examined every foot of the way over which this journey must be made, and so rapidly did the men work that it was not yet noontime when they reached the top of the hill. In deed the drags hardly came to rest in the journey. When one tired relay of men was ready to stand aside to rest, rapidly with long drawn breaths, another

set were ready to lay their hands upon the ropes. So were the rollers ever ready when the ground made them useful. The workmen at down hill ropes, made fast to the engines of service Hiram had devised, would already be dragging at them before the muscles of those who had just left the ropes had relaxed their strength of labor.

Then when the pillars were ready to be placed, such stone work was prepared for them as would make their height proper when all the buildings and courts and steps should be finished and the porch and temple completed. On the day that the stone work was ready the pillars were raised and placed on it. When that had been done Hiram passed in between them and knelt where the sanctum sanctorum would be, and praised God and asked for the continuance of his favor.

Most men so recognized the material and ignored the spiritual. Who can doubt that the sculptor's statue stands strong and beautiful, true and real, in his soul, before his chisel falls upon the shapeless block? Who believed that the painter's masterpiece is less finished and a perfect dream of beauty in his soul before one drop of pigment stains the canvas?

So it was with Hiram. He builded in his own soul a Temple to the Almighty God. Every stone, every pillar, every cedar beam was within the view of the spiritual eyes of the man. He saw every ornament of brass or gold or precious stone as clearly as if he held it in his hand. He saw the tablets, utensils, curtains, altars, and candles as fully as bitter memory looms before your inner sight.

Real men build real things in a real world. Material men with bones and tendons and muscles erect, the shadowy representatives of things, building them out of stone and wood and metal, so that mortal men in this transitory sphere may see them with material eyes and touch them with material fingers.

But Hiram Abif's Temple to the Great-I-Am was completed before a single earthly stone was laid.

Hiram's Temple is on Mount Moriah yet, and it was in that Temple that he worshiped. On the open floor of stone, with the sky above him, with the East and the West, the South and the North open to his eyes, He would kneel down. To the East of the Temple space, the pillars in the northeast were the corner stones. For many days, to mortal eyes, that was. But he worshiped in the Sanctum Sanctorum never-the-less. In God's Sanctum Sanctorum and his.

You may perchance have heard it said of Hiram that it was the usual custom of the great and good man, At High Twelve when the Craft were called from labor to refreshment, to enter into the Sanctum Sanctorum, or Holy of Holies, to offer up his adorations to Deity and draw his designs upon the trestleboard. That he did.

But we must return to the pillars. These structures represented the highest advance that had been made in the working of metals. They were of Brass, hollow with the brass a fingers breadth, four times repeated in thickness. They were some twenty-seven feet in height and six in diameter. They had chapiters, also of brass, raised upon their tops, seven and one half feet high, into each of the pillars extended for about three-fourths of a foot. They were with lily-work, net-work, and pomegranates.

Hiram had many thoughts in placing them before the Temple. They stood for the pillars of fire and cloud in which God had manifested himself of old, and were to call to minds of the faithful that His dwelling place was beyond them. Yet He had ever been with their nation in good and evil days alike, and had never forsaken them. The pillars named as they were in "Thee is strength," and "it shall be established," one was a reason and the other a promise. Based upon it no proper plea could rise from any pure and contrite heart, borne upward to the gates of the highest heavens as the altar

smoke went up, and fail of having Jachin true of it, because Boaz was true to God. No one could pass these pillars without being reminded of these mighty truths.

Nor was the lesson less to those who might only stand afar off and look upon the pillars.

Hiram Abif made copies of the working tools used in the service of the Temple work, In the quarries, and in the forests, and he made them of gold and silver, He made rolls of the names of the officers of the several lodges of Masons, and caused the Masters of the lodges to send him sealed rolls of all the members they had therein. These things he took, tools and rolls of Masons together with some other things of interest to the craft, many of its secrets and methods of construction and detailed drawings. All these things and many more Hiram made in convenient bundles. He wrote names of the fraternity upon each bundle. Then in the light of day, near High Twelve, with the interested Craft watching to see what he would do, He placed then ail within the hollow pillars, just before the chapters were let down upon the top of them.

Trela was there. He was among the brethren, but stood a little to one side, yet near enough to watch and protect Hiram. His eyes were so bright and his manner so grave that Hiram came down. When he had finished making the deposit, and said to him, "Trela, what dost thou think?"

"Master Hiram, I think?" said Trela.

Hiram smiled; "It is well to think," he said slowly, "if one thinks many times enough and wisely. Dost thou think wisely? And how many thoughts are thine?"

"My thoughts are three," said Trela, "and thou shalt thyself be the Judge as to whether they are wise or foolish."

"It is well, say on brother Trela."

"I think that the high goeth low and the low high, that good may cometh again and abideth in the end. The evil overcometh the good for a time and strength in its place before the better day be. That a conqueror will come up this hill and pass these pillars, and enter in and possess the Temple, and over run it and burn it with fire that is unclean. That I think."

And Hiram replied. "Those are words of prophecy, and of far-seeing wisdom. I doubt not that they are true, and that the future will try them and prove them. What further is thy thoughts?"

Then Trela came forward, drew his sword and struck hard the two pillars in turn, first upon the right and then upon the left, so that they rang loudly, like very musical bells. When sound had died into silence, he looked up and answered, "I think none but a man of keen senses and deep thought will overthrow a nation that once knew Solomon; that a conqueror who comes will have long eyes and deep ears, and a ready hand with the sword. I think only a fool would go in and guess these pillars to be solid. That I think?"

Hiram smiled again and said, "What more dost thou think?"

"This. That thy wisdom is not of yesterday and today alone, but of many tomorrows, that the hidden is from a friend, the half-hidden from a foe that thou hast taken the sacred secrets of Freemasonry in thy hand and hast placed them elsewhere."

For the third time Hiram smiled, but now he turned away and answered nothing.

Hiram gave orders, when the pillars had been put in place, that every workman who came up to the top of the Mountain should in all cases pass between them, in no case stopping short of

them, nor ever passing outside the two when he first came up, and that without regard to the place upon the hill where his labor was done; and, every stone and piece of timber, each and every piece of gold, silver, or brass, or other metal which was to be used on the construction, was to be passed between the Pillars of Strength and the Pillar of Establishment.

It was the beginning of a most noble ceremonial. It was the origin of the legend of the Winding Stairs. It was the inauguration of the most touching and impressive ritualistic service it had ever entered into the heart of man to conceive; the highest level of beauty and solemnity that Masonic wisdom and instruction could, hope to attain, until the day in which the builder should be missing, the Temple desolate, and the empty hearts of a despoiled Fraternity call aloud for the consolidation of a third degree.

LOOKING TO THE EAST (Fourth Lecture of the Second)

Death is inevitable. It is needless, probably useless to inquire into the purpose of the All Wise, in the original creation of the human race, regarding life and death. The same power that made the soul immortal might have made the body so. He did not. The power that stood aside, to allow death to enter the world, may in any hour drive it out forever. He has not yet. He created each one of us to mortally die.

Old men say they must die; young men say they may, and yet, most men live as through death might be avoided.

Do I fail to make myself understood Do you doubt the truth of my words? Look about you and let the events of the world prove what I have said. How do we regard the poor prisoner, convicted of such an offence that his life is the forfeit, when the judge has named the day on which he must die? And how does he regard himself? How he labors, through his friends and

by virtue of his money to influence the powers to be, and seek to change his destiny.

Fatal sickness comes and some wise physician takes it upon himself to say how long we shall live. How we rebel at his decision! How ready we are to seek for a wiser man to unsay his dark sayings. How terrible the months that intervene. Have I proved the position I took? Is not humanity proving it every day? And yet, God decreed death for us from the beginning of the world.

Death is the most important event with which the world has to do, unless we place it second to birth. Yet, birth is sure to lose in comparison. Still, how many of us could go about our daily duties calmly and serenely, did we know that beyond a certain hour prior to a certain event, we must lay down the garments of flesh and go through the narrow gateway to the grave?

Hiram Abif could. Hiram Abif did. I name him the greatest man who lived, when I contemplate the way in which he lived under this sentence of death. Listen while I tell you his secret.

Trela, his personal guard, watched over his master with loving care. On the fateful night, Trela walked up and down before Hiram's door the whole night that he might not be disturbed in his sleep. Trela heard nothing and saw nothing, except the sounds of the flocks and herds, the wind in the trees and grasses, and some beast of prey on Golgotha's dark hill beyond the valley.

Hiram slept in utter peacefulness, but in the morning there was a line written along the wall of his room, as though a finger dipped in fire had traced its blazing way there and the words of the message were these; "Before the Temple is, thou art not!"

And Hiram, lying half awake on his couch, listened to the sturdy tramp of Trela and smiled to himself. Some person slipped from rock to rock, from shade to shade to elude the vigilance

of the alert Trela to write that line upon his wall. Was that the explanation? Great Hiram thought not. His wall, the words which were burned upon his wall, came from the throne above, from the one he served. Hiram rose from his couch and bowed himself to the earth, covered his face with his labor-stained hands, and solemnly said, "Thy will, God, not mine, be above me and with me forever."

Hiram accepted this sentence as final. What lesser man could have done so as calmly and as well?

What would you do, should such a message come to you, and you be convinced of its divine judgment? Call in your friends? Gather your family and your relatives about you? Spend the time left in mourning?

Hiram Abif did not do so. He did not tell Trela, did not inform Solomon, did not send a message to his Royal King Hiram of Tyre, and did not give a sign to the Craft. He did order that no one save himself should be allowed to enter the room in which the message was burned in the wall. This sentence of death was given to him in silence and secrecy. So would he keep it between him and his God.

Yet the sentence was indefinite. God does not reveal more than is needed. The method of death was unwritten. Disease might smite him. Accident might come his way in the quarry, in the forest, or in the clay grounds, when he worked on the Temple during the day or slept at night. Murder might seek him out early or late, at the door of a lodge or at the gates of the Temple. This situation would have driven a lesser man to madness. It only made Hiram the more a man. So was the time unnamed? "Before the Temple is, Thou art not."

The end was near. Its coming was speedy. The rest due old age must be spent in the grave. The

Honors so justly his due must be paid to his lifeless clay, and to his soul, gone to God.

Hiram believed firmly that God wasted nothing in his universe. Believing thus in the divine economy, Hiram felt that his life would be spared until the Temple was well nigh completed. Modest through he was he was not blind to his own merits. No other man in the world could build the Temple that was planned in his soul. So, until the end was so near that another might finish it, He had reason and right to hope he was safe, It was good that man's highest hopes must be that labor be allowed him to the very end, while honor must slip from his mortal body.

Another man would have abandoned his duty, fleeing into another land in a vain effort to hide from God. Or, he might have slowed the work and stretched the time of completion to give him a few more years of life, but man called by Solomon, sent by Hiram of Tyre, appointed from the beginning by God Himself, and solemnly consecrated to his service, was not another man. This man was Hiram Abif. He remained.

The work on the Temple went forward, and Hiram endeavored to speed up the work. His plans were in his head, and they had to be finished. Night and day He pressed forward in the completion of the Temple. The faster that he drove the workers, the nearer he invited death. But Hiram thought nothing of himself. He must complete the Temple, or as much of it as God would allow. Because the hand of the Angel of God wrote for him, over the bed upon which he lay, "Before the Temple is, thou art not!" That was the way of Hiram Abif's trust. Nor did he fail in fidelity.

Hiram had to pass on his knowledge to someone in case he be called to the other world. Of all the Masters and overseers he could trust to carry on the work, the only one with whom he had faith

was Adoniram, for he remembered how on the day the cornerstone was laid for the Temple Proper it was Adoniram alone who so quickly understood his method of seating the great stone. It was Adoniram who foresaw his thoughts and accomplished the work with the least of instructions. Adoniram was also the most trustworthy in the Kingdom for was he not the Keeper of the King's Treasury and the collector of taxes?

Now Hiram sent for Adoniram and he came when the Master called him.

Hiram informed Adoniram that death waits for no man, and it was most important that he have someone to whom he could transfer his knowledge and plans so that should death overtake him the plans of the temple he held in his head would not die with him.

Hiram took the measuring rod in his hand and thoughtfully measured here and there, down from the angle and in from that, up from the South and over from the East, and at the intersection of the two lines, he placed a pebble on the great stone, "Here," he said "the center of the earth is located. Here the sanctum sanctorum will extend equally to the four winds of heaven, to the gate of the morning.

Here the Mercy Seat will set; here the extended Cherubim will guard the repentant. Here the extended Shekinah will light the way of the faithful here shall the pure in heart be blessed by the sight of god."

Hiram paused, and then as if to end the night's work and give Adoniram a chance to rest his mind, Hiram placed his foot upon the pebble in the center of the stone, and tapped it three times. "Here must be placed the secrets of knowledge for future generations." and Hiram turned and walked away to his rooms, leaving Adoniram to his thoughts.

The work of building the Temple went on and no one knew of the secret of Hiram. Then one evening, as the sun set, Hiram of Tyre came to see Hiram Abif. He made his visit short, but he had noticed a change of attitude in Hiram Abif in the last months.

"Is all well with thee" he asked.

"All is well." answered Hiram.

"Because." and the Monarch hesitated, "Tongues wag with mischief, and high heads are unstable!"

Hiram Abif shook his head, then said "Thou wilt remain with me this night?"

"It is impossible." said the Monarch. "When Morning comes I must be as near Tyre as the most carefully placed relay of horses can carry me."

"Thou ridest with a faithful escort, of course?"

"Not tonight." spoke the Monarch. "An escort is too slow. A king finds speed more easily than his officers can."

"And sometimes needs it more," spoke Hiram. After a slight pause, "But the people will grumble. They will hear that thou didst come to Jerusalem and yet not seeing a Royal train or even a single horseman, they will say thou didst never come."

"Let them say it." replied King Hiram. "God knows in Heaven that Hiram of Tyre was here. The Great I Am knows Hiram will journey to Jerusalem when ever Solomon's Temple to the Great Jehovah is in question. You know it, and Solomon knows it. That is enough. I am not sorry I rode alone. Let what is, be. Hiram of Tyre is Hiram of Tyre."

"But is the journey safe?" asked Hiram Abif.

"Hiram of Tyre, the secret servant of the Great I Am, finds no danger in all the earth. I ride alone with a smile on my lips, did I know I was riding to my death."

A hand clasp and the King rose to his horse. His horse turned three times, and he was off into the darkness.

How grand a sentiment, thought Hiram. He has given my soul new breath.

SOLOMON AND THE IRON MONGER (Fifth Lecture of Second)

Then it came to pass, when Solomon, the Son of David, had finished all the approaches to the Temple and the Temple itself was about completed. He was so pleased with the results that he wished to have the Craft share in his delights.

Solomon therefore prepared a feast for his Chief Craftsmen Artificers and spread the table with the fatness of the land and wine and oil there of. The seat of the King was at the head of the table on a raised dais, and the two famous pillars of bronze with their beautiful capitals of lilies, pomegranates and delicate network, stood on his right hand and the other on his left, and the lintel thereof was a canopy over the head of the King.

And Solomon had also prepared a seat of honor and set it on his right hand, ready for that craftsman who might be pronounced most worthy among all who wrought in the building of the House of the Lord. And when all was ready he called unto his Chief Architects, and Master Overseers, and head Artificers who were cunning workers in gold and silver, in bronze and ivory and in wood and stone; Yes, all who labored in the building of the Temple of the Most High, and he said unto them, "Sit ye down at my table and partake of the feast which I have prepared. Stretch forth thy hands, eat, drink and

be merry. The skilled artificer is worthy of honor, is not the laborer worth his hire? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn upon the threshing floor."

And when Solomon and his guests were seated, there came one who knocked loudly upon the door, and, having entered, forcibly advanced even to the festive board. And the King waxed wrath, and asked. "What manner of man art thou who comest thou so rude and unseemly and unbidden to our feast, where none were invited save the Chief workers of the Temple?"

And the man said. "Please you, I come rudely because the servants at the portal barred my entrance, and obliged me to force my way in; but I come not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed this day that the Chief workers of the Temple dine with the King? Therefore am I come.

And when the man had thus spoken, the guests talked with one another, and he who carved the cherubim spoke loud and said "This fellow is no sculptor, I know him not."

And he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said "Neither is he one of those who worked in refined metals."

And he who wrought in raising the walls said, "He belongs not with those who are cutters of stone."

And the one who labored in shaping the timbers of the roof said, "We who are cunning in Cedar wood and know the mystery of joining strange timbers together, know him not. He is not one of us."

Then said Solomon the King, "How sayest thou now? Wherefore should I not have thee plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned with stones even unto death?"

But the man was no wise daunted, and taking a cup of wine from the table, raised it high and spoke aloud saying, "Oh King Live forever." He then drank until the cup was emptied. He now turned to the quests who had rebuked him, and said unto the Chief of the carvers in stone, "Who made the instruments with which you carve?" and he answered, "The Blacksmith." and to the Chief of the Workers in wood he said, "Who made the tools with which you felled the cedars of Lebanon, and shaped them into pillars and roof for the Temple?" and he answered, "The Blacksmith." Then he spoke unto the artificers in gold and ivory and stones, saying, "Who fashioned the instruments with which you made beautiful ornaments for the King?" And they too, made answer the same, "The Blacksmith."

Then said the man to Solomon, "Behold, Oh King, I am he whom men deride when they call me the Blacksmith, but when they would honor me they call me The Son-of-the-Forge. These craftsmen say truly I am not one of them, I am their Superior. With out my labor first, their labor could not be, The Great Tubalcain, whom all men honor taught those who in turn taught me my handy craft. And the mighty Vulcan, who wrought in fire and sweat as I do, it was not deemed unmeet should have the Queen of Beauty to wife."

"Son-of-the-Forge." said King Solomon, "I too Honor you. Thou worthy successor of the Great Tubalcain take thou the seat of Honor at my right hand prepared for the most worthy. It is thy due."

Then Solomon spoke to the assembly, "Behold the most humble shall be exalted, and though all men meet upon the level there are always those who by their zeal exalt themselves in the eyes of their brothers."

And all who were present agreed on-the selection of the most worthy, and unity among

the Craft prevailed and the Banquet was most joyful.

NO PASSES FOR ETHIOPIA (First Lecture of the Third)

The Temple was near completion and Hiram Abif observed signs of discontent among the Craft. He had heard rumors of intentions to traveling into Ethiopia to promote their skill if they did not receive the Masters word.

Now Hiram knew that Ethiopia was a land of pagan worship and several messengers had been sent to request workers to come and build idols and temples to their serpent god.

Hiram Abif went before King Solomon to ask a favor. The King knew that anything that Hiram asked he would grant, for Hiram had never asked anything that was not for the good of all.

"Hiram Abif, what wouldst thou?" asked Solomon.

"This Oh King. Thou knowest that the Temple will soon be finished, and the workmen, skilled and unskilled will come to thee for passes that they might travel into foreign countries to work and receive wages."

"All this I know," answered Solomon the King.

"Then I ask this, that thou wilt issue no passes for Ethiopia, that every request for such a favor shall be denied."

"Surely, Hiram" cried Solomon, "This is a good request, for what man could wish to go there? What would he do in that place? Build a temple to a serpent god? A passport to such a place is an impossibility."

"Is It, Oh King?" replied Hiram. "Give the order and I shall be content."

Solomon turned to an official standing near, "Remember, no permissions for passage into Ethiopia for any workman in or about the Temple, of high or low degree. None are to be prepared or presented to me for approval." After a pause, he added, "Under the penalty of death."

Hiram thanked the great King and retired.

A month went swiftly by. Much work was done in that time. Not a single workman was left in the mountains or in the forests or the quarries. All, who now worked were concentrated upon and near Mount Moriah. Some had been given honorable dismissal and were granted passes into other lands. But none were issued passes into Ethiopia.

One morning when Hiram Abif was on the mountain, a messenger brought him a message which he opened and read.

"Grand Master Hiram; few of the members of my lodge, - Sudden Death No. 13, will leave Israel when the Temple shall have been completed. Few of them are fitted to travel in foreign countries, work and receive wages of any sort. Not one has yet secured a pass from King Solomon. All will remain with us until the end, unless thou order otherwise.

"At our last meeting of the lodge, it was suggested that I call off the lodge and not hold any more meetings until the Temple is completed or Hiram pays us.

I am unwilling to put the question to a vote and need your good council. I beg that thou attend our meeting this night at the seventh hour of the day."

Hiram Abif folded the message and wrote upon the back, "Masters, Wardens and Brethren of Sudden Death Lodge no 13, in the valley of Jehosaphat. If God be willing, I will be with you in Lodge tonight. Fraternally, Hiram, Grand Master."

That morning, three Fellowcrafts asked leave of absence for half a day and their Master reluctantly granted it. The three appeared at the door of Solomon's palace, and sent a message asking for an audience in private. Solomon, strangely enough, for he was usually too busy to do so, granted their request.

The three prostrated themselves before Solomon as he entered, but soon rose and gave sign, which Solomon answered, after which it pleased him to call them as Fellowcrafts. "My Brethren" he said warmly, "Men say the forms and customs of the court of Solomon are numerous, but I tell you the name of Mason is a power for the setting aside of the empty pomp of kings. Came you here from Hiram Abif?"

"We came not from Hiram Abif," said one slowly, "nor on his errands. We came on leave of absence."

The King looked keenly at them. "I know you now." He said. "Though in the beginning, I did not. The cut of your beards and hair is unlike what it was. But no matter.

Masonry regardeth not the outer qualifications of a man. It is his soul that proves him worthy or unworthy. You made me a request once and I granted it. I made a Fellowcraft of each of you. What can I do to please you now?"

Then one spoke up promptly, "Give us the secret of a Master Mason!"

Solomon gravely shook his head. "It is impossible; I can not communicate them alone. It is only in the presence of Hiram Abif, Hiram King of Tyre, and Myself that they can be given.

The foremost one stood silent. Behind him he could hear the whispers of his fellows. "He refuses," hissed one. "He does," breathed the other, "but what can be done?"

"One cannot cheat an ear at the door"

"No, nor the sword in the hall."

Then the one in advance, who had heard every word of this conversation, thought Solomon had heard, and He spoke up. "Great King" he said, "Most Royal Solomon, We would ask for something of far less value."

King Solomon frowned. "I like this not," he said sternly, "but name your humble request. You did come in truth to make, and waste no time."

We would have thy permission, King Solomon, to leave thy kingdom when the Temple is completed, and..."

"And for this," Cried Solomon, "you request an audience with me?" Solomon suddenly paused in deep thought and then spoke on, "Wait a moment. To what land would you have your passes to read?"

"To Ethiopia, Oh King."

"To Ethiopia, indeed. I might have guessed it, No it can not be. I gave my Royal word a month ago, to forget the existence of that land in granting of passes."

"Who asked thy promise?" began one of the others.

"Who asked? Do you dare question the business of the King?" Solomon was almost in a rage but he went on. "Yet will I tell you. Hiram Abif asked and received the promise of Solomon. Now - Go!"

Outside the palace walls, and far enough away to be somewhat free of observation, the frightened three paused for consultation. They called one another by names of the cardinal points, East, West and South.

"It is a plot." said South, "a vile plot. I can see it all as clearly as the sun at noonday. I wonder they have allowed us to get beyond the palace guards."

"There are guards enough outside, my brother," said West, "and thou needest not doubt they'll pay thy wages -- perhaps at the next corner, if Solomon or Hiram so determine."

South shook his head mournfully, and made no answer, but East spoke up boldly, "We can at least sell ourselves dearly as possible. I am a desperate man."

"But Hiram has closed the road to Ethiopia against us. It may be that he knows as much about Ethiopia as we do."

"Or even more." said West.

"Solomon gave us the degree of Fellowcraft as a mere trick," gasp South.

"And forgave us with his lips while condemning us in his crafty heart." moaned West. "How often those two have laughed at us."

"Hiram has never visited our lodge," cried West. "I see now as I have never seen before, his reason for it. He could not come and fail to recognize us. He could not trust himself to conceal the fact of recognition."

"He is invited to meet with us tonight." said South, "and the Master feels sure he will come." "Let us be absent ourselves from the meeting of the lodge tonight and so take no chances."

"My Brothers." said East, "If you are desirous of slaying yourselves, pray do so, but count me out. I am not ready to let life slip through the spread fingers of an unnerved hand. Let me rise to rule and govern."

"Thou shalt rule if thou canst preserve our lives." said South.

"It is well. This is the case. We have sinned greatly. We have planned more. The sum of our sins is known to no man save ourselves. Twelve Fellowcrafts knew once, years ago, enough to warrant the gravest of suspicions. But what is suspicions? It is only a breath."

"It is so," replied South and West.

"Today he gave us private audience and no one can give reason for the same, nor tell what was said and done when we were with him. And we are three to one."

"Three to one?" cried South, with bitter sarcasm. "I ask thee thy own question. What of it? The one is the King, and such a King."

"The King is Solomon," said West.

"No matter. This is a land in which men think. Some think aloud and manage to keep their heads upon their shoulders and their tongues in their mouths."

That evening the three brothers arrived early at the place of the meeting of Sudden Death Lodge No.13, for they had much to fear and everything to hope for. They sat close together and apart from the rest, as much in the darkness of the room as well might be, and waited.

The Master of the Lodge had always been early but on this occasion he was late. Tonight his coming was delayed. Only a quarter of an hour to go and he had as yet not appeared. Never had men listened more eagerly. At last they heard the footsteps of the Master, for they were well known to all the Craft in that Lodge.

Yet on his arrival he did not open the Lodge but took his seat and waited. Time passed and he still waited. Was Hiram to come? Were they waiting for his arrival? And again, they underwent the slow torture of suspense.

While they listened for a sound that did not come, the gavel fell and their faces grew pale and their knees trembled. They cast nervous glances at the door, expecting any minute to see Hiram arrive.

At last there was an alarm and the door opened, but it was not Hiram Abif, but Adoniram who entered, and walked straight to the East. After the Master had greeted Adoniram, in Masonic fashion, Adoniram explained that it was his honor to represent the Grand Master, as he had been called away by the King and was unable to attend.

The three brothers, in great relief, moved from the shadows and after Adoniram had finished talking to the Lodge, asked him a question.

Brother Adoniram, We have a matter which troubles us; in your great wisdom maybe you might answer it?"

Adoniram, who had recently returned from the forests of Lebanon, did not recognize the brothers and said, "What is thy question?"

"It is this." said the East, "Which hath the greater beauty, Woman or the Temple? And which would a man choose?"

"Adoniram, forcibly struck by the question, and reflecting on the outcome of either answer, hesitated.

"Ha" exclaimed the West. "In your great wisdom you cannot answer the question. I was hoping for the Great Hiram to be here, but it appears he is too busy for the likes of our Lodge."

The following morning, half-hour before sunrise Adoniram met Solomon on the way to the great Judgment Hall and stopped him.

"Oh great Master, I am troubled with a question which I am unable to answer."

"So you would request my help?" asked Solomon, "What is thy Question?"

Adoniram drew closer that no one might overhear what he had to say. Last evening I attended the Lodge of Sudden Death No.13, for my Master Hiram Abif, and while there I was taunted by three brothers, I do not know their names. But one of them asked me if I knew which was the most beautiful, woman or the Temple? I could not answer them, but they continued to taunt me, and the absence of Hiram Abif seemed to please them. What is the answer? Which has the greatest beauty, Woman or the Temple, and which would a man choose?"

Solomon paused to think, and motioned Adoniram to accompany him, and continued on his way to the Judgment Hall.

Outside the Great Hall many people were clustered to look upon the Great King Solomon as he passed. But this morning Solomon stopped at the top of the steps and faced the crowd.

"I have been asked a Question. Which has the greater beauty - Woman or the Temple? My brothers, the beauty of the Temple is man's offering to God. The beauty of woman is God's offering to man. Shall a man choose his own handiwork rather than that of the Almighty? But, on the other hand, shall he call that more beautiful which is his, than that which is God's. Brethren, it is a hard question, but this I say, Greater than the beauty of the Temple is the beauty of a beautiful life. Greater than the beauty of woman is the beautiful life. For the two inherit decay, and the third receives the reward of immortality. Think not about beauty of earthly things for they shall pass away." and Solomon turned and entered the Hall of Judgment.

THE KEYSTONE IS MISSING, WHERE IS HIRAM?

(Second Lecture of the Third)

Almost another month has passed, and the work on Mount Moriah is practically finished. A few stages and derricks and other engines for the handling of stones, have yet to be removed. Hiram's rude house still remains there, but as he has requested, it shall not be removed until after the Temple dedication.

The Sacred inner Palace, the blessed Sanctum Sanctorum, will be ready in two nights and a day before Solomon and his Priests are to come up and invite God to enter.

Tomorrow in the Afternoon, a few workmen will finish and complete the removal of all machines, engines and tools, except those to be used in the placing of the copestone in position. By tomorrow night the Temple is to be ready.

Nothing more can be desired, except...There is always an 'except' in all the doings of humanity. The perfect belongs in another world, another life. And here, now, one thing troubles Hiram Abif. One thing is lacking. A Keystone is missing. Hiram speaks of it with several Masons, Masters of Lodges who are passing leisurely from place to place.

"This is the place." he says to each one questioned and He points out an inconspicuous arch in a retired corner, from which the keystone is missing. "And I hoped to have it here before this."

"Is it a large stone?" asked one.

"If we judge its size by the opening made to receive it, it may be lost."

"My stone is a white stone." replied Hiram.

"Has it thy name upon it?" inquired another.

"Not so. It has no name. It carries my mark upon its face."

"What form is it?"

"It is neither oblong nor square." said Hiram, placing his hands in the place of the stone, and indicating the shape. "No other stone like it is prepared for use in the Temple."

"It may have been stolen."

"I believe it not. True it is not so heavy that a single man would find it a burden for his right hand. But God ever keepeth His own. I cannot think that thieves have taken it. Besides what would a thief find useful in a stone like that?"

"Thou has sent for it?" asked a Master.

"I have, twice; once by the men who were in the quarry with me when I wrought it, and once by a soldier in Solomon's Palace. I will send again for the third time this morning."

"What answers were brought thee by those who were sent?"

"Strange answers," replied Hiram, shaking his head. "Each craftsman believed one of his fellows had taken it"

"Is the place near at hand?"

"No. It is a journey of many hours to the South. I have waited long, rather than send again needlessly, but I must have my keystone this day."

Hiram was left alone, and he walked to and fro. Withdrawn a little from the workmen who still remained upon the Mountain. Hiram waited for his keystone, but the stone did not come. Trela did not come. Trela's appointed hour passed, but Hiram, looking to the far South saw no sign of the faithful guard and servant Trela. Slowly the

minutes passed and the sun crept higher and higher until High Twelve stood high in the sky. Then Hiram entered the Temple, passed into the Holy of Holies.

Hiram gave a minute to minute inspection of what had been accomplished and he smiled. The work was simply flawless. It was absolutely perfection. "I have no more designs for any material upon the trestleboard." He said happily. "The spiritual is all that is left."

Then when he had waited in profound meditation for a minute or two, Hiram threw himself upon his knees, and bending forward until his forehead rested upon the solid stone, Hiram prayed in silence. At last his voice was heard, "I thank thee for the friends gone that I shall meet again. I thank thee for the wife I lost, who shall be found. I thank thee for Trela, the humblest of servant of the Temple workers, and among my nearest and most valuable ones. I thank thee for the prayer I have heard him speak. And now, gracious God, I can ask nothing more. Accept my service rendered and my thanks offered; accept thou me Amen. "

Hiram rose slowly to his feet, and passed out toward the way of the south, walking in a shadow that the sun cast in at the open gate.

"Hast thou seen our Grand Master, Hiram Abif?" was Trela's cry at the South Gate of the City, in the tone of one half-wild with fear and dread. The Chief officer of the guards at the gate, a man who knew Trela well and felt much of friendship for him, came quickly forward and laid a soothing hand upon his arm, and said, "Hiram hath not passed this gate for a fortnight, nor have I seen him for as many as three days. He cometh not often to this place."

So Trela by a mighty effort calmed himself and he went into the city, anxious and pallid, but quiet and grave, demanding of those he met the same urgent question, "Hast thou seen our

Grand Master Hiram Abif?" Some had seen him in the morning, some yesterday, some the day before. A few had not seen him for a month. "Where is Hiram Abif?" Trela asked of everyone he met.

Trela went until he came to the King's palace, at about the hour of sunset. He passed in, questioning the guards as he advanced.

Trela approached the rooms in the palace which Hiram sometimes used when he did not wish to climb the mountain to his house. Trela raised his right hand and knocked at Hiram's door. No answer came from within. He knocked again. No answer. He knocked a third time, and received no answer. He opened the door and entered.

In the middle of the room three men sat there speaking to themselves as though there had been no such thing as death in all the Earth.

"Have you seen Grand Master Hiram Abif?" demanded Trela, in a harsh and stern voice.

"I saw him this morning" said one, "and he bade me wait for him here. I am here still waiting for him to return."

"I saw him later," said the tall one, "and he commanded me also to wait his return."

"The third man raised his head from his knees and Trela, seeing his face for the first time, recognized him, for it was the Great Master Adoniram.

"Adoniram" exclaimed Trela.

"Yes, Trela, it is I, Adoniram, and I too, was commanded by Hiram to wait his coming. I have waited many times for Hiram and he has always come. This time I shall wait till he comes or until the King sends for me."

The first man said, "He has never failed to come."

"He never failed", echoed Trela, "But what does that prove?" Trela strode for the door. As a passing remark he paused to say, "But what does that prove? There must be a last time in this world, and first time in another."

As Trela went from the room he decided to return to Mount Moriah and Hiram's house. Surely, someone had seen him pass that way.

Trela asked the officer of the guard in the road, at the entrance to the Mountain, and he replied, "Hiram ordered this guard set. But though the guard did not go on duty until the craft were called to labor again, at one hour past high twelve, I believe the order was made in all directions given as long ago as yesterday. I have not seen Hiram Abif today."

Trela thanked him and went rapidly up the Mountain Road. Half-way up, he met two workmen coming down. "Have you seen Grand Master Hiram Abif?" He demanded.

"Not since High Twelve today. I saw him at that hour go into the inner building of them all, the Temple proper. They say he prays there every day at noon."

The second, when questioned, answered in substance as did the first, and Trela passed on. Up the Mountain he passed a third man who, on being questioned, answered the same as the others.

Trela paused to think and put together what he had learned. Three witnesses had seen Hiram at High Twelve. He had gone as usual to his devotions at that hour, and they appeared to be the last to see him alive. Trela was suddenly struck by his thoughts. Why had he said the word "alive"? Did he fear the death of Hiram? Surely Hiram must be upon the mountain, for that is where he had last been seen.

Trela hurried to the top of Mount Moriah. On reaching the top and looking around, the night would have been dark had it not been for the quarter moon which lighted up the landscape, How utter the silence. How deadly the stillness. How tomb-like the Temple appeared in the shadows.

Trela ran toward the Temple, and almost fell over a man who rose from the pile of rubbish. Trela raised his sword for a moment, but lowered it again. He recognized the fellow as one of three brothers Solomon had made Fellowcrafts.

"I - I was waiting," the fellow stammered, and his hands shook as though he would never be warm again. "I - I am going down the mountain at once."

"Hast thou seen Grand Master Hiram Abif?" cried Trela after the running Fellowcraft.

"Have I seen Him? No! No! Not since High Twelve today. Am I the keeper of the Builder?" and the Fellowcraft ran on into the darkness.

"The Builder is missing," cried out Trela, but he knew the man had not heard his voice.

Trela stared after the man running down the mountain. Then he saw him stop and turn to the left. The quarter moon shone against the white wall of a building. And there Trela saw the silhouettes of three men.

Trela was sick with worry, and his tired bones ached for his time awake had been long. He had traveled to the quarry and returned, plus the time he had spent trying to find Hiram's Keystone. And now, his Master was missing. But now he stood at the door of Hiram's Mountain House. This was the last place to look. Not wishing to awaken Hiram if he were asleep, Trela pushed open the door and entered, but Hiram's bed was empty.

With nowhere else to turn, Trela sat down upon the ground to wait. "Where is Grand Master Hiram Abif?" moaned Trela to himself. He rested his tired head upon his knees and fell into a deep and troubled asleep.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND (Third Lecture of the Third)

"Hiram is missing. How can that be?" asked Solomon. Both men knelt before Solomon with heads bowed to the floor. "Yes, Oh Great Master and King. He is nowhere to be found, two days now we have looked for him but he is not upon the Mountain."

"Have you spoken to King Hiram? He may have sent him on an errand."

"We believe Adoniram is with him now. Both Adoniram and Trela searched the Mountain yesterday, but could not find Hiram Abif."

Before Solomon could reply, the Hall doors opened and three guards entered, they knelt before the throne and announced that Members of Sudden Death Lodge were seeking an Audience.

Solomon paused, as he remembered the lodge and fear entered his heart. "How many are there?" asked Solomon.

"Twelve, in their aprons and gloves", answered the guard nearest to Solomon.

"Let them enter, bring them quickly before me." The doors were opened, and the twelve entered and stood before Solomon.

"You would speak with me? Would it be news of your Grand Master Hiram Abif? Speak up"

The Craftsman nearest the King spoke while the others bowed their heads in silence. "Oh Great King, We have come before you with what we

fear is sad tidings of Hiram Abif. In our Lodge, Sudden Death #13, there were three of our members who spoke of demanding the secrets from Grand Master Hiram Abif, that we might travel and work in foreign countries. We twelve do not wish to leave before the Temple is completed. But we fear the three brothers have persisted in their plot, and may have taken Hiram Abif with them for they are nowhere to be found.

"It is possible," replied Solomon, "they have abducted Hiram Abif and taken him with them to force a crossing of the border. I now command you to separate into parties and travel in all directions to our borders, Question every one. Find them; bring them back to stand before me." Solomon paused to reflect, and as they turned to leave, he called unto them. "This order I demand you obey under penalty of death."

Three days passed, during which no work was accomplished on the Temple. All workmen searched for their Grand Master. Yet on this third day there came before Solomon six ragged men with six border guards. Solomon recognized the ragged six.

"I see you have returned as I ordered". Solomon paused, then in anger said, "But I do not see your Grand Master. Where is Hiram?"

"We fear he is dead, slain by one of these brothers."

Solomon pointed at one of the brothers and said "You killed your Grand Master?"

"No! No! Not I, I did not kill him. I waited at the door where he prayed each day, and when he would not give me the secrets I struck him but he ran away to the West. I followed but did not kill him."

"Then you" said Solomon pointing to the next brother.

"No! No! No! I did not kill him, true I waited for him at the west gate. I grabbed him and demanded of him the secret word. I also struck him with my square, as he ran to the East I followed with my Brother, but I did not kill Hiram."

"Then it was you" said Solomon pointing at the third brother.

"Yes it was I, I did not mean to kill him but my blow on the head with the maul was just too much for his old gray head, I am Ashamed of what I have done and accept my punishment."

Solomon shook his head, and said, "What did you do with the body?"

"We buried it in the rubbish of Temple until high twelve when all were asleep, and then carried it westerly from the temple grounds to the knoll beyond the wall. I planted a branch of Acacia to mark the grave, in case we would have to move the body again."

"You are all three guilty, and you each will receive punishment." Solomon turned to the three Craftsmen and ordered, "Take them beyond the walls of the City, I do not wish to stain this Holy Ground with their blood. With the assistance of the guards, they are to be put to death."

"Oh King! Oh Grand Master! What sentence shall they receive?"

"As Craftsmen yourselves, you know the vows you have taken, and the penalties for violations of the same. Need I be called upon to render sentence which has already been spoken?" Solomon hid his face in his hands and called out. "Bring King Hiram, Adoniram and Trela into my chambers. I would talk with them."

The Sun was high in the heavens before those who had been called had assembled before Solomon.

"Have all assembled"? asked Solomon of the guard.

"All are assembled Sire."

"For those who do not know, your Grand Master Hiram Abif was slain. Those responsible have received their just punishment, Death. We are now assembled to go forth and raise the body from the vile grave and return it to Mount Moriah to be buried in Holy Ground.

"Trela, were you able to locate the grave from the directions given by the vile assassins?"

"Yes Oh King And Master," spoke Trela stepping before Solomon with a tear streaked face. "I have located the spot and have identified the body as that of My Master Hiram Abif. I have brought you his token worn around his neck these many years, as proof of the identity." Trela stepped forward and handed Solomon the chain and Token, which had always hung around the neck of Hiram Abif.

"Trela." spoke Solomon, "You were like a son to the builder. He spoke of you many times, and he had great trust in you, and I shall continue to have that same trust for you. Now you shall lead me to the grave of your late Master."

Solomon then turned to King Hiram and stretching forth his hand and said, "My Friend and Brother let us go to the resting place of our late Brother and Builder."

The procession went forward to the site of the grave led by Trela, followed by King Solomon and King Hiram. On the way to the grave the two Grand Masters spoke in low tones, as they had to make a great change in their plans for the Craft and its future. The Secret Word could not now be given as agreed, thus a new word must be substituted until time should make it possible to use the True Word. They agreed that no words were to be spoken by them at the grave

except in prayer. Silence and Secrecy was their vow until the Temple was completed.

Arriving at the grave, the body was raised from the dark ground with prayer, and returned to Mount Moriah and Holy Ground. All was accomplished with silence and secrecy.

