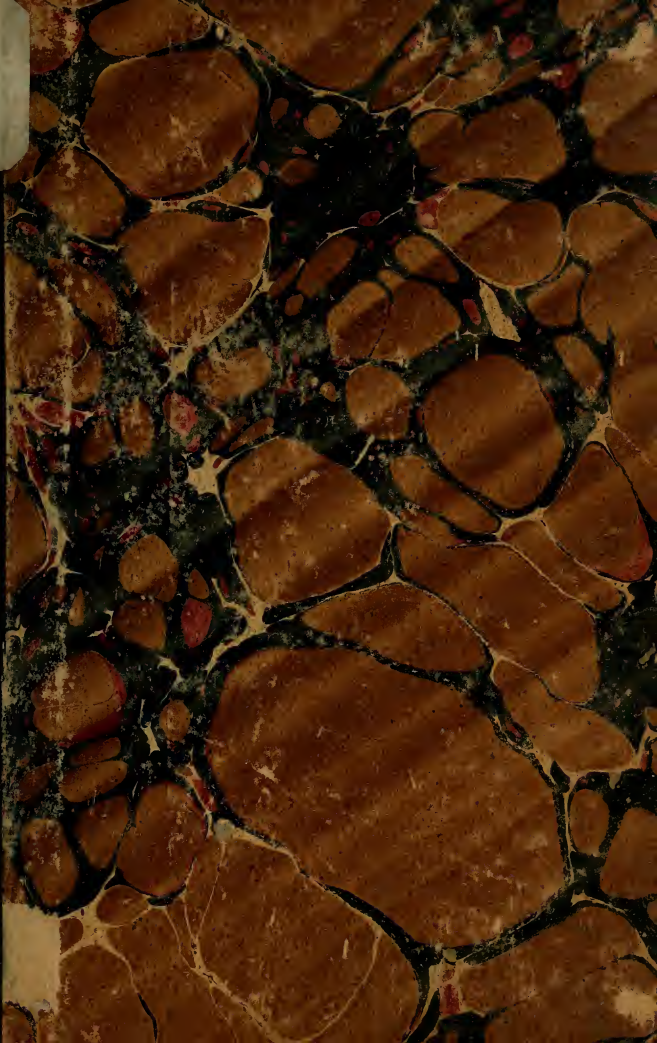


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ODD FELLOWSHIP IN SONG.

FIVE FAMOUS POEMS.

PROGRESS AND FRATERNITY.

THE THREE LINKS.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH.

BY ✓

REV. A. J. HOUGH.

Poet Laureate of the Grand Lodge of Vermont.



14560-J

Boston.
F. A. C.
Narrator.
1894

H. S. Parker Sec
Bradford

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1888.

PROGRESS AND FRATERNITY.

There's a foot upon the threshold, there's a heartbeat at the door,
And the stranger waits a welcome to the lodge room's sacred floor.
We shall greet him as a brother, we shall hail him as a friend,
And receive him to our bosom with a love that cannot end,
He is bound, and we must loose him ; he is blind, and on his sight
We must gently pour the radiance of the purifying light
He must learn by touch and token the deep meaning of our signs,
And the password by a whisper like the winds among the pines.

It may be he comes to meet us with some low and narrow view
Of the meaning of Odd Fellowship, and the work he has to do.
But a change will come upon him, other thoughts his mind control,
When he sees the Order clearly, in the grandeur of its soul.
If he doubts our lofty mission, fails to grasp its purpose large,
He must listen to the accents of the worthy Past Grand's charge.
Human mind has not unfolded with such majesty and grace
Half so grand a revelation of the glory of the race.
It is filled with the aroma, and is shedding it abroad,
Of the white flower of the gospel of the blessed Son of God.
If the stranger, made a brother, gathers from that charge its worth
He will reach the noblest manhood on the fair face of the earth.
What vast depths its words discover, what fair heights shine out afar !
When we see them we remember what poor Odd Fellows we are.

Passing over yonder threshold there is progress every day,
From the lower to the higher, by an ever upward way.
In the Initiatory service, though sublime the lessons gained,
They are but the first faint whisper of what is to be attained.
And the stranger, made a brother, enters but the early dawn
Of the Order in this service—it is noon-day farther on.
Signs and symbols, hidden meanings in his presence will disclose,
As the sun lays bare the blossom and the beauty of the rose.
Every time he enters, musing, at the lodge room's sacred door,
Something new will break upon him he has never seen before.
And when backward fall his glances o'er the darkened way he came
All the shadows have departed, it is luminous, aflame,
With a meaning and a message that he hears with bated breath—
Life's tremendous issues leaping from the silent lips of death !
Can he, will he, in the brightest days his life shall ever see,
Lose the vision of that Presence which spoke once to you and me ?
And the voices of his brothers, that were only heard in part,
Will ring out in clearest accents through the quiet of his heart,
While the rose leaves will be shaken lightly down along his way,
And the wintry wind's sad requiems sound above their swift decay ;
But the spring will follow after, with soft zephyrs in his train,
And the place of death, in beauty, joy and life shall shine again.

Should the stranger, made a brother, dream our Order's but a name,
He would better turn and leave us by the door through which he
came,

For he stands but as a blind man in the midst of summer flowers,
And will see no charm or beauty in this Brotherhood of ours ;
But, if led by clearer vision, as the light grows more and more.
He shall leave behind the threshold of Initiation's door,

Never pausing, onward moving, step by step he upward springs,
All the steps are in a stairway leading up to nobler things.
As the oak trees rise from acorns, and the rivers flow from rills,
So the lodge room opens upward to the everlasting hills.
As the day springs out of shadows to the noontide clear and bright,
We come out of chains and darkness into liberty and light.

On the first step of the Order, at the first door open thrown,
There is Progress written boldly ; we must make the word our own,
For Odd Fellowship, like nature, like all living things and true,
Is an ever growing glory, and progressive through and through.
Who without the aspiring spirit can in any sense discharge
The high duties laid upon him in the worthy Past Grand's charge ?
It will claim the best endeavors of our manhood's splendid days
To approximate in likeness to the model it displays.
Based upon eternal axioms stands the flag we hail, unfurled,
And its object, clearly written, is to elevate the world.
It points upward to one Father, shows the origin sublime
Of all nations, tongues and people, filling every age and clime.
Creeds we know not ; parties, classes breathe not in our finer airs ;
Earth has one great family circle,—this is what the flag declares.
There is room beneath its shadow, and it gathers there and holds
One vast Brotherhood united in its rich and ample folds.
There the nations may concentrate all their energies for good
On the platform, all embracing, universal Brotherhood ;
And the elements of discord, tearing hearts with ugly rifts,
Die beneath the plendid banners that Odd Fellowship uplifts.
All too high this standard, is it? aims too luminous and large ?
They are shining in their brightness through the worthy Past
Grand's charge.

When he rises, in this service, calmly speaking from his chair,
To the stranger, made a brother, you will find that they are there,
Sparkling, clear as stars at midnight, every word a precious gem ;
They will not sink to our level ; we must measure up to them.

Listen, brothers ; there are lessons in that charge the Past Grand
gives

Which Odd Fellowship must practice in her living, if she lives.
It is not our sole endeavor to befriend the stricken ones ;
We are here to build up manhood, as God builds his stars and suns,
Clothing naked, feeding hungry, is a mission grand and true,
But to make a white soul whiter is a nobler work to do.
We shall shield the stricken widow, take the orphan by the hand,
At the bedside of the dying with sweet ministrations stand ;
It must never once be spoken, in the market, on the street,
That a brother died unsolaced, falling at his brother's feet ;
But with all our loving service in the midst of pain and tears,
We must make our brother richer through the everlasting years.
He must bear some stamp upon him, some fine chiseling of light,
That the Universe will hail him as an Odd Fellow at sight.
To have worn our priestly vesture, to have borne our sacred name,
And the man be none the better, would be mockery and shame.
"That's a sermon !" some one whispers ; brothers, by our sacred sign
It's the worthy Past Grand preaching through this simple verse of
mine.

When he shows our lofty mission, by a master spirit drawn,
Our great Order stands to back him, and the world is looking on.
Ours is not a club room merely, hospital or clothing store,
If Odd Fellowship means something, it means infinitely more.
It is manhood fully rounded, in all gracious deeds displayed,

And a character as massive as the hills of God are made.
For the body, it will perish, and go downward to the sod,
But the spirit ever upward, seeketh after life and God.
Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, never one poor sufferer miss,
But the worthy Past Grand told me there was something more
than this !

And the music of his message thrilled me, chained me to the spot,
And its spell is still upon me ;—brother men !—have you forgot ?

Lift the standard of the Order in its glory, grand and high,
As a beacon and a shelter ! fling it out and let it fly,
That to all with tender boldness it may one clear message speak ;
“There is nothing high and noble that Odd Fellows do not seek.”



THE THREE LINKS.

Friendship—Love—Truth.

Characters: SAUL. DAVID. JONATHAN.

News of the battle reached the King
And David with his bag and sling,
The giant's head still in his hand,
Confronted Saul, at his command,
And told in simple, artless way,
How he had left at break of day
His flocks on Bethlehem's pastures spread,
And hurried to the camp with bread,
Beheld the giant drawing near,
And Israel shrinking back with fear,
But knowing then that God and right
Were stronger still than wrong and might,
His bag and sling for arms he took,
And five smooth stones from out the brook,
On God reposed, to him appealed,
And ran alone into the field ;
One stone brought down the giant—dead,
And all his army turned and fled.
Beside the King, and hearing all,
Stood Jonathan, the son of Saul ;

And through this story, simply told,
A mystic bond of heavenly mould,
That link of Friendship we have found,
The two young hearts together bound.
Then Jonathan, with impulse sweet,
Laid down his bow at David's feet,
Unloosed the girdle he had worn,
The sword through many a battle borne,
And girt his friend with noble pride,
And hung his own sword at his side,
And threw his mantle, stranger thing,
Around his friend before the King.

A wondrous scene? yes; think it o'er,
Odd Fellowship means that, and more.
Our bow—the mind—divinely wrought,
That wings the arrows of swift thought,
The girdle, sign of manhood's might,
The sword, our weapon for the right,
All these Odd Fellowship contends
Are ours to help and serve our friends.

Nor must the son of Saul exceed
Odd Fellowship in noble deed.
For well he knew in that same hour
The son of Jesse came to power.
Yet Jonathan stepped out and down,
Glad that his friend would wear the crown.
The world may shake its prudent head,
The creeds pronounce that spirit—dead,

Odd Fellowship seeks but to lead
All men to emulate that deed.
In Friendship's link together bound
We honor worth wherever found,
And help it upward to a throne
That seemed prepared for us alone.
The wearer of our first grand link
The spirit of this scene must drink
So freely that his soul will bend
In homage to a nobler friend.
Though one should all our honors wear,
And pass beyond the highest chair,
Yet self for friend cannot forget—
That spirit has not touched him yet.
Though high his rank and clear his claim,
He's but an Odd Fellow in name.
For Friendship's link forever ends
All rivalry's, and we are friends.

That mantle of the son of Saul
Has a deep lesson for us all.
We cherish, succor and defend
Then strip ourselves to serve our friend,
Counting him worthy of our best
As we would count some honored guest.
And he who shrinks when suffering calls
Has no place in our hearts or halls.
But deeper—in the sign we see
The mantle of that charity
We fold about a brother's name

To hide his faults and guard his fame,
Richer than robe to David given,
And wrought upon the looms of heaven,
Not to be lightly laid away,
But used, like sunlight, every day.

The heart of Saul with anger beat
To hear the song sung through the street
With—Saul his thousands—for refrain,
And—David tens of thousands slain.
Then brooded o'er the gloomy king
An evil spirit's fateful wing.
And watching David from that day
He sought to take his life away.
That spirit broods about us still,
And Saul his rival seeks to kill.
In forum, mart, in church and state,
The little seek to stab the great,
Driving them even to the wall
With the fierce enmity of Saul.
Be ours like Jonathan to throw
A shield between them and the foe,
Rising above ignoble ends,—
That is Odd Fellowship, my friends.

Before the king, with radiant face,
Came David to the minstrel's place,
Awaking on his harp strings there
The song of hope, the cry of prayer,
The chords of love, faith, pain, regret,
The ages never can forget.

And at the strains, now sweet, now wild,
The King grew gentle as a child,
But when the minstrel changed the theme—
A martial air, a patriot's dream,
The clash of arms, the flight of foes,
The King defiantly arose,
And hurled a javelin at his head—
The music ceased, the minstrel fled,
The warriors crowding through the hall
Beheld the weapon in the wall,
And like a beast too late to spring
Upon the prey crouched there the King,
When David comes, to-day, unknown,
By right of worth to take his throne
Though chrismed and divinely led
The javelins fly about his head ;
Nor might of sword nor power of song,
Nor love of right nor scorn of wrong
Can shield him from the hate of Saul—
His javelins still ring on the wall.
But fronting hate's unholy powers
We set a brotherhood like ours,
Heart linked to heart, hand grasping hand,
One line, unbroken, through the land.

Then Jonathan and David met,
The plan was made, the hour was set,
When arrows flying near or far
Should tell of peace or tell of war,
And David went to sit alone,

And wait beside the Ezel stone.
Then to the feast that day the King
Came like a fiercely maddened thing.
“Why comes not David here?” he cries,
With murder flashing in his eyes.
But Jonathan our second link
Of Love had found, and could not shrink
From danger for his brother’s sake,
And, rising, fair excuse to make
For David’s absence from the feast,
The rage of Saul the more increased ;
He cursed his son while breaking bread
And hurled a javelin at his head.

Then Jonathan knew David’s doom,
And rose, and left the banquet room,
Called for his quiver and his bow,
Beckoned a little lad as though
He went to hunt on mountains lone,
Then sought at once the Ezel stone,
“Run !” find the arrows that I shoot !”
And the young lad was fleet of foot,
And ran, and running heard the cry—
“Did not the arrow past thee fly !
Make haste, speed, stay not !” David heard,
And understood the warning word.
Back to the city, wondering, slow,
The lad went with his master’s bow ;
Then Jonathan and David met,
Their hearts were sad, their cheeks were wet,
They kissed, embraced, vowed there, alone,

Then parted by the Ezel stone.
Ah, brothers, of the Second link
In our fair chain, do we so sink
All thought of self that we may shield
Our brother in life's open field !
Forego our comfort, pleasure, ease
To bear him messages of peace ?
For love is sacrifice and power,
The soul's imperishable dower ;
It wings the arrows used in strife,
To save, not take a brother's life,
And rises from a splendid feast
Before a King to serve the least,
In deeds, all merciful, unknown
Beside some sheltering Ezel stone.

More Jonathans we need this hour
Helping young Davids into power,
Sheltering, shielding the oppressed,
Uplifting all that are distressed,
Willing to lose their own fair name
That they may spread a brother's fame ;
Then Saul may let his javelins fly,
Odd Fellowship will never die,—
But rise up in proportions fair
As it is rising everywhere.

They parted, but the link of Truth
Bound heart to heart each noble youth ;
Though Jonathan fell, fighting, slain,

No link was broken in the chain,
For life nor death, nor pains nor powers
Can break that three linked chain of ours.
It holds in sickness and in health,
As firm through poverty as wealth,
Uninjured by hate's fiery breath,
And breaks not at the touch of death.
Bind it about you, brother men,
Who hold the plow, adz, brush or pen ;
The Saul of hatred must depart,
And David of the valiant heart
The larger soul, the finer brain
Come up into his place and reign.

The link of Friendship is the hand
Open for service on demand,
The link of Love, a heart that grows
More dear to friends when pressed by foes,
And that untarnished link of Truth
Shines on the open brow and smooth,
The symbol of immortal powers
Though crowned with thorns or crowned with flowers.
Hail, Jonathan—Love did prevail,
And David, worthy of it, hail !



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

OR, SECRET LIFE THE TRUE MEASURE OF CHARACTER.

Scene—The lonely road of eighteen miles between Jerusalem and Jericho.

Actors—Four Robbers, a Jew, Priest, Levite, Samaritan.

Just what we do, unbiassed, free,
Just what we are where none can see
On lonely paths we travel o'er,
Just that we are and nothing more.
Our public acts the world may scan,
The secret life reveals the MAN.

Here, far away from man's abode,
Upon this lonely mountain road,
Between two noble cities laid,
Men, as they are, will be displayed.
Above—Jerusalem ; below—
The walls of ancient Jericho,
With eighteen miles of road between—
The wildest, lonliest ever seen,
As if the sea at some God-word
Had turned to stone and never stir'd.

Four men well dressed, are passing now ;
They raise their hats, full low they bow ;
Their forms such finished grace display,
Sons of some noble house are they.

Now far up the rocky height
A lonely traveler comes in sight,
Slowly he threads his winding way,
His form is bent, his beard is grey,
The locks that o'er his shoulders flow
Are white as Hermon's driven snow.
Nearer he draws ! a noble face !
Some patriarch of that favored race
Which gave the Christ ; a wealthy Jew ;
And on he passes from our view.
Hush ! there's a cry ! a wail ! a shriek !
The strong are striking down the weak !
And there the victim from the rocks
Is struggling, sinking 'neath the shocks
Of brutal blows ; he falls at last ;
And lo ! the well dressed men that passed
Have robbed the Jew in open day
And left him bleeding by the way.
A man may wear a fine black coat,
Salute you well, then cut your throat.
The biggest rascals in the land
Will move with manners the most bland,
And pious stories glibly tell ;
'They look like heaven and act like—well,
A lonely place, no eyes about,

Will find that sort of people out.
Jerusalem and Jericho
The public life may read and know,
But on the lonely roads between
The measure of the soul is seen.
Here comes a Priest, a man of God,
With sympathies both deep and broad,
A love that knows nor race nor creed,
Call to him, Jew ! He will give need !
The moans which tell of thy distress,
The open wound, thy nakedness,
Will move the man who loves to pray—
Call to him Jew, across the way.
Call louder ! Holy themes and high
Engage his thoughts *He's passing by!*
Saw you the look of high disdain
That answered to the cry of pain?
The air of awful saintliness
With which he gathered up his dress,
Acting as plain as speech could be,
“You'd better die than trouble me !”
The climber of grand altar stairs,
The maker of unending prayers,
The keeper of all heavenly balms.
The singer of seraphic psalms,
The friend of souls, their hope, their guide,
He passes by the other side.
If we have love beyond a doubt
A dying man will call it out.
A lion, brute, will heed the yelp

And anguish of its wounded whelp.
And soulless bird that sings and flies
Will answer to its own that cries.
What made the priest, that man of prayer,
Pass by, his nose up in the air?
He wrought his noble actions when
They could be seen and praised of men.
That bleeding Jew in this lone place,
Has torn the mask from off his face.
In spacious temples he was loud
And lacramose before a crowd.
He gave magnificently where
The throng would cry out "there, look there!"
He *seemed* to have a generous heart
When he was acting out a part
In some fine play; but that lone Jew
Has laid him bare and looked him through.
He would have seen that bleeding brow
Up in Jerusalem just now;
He would have heard that cry of woe
Along the streets of Jericho,
And helped his brother like a God
With tongues to tell the deed abroad;
But here, where none stand by to see,
No tongue, hands, eyes or heart has he.
His life to low self-seeking ran;
He was a priest, but not a man,
A scandal to the name he bears,
Just a machine for making prayers.
We may be great where men can praise,

What are we on life's lonely ways?
The whispered word of hopeful cheer,
The silent falling of a tear,
The friendly hand, the generous deed,
Known only to the heart of need.
Show clearer than a dress parade
The stuff of which our souls are made.

Here comes another of his kind,
But smaller, and so walks behind.
A Levite (would the tribe had ceased),
Apeing the manners of the priest,
Put on the same "don't-touch-me" look,
Takes just the gait his master took,
Treads in his track where ere it goes,
The same precisely, heels and toes.
No ! he is crossing to the place
Where the Jew lies ; looks in his face,
Walks around him, views each wounded limb.
Stares in the eyes fast growing dim,
Treats him as so much broken clay,
Then pigeon-toes himself away.
This doer of religious chores
Inside of Temple hours and doors
Who held religion as a trade
And only worked it when it paid.
No thought had he of swoons or pains,
But simply looked on the "remains,"
As people walk our dead about
To see if they are well laid out.

He served his Maker by the piece
In handling pots and blood and grease,
And having dressed the last beast's limb,
Nor man, nor God had claims on him.
He loosed himself from holy things
When he untied his apron strings.

Poor Jew, thy sorrows have not ceased,
For riding slowly on his beast,
Comes one who bears thy fiercest ban,
The loathed and lost Samaritan,
The scum and refuse of all lands—
Cover thy face up with thy hands !
Upon thy nation and thy tribe
He will heap jest and scatter gibe,
Hurl curses at thy Holy Place,
And call the dog right to thy face ;
Answer thy cries with oath and hiss—
Would God that thou hadst died ere this !
He lingers ; it is but to kill !
Beside the Jew the beast stands still !
Above the wounded, dying man
Leans that abhorred Samaritan.
He seeks the knife beneath his cloak
That carries death in one swift stroke ;
He draws it ! no ! that's oil ! that's wine !
He looks like love, heaven born, divine,
Big tears are streaming down his cheeks,
How tender are the words he speaks,—
“My brother, in distress thou art ;

I am thy brother ; here's my heart ;
Thy wounds shall drink my oil, my wine,
Then on this humble beast of mine
To a near inn, safe thou shalt ride,
And I will walk close at thy side."

Take home the lesson, as ye can,
The secret life reveals the man.

How we have erred in judgment, all,
Calling that great which is so small,
Calling that low which is so high
And Godlike, it can never die.
We see, but only see in part,
We see the face, but not the heart.
Beneath some cursed and hated name
May sweep a soul with love aflame,
And priestly robes may hide a gaunt,
Disfigured soul, all froth and cant.

Samaritan, well named the Good,
We hail thy sign of brotherhood,
It breathes through every cry of need,
And answers in each loving deed.
It knows nor sect, nor creed, nor race
But shines in every human face.
Links North to South, and East to West,
And throbs in every human breast.
Deep as the soul of man it goes,
Wide as his sympathies it flows,

High as his hopes, deep as his fears,
Awaking joys, suppressing tears,
And in the face of clique and clan
Proclaims the brotherhood of man.

Odd Fellows are we? if 'tis odd
To bear the oil and wine of God
In lowly, humble ministry
On lonely ways where none can see,
Odd Fellows may we ever be,
Giving to fallen man the grip
And sign of our Odd Fellowship.



A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

“What is Truth?” the cynic Pilate asked the great High Priest of old ;
It is deeper than all language and in symbol must be told,
Only patient seekers find it after long and weary quest,
For its home is in the heavens and the quiet human breast.
To the wicket-gate a seeker of the noble and the true
Comes with meekness waiting, knocking for admission ; let him
through.
At his left hand Friendship guards him ; at his right hand Love
upholds,
And the spotless robe of virtue round his manly bosom folds.
“What is Truth?” Sound forth the music ; lead the humble seeker on,
Prove him worthy ; make him ready ; then the veil shall be withdrawn.
He is treading in the footsteps of the sages and the seers
Who obtained the Truth before him, after weariness and tears.
Let the music softly tremble, lead the seeker on his way,
After searching comes possession, after darkness comes the day.
Out of Friendship Love came springing, out of Love Truth shall arise
Fairest flower, imperial virtue, with strange lustre in her eyes.
He who wins her ; he who serves her ; he who speaks her accents
grand
Must condemn the wrongs and falsehoods running riot through the
land.
Midst the strife of warring factions firm and stable he must be,
Like a rock of refuge rising in a wild and stormy sea,
And his life will be so blameless and his soul so calm and fair

That the cloudless face of heaven may be seen reflected there.
He has worn the pink of Friendship, he has worn Love's sacred blue,
Now he comes to take the Scarlet, a diviner, deeper hue.
It is glowing like the jasper underneath the heavenly walls,
With the semblance of His glory who illumines the heavenly halls.
All the splendor of the sunset, all the beauty nature shows
In the dying of the maple, through that fiery symbol glows.
And the story of the martyrs who for Truth have lived and died,
Torn asunder, scourged and tortured, crowned with thorns and
 crucified,
In that Scarlet sign is flaming ! what a noble band were they !
He who wears it must be worthy ; lead the seeker on his way ;
Sound the music softly, slowly ; banish every idle thought,
Let the sacred symbols tell him of the Truth so bravely sought.
He beholds the Eye Eternal in a blaze of glory burn ;
Are his aspirations worthy ? There is One who can discern !
Not a motive deeply buried in the soul can hidden lie
From the piercing penetration of that scrutinizing Eye.
Yet it beams on human frailties, full of gentleness, and mild
As the eye of mother resting on the weakness of her child.
Now the Three Links rise before him with a lesson to be taught
That commands the veneration of the mightiest in thought.
What the pure in heart have prayed for, what the sainted sought to
 gain
Is triumphantly accomplished in the secret of that chain.
For behind it breaks the vision of a brotherhood sublime,
Out of every tongue and people, out of every creed and clime.
Bound together in a union broad as Love itself is broad
For a ministry as tender as the ministry of God.
Ah ! but turning there confronts him the sad lesson of decay,

As the leaves that fall in autumn, so this mortal dies away,
All the hopes of human glory time shall scatter and annul—
Is the lesson borne upon him in the Cross Bones and the Skull,
And the Scythe with steady swinging through the grass and through
the flowers,

Is a solemn sign and symbol of this human life of ours.
He will mark the flying moments, he will use them as they pass,
For the mower is before him, and his scythe is in the grass.
But the Bow, the Arrows, Quiver, what a noble sign they make
Of that covenant of mercy he must never, never break.

All his plans may foil and fail him, all his hopes in sorrows end
But his heart shall never falter in allegiance to his friend.

Should he turn away oblivious to his brother's pleading call,
He's no Jonathan, no David—he is imitating Saul.

Bound together in a bundle as the Sticks before his eyes,
This great Brotherhood the forces that would conquer it—defies !
There is boundless strength in union ; close the ranks up where
they part,

That is how Odd Fellows triumph, hand in hand and heart to heart
There is work before the seeker, so the Axe lies near at hand,
Keen its edge, it has a mission he who heeds will understane ;
Clearing highways for the marching of the nations yet unborn,
From the midnight of oppression to the glow of Freedom's morn,
Breaking down between the people every alienating thing—

That is why the axe is wielded ; take it up and let it swing !
See the Heart and Hand united ; for with manners soft and bland
Men will meet us and will greet us with a lie in their right hand,
But this Truth the tender symbol with a silent tongue imparts,
That Odd Fellows in their greeting always shake hands with their
hearts.

In the Globe appears the grandeur of our Order's noble plan :
It is rising to the glory of the Brotherhood of man ;
For the cry of suffering echoes all the weary world around,
And Love's language is familiar where the heart of man is found.
Nothing human can be foreign, is the essence of our creed,
And the stranger is our brother by the fellowship of need.
In the Ark appears the glory and the majesty of law,
Shielding virtue from defilement, holding anarchy in awe,
For the law is Love in spirit, and true Love is also law,
With a pity in her bosom, and a sword that she may draw,
With the wisdom of that Serpent gliding stealthily along
Moves the seeker on his mission in the overthrow of wrong ;
With the Scales of Justice weighing every life within our halls
And regardless of position when the Sword of Justice falls ;
In that Book of Books beholding the grand future of our race
When redeemed from slavish passion it shall take its rightful place
In a universe of freedom without shackle, bond or thrall,
And the peace of God's great gladness shall reign in and over all.
But the sands of life are dropping in the Hour Glass one by one,
And the Truth breaks sadly on us that this life will soon be done,
While the Coffin with its solemn admonition closes all—
And the pride of earth is covered with a shroud and with a pall.
Stay ! not all ! for rising grandly on ethereal wings outspread
Is the form of Hope triumphant, shedding splendor on the dead,
And the burden of her singing as she carols through the sky
Is the crowning Truth we cherish—that the soul can never die !
Robe the seeker with the Scarlet ; to the Priestly order brought
He has seen the Truth eternal into sign and symbol wrought
Just as Aaron was to Moses, eye and ear and heart and hand
So he shall be to his brethren till they reach the promised land.

DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH.

All the daughters of the ages,
Nature's purest, noblest flowers,
Who have sweetened History's pages
With unselfish deeds, are ours.
But the names we hold the dearest,
To our hearts forever bound,
Shining out with lustre clearest
In the Book of Books are found.

Out from Canaan Abram's servant,
At the breaking of the day,
To obtain a bride for Isaac
With fleet camels sped away.
Laden was he with the burden
Of Love's amulets and chains,
And before him went an angel,
Swiftly guiding o'er the plains.
By the well without the city
Of Nahor, at eventide,
Stood the servant with his camels,
Halted by their angel guide.
Thither came the women drawing,
And the servant watched them there,

Till he saw one with a pitcher
Who was fairest of the fair.
“Let me drink,” he cried, “I pray thee !”
Glad she granted his request,
Pouring water for his camels,
And received him as a guest.
In the presence of the household
He his tender mission told,
Showed the earrings and the bracelets,
Gifts of silver and of gold,
But when Isaac’s love and longing
O’er the treasures cast their glow,
Then Rebekah answered softly
To the servant, “I will go.”

Out from native land and kindred
Love drew on the maiden fair,
The fulfilment of a promise,
And the answer to a prayer.
And forever stands Rebekah
In her loving daughters’ eyes,
For their noble emulation,
LOVE SUPREME IN SACRIFICE.

Self-denial for another
Was the lesson brought to earth,
By the angel for the mother
Of strong Samson ere his birth.
Eat not, drink not for thy pleasure,
Lest another life thou mar,
Is the truth Rebekahs treasure.

Like true daughters, as they are.
What may render man less able
To perform his mission grand,
Must be banished from the table
Of our Order through the land ;
For the cry of wrong unheeded,
Through the nation wings its way,
And deliverers are needed
Of the Samson type to-day.

HANNAH claims our emulation,
Her great thoughts our own uplift,
Giving back in consecration
To the Giver, Love's best gift.
Sweet the face that smiled upon her,
Sweet the voice that called her name,
But the Temple's, nation's honor
She preferred before her claim.
At the Temple door she parted
With her son,—bade him God speed—
Not bereft and broken hearted,
But rejoicing in her deed.
That for claims divine, above her,
And the nation's weal she stood,
All Rebekahs praise and love her,
Noble type of womanhood.
There is taught us in the passion
Of the fearless hearted Jael,
That the soft hand of compassion
Can do battle and prevail.

Sisera, with all his forces,
Fled, defeated from the fight,
For the stars fought in their courses
With true womanhood and right.
Through his temple, as he slumbered,
In his tent worn by defeat,
Crashed the nail, with blows swift numbered,
And he died at Jael's feet.

Then uprose the sound of singing,
Deborah, with anthem grand,
And the voice of praise went ringing
For deliverance through the land.

We must follow Jael's example,
Not on fields of deadly feud,
But destroying wrongs that trample
On the rights of womanhood.

ESTHER, patriot-hearted, calls us
To unselfish sacrifice.
How the love of home enthrals us,
Shining from her noble eyes !
What were palace, throne and glory,
Love of alien king and race,
If her nation with its story,
Shall die out before her face !
Her brave spirit we must cherish,
Daughters are we of her line.
"If I perish, then I perish,"
Was her battle cry, divine.

Then the king rose from his station,
Held the sceptre to her hand,
And deliverance for a nation
Lightened all the darkened land.

From the heart of RUTH affection
Like a river ceaseless flows,
Midst the reapers her protection,
Making sweet her bitter woes,
When to fading widow's tresses
Bridal flowers had swiftly run,
To Naomi's heart she presses,
With the love she gave her son.
"Cease entreating," said she, "never
Will I roam from thee abroad ;
Call thy people mine forever ;
And thy God shall be my God.
Where thou diest death shall meet me,
Waiting at life's eventide,

Longing for the hour to greet thee,
And to rest at thy dear side."
While around us love may perish,
Orpah's changeful heart be shown,
Daughters of Rebekah cherish
Ruth's sweet spirit as their own.

SARAH, who in age was tested
With the hopes that die with youth,
Yet upon God's promise rested,
Stands a witness for the truth !

Through all time her life hath spoken
 This deep strain of priceless worth,
That no promise will be broken
 Heaven hath ever made to earth.
She has taught us to remember
 There is neither age nor youth,
Fleeting May nor slow December
 In God's calendar of Truth.
Through our Order's fair communion
 Sarah's name will ever shine
For a faith in deathless union
 With the Word that is divine.

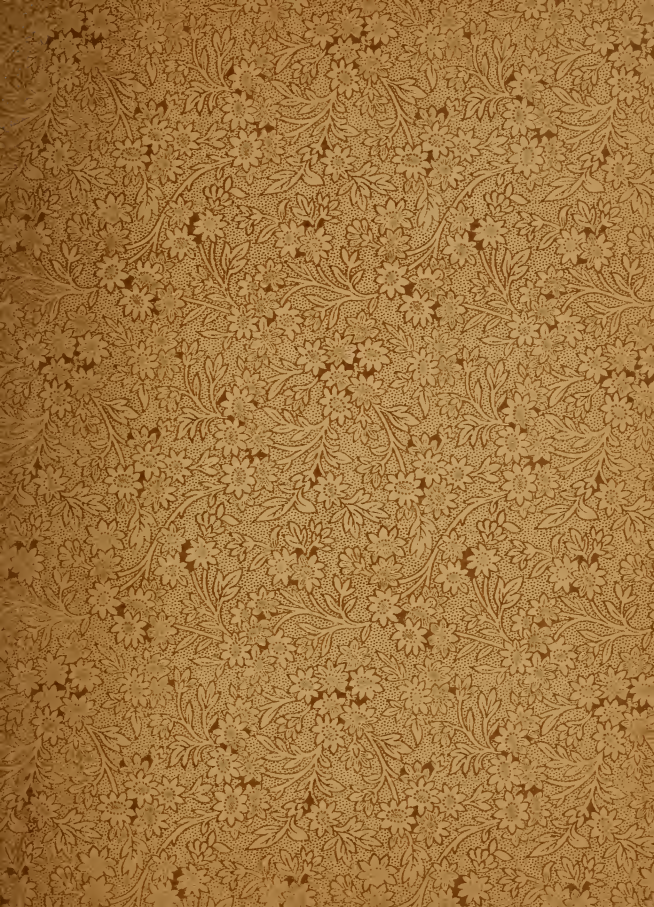
Over Egypt's faded glory
 MIRIAM'S song is ringing still,
Telling to the world the story
 Of Jehovah's matchless skill.
Pleasure, fame—their songs are fleeting,
 Dying on the trembling strings,
But a woman's heart is beating
 In the songs that Freedom sings.
Gone is palace, hall and portal,
 Princes, slaves, a vanished throng,—
By the Red sea, still immortal,
 Miriam leads the dance and song.
And wherever chains are rending
 From the souls they long have bound,
There is Miriam's song ascending,
 There her thrilling timbrels sound.

For the crown that rests upon her,—
Truth triumphant o'er its foes—
High upon our scroll of honor,
Miriam's name resplendent glows.

Like the BEEs our busy daughters
In Love's service never cease ;
Like the DOVE, o'er troubled waters,
They bear Olive leaves of peace.
Like the MOON and STARS our Order
Scatters light from heaven caught,
And God's blessing shall reward her
For the good that she has wrought.







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