

At the Sound of the Gavel

by

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of

Day Star Lodge

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Again convened as brethren true,
We stand together each for all,
With all for each, when that is due,
And Truth and Justice sound the call.
O fellows of the Mystic tie,
Exponents of the faithful breast,
Who under the All-Seeing Eye
Have through all trials borne the test,
'Tis well to meet as brethren should,
In loving converse, hand in hand,
No thought but for the common good;
A loyal and fraternal band.

The youngest suppliant at our gates
Who gropes toward the promised ray,
In trembling hope his fear abates
When prayer precedes his onward way.

Assured his trust in God alone
Is founded on Eternal right,
With willing feet he follows on
The rugged path that leads to Light-
Rapt inspiration fires his soul
When urged to play as best he can,
In humble constancy the role
Of brother and of upright man.

Across the Mosaic Pave he heads
A second time with anxious care
But guided skilfully he treads
The Steps that lead to learning fair-
Art, Architecture, Science, Skill,
The Lyre, the story of the Spheres,
Are dwelt upon and traveling still
An outer gate at last appears;
A warrior judge who stayed the tide
Of Ephraim's vindictive war
Proclaims how plenty may abide
While adding lustre to his star.

The inner portal's welcome space
Is safely passed, and now reveal
In Middle Chamber's specious grace
The Master Craftsman's skill and zeal.
Stern visaged Time with changeless speed
Brings changes to all things below;
Creation's miracle-the seed
From which all things created grow.
The atom's progress to the cell;
The cell's fruition in the shoot;
Still moving upward-these foretell
The dawn of reason in the brute.

Thus rdent Science would unroll,
As record of the Architect,
How man becomes a living soul
And stands before his God erect.
The heat, the storm, the winter's cold
Teach primates in their bitter need
With leaf and branch to build a fold,
Where sheltered they may thrive and breed;
To fend the wile of savage foes
Or guard his brood from savage beast,
The rude defense more seemly grows

As wants and knowledge are increased.

The dread volcano's belching stream
With dire destruction fills the air-
The thunder's roar, the lightning's gleam,
The earthquake's desolating share.
The mind, untutored, fins in these
Malignant purpose, hence in fear
With hideous rites would fain appease
Devouring demons lurking near.
So priesthood aims to guide the feet
&bsp; Of such as falter by the way,
To temples raised in form complete,
The wonder of a later day.

War's devastation, and the hand
Of ruthless Ignorance and Time,
With cold and heat and drifting sand
And ravages of greed and crime,
Have razed and leveled many a fane,
And many a monument and tower,
Which skill and industry have lain
With utmost genius and power.
Nor was there spared the Temple raised
In city of the Shepherd King,
To One whose name is ever praised
With bended head or folded wing.

Yet though the lapse of time and tide
Are marked by wreckage on the shore,
And works of man may not abide,
But crumbling surely are no more;
Though fleeting generations pass
And Kings and kingdoms rise and fall,
Their Cities buried 'neath the grass,
Freemasonry survives through all,
And lives to shed its glowing rays
In ever spreading grace and power,
Till all mankind shall sing its praise
And hail its universal dower.

O Brethren of the Mystic tie,
Who take these lessons to the heart,
The Working Tools may here apply
As inspiration to impart
Faith, Love, and Hope to raise a fane

More glorious than that of yore
Which flourished on Judean Plain
Where Kedron's placid waters pour;
May admonition kindly spell
In Truth to the Attentive Ear,
While in the Faithful Bosom dwell
Masonic mysteries so dear.

A kindly warning waits on those
Who seek the Upper Chamber's art,
And holy promise at the close
Lends comfort to the Faithful Heart,
For all the Mystic Veil concealed
Is won and Knowledge is increased
By glory of the Lights revealed
As One approaches from the East.
While lesson of the Naphtthalite
In mimic tragedy is borne
Upon the mind, its solemn rite
Recalls the Resurrection Morn.

Speak softly, yet in accents clear,
With reverence due for One who fell-
Of all the Craft assembled here,
Choose of our best who is to tell.
No song or story ever rold
By minstrel, skald or troubadour,
Of martyr, knight or warrior bod,
In peace or war, on sea or shore,
Has deeper pathos, nobler strain
To urge the soul in high degree
Than reads Masonic hero slain
Defending his integrity.

From Labor to Refreshment's care,
O Brethren of the Mystic tie,
The Widow and the Orphan's share
Is ours to render and apply;
And ours a weaker Brother's woe
To lessen with a timely aid-
As we would reap, so must we sow,
In mighty love, "As hath been said."
The Square, the Plummet and the Gauge
Are at our hands to wisely raise
A structure lined on trestle page,

Where Justice reigns and Wisdom sways.

Fair emblem, gift of chaste design,
Theme of Masonic heraldry,
In fellowship of Grace Divine
Incline our hearts to purity.
So when our ebb of tide shall come
And from our nerveless hands shall fall
Life's Working Tools, as nearing home
We tremblingly obey the call,
Where the Great Craftsman holds His State,
May we be greeted by the word
Of welcome at yon open gate
That leads to glory of the Lord.