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**Grand Orator
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MOST WORSHIPFUL, GRAND MASTER AND BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE

I appear before you to-day in obedience to a time-honored custom that, at each Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge, an address shall be delivered upon some subject appertaining to Freemasonry.

Standing in this hallowed place, a feeling of awe comes over me as I realize that we are at the confluence of two mighty streams of civilization—one from Athens, the other from Jerusalem. It will be my province to ascend these streams, and see which has left in its meanderings the broadest meadows, and on the banks of which, the most splendid civilization has flourished. I therefore submit "Masonry and Culture" as my theme.

The genesis of empires and republics, of science and religion, is an interesting study. To lay bare the foundations of cities, temples, and towers and see what kinds of materials were wrought into them, gives us a clear and just conception of the characters, habits and intellectual capacities of the peoples who laid them.

Twelve hundred years before our era dawned, on the banks of the Ilissus, and on the "ringing plains, of windy Troy," where the great heroes of early legend had so often "drunk delight of battle with their peers," the Republic of Greece was founded. To see the Chiefs of Troy, there could be no mistaking the character of the people who started it into life. The quick eye, the analytic mind, the poetic temperament, and their warlike attitude tell at once that they were Greeks. Remote as that age was, they were destined, by their lives and the products of their genius, to materially affect the thought and civilization of all subsequent ages and countries. Much of the beautiful, the chaste, and the dignified in literature, in art and in religion can be traced to the writings of their poets, orators and statesmen. Greek thought and Greek culture run like a silver thread through Roman, Germanic, Anglican and American life, and, whichever way we turn, the eye rests upon, or the ear hears, something that carries us back to the "Periclean age" or to the still remoter times of Homer, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

In what did Greek culture consist? What were its elements? What gave it such a place in the human heart?

The word culture refers to the word *cultus*, as of like root with it. The popular mind considers culture and *cultus* to be cognate, and both refer to the right care and service of the Deity, and the right care and service of human endowments.

There were nations that had no *cultus*. Their worship was fetichistic, or reduced to a belief in specters. The relation that exists between the Creator and the creature was not known, so that nature in her darkest moods ruled them with despotic might. The Nile, the crocodile, and the lowest types of life were objects of worship, and hence they have left nothing in religion, in social ethics, or in architecture that is worthy of imitation. In everything there is a lack of that which elevates, ennobles and dignifies life. They had no God, no poetry, no song; no rational, full-orbed existence after death.

The Greek mind broke with the old, earthy philosophies of the Assyrians, Babylonians and Egyptians, and asserted strongly its belief in Deity as a free personality. Their idea of God was not the purest and best; but we are amazed that such conceptions of Him should have entered their hearts at all, independent of revelation. I believe that God was feeling after the Greek heart; lifting it into better states and to the possession of brighter hopes, preparatory to that wonderful revelation which He subsequently made in the fullness of time.

There was a time, in the national life of the Greeks, when they recognized Deity; or Homer and Hesiod, Pindar and Herodotus are phantoms, and the power that built the Parthenon, "cast the image of Pallas Athene," and chiseled that of Jupiter Olympus, is cut through, veins and nerves. And, as long as a belief in Deity pervaded the state, they were great in arts and arms;

great, whether standing in the shadows of their own temples, or sweeping around the shores of the Mediterranean, making the conquests of the world. But, soon as they began to lose faith in the personal Deity, when God-estrangement, pyrrhonism, attained rule, then piety disappeared; philosophy was substituted for the old popular religion, and cultural life was poisoned in its heart. The multiplication of gods irremediably bore the Greek body politic on toward putrefaction, which Aristophanes, plainly and strongly enough, has declared. "It should be remembered," says the historian, "that with the decay of virtue came also the decay of culture;" and both came when the nation denied the personality of God.

It must not be forgotten that Greek culture, which sprung out of their idea of Deity, as the oak springs out of the acorn, was nevertheless a very imperfect culture. It lacked depth, expressiveness and truthfulness. Their conceptions of God being imperfect, whatever culture they possessed necessarily lacked in the perfection of its bloom and fruitage. Take a few examples, beginning with man and his personality.

With the Greek, only the man is the full and real man. Woman was no part of his or of state life. She was far below him physically, intellectually and socially. Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, is represented as saying that "one man is better than 10,000 women; fiat should see the light." Full one-half the race is not reckoned if the Greek estimate of man be correct. A man was only a man when he was free; no slave possessed personality, or a single right which any man was bound to respect. Moreover, there were only two kinds of men, viz: Greeks and Romans; all the rest of mankind were, as the Chinese say of us Americans, "red-bristled barbarians." Antigone, the daughter of Edipus, King of Thebes, who attended her father during his exile, was the most womanly figure of classic antiquity; but how triflingly, even contemptuously, does she speak of the marital relation and of parental affection: "Never would I for a child that I have borne, nor for my husband, were he dead and tamed to dust, have undertaken such a risk the state opposed. One husband dying, I another might have found; and, my child lost, another from another man." I therefore conclude that family life and the rights of persons, such as we enjoy, were unknown to them; that home, wife and children, three of the sweetest words on earth, were not sanctified in Greek culture.

I turn your attention briefly to art. Their models are to some extent law for us, but the best are far distant from the goal. Singing and music with the Greek were another thing from what it is with us. Grasshoppers were complimented for their music. Indeed, they were assigned a celestial paternity, "as the offspring of Phoebus." A story is told by Plutarch, of Terpander, the cultivator of music. He was playing upon his lyre at the Olympic games and a string broke; a grasshopper leaped upon the bridge, performed the part of the broken string, and saved the reputation of the musician." Were Greek singers and musicians now to strike up their art in our hearing, we should not remain long, nor ascribe to them special proficiency in: their cultivation.

I pass by Greek painting, never having enjoyed an opportunity of seeing it, and being therefore unqualified to give judgment thereupon.

In the domain of sculpture and architecture the Greek mind and hand excelled. Standing before their models of the human form and looking upon their temples in Athens, Ephesus and Baalbeck, impressions of glory flood us. Take Praxiteles' groups of fauns, satyrs, maenads and wild bachanals, "of a graceful, gentle, soft and dreamy character," and could anything be more impressive? The Apollo Belvedere the work of an unknown artist, defies criticism, and stands as the most perfect model of manly beauty. Niobe and Laocoon—one transformed by grief into a stone; the other slain by serpents—will, as frozen groups of mythology, claim the attention of thoughtful men forever.

Three of the five orders of architecture, namely, the Ionic, Doric and Corinthian, were not Grecian altogether. The Ionic was introduced from Asia 650 B. C., and all the oldest examples of it have perished. The Doric was first seen in Greece in the great temple at Corinth. The Parthenon is the only building that stands in men's minds as a type of the perfection of Greek architecture, and by good authority we are assured that all the orders known to that people were represented in it.

The theory that these temples and different styles of architecture were symbolical of their civilization, geographical position, and language, must fall to the ground. It has no foundation in fact, and deserves no consideration. I must say, however that, splendid as were these works of art, magnificent both in conception and execution, they were not conquered by the spirit. Every

column stands isolated, speechless, and dead! The spirit of the beholder is arrested in its upward flight by architraves and bleak walls, and precipitated back to the earth. Like their philosophy, the spirit that pervaded their art was of the earth earthy.

I direct your attention for a moment to their poetry. It exhibits to us an intense struggle for freedom. Grand in thought, elegant in expression, and everywhere and in all ages admired, still, internal reconciliation is nowhere found. Communion with God, familiarity with nature, love for man, the deep life of the individual and of the community throw not there transfiguring light upon the creations of poesy. The miseries of the race, the grief's of the human heart, and voices from the cloudland of the soul come forth clamorously. Homer represents Zeus himself as uttering these words over unfortunate man: "For the race of mortal men, of all that breathe and move upon the earth, is most wretched."

The creed of Achilles contains these lines;
The gods ordain
The lot of man to suffer, while themselves
Are free from pain.

The clearest and best thinkers were ignorant of the true account of the creation of the world. One sect of philosophers held that the world was eternal; another that it was formed by a fortuitous concourse of innumerable atoms; and others that it was made by chance; while those who believed it had a beginning knew not by what power it was raised into beauty and order.

They were ignorant of the origin of evil and the cause of depravity among man-kind. They saw and lamented the universal tendency to commit wickedness, but were ignorant of its source. Many of their philosophers complained of an "irregular sway" in the wills of men, which rendered their precepts of little use, and that man pursued his own destruction with as much industry as the beasts avoided it.

The marriage relation was abolished; a man was no longer to have his own wife, and the father and mother no longer their children; but the women and children be-longed to the whole political community. Weakly and defective children must be put out of the way. Kings must practice deception as a wise, holy and necessary means of ruling the people. Valiant young men, who had served their country in battle were accorded unlimited indulgence in the foul, shameful passion which forms the most disgraceful stain in Grecian popular life.

Moreover, truth was of small account among many, even of the best, for they taught that on many occasions a lie was to be preferred to the truth itself. Menander says: "A lie is better than a hurtful truth." Proclus says: "Good is better than truth." "He may lie," says Plato, "who knows how to do it in a suitable time." Another said: "There is nothing decorous in truth; yea, sometimes truth is hurtful, and lying is profitable to men."

Concerning the human soul and its destiny after death, various and contradictory sentiments prevailed. The Stoics had no settled or consistent scheme; the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was not a professed tenet of their school. Even among those philosophers who expressly taught this doctrine, grave doubt of its certainty were entertained. Thus Socrates tells his friends: "I hope I am now going to good men, though this I would not take upon me peremptorily to, assert, but that I shall go to the gods, lords that are absolutely good; this, if I can affirm anything of this kind I certainly would affirm. And for this reason I do not take it ill that I am to die as otherwise I should do; but I am in good hope that there is something remaining for those who are dead, and that it will then be much better for good than for bad men."

The hoary Moschus gives forth this lamentation:

Alas I the tender herbs and flowery tribes,
Though crushed by winter's unrelenting hand,
Revive and rise when vernal zephyrs call;
But we, the brave, the mighty and the wise,
Bloom, flourish, fade and fall; and then succeeds
A long, long, silent, dart, oblivious sleep;
A sleep which no propitious power dispels,
Nor changing seasons, nor revolving years.

But I am admonished that time is too precious to dwell longer on Greek culture. A brief review of its influence on us, and then your attention shall be directed to a culture that was broader, deeper, purer, and more enduring every way.

We find it lacking in elements of rejuvenescence and immortality. Its departure from faith in God poisoned in the kernel all its relations to social, domestic, religious, and political life. Little by little the blight of decay began to steal over its arts, poetry, music, and song, and now there is nothing but death where once all was activity and life. Two thousand years ago poets and philosophers were walking arm in arm into the Porch and the Academy. Alexander, on his Eastern expedition, was spreading the civilization of Greece over the Asiatic and African shores of the Mediterranean sea. They were boasting high perfection of intellect and love of the beautiful, both in language and art, and had peopled their fountains, streams and groves with naiad and nymph. The variety of their hills and plains, the clear lights and warm shadows of their climate, and the mingled land and water of their coast, had given to them a restless activity of mind and body; but, great as they were in arts and arms, their civilization was doomed to die. We need not linger longer at the fountain of Grecian life and culture. Elegant as it was, it is not the culture of which we boast.

We turn to the Hebrew people, who were not so imaginative nor intellectual as the Greeks, but who gave to the world that which was more valuable—Monotheism—a dogma that contradistinguished them from all peoples under heaven. There was a light on Hebrew mountains which never shone on Mount Olympus. The streams of Parnassus to them were not so clear and full as "Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God." The Hill of Zion in which God dwelt, was the type of the joy of the whole earth, while Athens was a symbol of tyranny. Let us pause a moment at the fountain of Jewish national life. Far up the ages, before Cecrops founded Athens, it gushed forth and flowed in its own appointed channel at the command of God. On the plains of Mamre, under the spreading branches of a terebinth, sits Abraham in his tent. Hail, peaceful retreat! Thou, calm, sequestered, tranquil tabernacle, that stretchedest thy quiet shadow over the head of the patriarch and shielded him from the heat of the day—welcome to the mind's eye! Far hence he the scene of desolation!

Homer's heroes are dragged through slaughter, or surround themselves with scenes over which humanity drops tears of unavailing regret. We hear a hero sung—the martial music that announces his coming is drowned in the shrieks of orphans! The laurel of which he boasts was nourished in empurpled plains of carnage and snatched from the field of death. But the "Father of the Faithful," the fountain of Jewish life, surrounded himself with far different scenes. We listen to the music of the grove; we trace the windings of the rivulet; we read the name of God in the starry heavens; and we follow the hero saint through a chequered life to a "city of habitations."

With him God establishes a covenant, and to him He reveals His name—enshrines it in symbol and ceremony—and constitutes his descendants its custodian till it should be developed in a purer and better form. One God, the Father Almighty, was the great distinctive revelation made to Abraham and the Hebrew people. He dealt not so with any man, neither had any nation, except the Hebrews, "His statutes."

Their government was a theocracy. God gave them their patriarchs, kings, princes, judges and mighty men. He gave them their religion, its types, shadows' prophecies, altars, tabernacles and temples, and that imposing ritual service which for centuries held the national heart enchained. But this great monotheistic idea—one God—was a living force. Wherever the Hebrew went we see traces of it. In Egypt, in the wilderness, and in Canaan, it flamed on them like a great sun. Out of that idea sprang their statutes, commandments, judgments and testimonies.

Their worship—how pure and disinterested! Could anything be more impressive than Abraham's importunities for the cities of the plain, or Moses' standing before the burning bush in Horeb? How different the worship of the Greeks, even in their golden age! Every object around them was deified—the heavens, the air, the sea Jupiter, Juno and Cybele. Their fellow men, whom they feared or loved, were exalted to heavenly dominion. A conqueror deluged the world in blood, and, after his death, dazzled by his exploits his infatuated subjects paid him divine honors and placed him among their list of deities. Another crossed the sea, and in a frail bark committed himself to the mercy of the winds and waves. Both the hero and his ship were translated to the skies; and at this hour a constellation in the heavens bears a name which keeps the daring enterprise in remembrance. But the Hebrew looked beyond the material or the sensuous. "The

high and lofty One whose name was Holy," the invisible One whose hand guided the eternal compass of the poles, was the object of his deepest and holiest worship. All through those ages we see patriarchs, shepherd-kings, priests of God, and bards of heavenly song, bowing before the Infinite under illuminated skies, in tabernacles and in temples. Such a line of consecrated men," burning with inspiration's fires," had not distinguished any race except the Hebrew.

From the time when God called Abraham from Ur of Chaldea and separated him and his descendants from all nations, and constituted them a peculiar people, they were not only worshippers of the ever-living God, but they desired to build a house that would in a measure give expression to that wonderful idea which had dominated them as a race—the Monotheistic. The early patriarchs led nomadic lives; from Ur to Canaan, and from thence to Egypt we trace their footsteps. Here for four hundred years they toiled in the shadows of the pyramids, serving cruel task-masters. But one night, memorable in the annals of Jewish history, on the plains of Ramses near Goshen, the hour of deliverance was struck, and " six hundred thousand on foot, that were men, besides children," left for the far off valleys of Canaan. Then came their wilderness life, and finally their settlement in the land of their forefathers.

They were to be a nation of builders. Egypt, the land of one river, of sphinxes, of pyramids, and of an old but idolatrous civilization, was no place to build a house for God. There the Apis, Isis and Osiris were worshipped; but He who dwelt in the bush, and delivered them, had in the ages before selected a spot on the summit of Moriah, in the heart of the Promised Land.

The" theocracy passed and the monarchy came. " He gave them a king in His anger and took him away in His wrath." Saul was privately anointed and after-wards publicly proclaimed at Mizpeh. At length he fell in the field of battle against his enemies at Gilboa. David succeeded to the throne and reigned forty years, beloved by the people and distinguished by Divine favor. It was he who prepared materials for a temple, which was builded by Solomon.

During the theocracy, the worship of God was conducted in a tabernacle constructed after a pattern drawn up by God himself, and communicated to Moses on the Mount. Nor was any change introduced in the manner of worship till the prosperous and " glorious reign of Solomon." Soon as the government became a monarchy, then the idea of a national temple seized upon the heart of the people. David gave it form, Jehovah sanctioned it. and Solomon executed it.

For a full account of this stupendous work I refer you to the Scriptures themselves. The existence and the magnificence of this edifice is indisputable. The world seemed to have known it while it was building. It was known in Tyre, because that city tarnished artificers. The most beautiful and delicate parts of the structure were the results of Tyrian handicraft. It was known in Sheba; her queen came to witness the wisdom and glory of Solomon. It was known in Babylon ; its magnificence was discussed in the tower of Belus and on the hanging gardens of the imperial city of Chaldea. It was known in Egypt; the temple of Vulcan and others were founded in imitation of it. Gold and silver, precious stones -and wood, ivory and peacocks, were contributed by kings and queens, while the sails of commerce whitened the Indian seas, bringing the wealth of the Orient to complete what had been for centuries a dream in the Jewish heart.

In the vaults, under the arches, and within the courts of this house, our Order, according to tradition, took its rise. Associated with its origin is the name of Solomon. In the eloquent language of another: " All that could delight or charm, all that could amuse or interest, all that could thrill the heart with rapture or elevate the mind with the glow of ambition, would seem to have been his. He had explored every accessible field of knowledge and every region of science then known to man. * * * Wealth and empire were at his feet, and ministered to his wishes. * * * Beauty, too, as it bloomed amid his own Judean hills, upon the banks of the Nile, and in the spice groves of Sheba, brought him the tribute which naught but beauty could bring. The rose, with mystic significance "entwined with the lily, and love, with its bewitching blandishments, became the banner of the envied monarch."

With him were two—Hiram, king of Tyre, and Hiram, the widow's son, of the tribe of Naphtali. The former was the friend of David and built his palace. He loved the son because he had always loved the father. Josephus tells us that the correspondence between Hiram and Solomon was preserved in the archives of the Tyrians even in his day. Hiram, the widow's son, whose father was a man of Tyre, " was skillful to work in gold, in silver, in brass, in stone, in timber, in purple, in blue, in fine linen and in crimson."

Solomon, king of Israel, Hiram, king of Tyre, and Hiram, the widow's son, stand in our Order as Wisdom, Strength and Beauty; but in the midst of the Jewish people, embodiments of a faith that had fixed itself in their individual and national life--Monotheism. It imparted to them genius and courage, and made them representatives of an advanced civilization. They had higher aims, larger horizons, more commanding views and loftier conceptions of God and life than had ever entered the heart of Greek or Roman sage.

The building and furnishing of this temple was the flowering out of the theocratic idea. It built the tabernacle, a portable structure of pins, rope and canvas, and, soon as Solomon had "rest on every side," it laid the foundation of this holy house 2900 years ago. It is essentially a Masonic idea; it built not only the capitol of the civil and religious polity of the Jews, but rebuilt it, after it had been consumed by flames. It has reared monumental piles wherever men have embraced it; and today, all temples, cathedrals, churches, synagogues and chapels that point their spires to heaven, have for their foundations, not stones hewn, squared and numbered by craftsmen, but the unity and personality of God. That idea made the age of Solomon the most brilliant period in Jewish history, and it is the strong and steady light that shines upon us to-day. If there be no God, who renews the "blunted horns of the moon?" Who balances yonder wandering worlds? Who feeds the everlasting fires of those mighty orbs, the suns of other systems, the centers of other worlds? We answer, GOD; and amid His attributes and perfections we have built our temples and laid the corner-stone of our Order and of our civilization.

Thirty centuries have passed away since Solomon reigned and the Hiram wrought so nobly; yet the idea that inspired them shows no signs of decay, but is deepening and broadening on the heart of humanity. It is the source of all greatness in individual, national, social and ethical life, and out of it springs all genuine culture. It has given man a just conception of himself and the position he occupies in the economy of Providence. It teaches him that he is a free, spiritual personality, for he was created originally in the image of the Absolute Personality. We admire those masters of art who breathed life into blocks of marble, but what are all these masters compared to the "Personal Originator" of that life that is breathed into these fallen temples? To-day, the race, to a thoughtful man, presents the aspect of a temple in ruins. Once there were high arches, but they were broken; once there stood massive pillars and fluted columns, but the weeds and ivy grew over them; once the light streamed through every aisle, revealing a lovely interior, but shadows fell everywhere; once there was an altar, and from it incense ascended perpetually, but the altar is down, and above it the Shekinah has whispered "Let us go hence;" once a great anthem rolled along its aisles and up to its lofty ceilings, but the instruments are broken and all their music gone.

But the work of rebuilding has begun. After man was banished from the Garden the cornerstone of a mighty spiritual edifice was laid, and slowly, but surely, it is rising before the world. You may not hear the sound of ax or hammer or tool of iron upon it, but, day and night, for sixty centuries, patriarchs, prophets, bards, kings and queens, poor men and peasants, inspired by God, have labored upon its walls. The arches shall be restored, pillar and column set up again, the light rekindled on the altar, and a great anthem once more ring along its aisles. Man, at last, is to be a temple filled with God. And woman, too, by this culture, is to be put on a complete equality with man in the points that concern the essential being of the human personality. -Man is to give himself to her and love her, and she is to become his companion—wife—and out of this relation will come true family life. No civilization can long survive where the marriage and family life are not founded upon the Word of God. As proof, we point you to the times of Louis XIV—times of a brilliant partial culture, times of infidelity and free thinking.

History informs us that the "philosophers of a later antiquity beheld with amazement" the influence which a Biblical culture had effected in woman, marriage and families. Libanius, an enemy to truth, looking upon Anthusa, mother of the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, exclaimed, "What women these Christians have!" Marriage and the family are the bases of culture, and he who would undermine these is a traitor to God, to the State, and to Freemasonry:

Fertile in sins, the times of late
Have rendered, first, the marriage state,
Then race and home, unsound.
From this polluted fountain-head
The direst influence has spread

O'er land and people round.

In Solomon's Temple there were two great pillars, called Jachin and Boaz, and upon the top of the pillars was lily-work. This was for ornament. So in our culture we have not only assigned to men their places, but, as the ornaments of social and domestic life, entwining themselves around our hearts verdantly still, are our wives and "little ones." They are the precious corner-stones of individual, community and state life; and, "polished after the similitude of places," shall extend their mild and improving sway over all the conditions of our existence. And for the orphan, have we nothing? 1 point with pride to Orphans' Homes under the auspices of the State and of our Order, to tenderest sympathy and offices of love. We have been, as a fraternity, eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and bread to the hungry. Tears of orphan-age we have wiped away, and the widow's heart we have made sing for joy.

I turn your attention to architecture. Beginning with Solomon's Temple, everything was significant—pervaded by a spirit that was free and original. The Egyptian style was remarkable for its massiveness; they built, as it were, for eternity. The Greek had harmony and majesty, but the glory of reaching the point where foundation, wall, pillar, aisle, court and gallery were symbolical of dispensations and of events far distant, was reserved for builders who should work as the successors of Solomon.

In our Gothic cathedrals Masonic culture is celebrating its grandest triumph. It is a victory of the spirit over the material; of heaven over earth. Every beam of timber and block of marble cries, "Upward!" Every stone in the pavements of our temples gives an imposing testimony that the "people of God have a house of God on earth."

This brings me to painting in general. Schnaase has said, and none were better qualified to give an opinion than he, "only on ecclesiastical themes can this art acquire a satisfactory, permanent style; without them, it becomes unsteady and vacillating, and at last declines to a mere play of talents, to an idle means of tickling the senses." Take away from our galleries all subjects of a purely Biblical character and what would you have left? Take the "Last Supper," "Christ and his Twelve Apostles," "His Descent from the Cross," and Tintoretto's "Last Judgment," and the world would be impoverished. Our painters have dyed their pencils in heaven's brilliant arch, and their grouping on canvas has given us all the states of the soul—has transfigured human lowliness into divine elevation. Hope and despair, joy and sorrow, victory and defeat are lights and shadows that characterize the divine art to-day. I will not weaken these impressions by dwelling on them longer.

Music and singing have attained a perfection unknown to the ancients. There are two instruments that are essentially Biblical, and both were in use among the Hebrew people—the bell and the organ. "The bell," as another has said, "has only one sound," but, like the sea, it is full of majesty and power, full of alluring clearness and mysterious depth. How sublimely it peals out over the heights of Christendom and the activities of men. No instrument equals the organ in power to affect the human heart, and long before Apollo's harp or Terpander's lyre charmed the Greek ear, it was pouring from its wonderful mouth music in the tabernacle and through the long-drawn aisles and spacious galleries of Solomon's Temple. How often have men, wandering over the earth, been brought to tears listening to bell and organ tones. The organ tone drew away the poisoned cup from the lips of Faust, and has given fresh heart and courage to many a struggling pilgrim on his way to a temple in the skies. What an infinite variety of expression! The grief's of the heart, the anguishes of the soul, the desolations of bereavement, the joys and ecstasies of the redeemed spirit, and the victor's song of triumph; all the experiences of life express themselves in its notes.

What shall we say of singing and of the old masters of harmony? How long could you be entertained if all sacred music were eliminated? Take out of it the Biblical element, and its refining, softening, and, withal, elevating influence would be gone. Take the "Seventh Mass," or "Israel in Egypt," and it is so great that into it can be crowded, without disturbing its harmony, all the winds of heaven. Palestrina, in France, and Handel, in Germany, gave the world the blooming period of music—now you and I are gathering the fruit, and it is most pleasant to the taste.

We have not time to dwell upon language and poetry, nor how our culture has enriched both. Suffice it to say that the German, Italian and English tongues owe much to the Bible and its

literature. Dante, in the "Divine Comedy;" Milton, in the "Paradise Lost," with its fruits and flowers, its vernal landscapes, voiced with melody and diademed with beauty; and Longfellow and Bryant—our own immortals—ranged themselves in line and sympathy with Biblical culture. Beading them, we feel the ancient breath of the upper world stirring our temples and hearts.

It affords me pleasure to say that from "time immemorial" Masons have been the hearty, cheerful patrons of Biblical culture; and that they believe in God, in the State, in family life, in the arts and sciences, in music and song, in language and poetry. But, above all, they believe in the personal immortality of the soul after death—not the unsubstantial "immortalities" of race, or thought, or fame. We find it taught in that great light of Freemasonry—the Holy Bible. There it is, an under-tone that rises and swells and breaks on every heart. We see it living in the white tents of patriarchs, in the temple, and in the "Maccabean age." We hear it trilled on the strings of harps, in the hands of Jewish bards, and in prophecies stretching from the gates of Eden to the "Benedictus of Zachariah." It is a thought that has lived through all time and all extent. The polished and erudite Greek dreamed of it in his "Hesperian Gardens" and Elysian fields of fruits and flowers, and the sun-tanned Children of the woods, as they wandered amid the pomp of nature, rehearsed it in their legends of distant smiling seas and "Islands of the Blest."

The evergreen that marked the last resting place of one illustrious in Masonry tells its own story. You and I shall live—live long after these bodies shall have gone to the grave; long after these hills shall have passed away; long after these star-fires shall have expired on heaven's high archway. Ah, the few years given us here are but a halt at the gate of eternity, and true wisdom consists in preparing therefor.

And now, Most Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren, I have performed my task; and if I have said anything that could enhance the pleasures of this occasion or contribute so much as even a punctuation mark to Masonic literature in California, I shall have said all that I had expected in the beginning.