

## THE APRON

Guard thou this Apron even as thy soul!  
High Badge it is of an undaunted band,  
Which, from the dawn of dim forgotten  
time,  
Has struggled upward in a quest of light;-  
Light that is found in reverence of Self,  
Unselfish Brother-love, and love of God.  
This light now on thine Apron shines  
undimmed;  
Let ne'er a shadow intercept its beams.  
Thine eyes late saw the Sun burst from  
the East,  
Marking the Morn of thy Masonic day,  
Calling thee forth to labor with thy peers,  
Gird then thy lambskin on; nor fail to find  
In it a thought of brooks and sweet clean  
fields,  
Haunts of this lamb through many a  
sunny hour.  
Find in it, too, a nobler thought of Him  
The Light ineffable, that Lamb of God,  
Immaculate, unstained by shame or sin,  
Who, dying, left ensample to all men  
Who would build lives in purity and truth.  
In Wisdom plan thy Apprentice task;  
divide  
Thy time with care, thy moments spend  
as though  
Each day were lifelong, life but as a day.  
In purity of heart and sheer integrity

Use thou the gavel on each stubborn  
edge,  
Divesting thought of aught perchance  
might stain,  
Or scar, or tear this badge of shining  
white.  
At Midday in the Craft's high fellowship,  
Gird round thy life these bands of loyal  
blue,  
Uniting with thee all to thee akin.  
Strong in a deepening knowledge, bend  
thy skill  
To leveling false pride in place attained,  
To squaring thy foundations with the  
truth,  
To setting each new stone in rectitude.  
When in the West the Evening turns to  
gold  
And beautifies what Strength and  
Wisdom reared,  
Pause not, but search thy trestle-board,  
God's plan;  
And ply with solemn joy thy master tools,  
Earth's many cementing into heaven's  
one.  
Full soon an unseen Hand shall gently  
stay  
Thine arm; and on thine Apron,  
scutcheon bright,

Shall rest the Allseeing Eye, adjudging  
there  
The blazoned record of thy  
workmanship.  
Anon, thy Sun goes out and brothers lay,  
With thee, thine Apron in the breast of  
earth,  
Among the forgetful archives of the dust.

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Wear worthily this thy Masonic badge,  
While still thy body toils to build thy soul  
A mansion bright, beyond the gates of  
death,  
No edifice that crumbles back to clay,  
But a glorious house eternal in the skies.  
These, now, be Mason's wages; when  
from his hands

Forever fall the working tools of life,  
Arising, to ascend to loftier work; -  
From out the lowly quarries to be called  
To labor in the City of the King; -  
Glad in the light of one long endless day,  
To serve anew the Celestial Architect  
And Sovereign Master of the Lodge  
Above.

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Thy portion, Brother, may it be to hear  
These welcome words, when the great  
Judge shall scan  
Thy work, "Well done! Thou good and  
faithful servant,  
Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."  
- J. Hubert Scott, Coe College, Cedar  
Rapids.