

## FREEMASONRY'S LOST WORD



It was our Grand Prelate, the Rev. J. H. Miller, who so eloquently tells of the Royal Arch Word:

A down the winding stream of time,  
In sweetest song and old-time rhyme,  
There comes the story of a WORD,  
Most powerful word man ever heard,  
The NAME of HIM who only spoke  
And worlds on worlds to life awoke.

This word, so runs the ancient tale  
Spoken behind the Temple's Veil  
By High Priest's lips but once each year,  
By chance was lost to tongue and ear.

From day of loss through ceaseless time  
Strict search was made in ev'ry clime,  
In valley low, on mountains high,  
Where rivers run, where wheat-fields lie,  
Through forest deep, o'er trackless main,  
That man might speak that WORD again.

The ages came; the ages went.  
And men, on fruitless search intent,  
Forgot the voice that sang the song,  
Forgot the hand that led them 'long,  
Forgot the dawn that broke the day.

Long years had come, long years had gone,  
When came a bright and golden dawn,  
When voice with sweetest note was heard,  
"The Royal Arch has found the WORD!"  
To Royal Arch Masonry has been given, the WORD.

To the Knight Templar is given the INTERPRETATION

Shall we say more?