

The statement "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ." was added to be sure that no one religion would be forced upon the people and that the state would not keep a man from worshipping as he felt he should. To be true to the Constitution and to Masonry we must treat all religions alike. Therefore, we must join the writers of the Bill of Rights and use as our slogan "The Separation of Religion and State."

This brings us to our third point: the State. The State is to provide orderly and just government for all its citizens. The State is not to control, dictate, establish, or prohibit the free exercise of religion. Nor is religion to control or dictate to the State.

May we ever remember, while it is good that the State should not control religion and religion should not control the State, let us not forget that God should control both.

Ed. Note. The foregoing article is reprinted from *The New Age*, November 1960, pp. 29 & 30. In the *Free Press*, December 3, 1960, pp. 22 & 24, Diokno Manlavi writes an account of the establishment of the Republic of Luchuan, near Cuyo, Palawan, in 1899. The petite, short-lived republic was established by Don Casiano Padon, a native of Molo, Iloilo, who was its first and only president. His purpose was to have a government completely free from Spain, the Philippine republic of Aguinaldo, and the United States. All went well in the government until Padon decided to have his "republic" build a church which was opposed by the legislature and the people. So strong was the opposition that Padon fled with his family to Iloilo and thus, for the second time, the attempt to join the Church and the State in the Philippines was frustrated. It will be recalled that when the Malolos Constitution was framed in 1897, the delegates voted to have separation.

DECLARATION OF THE FREE

—oOo—

We have no falsehood to defend,
 We want the facts;
 Our force, our thought, we do not spend
 In vain attacks.
 And we will never try
 To save fair and pleasing lie.
 The simple truth is what we ask,
 Not the ideal;
 We have set ourselves the noble task
 To find the real.
 If all there is, is naught but dress
 We want to know and hear our loss.
 We will not willingly be fooled,
 By fables nursed;
 Our hearts, by earnest thought, are
 schooled
 To bear the worst.
 And we can stand erect and dare
 All things, all facts, that really are.
 We have no god to serve or fear,
 No hell to shun,
 No devil with malicious leer.
 When life is done,
 An endless sleep may close our eyes
 A sleep with neither dreams nor sighs.
 We have no master on the land—
 No King in air—
 Without a monocle we stand
 With a prayer, but
 Without a fear of coming night,
 We seek the truth, we love the light.
 We do not bow before a guess,
 A vague unknown;
 A senseless force we do not bless
 In solemn tone.
 When evil comes we do not curse
 Or thank because it is no worse.
 When cyclones rend—when lightning
 blights,
 T'is naught but fate;
 There is no God of wrath Who smites
 In heartless hate.
 Behind the things that injure man
 There is no purpose, thought or plan.
 We waste no time in useless dread,
 In trembling fear;

The present lives, the past is dead
And we are here
All welcome guests at life's great
feast—
We need no help from ghost or priest.
Our life is joyous, jocund, free—
Not one a slave
Who bends in fear the trembling knee
And seeks to save
A coward soul future pain;
Not one will eringe or crawl for gain.
The jeweled cup of love we drain,
And friendship's wine
Now swiftly flows in every vein
With warmth divine.
And so we love and hope and dream
That in death's sky there is a gleam.
We walk according to our light,
Pursue the path
That leads to honor's stainless height;
Careless of wrath,
Or course of God, or priestly spite,
Longing to know and do the right.
We have our fellowmen, our kind—
Wife, child and friend;
To phantoms we are deaf and blind,
But we extend
The helping hand to the distressed,
By lifting others we are blessed.
Love's sacred flame within the heart
And friendship's glow
While all the miracles of art
Their wealth bestow
Upon the thrilled and joyous brain
And present raptures banish pain.

We love no phantoms of the skies
But living flesh,
With passion's soft and soulful eyes,
Lips warm and fresh,
And cheeks with health's red flag un-
furled,
The breathing angels of this world.
The hands that help are better far
Than lips that pray.
Love is the ever gleaming star
That leads the way,
That shines, not on vague worlds of
bliss,
But on a paradise in this.
We do not pary, or weep, or wail;
We have no dread,
No fear to pass beyond the veil
That hides the dead.
And yet we question, dream and guess
But knowledge we do not possess.
We ask, yet nothing seems to know,
We cry in vain.
There is no "Master of the Show"
Who will explain,
Or from the future tear the mask;
And yet we dream and still we ask.
Is there beyond the silent night
An endless day?
Is death a door that leads to light?
We cannot say.
The tongueless secret locked in fate
We do not know.—We hope and wait.

— Anon.



Let no man question your integrity for to do so would be tantamount to questioning your existence. Honor comes first place first and no more.

—ANONYMOUS