

I stand at our Sacred Altar,  
In the Labyrinth, holy and true  
With the Book lying open before me  
And the ballot box open there too.

The petition of a friend has entered,  
Signed by a committee of two,  
I know all her faults and failures  
As a "Star" I wonder, how will she do?

Like a flash her life is before me,  
I have known her for years and for years,  
She was often untrue to her parents  
And often she brought them to tears.

She never would work for a living  
The world owed her that, she oft said,  
She was indolent, shiftless, extravagant,  
Well, others must rule in her stead.

Would she stand by the Truth and defend  
it?

Would she extend the hospitality cup?  
Would she be true to her obligation,  
Or for pleasure give it all up?

Would she recognize God as her Master?  
Would she seek His power divine?  
Would she clasp the Cross of the Mother?  
Would she serve at Charity's shrines?

Now vote for the good of the Order  
Again rang into mine ear.  
There's a battle raging within me,  
A battle 'twixt Justice and Fear.

She was a friend--and her kindred,  
But this Order I've pledged to defend,  
Pledged to be silent and secret,  
Regardless of kindred or friend.

The Star in the East rose before me,  
In the West the Effulgent Sun,  
In the Labyrinth the White Cross of  
the Master,  
And then my voting was done.

There arose the five beautiful colors  
That shed the soft light of our Star  
With sisterly love they blessed me  
Like the ray that shone from afar.

I sought my seat in the silence,  
A new peace flooded my soul  
When came from the East the announce-  
ment  
Another we'll add to our roll.

Well, years and years have passed  
We have drifted apart and away  
Into lands that are strange and distant  
Where friends are not made in a day.

I felt blue and lonesome and homesick,  
A stranger in a strange, strange land.  
I longed for the sight of a friendly  
face  
Or the touch of a cordial hand.

I read in the news a message  
Of a guest that comes from afar,  
The wonderful and noble woman  
The Worthy grand Matron of the Eastern  
Star.

I will go and see this wonder  
Thought I when evening came,  
I was glad to take up my duty  
I had pledged in my Master's name.

The guest arose and addressed us  
On the virtues of our Heroines brave  
Told how her own imprisoned soul  
The lessons of the Star did save.

Then she told the name of the Chapter  
Where she first saw the Star in the  
East,  
Said all else had failed to arouse her,  
I thought my heartbeats would cease.

Ah! she was my friend,  
And the Light that guided me through  
(A vision of years) passed o'er me  
I knew I had nothing to rue.

Again I stand at the Altar  
A light shone around my gray head,  
"Tis she," she said as she grasped me,  
"Friend of my youth," we both said.

Well, Sisters and Brothers, you never  
know  
What you do at the Ballot you make or  
you mar  
The life of some Sister, some Brother  
Who seeks a home in our Star.

-- Author unknown

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