

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 the 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 'round 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.