

FROM LIGHT TO DARKNESS.

BY BRO. R. W. LITTLE.

"THEY went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us."—1 JOHN, ii. 19.

From the Temple of Light they go out,
Contented in shadow to rest;
Though haunted with lingering phantoms of doubt
And with saddest misgivings oppress.
In the depths of their hearts is a sigh
For the freedom they now have forsworn;
But hope has died out of their desolate sky,
Like a star in the tempest—*forlorn!*
They are chained by the fetters of fear—
They are clad in the livery of shame—
They have bartered a fellowship free and sincere,
For that which is only a name.
No more shall they clasp the true hand,
Or see the bright symbol above,
Which binds in one mystical, brotherly band,
The children of Light and of Love!
From Liberty's shrine they have turned,
In a moment of weakness and woe;
Truth, Honor and Friendship, alike they have spurned,
And the pride of their manhood laid low.
If we grieve for their loss, we but grieve
That *men* should thus cease to be men,
And that falsehood and folly their network should weave
In the land of our fathers again.
But praised be the Giver of Good!
The cause we sustain is His own;
And though by the powers of darkness withstood,
It never can be overthrown.
Then hail to that banner divine,
That floats o'er the fearless and free!
May the light of Freemasonry sparkle and shine,
Till the universe ceases to be!

—*Rosicrucian and Masonic Record*

MASONRY.

"IN early days, when Masonry was young,
And heavenly music dwelt upon her tongue,
Celestial sweetness tempered every grace,
With radiant beauty beaming from her face;
Her flowing raiment pure as virgin snow,
Or fabled fields where fairest lillies grow,
A milk-white lamb ran sporting by her side;
And innocence her manner dignified.
Her whole deportment harmony and love,
Tempered with meekness from the realms above.
A blazing star upon her front she wore;
An emblem of integrity she bore.
Where'er she trod, the Sciences arose;
Where'er she breathed, confusion shamed her foes;
Dismayed they fled, nor dared to look behind,
For foes of her were foes of human kind."

It is intended to form a Masonic lodge in connection with the Corporation and Livery Companies of the city of London, to be called "The Municipal Lodge." Bro. F. Kent, P. M., 117, has obtained the assistance of several distinguished brethren, who, together with some members of the Court of Common Council, have agreed to accept office.