

For the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN]

The Royal Mourner.

It is not good oh! Queen, that thou should'st
mourn,

As those that live for ever in the past;
Thy people like not thou should'st be for-
lorn,

And they would rather see thee feast
than fast.

Thy place is with the living, not the dead;
Thy feeling should be hope and not des-
pair;

The past is all gone by, forever fled,
The present, ah! I know is full of care.

Poor sufferer, how lonely is thy lot,
How troublous the times will seem to be
And yet I know full well thou murmurest
not,

But only prayest low on bended knee.

And unto thee, I say, shall comfort come,
For thy dead Prince has gone into His
fold;

The gentle Shepherd only called him Home,
And comforting he cometh as of old.

Thine eve is fading slowly into night,
But only night before the perfect day;
For us thou hast been ever shining bright,
A Christian warrior ready for the fray.

And loving youthful hands shall smooth thy
brow,

And pleasant always try to make thy road
So when the time comes thou too art laid
low,

Thou shalt pass swiftly to thy bright
abode.

A doer of good deeds thou long hast been,
A teacher of the creed which makes men
wise;

And still for many days shalt thou be Queen,
And ruler of our hearts without disguise.

—*Emra Holmes, author of "A mabel Vaughan."*
Fowry, Cornwall, 1880.

Is Freemasonry Performing Her Mission.

The question at the head of this article, is one of paramount importance to the Craft. It is one that should be made a subject of special legislation in every lodge-room in the country. We are perfectly willing to admit that on great occasions and special exigencies, the wondrous vitality of Freemasonry is exhibited by the liberal manner in which she showers

her offerings into the cup of misery and despair. We desire, however, to see something more than these spasmodic efforts. The clear, crystal waters of Masonic charity should flow in their rippling course as from a perennial spring, enriching her barren soil of poverty, and watering her parched sands of misery and distress. Does Freemasonry do so? Is Freemasonry to-day performing her holy mission?

We take up the reports of grand lodges and what do we find? Extravagance and wanton waste in high places, niggardly charity and plenty of rhetorical display. We turn to the Masonic periodicals of the day, and what do we read? Do we find their columns replete with the generous deeds and noble acts of individual Masons, or the liberal donations and timely assistance of Masonic bodies to their poor and impoverished brethren, their weeping widows and starving orphans? No. We will tell you what you will find: glowing accounts of Knight Templar parades, etc., etc., rite banquets, "hifalutin" speeches of men, rejoicing in high sounding, farcical titles, and ancient Craft Masonry is kept in the back ground.

The Masonry of this continent has gone mad after high degreeism and grand titleism.

We tell the brethren, that if they do not pay more attention to the pure, simple, beautiful symbolism of lodge, and less to the tinsel, furbelow, fuss and feathers of Scotch Ritism and Templarism, the Craft will yet be shaken to its very foundations. Scotch Ritism "founded on Masonic forgery," and only kept alive by proselyting missionaries, is a mere mushroom of the hour, and should never be compared to the pure, holy Freemasonry, which was handed down to us from the Dark Ages, and systematized in 1717. All other so-called branches of Freemasonry are very pretty offshoots, but they are only offshoots of the parent stem—engrafted branches on the oak, beau-