

reverence for the white hairs of the old man who had so loved him, and he failed, and suffered for it, in the soft answer by which wrath is to be turned away. He told me gaily how the disinheritance had got quick wind, his taking his name off Christ Church corroborating it decisively, and narrated good-humouredly enough the change in the world's phases it had shown him, of which indeed the separation from Charley he alone took to heart heavily.

This was all there was to tell, and the chimneys of the Conservative were being already tipped with gold. It was a glorious morning, and we two sat long in its hush, drinking soothing calm. For both it was the morning of life, when we "heard our days before us," and when the yet un-plumed wings seemed capable of what flight soever. A writer whom I love and venerate has told us of three epochs when may come untroubled happiness. There is one when a boy and girl first mutually confess their love. There is another when the child, who is to bear their name and perpetuate their race, opens his eyes upon the world. There is a third, and oh! my dear fellow-craftsmen, may we each of us sometime know it, when the weary workman, his last course of masonry laid, turns his face quietly to the wall to wait the approval of the Great Architect. The sun that rose behind us showed not one of the finger-posts to the writer, but there was none the less light-heartedness for all. And when breakfast had passed, and the club windows filled, and the street had stirred fairly to vitality, and Tulse Hill was no longer to be ignored, what heart was happier in the roaring town than his who pens these lines? Happy with the consciousness of happiness around it, and the prospect of serenity before. Happy with the bright trustfulness of youth; with the simple apprentice faith of him who is but entering on his toil. That apron, so spotless to-day, my brother, must bear many a stain before the hour comes to lay it by. The gavel shall have many dint and the plumb-line be frayed in many a strand, before the call sounds eternally from labour unto rest. What matter! Where within the circle of the Compass and by the angle of the Square has been wrought the task committed to our hands, there is naught to fear. Toil-worn and exhausted, He to whom we render our account will not fail of its fitting wage.

*To be continued.*

---

**FREEMASONS.**—It is estimated that the Masonic Order, at present, contains about 1,300,000 members. Of this number 150,000 are in England, 100,000 in Scotland, and 50,000 in Ireland. There were about 600,000 on the continent of Europe, 300,000 in the United States, 50,000 in other parts of the world. Aside from Asia, the number in India will probably reach 50,000.