

sents himself, accompanied by joyous mirth and gentle peace, to greet you. The goblets overflow, the flame ascends from the hearthstone, the tables bend beneath their plenteous offering, the sparkling wine and the fragrant flower but feebly symbolize the sparkling fervor of our welcome, and the fragrant memory of your history, which we trust will ever descend upon you to bless you and yours, as gently as the dews that descended upon Hermon's Mount and Zion's Hill. You do not come like the magnanimous Prince of Trojan fame, to build a city here, but you come to build a temple in every heart that owns the influence of sublime principles our Order was organized to foster and lives to perpetuate. You do not come, like Prince Æneas, to bring your gods to Latium; but to add to the worshippers around that altar upon which we place the purest offerings of the human heart. You come, not as princes of the olden time came to the consistory, in obedience to imperial authority, but in obedience to the promptings of that spirit which becomes the crowned monarch better than his crown—that spirit which is above all sceptered."

—♦♦♦—
R. W. BRO. WEEKES.
—

Right Worshipful Bro. N. Weekes, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New South Wales is now in England, and proposes personally calling upon some of the prominent masonic official's of the mother-country. We sincerely hope he will be not only successful in his private affairs, but also in his efforts on behalf of our Sister Colonial Grand Lodge. We fear, however, being only a colonial Mason, he will not receive much attention from the salaried officers of England, who apparently fancy colonial Masons are an inferior

species. Bro. Weekes before leaving was tendered a banquet at which all the leading Craftsmen of New South Wales were present, including the Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, etc. At the conclusion of the toast to "Our esteemed Grand Secretary, Bro. Nicholas Weekes," the Grand Junior Warden, Rt. Wor. Bro. Alfred Burne read

THE ACROSTIC

on the fly-leaf of the album presented to Bro. Nicholas Weekes, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New South Wales, on his leaving for England:—

N o empty sentence, Testimonial drained,
I s in the folding of this gift contained;
C old at the warmest, can *such* feelings
show,
H eartfelt and Faithful, with a fervent
glow?
O r, can they fill a friendship's treasure
place,
L ike shadowed pictures of a loved face?
A portrait seems to bring before the view
S ome hidden presence of the person true.

W hen on the wave or in a distant land,
E ach honored face of the Masonic band
E xulting thoughts may raise, that such as
these
K eep one in memory, over distant seas.
E steem for all must in each bosom dwell,
S o "Farewell Brother," for a time "Fare-
well."

BRO. W. H. ORE,
Lodge Edinburgh, Mudgee, No. 4,
G. L. N. S. W.

March 14, 1883.

Grand Secretary Bro. Weekes, in reply, said:—Most Worshipful Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, and brethren, I sincerely thank you for this extremely enthusiastic expression of respect towards me as your Grand Secretary, and I can assure you what I have done in the past has been for the love of Masonry. As you all personally know, the establishment of the Grand Lodge of New South Wales was not done without loss of time and money; but when I nailed my colors to the masthead of the Grand Lodge of New South Wales I did it with a resolve never to lower the same.