

C. C., and Frater James Domville *Second Captain C. C.*, and acknowledged.

The assembly was a very harmonious one and the ceremony most interesting to the visiting Sir Knights, many of the oldest Fraters in the Province joining in the active duties of the conclave, among whom were noticed the venerable Frater John Willis, and the Provincial Grand Master of the Royal Order of Scotland, Frater Robert W. Crookshank.

It was, at the close of the assembly, intimated by the Eminent Commander that the remaining officers would be appointed and installed at the next conclave, namely, Prelate, Treasurer, Registrar, Expert, Almoner, First and Second Standard Bearers, Captain of Lanes, First and Second Heralds, Organist and Equerry, together with a Finance Committee.

At the termination of the proceedings an enjoyable re-union was had, and amongst others the following toasts were proposed and responded to, namely: The Queen, by Frater Bezant; The Grand Master, Grand Chancellor and Grand Priory of England and Wales and the Dependencies of the British Crown, by Frater Dr. T. A. D. Forster. Frater Col. Moore, Grand Prior of Canada, Frater Harington, Dep. Grand Prior, Frater Harris. Grand Chancellor, and Frater the Honorable Alex. Keith, Provincial Grand Commander of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, by Frater Robert W. Cruikshank; "The Fraters of our Order the World over," by Frater James Domville.

We are glad to learn that the Encampment is likely to be a very flourishing one. At the second meeting, held the 22nd ult., no less than thirty-seven Companions were balloted for

HAPPY TO MEET, SORRY TO PART, HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN.

In the above musical and pregnant toast of the Masons of the olden time, we find the theme of our present article. It is a text full of the sweet and endearing philosophy of the "mysterious, glorious science," and is worthy a more elaborate exegesis than that we now have time to make. HAPPY TO MEET: Wherefore? Because, on the checkered floor we find the sole middle ground on which we can meet and blend, "men of every country, sect and opinion;" men of high or low estate, men whose paths in life are adverse and forlorn, and likewise their opposites, men who are so favored as to be allowed to *sit*, like Danae, while showers of gold fall into their laps. In no other earthly organization do we have afforded us such a non-debateable ground, for in none other now existant, do we see harmoniously blending, men of diverse nationalities and views, religious and political: In none other do we see so fully exemplified the blessed and far-seeing democracy of the meek-eyed Nazarene, which teaches us, as Masons, that "worldly wealth or honors" are not valid titles to preferment, in themselves, and that the lowly, if he but be earnest, faithful and capable, has as inalienable a right to the incumbency of masonic high places, as he whose lot in life is that of ease, "which toils not, neither does it spin." What wonder is it, then, that men who are worn and weary with the fat-morgana outlooks, the dead sea fruits, into which

so often, are changed those fruitions for the which they sigh, and have reasonably expected; should be grappled to such an ardor as with hooks of steel? What wonder is it that they should *long* for the contentment of the Lodge Room, and should be *happy to meet* their fellows there, happy to grasp the hand fraternal, happy to enjoy the unreserved and delightful intercourse, peculiar to the time, place and occasion? What wonder is it that men should yield themselves to the ennobling influences of masonic endeavor until these shall "possess them whole," and thus fortify them against the evil communications of the callous world without, and shall send them back again with strength renewed for the strifes and turmoils of a "weary life."

SORRY TO PART! yea, verily, and wherefore? Because, outside the Mason's Lodge, we take up again the fardels which fell off our shoulders as we crossed the magic threshold of that place, where merit and fitness rule, and not mere rank and pretension. Because, *without*, all is "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," the which we may not escape; while *within*, we find, if we be but true to our principles, that "peace and harmony" which is especially the "strength and support" of our far-descended institution. Because *without*, appearances deceive us, while *within*, appearances become realities. Because, *without* we seldom know on whom to rely, while *within* we feel that all, and singular of those we see around us are men in whose "fidelity we may with safety confide." Because *without* we are scourged to our places in the dread battle of life by the scorpion whip of necessity, which the demon of unrest wields with terrible effectiveness; while *within*, we find that needed relaxation from the cares and strifes of the outer life, which re-invigorates and prepares us for the unending contest to which, after the brief respite, we must again return.

HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN! and wherefore? Because, did we who have so often tasted of these joys, and have been "sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust" in the virtues and the aims of that order to which our warmest heart throbs are dedicated; did we not have *this* hope to buoy us up as we go about our daily vocations, we should be miserable indeed. Because, we know that in the Mason's Lodge the most perfect freedom may be enjoyed, and the most genial friendships may breathe their benedictions on us. Because, our prophetic thoughts, secure in the consciousness of the realities and promise of our masonic past, know full well that those realities can be reproduced at will, and that, though oft repeated, they never elude us, never pall upon our senses; neither doth that promise, which, hued like the rainbow, spans the chasm between meeting and meeting, fail to prove itself our efficient consoler, as manfully we perform life's duties, and bide our time.—*The Evergreen.*

Peculiarities of Faith.—Faith knows no other law than the interest of what it believes to be the truth. The end which it pursues being, in its view, absolutely holy, it makes no scruple about invoking bad arguments in behalf of its proposition when good ones do not succeed. If this evidence is not real, so many others are! If this prodigy is not genuine, there are many others which are!