

this affecting and beautiful toast, honored by our fathers of olden time, is enunciated, all is hushed to silence: the brethren solemnly rise, lovingly turn themselves to him who represents the Widow's Son, and catching from his lips the words and rhythm, pronounce in unison, the comprehensive sentiment, "happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again!"

Words and music written and composed, and most affectionately inscribed to R. W. Thomas Bird Harris, Grand Secretary, and through him, to the Canadian Craft wheresoever dispersed.

BY BROTHER ROB. MORRIS.

Happy to meet the sparkling eye, the sinewy hand, the cheerful tongue:

Happy to meet where not a sigh, nor a cold word chills fraternal song:

Happy around the altars base, happy beneath the All-seeing Eye,

Telling the glories of the place, the happier Lodge beyond the sky.

Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again!

Sorry to part, for who can tell, as time goes by, and changes come,

If those who have met and loved so well, shall gather again in masons' home!

Sorry to part, we lingering stand, *sorry to part*, beloved and true,

Yet whisper the word along your band, "God bless you all; and you and you!"

Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again!

Happy to meet again, again, Oh hasten the favoring moment soon,

When happily here, *King Hiram's men* shall carol again the heartfelt tune;

Strong men may bow, the hair grow white, and mourners go about the street,

But echo in will as we've sung to-night *happy again, again, to meet!*

Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again!

HONOR TO McLEOD MOORE.

[During the lecture of Dr. Robert Morris to the Masonic Lodges of Ottawa and vicinity, on the evening of November 26th, he referred, with much emotion, to the circumstances that surrounded his former visit here in May, 1857, and the sad changes produced by time and death during the interval of fifteen years. His remarks had a particular bearing upon one, long known to the Free Masons of Ottawa, Colonel McLeod Moore, with whom, on the occasion named, Dr. Morris was domiciled as an honored guest. This touching reminiscence was closed by the following lines, written for the occasion by Dr. Morris:]

Who can, without a sigh, behold
The bended form and furrowed face
Of one we knew in manhood's grace,
Before he thought of growidg old!

The memories of the joyous prime
Come up with such a deep impress;
We make our dearest happiness
In calling back the parted time.

Dear friend! our winter closes round!
The summer gone, the autumn fled—
All objects, bright and joyful, dead,
And we just lingering on the ground.

How can we bear to live, if all
Is but a phantom of the past?
We will believe, far o'er the waste,
There is a life beyond recall.

Aged and honored! when they cry
Of death shall summon you away,
Leave us to hope in that bright day
To meet our friend, and meet for aye

A thousand hearts in sorrow sore,
A thousand swords in mourning dressed,
A thousand voices round they rest—
All honor to the gallant Moore!