

motive behind. I had a clue to this, yet could not fully understand.

Still Hugh could not regain strength so quickly as he wished. He needed the home care, a want which so many feel. You will remember at the beginning of this tale, I mentioned the existence of a young lady member of our staff. Her people were very kind and soon made arrangements for my chum to live with them for a while. He was at last up, but feeble as an invalid. It just seemed a matter of course, for Jim and me to spend most of our evenings "en circle de famille" with the rest of them after this, and I don't think it did any of us any harm—for we learned to know each other better than ever, and besides, you remember, they say, we need woman's gentle influence to rub away our "angularities."

Of course I have taken it for granted, that my readers will have understood that the time of happening, covered by these events, was months, so that Summer had changed to Autumn, and Autumn was about to shake hands with Winter, and still our "club," as we had come to call it, held its sessions, some of them long ones, too, and many a time, I am sure, the good "house people" must have wished us further, but they were too kind to betray such feelings did they even exist.

One evening, one of us, I forgot which one, made the remark that he hoped Hugh would soon be at work again. He seemed to start at first, and I thought a look of pain passed over his countenance. How one sometimes reads a thought from the tell-tale face. He was silent for a minute or two before replying, "Return to work—I must begin but not in the office. I have resigned, and Jim, let me be the first to congratulate you as my successor. I know you will fill the bill better than I have done, and you have waited long enough. The Manager was very kind and promised me the position for you. I owe it you for all your care of me, through my illness."

"Hugh! Hugh! You owe me indeed!" Jim replied. "Why man don't I owe you my life? I cannot ever repay you half the debt I owe."

"And what might you be going to do for a living," I asked, not by any means liking the prospect of losing Hugh.

We were electrified by his answer. "Dick, old boy," he said, "you do not like the idea of my leaving and don't want Jim for boss, but you wrong him, and all of you, yes, all of you," he repeated, glancing around, "even you, 'Little Miss,' will be glad to own him your boss, as you call him."

I was ashamed to have my thoughts made public. Subsequent events showed that Hugh was right. Some people stick to the point, and so did I now, and repeated my question. Again that look crossed his face, but at last he made answer: "I may not tell you yet, but I have my commission: there is work for me in plenty." We were getting curious, but question Hugh as we might, we could not get the answer we sought.

That evening was a turning point. For the first time I began to catch a glimmering of the truth. "Dick," said Hugh suddenly, "do

man should die; did it ever occur to you that, even as Elijah of old, even so we may escape death?"

"I do not quite understand you," I replied. "I do not know quite how to take you, Hugh. The idea is so new to me and so strange."

"'Tis true, however, old man, quite true, quite possible, but 'tis a road that you and I would find hard to travel."

"Hugh! Why man you must be daft," Jim exclaimed. "This body must die."

"Mademoiselle" alone seemed to understand, but was unable to speak. Like a flash Hugh turned on Jim, who seemed to shrink before him, so intense was Hugh's look, and a meaning within a meaning was in his words. "Nay, Jim, 'tis you who are daft. Did you ever hear that saying about the mortal being swallowed up by immortality? Do you know what life really is? You seem to forget God is everywhere, in everything. He is the life and He cannot die. If you become one with Him you cannot die!"

(To be continued.)

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE.

(Continued from July Issue.)

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON NECROLOGY.

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias, Grand Domain of British Columbia:

Greeting:

Your Committee on Necrology submit the following report. During the interval which has elapsed since the meeting of your honorable body one year ago at Kamloops, the silent and grim reaper, Death, has invaded our Castle Halls and taken from our ranks earnest and faithful workers in the fields of Pythianism. In the short space of a year no less than six Brothers have gone to meet their reward. With but one exception the deaths were sudden and unexpected, the brothers following vocations during life that were more or less hazardous—hardy sons of toil.

We would impress upon our members the uncertainty of life, and would urge upon all that we so act our part one towards the other, that we live up to those principles which are the foundation of our noble Order, so that when we have departed this earth it can be truthfully said of us: "He was a true Knight."

The following is a record of those who have gone before us:

Nanaimo Lodge, No. 4: Wm. James, died at Rossland, B. C., May 10th, 1898. Killed by falling down a shaft.

Victoria Lodge, No. 17: A. L. O'Brien, aged 35, died at sea, February 5th, 1898. A. L. O'Brien joined this Lodge in October, 1893, being a charter member thereof. When ashore the brother was a regular attendant at our meeting and a good worker for the cause of Pythianism. He met his death on the ill-starred steamer "Clara Nevada," which was blown up. His body was never recovered.