

## **The Tyler's Toast from Quesnel Lodge #69, Quesnel, BC**

Now is the hour when our Masonic tower is dark with the shroud of night,  
And Father Time on his silvery chime tolls off the moment's flight.

In our cloistered halls each member recalls his Brethren where e'er they may be,  
And traces their faces to well known places in the annals of memory.

And whether they stand on foreign land, or lie in their earthen bed,  
Or whether they be on the boundless sea with breakers of death ahead.

Whatever their plight in the eerie night, whatever their fate may be,  
Where e'er they are, be it near or far they are thinking of you and of me.

So drink from the font of fellowship, to the Brethren who have clasped your hand,  
And carved your worth on the rocks of the earth, and wrote your faults in the sand.

And so my Brethren, as we have done in ages past in the custom of our ancient Craft,  
Let us use the old refrain, "happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again".

This toast was introduced to Quesnel Lodge #69 by the late VW Bro Jack Lewis, to whom credit must be given each time it is used.

Given to RW Bro Aidan C Gordon of Zion #77 in Kerrisdale by VW Bro Neil Vant, PGC