

ELEVEN O'CLOCK TOAST

You have heard the tolling of eleven strokes.

**This is to remind us that with Elks,
the hour of eleven has a tender significance.**

**Wherever Elks may roam,
whatever their lot in life may be,
when this hour falls upon the dial of night,
the great heart of Elkdom swells and throbs.**

**It is the golden hour of recollection,
the homecoming of those who wander,
the mystic roll call of those who will come no more.**

**Living or dead,
Elks are never forgotten,
never forsaken.**

**Morning and noon may pass them by,
the light of day sink heedlessly in the West,
but ere the shadows of midnight shall fall,
the chimes of memory will be pealing forth the friendly message:**

"To Our Absent Members."