

side. It was the best he could get, and thinking that it did not make much difference on what the names were written, so long as secured the aid he desired, he prepared a proper heading and wrote his name first, giving five dollars. By this time it was twelve o'clock, and Warren Sanford had gone, without subscribing, or announcing his wish to do so, although young Winslow had read the substance of the heading to him before he went. He had hoped that Sanford would have put his name down next to his own, but he was gone; so after asking one or two others, he passed the paper over to his father just as he was passing out of the door to go home for dinner.

David Winslow read the heading and the names, and then accidentally turned it over to see what was on the other side, and there he found a blank proposition for the mysteries of Masonry, directed to Trinity Lodge, No. ---. Mr. Winslow, after reading it, looked sternly at his son, and then glanced at the paper, and said: "Hiram, I had hoped that my son would never be guilty of having anything to do with that really bad association of men who call themselves masons. Since I have come to be a man, I have avoided them as a class not to be tolerated or countenanced: and while I would be glad to aid Mr. Pearson, let him apply for aid to his boasted Masonic brethren; that is the proper place for him to solicit alms, not here." He again looked at the paper and read: "Hiram Winslow \$5." His face was flushed with anger, and he said: "Hiram you are not able to give five dollars. Why! when I asked you to give towards the mission chapel, you said that you could only give one dollar, and here you have put your name down for five times that amount, where it will never do you any good; while, if you had given that amount to the chapel fund, your name would have been placed in the corner-stone and have gone down to future generations. No, I cannot give anything, much less put my name to any Masonic paper."

Young Winslow felt sorry for his father, and said: "Father I am sorry that you will not give anything to aid old Mr. Pearson. I know that he needs it, for when I called there the other night Alice had only some clear tea for supper, and I don't know how they can buy any medicine, for Mr. Pearson told me that his last week's wages were gone, and that he hoped he should get out soon, so as to let Alice complete some dresses she had promised to finish the day he was taken sick. And, so far as the money is concerned, it will do more good to him and Alice than it will to me, and they need it much more than the mission chapel, for I heard you tell Mr. Warner, only the other day, that more than enough money had already been raised to build the chapel and buy the lot on which to place it. Don't you remember when you asked me to subscribe, you said it was '*more blessed to give than to receive*,' and if it was so in that instance, it is thrice blessed in aid of Father Pearson. I have got twenty-two dollars, and I was anxious to make it up to twenty-five before I carried it over to Mr. Pearson, and I had hoped that you would give me at least three dollars."

Mr. Winslow replied that he could not afford it, and he would not put his name to the paper anyway. Young Winslow determined to make it twenty-five dollars, so he rubbed out the "5" at the end of his name, and made it an "8," and, rolling up the money in the list, put it in his pocket to carry it over to Mr. Pearson after supper.

Warren Sanford was a member of Trinity Lodge, and when young Winslow showed him the heading to the subscription paper he determined that Mas-
onic aid should be the first that should reach a distress-