

next upon the members, one by one, but the money came slowly, and soon none at all. Still the widow called for help, and at last we, too, added our importunities to hers to him for the much needed and more entitled aid, which came not. In his extremity the minister came to us for help. We told him simply, because he ought to know, that while in moderate circumstances we had all the while done our *mite*, more than he or any of his exclusive church members had done, though far abler to do. In truth, we had never neglected our weekly visits with a basket of stores to make her heart glad. "He could not," he said, "preach a charity sermon every month or so," and finally, though reluctantly, suggested the hope that "the Masons would renew their aid."

This "confession" was all we wanted. The supplies were forthcoming, and the Masons supported her well while living, and buried her decently, because she was the widow of their brother.

Years passed; the opposition of our preacher to the "secret societies" had rendered him unpopular, and he had left, and returned to the east. There we found him during one of our eastern trips, and as he drove us along to the depot, from our most pleasant visit to himself and truly lovely family, he remarked to us: "What would you think, *brother*," giving to the word a masonic rather than ecclesiastical emphasis, "Brüder Parvin, were I to tell you that I, too, am a Mason?" We expressed our astonishment, when he added: "I am not only a brother, but companion of the Holy Royal Arch, and was Grand Orator at our last annual convocation, and have not only learned, but *know* more of 'charity' than I once did, and respect men of honest opinions, though I may not accord with them."—*Parvin*.

POET LAUREATE.

At Baltimore, upon the adjournment of the "Reporter's Syndicate," the reporters tarried for a season to ascertain the Poet Laureate of the corps. and to crown him cock of the roost. None save Corson could do justice to so grave a subject, so hear ye him, as he speaks "thusly":—

"CORONATION.—Directly after the adjournment of the Reporter's Convention, a mysterious movement took place among the brethren, which seemed to indicate that serious business was about to be transacted. Order was called, and Comp. John W. Simons, of New York, took the chair. He stated that the object of the meeting would be set forth by the chairman of a committee which had been previously appointed. Whereupon Adonis Hopkins, of Pennsylvania, stepped forth, with that peculiar grace of motion and serenely sweet expression of countenance for which he is so renowned, and of the possession of which he himself does not seem to be entirely ignorant. He informed us that he had been appointed, with others, to enquire and ascertain who was most worthy of the title of Poet Laureate of the masonic fraternity of the United States, Canada, and dependencies thereunto belonging; and to prepare and to present to such one the crown to which his merits entitled him. Many, very many applicants had striven for the honor, but the committee, unbiased by prejudice, and unawed by fear, had unanimously awarded the prize to one whose modest and retiring nature had prevented him from entering the lists with his more clamorous competitors. But the committee had discovered the transcendent merits of one who, like the gentle violet,