

worthy but unenlightened officials. He was a thorn in the side of his fellow members, especially those known as *Old Pap Dubursey*, and *Long Jim Fullcover*, whose indulgences were too open for disguise, and called down the speedy condemnation of the ungenerous brother. His enthusiasm was much sneered at by dimitted Masons generally, who predicted, amidst great expectation, around *Blus's* bar-room, that "he wouldn't hold out six months;" and even the Grand Lecturer, *Shinney*, who had been "struck," to use his own vernacular, "by Bro. Orloff's queries upon Masonic matters," tried to chill the enthusiastic neophyte by the prophesy, "you'll get tired of them subjix 'fore I come 'round agin'!"

And yet Bro. Orloff was perfectly sensible in all his doings. "He had paid," he said, "his thirty dollars, and he wanted his money's worth." "He had taken upon himself," he said, "numerous and weighty engagements, and he wanted to know exactly their extent and their bearing." "He had entered an association," he said, "which professed to have a history, and an ancestry of its own, and he wanted to learn with some precision what that history and that ancestry were." "He had acquired," he said, "certain privileges, and he wished those privileges defined, that he might enjoy, and not transcend them." "He was required," he said, "to take a part in the dramatic exercises of the Lodge, and he wanted to learn those exercises according to the original forms, so that he might fill his part with credit." If this was *madness*, there was method in it.

The sneers of some, the ridicule of others, and the general want of encouragement, had little or no effect upon Bro. Orloff. His mind was too self-reliant, his motives too lofty, the springs of his action too pure, to permit the coldness and opposition of careless men to deter them from going steadily forward in what he conceived to be the pathway of duty. In that

walk he trod, until he came to his grave. If a brother erred against the Masonic covenant, he warned him—not noisily, not publicly, but quietly and surely. If the brother erred again, he warned him again. If the brother erred the third time, he took with him one, or two, or three brothers of the Lodge as witnesses and warned him solemnly, and rebuked him plainly. If this was ineffectual, the next step was to apply to him the discipline of the Lodge.

If a distressed object came in his way, Bro. Orloff remembered the symbolical instruction so forcibly impressed upon him, and contributed as liberally to his relief as he could do, without inconvenience to himself, at the same time enlisting the benevolence of those around him. If a controversy arose between brethren, he tenderly offered his mediation. This was not always successful. More than once he involved himself in difficulties by this generous act, but this fact was no bar to his making the same proffer again when occasion required it. He was known, and usually blessed as one of those "who shall be called the children of God."

We have said that he encountered the sneers and opposition of many. True, but he had the admiration and the respect of all! Strange contradiction, yet true as strange. His fellow members doted upon him, boasted of him when out of his hearing, and placed and kept him in the highest Masonic stations at their command, from the time when he had wielded the mystical trowel, but three months to the day of his death. He was almost idolized by them; and when he had journeyed across the dark river, and gone out of their sight, they applied to Grand Lodge for permission to change the former name of their Lodge, and adopt his in its place.

The truth is, his enthusiasm had kindled every spark of Masonic life in the breasts of the brethren. That there is a fascination in this sort of moral philosophy styled *Freemasonry*,