

counted his little pile of money, now reduced to a very trifle. He got up for a drink of water, and walked in an uncertain manner to and fro, sat down again, played his game out and, by the evident co-operation of his adversaries, won it, got up again, drank and took a longer walk; played again and won. And then, as with a power given him at that instant from on high, he threw down his cards with a startling vehemence, fell on his knees, raised his hands aloft to Heaven and, with a mighty voice, repeated an oath that he would "*never, never, NEVER* gamble again, so help me God!"

I sat by his side all that night, bathing his head in cold water, and that saved him, I think, from a terrible attack of brain fever—saved him for a lovely girl, to whom he was then betrothed—saved him to be the father of as charming a child as ever sprung like an olive shoot by human feet—saved him to become one of the best officers in one of the best Grand Lodges in the land—saved him to become one of the best correspondents and truest friends—a Mason, with whom I hope at the Resurrection Day to rise.

Nor is this the whole story; for one of the gamblers, to whom the knife and tobacco really belonged, seeing the Square and Compasses cut on his plug, sat with me all that night at my brotherly work; avowed himself a Mason, also declared, in language more ardent than was necessary (for, under other circumstances, I should have called it blasphemy), that, had he known the young gentleman was a Mason, he was essentially d——d if he would have played a game with him; and the next morning, learning the exact amount that had been won, collected it from the others and returned it to him. That gambler took a step in the right direction, consequent upon the rebukes, compliments and counsels which, combined in equal doses, I administered to him, and quit the river forever, opened a book store, became a grain dealer, a dry goods merchant, and made money at all these things; was elected sheriff

of the county, and still holds that position; and to conclude the story, I still have the plug of tobacco in my possession, with original Square and Compasses cut upon it!—BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

### TOUTING FOR TRADE.

We have been invited to express our opinion as to the conduct of a brother engaged in trade who has been forwarding his circulars to the Secretaries of lodges, no doubt—as our correspondent suggests—for distribution among the members, and thus endeavoring to obtain their custom. It is hardly necessary for us to state that such conduct is most objectionable, and that anything in the nature of Masonic touting for custom is entirely opposed to the spirit which is supposed to actuate men when they become Masons.

In this particular case a man who is a fishmonger by trade and a Mason by repute is soliciting in this manner the custom of members of certain lodges in an inland province, and among the credentials he enumerates is his "Masonic position," to which he refers in the most open manner. We suppose that nothing will ever succeed in putting a stop to these fishy proceedings, though it is possible that the public condemnation by the authorities and the press may cause them to be of less frequent occurrence.—*London Freemason.*

### INFLUENCE OF SECRECY.

Profanes have often spoken disparagingly of Freemasonry, simply because it was a "Secret Society," they taking the ground that secrecy necessarily means dark secrets, or a screen for work that would not bear the light. Masonry is, in one sense, a secret society, but its withdrawal from publicity in nowise condemns it.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

There is a pure crystal stream whose spring is buried deep in the fastness of