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THE ANGEL MINISTERS.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

"Why come not spirits from the realm of glory,
To visit earth, as in days of old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is Heaven more distant? Or has earth grown cold?"

"I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow:
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread:
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood, 'between the weeping and the dead.'

"There have been angels in the gloomy prison;
In crowded halls: by the lone widow's hearth;
And where they passed the fallen have arisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth."

"THAT was a painful sight we saw to-day," said my friend, Dr. Herbert, as we passed down the steps of the Louisville Hotel, just after dinner on a hot day in June. "Indeed it was," we responded with the deepest feeling, for the scene had impressed us with a sorrow of heart, such as we had not felt for years.

We had been that morning at the St. Joseph's Hospital, where among many cases we had looked in upon, we had been led to the room of a lady whose wan cheeks and sad spirits had stricken us both with the deepest feelings of pity and sympathy. By her bed-side sat continually a sweet, fair-haired little daughter of some nine summers, who seemed unwilling to leave her for a moment. Like an angel eliminating from the ethereal life, she held her position on the side of the bed, and looked out of her clear blue eyes at the almost dying one, affectionately smoothing her hair and kissing her, and speaking cheerful words, as an angel-child only can to its mother.

This sick woman was her own dear mother, and for several long weeks had she been confined to her bed in that Hospital, the victim of a cruel typhoid fever. The mystic death-cloud had almost gathered over her, and the dreary monotony of the long, dismal days and nights, which she had spent in that gloomy room, had well nigh crazed her brain, and in her weak and helpless condition she felt, if it was not for her little angel, Nettie, she would have taken it as a pleasure-dream to have passed on to the land of death, whatever that mysterious land might inflict upon her,

"I am so tired of this life," said she to Dr. Herbert, "that I have scarcely wished you to be successful in raising me from this sick bed. I have almost hoped it would be my last earthly illness.

"I know you've been desponding, madam," responded the doctor, "and this has been my greatest difficulty in treating your case--which has been a very stubborn one at best. But I hope, Madam," he added, "you will now cheer up, for your disease has at last given way, and the present indications promise you a speedy restoration to life and health again."