

& Co., L—street. I was on my way to him from Wisconsin, but have been robbed of the means of paying my fare, and the conductor refused to take me further. I have applied to the Rev. Mr. Ripley, and he turned me insultingly from his door."

"The old hypocrite," muttered the gentleman. "Mrs. Herbert, my house is but a block distant, and it is at your service. My wife will make you welcome and comfortable. Will you accept our hospitality?"

"Oh, sir, how gladly!" And half an hour later Mrs. Herbert was refreshing herself at the well-spread table of Mr. Henderson, first officer of Eureka Commandery, No. 12.

When supper was over, Mr. Henderson said to his wife, "I will return immediately. Make Mrs. Herbert feel at home."

He walked directly to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and addressed the following message to his brother in Boston:

"Is G. W. Herbert, L—street, a member of our Order, and his wife in the West? Answer immediately."

When Mr. Henderson returned home he found his wife and Mrs. Herbert in an animated conversation; and he was surprised to note the change in the strange lady's appearance now that she felt herself among friends. Her face wore so genuine an expression of sweetness and purity; her conversation was so expressive of such lofty sentiments, such real goodness of heart, and betrayed so highly cultivated a mind that Mr. Henderson found himself regretting that he had taken the precaution to send a telegram to Boston, in order to prove the truthfulness of her statements. Mrs. Henderson seated herself at the elegant piano, and after performing several pieces, invited Mrs. Herbert to play also. She gracefully complied, and after a low, sweet prelude, began to sing:—

"A stranger I was, but they kindly received me."

She sang the piece entirely through, her voice quivering with emotion; Mr. and Mrs. Henderson stood at her side and the gentleman said:

Mrs. Herbert, it is we who are blessed in being permitted to form the acquaintance of so entertaining a converser and musician. You are not a stranger, but a dear friend, a sister, my brother's wife; you have a right in our home. A Knight Templar's house is ever open to the unfortunate. But you must not leave the piano yet; play another piece for us—your favorite."

"I do not know that I have one."

"Your husband's then," suggested Mrs. Henderson.

Again Mrs. Herbert's practiced fingers swept the keys, and then her clear, rich voice arose in the popular Masonic ode:

"Hail, Masonry divine."

As the last sweet echo died away, she arose, saying, "That is my husband's favorite."

Mr. Henderson was standing with his arm around his wife's waist. Tears were in his eyes, and he drew closer to her as he said, "Oh, Jeanie, will you not learn to play that piece for me?"

"But I could never make it sound like Mrs. Herbert," she replied, "for you know I do not like Masonry."

"And why do you not like it?" Mrs. Herbert ventured to ask.

"Because it rises like a mountain between me and my husband; I am jealous of Masonry!" And the glance she cast upon him at her side told Mrs. Herbert with what depth of love this true wife regarded her husband, and she almost pardoned her for her dislike of Masonry upon the ground that she had mentioned. But she felt that Mrs. Henderson was in error, and she said:

"Will you allow me to tell you why I love Masonry?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Henderson, "I should be glad to feel differently if I could," and she drew a large arm chair for Mrs. Herbert in front of the sofa, upon which she and her husband seated themselves.

Mrs. Herbert began: "My father was a commission merchant in Boston, and in consequence of causes which I never fully understood—for I was very young at the time—he failed in business. Our beautiful home was taken from us, and my father removed mother and me to an humble but comfortable cottage in the suburbs, while he procured employment as a clerk in a dry goods establishment.

"He was disheartened by his sudden and heavy losses. It was seldom, indeed, that he was heard to speak cheerfully and hopefully. His health declined, and before we had ever dreamed of the threatening danger, he was a confirmed consumptive. But he was a Mason and we were not allowed to feel that his inability for labor had deprived us of the comforts of our home. Supplies of provisions, clothing, and fuel