

those circumstances without experiencing something similar. To say I admired them is too mild for a description of my feelings, and if I were to attempt to tell you how I felt on that occasion, I know, as some one has beautifully expressed it, "every thought would bend and break with the burden of its own meaning."

There was a city literally deserted, business was suspended, the pastors of the different churches had deserted their flocks; yet those Masons, forgetting self, forgetting the disease to which their companion had fallen a victim, forgetting everything except that a brother had fallen, with loving hands bore his remains to their last resting place and laid them away with the usual formalities. That is why I joined the Masons. Some may say my motives were mercenary; call it what you will, I have given you facts, and if it was wrong to want to be identified with such people, then I did wrong.

Since that time I have tried to live up to the teachings of the Order.—*D. W. Simmons, Cave Spring, Ga.*

TWO HEROES.

The fame of the Victoria Cross, which was instituted immediately after the Crimean War, long ago crossed the Atlantic; but few of us yet know much of its more recent companion decoration, the Albert Medal, which is bestowed upon civilians only for acts of extreme gallantry upon sea or land. The standard of the Albert Medal is nevertheless even higher than that of the Cross. It has, in fact, become so high that its first winners, heroic though their deeds assuredly were, could not now by the same acts win it again.

A medal of the first class is now awarded only for deeds approaching certain sacrifice of life, when it is almost miraculous that the doer escaped alive. A recent article in a magazine narrates how some of the present holders won the decoration, and the record is indeed an inspiring one.

Two of them are Ambrose Clarke

and Robert Drabble. In 1891 a scaffolding upon which eight men were working at a job of repairing was suspended in the sinking shaft of the Rotherham Mine, at a distance of twenty-one feet from the surface and ninety feet from the bottom, where there was a pool of standing water eleven feet deep.

The scaffolding was suspended by four chains at the four corners. One of these chains broke, and the platform tilted and threw the men off. One man caught the hoppit, or bucket, and was drawn to the surface. Another, Robert Drabble, was himself caught by the hook of the grappling chain used in handling the repairing materials, which had entered his leg, and torn down through the flesh until it penetrated his boot and foot, and held him, head downward, in the shaft, his hands resting upon a projecting plank.

The other men dropped to the foot of the shaft, where four of them were drowned. One, badly injured, hung unconscious across a stay; and another, less hurt, was able to keep himself afloat in the pool.

Ambrose Clarke, the master sinker, who had remained above, directing operations, heard the noise of the fall, and, rushing to the mouth of the mine, found it full of hot, blinding steam, which was escaping with a shrill scream from a broken pipe below; but he also heard above this frightful sound the feeble cries for help of the man hanging on the hook, and he descended at once, without waiting to get help or knowing what dangers awaited him below, to his rescue. It was then already some seven minutes since the accident.

On reaching him, Clarke said: "Now, then, let me heave you into the hoppit," to which the suffering hero replied: "Not yet. Go down below, and look after my mates in the water. I can hang a few minutes longer, I think."

Thereupon Clarke went to the bottom and rescued one man, Lovell, out of the water, and lifted him into the hoppit. At this time Drabble shouted