

the broken pane of my window; but the kind hand that fed the widow and orphan was still unknown to me. From that day neither I nor my little ones wanted anything.

"The spring came, and the price of flour arose to eleven dollars per barrel, and was very scarce in the market. I would not, in fact I could not, indulge in the luxury of wheat bread at such a price, and used Indian meal instead of flour altogether.

"One day my little girl came running through the gate, shouting at the top of her voice, 'O, ma, I've got a piece of white bread!' Just as she entered the gate Judge Withrow passed along. I was overwhelmed with mortification, for I knew he must have heard what the child said.

"The night following about twelve o'clock, I was alarmed by a noise at the gate. I stole to my chamber window, and concealing myself behind the curtain looked out. The moon was at the full, and her pure silver light rendered objects almost as distinct as the noon-day sun. What was my surprise on seeing old Judge Withrow at the gate, straining every nerve to ease down a barrel from a wheelbarrow! What could it mean? I could not be mistaken in the person, although his back was toward me. At last, but with considerable noise, he succeeded in letting the barrel down to the ground, which from the manner in which he handled it, appeared to be filled with heavy substance. Panting with the exertion, the old man bared his head, and, fanning himself with his hat, turned his face in the direction of the window where I stood concealed. There he stood, the good Samaritan, for nearly a minute, the moonlight falling full upon his broad forehead and flushed face, and giving a silver brilliancy to his white hair as it yielded in fitful flutterings to the motions of his hat, with which he fanned fresh currents of air into his face. Laying his hat upon the wheelbarrow, he softly opened the gate. He rolled the barrel to the gate, and then commenced another struggle to raise it over the threshold. His effort was unsuccessful; the barrel rolled back. After some time spent in vain, the poor old man arose from his labor, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, he again stood some time. After several fruitless efforts, he at last succeeded, and rolled the barrel along the grassy door yard till he got out of my sight. Shortly after I heard it rolling on the floor of the little stoop in the rear of the house. He soon re-appeared, and taking a paper from his pocket, he stole softly up to the window, and threw it in at the broken pane. He then shut the gate, and taking his wheelbarrow started towards his home. I watched him as he retired, till his form, in the moonlight as seen through the tears that filled my eyes, seemed to dissolve into a halo of sparkling gems of light.

"I could sleep no more that night. After some time I went below and found the note under the broken pane. It was in the same plain handwriting, and ran thus: 'There is bread for the widow and the orphans. They shall not want. Be of good cheer.'

"In the morning I found a barrel of flour on my porch. The secret was out as to whose was the kind hand that had been supporting me and my babes, when there was no eye to bear witness save the All-Seeing Eye which is ever awake to take note of such goodness.

"But Mrs. Wheeler," continued Mrs. Wilson, "you can never know the anguish of my mind on discovering my benefactor. I reproached myself severely as I reflected and called to mind with what bitter feelings, almost amounting to hatred, I had regarded the dear old man. Indeed, how people will talk of those whose merits they can not know.

"Think of it, only think of it, Mrs. Wheeler," continued Mrs. Wilson, "only think of my children being fed by the man who had been called 'proud old aristocrat, black-hearted *Freemason*,' by their father. He had been told by my husband, the parent of my little ones, that he was no better than a murderer—that he would not believe him or any other Mason on oath; still he had money for the wife and bread for the offspring of the man who had insulted him."

"It was noble in him. Many a man having seen you gathering sticks, would never have given you a second thought," said Mrs. Wheeler.

"Yes, and when my child came screaming with joy, 't' at she had got a piece of wheat bread, how ready his benevolent soul interpreted her joy, and traced it to its true cause. With what a thrill it must have appealed to his great heart, to have led him to penetrate my situation from so slight a circumstance. This shows how diligently his heart keeps vigil for suffering humanity while on his mission of mercy. I could stoop down and kiss the dust off his feet. Mrs. Wheeler, tell the sewing circle that God will bless Judge Withrow, notwithstanding their decision to the contrary.

"Thus was I supplied till Mr. Wilson and I were married. Since then I have been a rich man's wife. I am proud to own that my present husband is a Freemason. When he sued for my hand I told him I would remain a widow or marry a Freemason, and that, until he became a member of the Order, his suit must prove unavailing. He then told me that he had long been a Mason, and that he was indebted to that circum-