

ded in B., and others in different States of the Union. It was however decided by one Buffalo brother, that on arriving at the depot, the invalid and his wife should be conveyed to his own home, located not far away, on one of the most fashionable streets in the city. Mrs. C. urged the necessity of going immediately to her uncle's home on J—— street where her brother then was. But no, it would be too much a task for the sick brother's strength, and thus it was settled.

We will pass over the particulars of gently carrying the sick brother to an easy couch, the leave taking of those brethren who had interested themselves so much in his welfare—the gratitude depicted on the countenances of the invalid and his family, and take the reader along with us to a room splendidly furnished on P—— street, where sat bolt upright in bed, propped with snow white pillows, Bro. C. feeling better for the change, and by his bed-side one of the most skillful physicians in the city who after a careful examination, pronounced it a hopeless case of heart disease. This sad intelligence was communicated in an under-tone to our host, who lost no time in dispatching a messenger for Mrs. H. and her brother and in giving due notice to the craft within hail, that within his gates lay a stranger and brother sick unto death. They needed no second summons but immediately proffered their assistance. Four days and nights did they watch by the bed-side of the failing one, and not a thing was left undone that would add to his comfort. But neither Brotherly-love, kindness and sympathy, or the groans of a mother-in-law, the heart-rendering lamentations of a despairing wife, and grief-stricken children, could help him longer. He sank rapidly and soon the spirit of our brother broke through the walls of its clay tenement and took its flight to that world “where the weary shall find rest.” Oh, who shall depict the anguish of bereaved hearts, where love bows down in sackcloth and ashes, and clasps to her bosom the lifeless remains of one that was more than a friend, and cries in broken accents for recognition, one word, a sign or even a murmur, to break the awful stillness that death has brought over the soul? At such a time stout-hearted men may be forgiven if the well-spring of their hearts be discovered by the hand of Nature, as she forces upwards the unmistakeable evidence that all within is not a dry, sandy desert, but a well cultivated field, where sympathy, relief, and truth, take deep root. When all was over, when the dead was suitably incased in his final winding-sheet, the brothers of A—received a telegram that Bro. C. was no more, that the Supreme Grand Master had called him from labor to refreshment, and, that his remains would leave Buffalo, on train No.—on the morrow, accompanied by his deeply afflicted family. We shall not follow Mrs. C. with her mournful charge to the city of A—, but take our leave of her safely aboard of the cars. But Mrs. H. we have not done with yet, as our story would be incomplete were we to fail in telling the reader that when she made the inquiry of her daughter, asking, how much they were indebted for all the kindness? How much for the Doctor's fees, and the beautiful casket which inclosed the remains of her son-in-law? and was told that all was paid; that Masonry has no claims on the widow and orphans of a deceased Brother, except the right to extend the hand of that Charity which reaches beyond the grave, through the boundless realms of eternity. She was completely surprised. It was the first inkling that she and her kith and kin had been receiving the hospitalities of a Mason. True, she had wondered during the time of her sojourn if the