

brethren then deposited the evergreen, omitting the words "In memory of, etc."

The minister, a Mason, closed the service with prayer and benediction. The brethren then each in his turn deposited a few shovelfull of the clods of the valley, until the grave was filled and symmetrically moulded; and thus ended this orderly and impressive service.

The brethren feel that their course was warranted by the circumstances of the case, and congratulate themselves upon having been able to fulfil to the letter the long entertained wish of their departed friend and benefactress, and upon having the privilege of conveying to their bereaved brother so helpful an expression of their sympathy in his great loss.

Note, a lodge was not opened; that the white apron was not worn; that the Masonic burial service was not read; but that a large company of sympathizing brethren, attending in a body as brethren, conducted a service prepared for and suitable to the occasion.—*Masonic Chronicle*.

A TIMELY WARNING.

It is now several years since I was travelling on a stern-wheeler from Cairo to Memphis, and a slow and painful conveyance it proved to me. The bill of fare was frightfully scanty, the bedding bug-haunted, the company profligate. Gambling was going on from sunrise to midnight, and every hour or two a fight settled the game, after which a new "deck of keards," as the gamblers uncouthly styled them, was "totched on," and another round began, to terminate as before.

Among the passengers I had observed a young man of that gentle, amiable cast of countenance which young men, even at this day, sometimes wear who have been raised in pious families, under the hands of loving mothers and praying fathers. How such a young man got to the gaming table, I have never

ascertained, but rising one night a while before twelve, after vainly attempting to snatch sleep among the roaches and more offensive vermin, I discovered him there, excited with liquor; furiously excited with the gambler's madness—worse than *delirium tremens* itself—and in a rapid process of being plucked by the experienced scoundrels around him. The sight shocked me; I was quite unprepared for it. Through my conversation with him the previous day, I was confident he knew little or nothing of cards—a thing easy enough seen, by the way, in his awkward style of handling them—and that he would not rise from the dangerous place while he had a dime left in his pocket. After standing by for a considerable time, during which dollar after dollar disappeared from his pile to enlarge that of his opponents, I took a chair close by him and leaned my elbows upon the table in real distress. A square piece of tobacco lay there—a plug, I think such things are called—with a knife by it. Mechanically I took them up, and began thoughtlessly to chip the tobacco. While doing so, the young man reached his hands in my direction for the pack of cards, it being his deal, and exposed his wrist bands to my view. By the flash of the candles I observed that they were fastened with gold buttons having Masonic emblems—the Square and the Compasses—on them, a sign I never fail to see when within my purview.

A thought occurred to me. This is a Mason; I will warn him of his danger; so with the knife I cut deeply in the tobacco the same emblems, the square and the compasses, and, laying it down with the knife before him, as I supposed they were his property, I arose and left the table. I could see that his eye caught the emblem instantly, and that he understood me.

It was a curious thing to observe him then. He went on dealing the cards, but so listlessly and carelessly as to forfeit the deal. He laid his forehead in his hands thoughtfully, and his hands upon the table. Once or twice he