

are bound together, as those of the Scottish Rite are bound together, by such self-imposed responsibility of discharging efficiently the higher moral and social duties, is sad enough however slight our personal acquaintance with him may have been. But when he has been a cherished friend; when the closest intimacy has existed between us; when we have shared with him his hopes, his ambitions, his successes; his disappointments, his losses and his griefs, it may seem like a solemn mockery to attempt to give fitting expression in words to a sorrow that may lie too deep even for tears.

And yet something more than mere passing mention is due to those illustrious names, some of which have for years shone forth in golden letters on the honor roll of the Scottish Rite,—names whose possessors have been honored with high and responsible offices by their brethren—names endeared to most of us by recollections of which “only the sunny hours are numbered.” for it is ever true that

“Fond memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers the pleasure alone to remain.”

A few weeks after our last re-union, a beloved brother of our Rite, one whose memory will long live in the hearts of his friends, was summoned away and Ill. Bro. EDWARD MITCHELL, 33°, passed to his rest. It is almost impossible to give adequate expression to the sense of the loss we have sustained in the removal of one who has been so long held in the highest regard among Freemasons. Best loved by those who knew him most intimately he won the esteem and affection of all. The many excellences of his character were such as to secure to him the personal attachment of his friends to a degree rarely witnessed. Ever most solicitous himself, to have engraved on the hearts of the living, kindly memories of the dead, he would ask from his brethren no better monument than that his memory should be fondly cherished among them. His own wish would be, and I cannot do better than quote the words used by himself—it seems but yesterday—when he so feelingly discharged the duty which I have undertaken to-night. His own wish would be “that we should recall to our minds, either the kind word, the pleasant glance, the cheerful smile, the brotherly grasp, the loving counsel and advice, or the generous actions; and that we should keep his memory fresh and green in our hearts.”

Let it be our duty—nay, rather our privilege, my brethren—to raise to his memory this monument of fond recollection so worthily deserved by his virtues so easily gathered from the generous wealth of affection which the genial sunshine of his companionship has caused to spring up among us.

A week later death, with relentless hand, struck down another member of our Order, and Ill. Bro. CHARLES ROBERTSON, 30°, was called from his labors.

“He was my friend, faithful and just to me.”