

No one who ever came in contact with him could resist his bright, sunny disposition and the kindness and courtesy with which he invariably treated acquaintances and friends. In his own home he was an ideal host, and his numerous friends can look back with pleasure to happy evenings spent at Oakdene, and with a feeling of sadness that never again in this world will they hear his cheerful voice, or see his bright, youthful-looking face.

In the latter years of his life a great calamity, which would have wrecked the happiness of a less spiritual-minded man, threw a shadow on the life of Brother Powell. Owing to an affection of the eyes, he gradually lost his power of vision, and, for some time before his death, he lived in material darkness. But that calamity, great as it was, only served to bring into greater relief his beautiful character, which was not dependent on external blessings, but which was buoyed up by his strong spirituality. Few men have borne a heavy cross with more fortitude. The same high, almost boyish, spirits that characterized him before he lost his sight continued after he was plunged in darkness. His only fear was that he might be a source of trouble to his family, to whom he always was a pattern husband and father and by whom he was looked up to and adored as such.

Shortly before his death he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage with the gracious lady to whose comfort and support through that long period he owed so much. Our Brother was so delighted with the letters of congratulation he received on that occasion that we may thank God that he and Mrs. Powell were spared for that crowning felicity.

Our Brother was buried, at his own desire, according to the ritual of the Craft, the Most Worshipful Grand Master officiating, and officers and members of Grand Lodge attend-