

relate how she came to make the discovery. I requested her to proceed, which she did as follows:

"Soon after you left last fall, I learned to my extreme mortification that my husband had become a Mason. I attributed it to your influence, and I need not say what my feelings were toward you or my husband. I at once came to the conclusion that my domestic happiness was at an end; but I resolved that my conduct in all the relations of a wife and mother should be such, that the world should say that I had done all a woman should do. Some three or four months after I learned my husband had joined the Masons, a circumstance occurred that, for the first time gave me any reason to doubt his integrity. It was one of the coldest nights of last winter, that my husband returned at a late hour, and said to me, 'Margaret can you not do without your blanket shawl?' I replied that I could. He asked me to get it for him, and bring him a bed-spread or comfort. I handed the articles to him, and he immediately left the house. My first thoughts were to follow him. I went to the window, and by the light from the lamps I discovered another man with a large basket: the shawl and comfort were placed in it, and they both soon disappeared. My husband returned in about half an hour; I had retired, and he had every reason to suppose that I was asleep, but I was not, neither did I close my eyes with sleep that night. I expected in the morning, as a matter of course, he would have some story prepared to explain his mysterious conduct, and I had made up my mind to believe just so much of it as I pleased, and no more. I was disappointed—my husband left without alluding to the transaction.

"I hardly knew what course to pursue; but determined never to speak to him on the subject, and to keep a sharp look-out for my shawl, for if I could once get my eye on that, I would be able to unravel the whole mystery. It was not long after, as I was on the street, a female whisked along past me on whom I discovered my shawl! The good for nothing hussy, thought I, while a glow of triumph thrilled every nerve and quickened my pace in the pursuit. I followed her closely from one street to another into the fourth story of a book-bindery. I saw her very composedly lay aside my shawl, and sit down to her work; where urged on by that insatiable desire to get the clew to my husband's perfidy, I soon learned the street and number of her residence, and immediately left for it. I was not mistaken either, for I saw my comfort there. The whole secret flashed upon my mind at once, as clearly as if it had been written with a sunbeam from Heaven. There I found a widowed mother in the last stages of consumption, and three children dependant entirely upon the scanty pittance earned by the elder sister, whom I had so suspiciously followed. I learned from the lips of the dying woman a lesson that in all my philosophy I had never before dreamed of; such a tale of sorrow, heart-rending sorrow, I had never before listened to; and when she related the deed of charity, that had been the cause of all my unhappiness, I felt that there was need room enough in my bosom to appreciate the disinterested benevolence of my husband.

"She said, 'I do not know how we should have lived, but for the kindness of two persons who came here late at night, and left a basket filled with provision, some bed clothes, a shawl, and five dollars. They just opened the door and set in the basket, saying:—"accept this and ask no questions,"—and left before I had time to inquire their names. I do not know who they were, and I have some doubts from where these things came; but I never forget in my daily prayer to Him who openeth his hand and filleth the poor with bread, that if these were men, to keep them and theirs from the sorrows and afflictions with which I am visited.' I left the house a better woman than when I entered it. "But the grand secret of Masonry," said I, "I thought you were to tell me what it is?" She replied, "It is this, TO DO GOOD AND NOT TELL OF IT."—*Masonic Review*.

THE TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE Nineteenth Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States, opened at New Orleans, on Tuesday, December 1st, last. The proceedings commenced with a procession of the Knights, the delivery of an address of welcome by Michael E. Girard, Grand Master of the Masons of Louisiana, and a response by Sir James H. Hopkins, Deputy Commander of the Grand Encampment. The triennial conclave was then opened, and J. C. A. Fellows, of Louisiana, delivered his official message, covering the transactions since the last meeting.

The following officers to serve for three years were elected: Grand Master, James H. Hopkins, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Deputy Grand Master, Vincent L. Hurlbut, of Chicago; Grand Generalissimo, Walter L. Bragg, of Montgomery, Ala.; Grand Captain General,