

friends. The other, a small home, but home still. If want ever enters this humble home, its inmates can claim and receive the substantial friendship of a band of brothers, who know that the poet meant them as well as himself, when he wrote the words :

“ Teach me to feel another’s woe,  
To hide the faults I see ;  
The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

*Voice of Masonry.*

## BROTHERLY LOVE.

In the early part of the late civil war a small stream divided the hostile forces. A beautiful town lay on the right bank of the river, which, with its quaint gables and moss-covered roofs, reminded one of the ancient towns of old England during the reign of “ Virgin Bess.” A bridge had once connected the town with the left bank, along which ran a road through luxuriant fields and by spacious mountains to a prominent roadstead on the coast; but the exigences of war had caused Confederates to destroy the end of the bridge nearest the town, and to post a sentry commanding a full view of the remainder. On the end where it had been broken the Federals had built a breastwork with barrels filled with sand, behind which a sentinel paced his weary rounds. The town had been alternately occupied by the Confederates and Federals. But few of the inhabitants remained. Among these was an old man bedridden and decrepid from old age, and partly paralyzed in limb and mind, but who, having positively refused to be taken from the home of his fathers and youth, had been left to the care of his body servant and one or two females. During the occupation of the town by the Federals the old man had been visited and become an object of tender care to a number of Masons, and it was a source of pleasure to them to see him recognize the brotherhood. The windows that looked out upon the streets were dim, the grasshopper had become a burden, desire had nearly failed, the silver cord was losing its strength, and the golden bowl well-nigh broken; but the aged man still remembered, and his eyes brightened as he responded to the hidden language of the Craft.

After the evacuation of the town by the Federals the brethren often talked of their aged brother, and on more than one occasion several of them crossed the river at night, carrying with them such articles of food as they thought would be acceptable, and tried to persuade the old man to go within the Union lines, but he would not consent.

It was midnight. With the exception of the guard, the Federal army lay wrapped in slumber; when suddenly, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard; then a volley of musketry, followed by the beating of a long roll, and in a short time the whole army was aroused and under arms. The heavens now began to have a lurid glare, which was explained when the word was passed along the lines, “ The Johnnies have fired the town.” In the midst of the excitement the Masons thought of their aged brother, but the laws of war forbade them leaving their regiments, except one young officer who, being detached from his regiment, had for the night no special duty to restrain him. He communicated this fact to a few of his brothers, with his determination to cross the river and ascertain the fate of the old man. He started, reached the bridge, and there found the adjutant of the regiment which was doing picket duty, told him his errand, and asked his assistance. The adjutant, though not a Mason, had often heard the fidelity of Masons to one another. He admired the conduct of the young man; but warned him of the risks he would incur of being either captured or shot; but at last gave his assistance by procuring a boat, giving orders to the sentinel not to fire on the occupant, and said he would remain on the bridge until daylight to watch for his return.

The Federalist crossed the river, but was met on the shore by six rifles pointed at his breast, with the demands, “ Who are you? What is your business?” “ Take me to your commanding officer as quick as possible,” was the reply. It was done; and as the two met they instantly recognized each other as former friends, and the grey and blue joined hands in friendship’s clasp. In a few words the Federalist told his errand, when the Confederate replied, “ Good God! Uncle Joe here? We thought he was in Richmond. Have him, to be sure; and may God bless you for your kind deed.

He called a guard, saying to them, “ Go with this officer; assist him, and see him safe across the river; and if but one hair of head is harmed I shall hold you responsible for it.” The old man was found just in time, as the adjacent buildings were in flames, but his servants had already got him out on a wheelbarrow, preparatory to taking him to a place of safety. They carried him to the river, placed him in a boat, and were soon on the Union side; where, by the aid of the adjutant, an ambulance was procured, and “ Uncle Joe” was once more among his Masonic brothers, who cared for him until he was summoned to the Grand Lodge on high.—*Pomeroy’s Democrat.*