

of the world—she thought that the keeping of such company, and his failing health, brought about by a close attention to his business, would make him fretful and peevish if nothing more; but Bro. C. had learned to subdue his passions and circumscribe his desires; nor could he see the enjoyment to be derived by finding fault with those around him who were in no way blameable for his ill-health. At length a journey to Buffalo and thence to his native place was proposed, in which he readily acquiesced. Preparations were accordingly made in haste, as they desired to take their mother (Mrs. H.) by surprise, as she was then visiting at her brother's house in Buffalo where they intended also to stop for a few days. Alas! for human expectation, while the iron horse on the Lake Shore Railroad was conveying them and very many more at a rapid rate between Dul Kirk and the place next above mentioned, and nearly all were intent on viewing the scenery on the route, a suppressed scream was heard above the roar of wheels without, which conveyed to the mind fear, anxiety and mental distress. Every eye was turned in the direction of the seat occupied by Bro. C. and his wife. She had raised the window near them to give her husband fresh air, and was bathing his temples as his head lay resting on the back of the seat. The pallor of death was on his brow, and his breath came heavily and at long intervals. Mrs. C. was nervous and alarmed at her husband's situation, as the first intimation she had that he was worse, she observed him to come nigh falling from his seat. Something unusual had seized him and that too among strangers, on the cars with no physician to attend. She was conscious that every eye was upon her, and she could not help the quivering of her lips nor prevent the glistening tear-drops from falling upon her husband's coat. She asked herself again and again the question, "Oh, will he die?" The thought crowded in upon her distracted brain, that all those of his father's family that had gone to their final account, had passed away suddenly and without warning; one sister in particular, in the prime of life and apparently in excellent health, dropped dead at the foot of the hall stairs while engaged in her accustomed domestic duties. All this, and more passed rapidly through her mind, while kind hearted men partially raised themselves from a sitting posture as though they would assist the sufferer, and then settled slowly down again, fearing no doubt, that their proffered help might be considered an intrusion. Bro. C. realized his condition; he had his senses perfectly, and saw that sympathy with plumed wings stood ready to fly to his relief but she came not uninvited. He had in his possession a talismanic sign that more than equalled the famous lamp of Aladdin. Should he use it? He never had—he would try it now in his *real* distress; and in less time than it takes to write it, a dozen or more noble looking gentlemen were by his side. Seats were kindly given up in close proximity and filled in front and rear of him, while others occupied the aisle between the seats. All seemed to be anxious to know what could they do to alleviate his sufferings. He could not speak from exhaustion. His wife, however, explained all. They were *en route* for Buffalo, and thence into the country for his health. The Masonic reader need not be told that she was conversing with newly found friends, brothers of the mystic tie, who were anxious to supply her husband's every want, so far as it could be done under the circumstances. As it was, they pillowed his head on their bosoms, taking turns; opening the windows for fresh air, and fanned his heated brow. As they neared the city, a council was held, and it was found that some of these men resi-