

ing our breakfast was bran bread and water. I have not tasted coffee in two months. We are destitute and actually starving. It pains me to ask for help but we must have it or perish.

Yours fraternally,

F. C.

This letter came to the doctor in good time, and as he informed us when he read it the tears ran down his face like rain. He took the letter and went first to a brother Mason who was a banker, and asked him to read the letter. He read it over with his eyes filled with tears, and then stepped to his desk and wrote a check for \$25.00. He then went to another brother who was also a banker, and asked him to read the letter. He read it about half way down, when with his eyes filled with tears, he handed it back saying :

"Doctor, I can't read it; I can't read it." Without a word of asking, he seized his pen and wrote a cheque for \$20.00. The Doctor stepped out of the bank, where he met another brother.

"See here," said he, "I've got a letter here I want you to read." The brother took hold of it and began reading. Directly the tears came—he wiped his eyes and felt for his pocket-book. Looking in it he took out a \$10 bill. "Here," said he, "send him this by return mail."

The Doctor then dropped into a dry goods house and asked the proprietor to read the mystic and magic letter. The good merchant brother read the letter in a business like way, without a word. He then laid it down on the counter and turned to his drawer and took out a \$10.00 bill. "Doctor," said he, "please send this to the poor fellow right away." His tears showed his deep sympathy, for he was full.

Going out on the street again, the Doctor met a prominent lawyer.

"Judge," said he, "I have a letter here I would like for you to read."

The Judge adjusted his specs and began to peruse it. He read on, then stopped and took a long breath :

"Why, Doctor," said he, "this is a devil of a hard case. We'll have to do something for him." Then pulling out his pocketbook, he laid two \$5.00 bills in the Doctor's hand. "Send him these," said he ; "it won't do to let people starve to death in this country."

Two more Frateres read the letter and came down with the dust, or what was just as good, the greenbacks, and the Doctor counted his money, and he had \$85.

In a few minutes more he met two others, who went \$5.00 each on the letter, and then adding his own \$5.00 he just had a hundred dollars.

By the return mail he sent a check on New York for one hundred dollars to the suffering brother, only adding a word of prayer, that God might preserve him and his family. Within a few days he received an answer, in which the brother said :

"I thank you. I thank every giver with the deepest emotions of my heart. The gift is life to our souls and bodies too. It comes as light comes from heaven. I did not expect only a little help. It turned our home of famine into a Heaven of life. May the Grand Master above reward you for your fraternal consideration.—*Masonic Advocate.*

MASONIC MEMORIES.

We all of us at times go back in the spirit of our minds to the other days and ancient friends. For in Freemasonry, like everything else, Time the great disturber and destroyer of all mundane institutions, often lays its heavy hand on us and the Lodge, where we have spent so many happy hours. Change or sickness, absence or business, takes us away for a short time from the company of contemporaries, and like as in some tale of the genii, in the meanwhile a magic transformation has taken place. The old friends we knew so well are gone. Bro. Jones is sick and suffering, Bro. Brown has gone to live in the country, Bro. Simpson can't leave home of an evening, Bro. Barker has got tired of Freemasonry, Bro. Pogson has been advised by his doctor not to face night air, one or two have become married men, one or two have migrated elsewhere, and lo ! and behold, the whole personnel of the Lodge is completely metamorphosed. We enter the Lodge once again as of yore, we find the external appearance unchanged, and the old Tyler greets us with a smile and nod, and a few words of welcome, "Long time since we have seen you, Bro. Cropper, where have you been?"—And then we approach the mystic sanctum, and find ourselves once more in a well-known seat. All looks as it ever did, except the array of faces, the greater part of which was actually unknown to us. Oh, we say, "Quando mutatus ab illo" is the Lodge of the day, and that good old assembly in which in happier hours we whiled innocently away a few sunny hours of life amid the calls of duty, or the labors of refreshment. And then we almost start. No more good old P. M. Jones with his dogmatism and his lectures, his laying down the law, his infallible authority, his ready utter.