

eties. His money reared him a costly residence and fine business buildings. His purse was open to public charities, and the enlightenment of the heathen. Wherever the name of Joseph W. could appear publicly as a giver, there the dignified deacon of the —— church placed his purse upon the altar. He called himself a christian, but instead of saving souls from pandemonium to come, he worked as none but an evangelist could work, to save them from Masonry, here below. He preached on the street corners, button-holed every acquaintance and denounced the horrors of Masonry until anti-secret society men would cross the street when they saw him coming, to avoid the endless cry of "sausages, sausages." Occasionally, a man, not caring for one side or the other, would venture a remark, as did Andrew D. one day, when he said, "W., how was it about the R. family? Didn't the Masons care for them last winter when R. was laid up with the rheumatism?"

"All policy, all pohey; they did it to be seen and heard of men; no good ever came of Masonry yet; it never was and never will be good; it is all the work of the devil." Thus, Joe would set off in such a harrangue that the bold gentleman that started the hurricane would, like a sensible man, resolve to hold his peace and let fools blow their own trumpets.

"Having been introduced to Joe W., you can understand his storm of indignation when he made the discovery that he was a means of contributing, in a small way, to the support of Masonry. It happened in this way: one night before closing the factory, he accosted James B., one of his steady and efficient hands, and said, "James, the night watchman's wife is very sick, and it would be a favor to me if you would remain at the works to-night."

"It is lodge night, Mr. W., and special business requires my attention; any other night I should be glad to accommodate you."

"Are you a Mason?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the money that I pay you instead of going entirely to your family, in part goes to the lodge?"

"Yes, sir."

"James B., you are a poor man, why do you waste any of your earnings in this manner?"

"Sir, I have no money to leave my family; if I die they will have friends in the brotherhood."

W. drew himself up proudly and replied with an air of superiority: "I have worked and earned for my children a more substantial heritage than the friendship of the whole Fraternity."

Just then the factory bell rang the hour of dismissal, the closing for the time all further remarks! That night W. resolved that he would be a reformer—he would practice what he preached. Accordingly, the next day he interviewed all his hands and ascertained the solemn fact that five of them were Masons. These he summoned into his presence and informed them that he would give them a chance to repent. "If they would renounce their Order, they could still hold their situations, otherwise they were summarily dismissed." It is almost needless to remark, that on that tenth day of January, 1870, five men left W.'s employ, with the words indelibly impressed on their memory:

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

On none did the loss of employment fall heavier than on James B. Just before he left the presence of the proprietor he said: "Joseph W., as God can judge between the heart of a Christian Mason and a professed Christian egotist, if fortune's wheel ever places you in the suppliant's position, I hope He will show more mercy to you than you have this day shown to five of the best men that ever were in your employ."

Care and sickness entered the family of James B., but he struggled manfully, and took up the trials of life with a heavy heart, but willing hands. I will not enter into the minutiae belonging to the lives of the employer and employes; but will compass them in a few words. B. worked hard and earnest; bought a little home, and laid up a few dollars for the time of need; W. speculated, lost and failed so entirely that he received not even the bankrupt's panacea of being put into bankruptcy. Let sink into oblivion the months and years that followed; but go with me in imagination (as the writer did in reality, three weeks ago) to a cemetery not two hundred miles from Chicago, and you will see two marble headstones—on the one is inscribed the name of James B., on the other Joseph W. As I gazed on the white monuments before me, and memory brought before my mental vision the two men as I knew them in life, I thought: Equal at last—both heirs to a narrow casket, a marble slab and a lot in the burying ground. And God holds the will above. What did they leave their families? One, the cold charity of a disinterested world, and the merciless sneers of former