

sent day that may be blamed as their bitter hatred towards Masons equals that of Mrs. H. And why? Because instead of light and love coming more freely to their firesides on account of their husbands being Masons, darkness and misery have got a deeper hold than ever on their hearts; instead of becoming better men, better husbands and fathers through the teaching of Masonry as these women had a right to expect, thereby diffusing peace, joy and contentment in the home circle, these would-be Masons have, after the novelty of the thing has worn off, like the dog that returns to his vomit, gone back to their little vices and former habits and in time drag after them in their downward course those whom, they have before God and man promised to cherish and protect. And Masonry is blamed for this? * * * * *

Such a one may be likened to a bruté; the horse for instance, though he may be dragged by main force from the burning building, yet at the very first opportunity rushes back to his stable and to certain destruction.

But brethren, Mrs. H. believed that the craft was guilty of all kinds of meanness, and furthermore that they were pledged each to the other to support and uphold villainy of the darkest dye, nor would she admit that good of any description could come out of Nazareth so to speak; for she had never seen it, her time had not yet come. After many years of deprivation and ceaseless toil, her children grew up and married one after another, settling down here and there, scattered about over the country. One in particular, a daughter whom we wish to introduce in this story as having married a man of our acquaintance by the name of C., a poor but industrious mechanic, who afterward settled in the city of A—, State of Michigan, where in due time he was made a Mason, free and accepted. As year on year passed over his head on the road to eternity, he proved to be an exemplary member, respected and beloved by his brethren. When Mrs. H. heard of the startling intelligence, that her son-in-law had joined that detestable institution, she became almost beside herself with rage, because she verily thought, and said in the spirit of prophecy, as she believed, that her daughter's happiness was at an end. So she waited and watched, and watched and waited but in vain, for the trouble to cross the threshold of her son-in-law when her prediction would be verified. But Bro. C. was not of that sort of stuff, he did not believe that once donning the Masonic harness merely was all that was required to make an upright man of him, but that on the contrary his work to that end had just commenced. He knew that Masonry stripped of its moral teachings, could make a man of no one, but if these teachings could be carried out in daily practice, together with the encouragements of those brethren who are not ashamed to apply the common gavel to the rough ashlar of their lives daily and hourly if need be, that when they shall be presented as fit material for that "spiritual building—that house not made with hands," they be not cast out as unworthy, unqualified and unprepared for a place therein; he also knew it would materially aid him in being what the institute desires to make of its followers.

To this end he labored hard in the forest and in the quarries, and succeeded in a remarkable degree. So good, so kind to his family, so thoughtful for the comfort of others; so charitable to the faults of his fellows, that Mrs. H. was at loss to account for such exemplary conduct on the part of one who had taken upon himself those terrible oaths in secret, and still delighted to meet in council with those scape-graces