

and brought her gifts of everything that might please her childish fancy.

"My dear little girl," said Dr. Hunt, when Eva was at length able to ride out, "will you tell me your name?"

"Eva," said the child; "I thought you knew it."

"Yes, I know your name is Eva, but I want to know the rest of your name—your father."

"Eva Durant. Mr. Durant is my papa."

"Yes; I want you to tell me all you can remember about your father and mother."

Eva's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, sir, my mamma died and went to live with the angels. He said that if I never saw him again I must know he had gone to mamma."

"Where were you when he told you this?"

"On the ship; and oh, the fire did burn me so; and papa held me in his arms until a strong man took me and tied something under my arms and threw me into the water, and I have not seen papa since. "Oh, sir, can you tell me where he is?"

And this was all that Eva's new friend could discover. It was plain that she had come from the ship that had burned a few weeks before; that she had been cast upon the sea and had floated to the shore; but where was her father? Had he been saved, and was he searching for his child? Every possible effort was made to find him. The circumstances of the case, with the statement of the child, were published in the newspapers of the neighbouring cities, but the grief-stricken father, believing his child to be lost, had sailed a week before for Europe, and it soon became settled in the minds of Eva's protectors that he had perished. But the little one still prattled about her "papa," and he was coming by and by, and those who believed differently would not pain her by contradiction.

The square and compass that had been found upon her clothing were regarded as a powerful appeal from a Mason to his brethren to care for his child. So it came to pass that Eva became, as it were, the special charge of Hiram Lodge, No. 95. Mr. Turner would have gladly taken the entire charge of the little waif, and the wealthy Senator W— requested to be allowed to adopt her as his daughter, but the brethren in the lodge assembled declared by a vote that Eva should be reared, educated and protected by the

lodge, and that as Providence had placed her in Bro. Turner's house, that should be her home.

And so years went by, and Eva became a healthy, robust child, flitting here and there, everywhere meeting the warmest welcomes. The Masonic Hall was but a few rods from Mr. Turner's residence, and Eva often went with him as far as the door, and then returned alone, always bidding the Tyler take good care of Pa Turner, and send him home early.

CHAPTER III.

The six years that followed the death of his wife and the loss of his child passed wearily to James Durant. He visited nearly every country in the Old World, seeking among scenes of natural beauty and grandeur as well as of historic interest, for the mental rest which never could be found. Once more he turned his steps towards America, and sought his Masonic friend, Wadsworth. Finding that gentleman about setting out with his family on a journey to the Atlantic coast, Mr. Durant accepted the invitation to accompany them to Saratoga and Niagara, then to New York, where leaving the ladies, Mr. Durant and Mr. Wadsworth, wandered from town to town along the coast, enjoying the beauty of the scenery and the quiet hospitality that greeted them more than the crowded hotels and the fashionable style of the popular watering-places. Fancy, and the kind hand of Providence, led them to the little town of B—, and the second evening after their arrival they visited the Masonic lodge. A warm welcome was extended to these brethren from such distant homes, and both were invited to address the lodge. Mr. Durant said:

"Brethren: I have travelled much and long. I have found Masonic sympathy in every part of the globe, and everywhere is Masonry substantially the same. I can hardly tell where I reside. The world seems to be my home, as I remain but a short time in any town or country, but my name is recorded in an English lodge. I love my English brethren, for they first brought me 'from darkness to light,' and I love English soil, for with it sleeps the wife of my youth. But I love American soil, also, for there I have found the warmest welcomes, the kindest of brethren. And, too, my child is sleeping in American waters, even beneath the very waves that wash the shore of your beautiful village.