

# THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

## CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

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Bro. J. J. MASON, 18\*, } 'The Queen and the Craft.' } \$1.50 Per Annum,  
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### THE PORTRAIT.

#### A MASON'S STORY.

I shall never forget the story told by brother S—, at one of our sodality meetings at B—, S. C., in the winter of 186—. Among the officers of the various regiments stationed there at the time, were several brethren of the "mystic tie," and it was no unusual thing for some of us to meet together of an evening for the purpose of passing a "lecture." On such occasions, after spending an hour or more in rehearsal, we usually fell into social conversation, and not unfrequently would we find the whole of our little company listening to a story from one of our number. One evening something in the conversation reminded brother S—, of the history of a portrait, which he thought might, perhaps, interest us, and upon our expressing an eagerness to hear it, he consented to tell it.

My memory will only allow me to recall the principal points of the story, but I shall never forget how completely our attention was absorbed at the recital. There was a certain something in the manner in which it was told—something peculiarly attractive in the tones of his voice—which lent an unusual charm to the narration.

"You probably all know," said brother S—, that I am not a native of this country. I was born in the old and respectable city of—, in Germany, a city long famed for its university, and where my story begins. Among those who earned a scanty livelihood by leasing lodging-rooms to the students of the university, and keeping them in order was a widow. She had scarcely reached what men call the prime of life, but no one could look upon his countenance, without being conscious that her lot in life had been deeply tinged with sorrow. Left with a young family, without the means of support, save her own hands, her years of widowhood had been little else than years of constant struggling with poverty.

"Among her lodgers was one student, whose pale face and frail form had often attracted notice, as he passed to and from the university. And she often wondered if he had a mother, and if that mother knew that her boy was overtaking himself, and that his face grew paler day