

get that man and bring him up here to me, and don't you forget it, they were not long in doing it, as the crew was as afraid of Winchester bullets as was the pilot.

"Seeing that the man was safe aboard together with a bundle which he picked up as we neared him, I turned again to the pilot and told him to get out as soon as possible. But before we got away from there three other shots were fired at us.

"By this time the man had reached me, and depositing his precious bundle on the sky-lights of the cabin, which were at my feet but struck him about midships, he threw back the cover and revealed the dead body of a 1-year-old little girl, and as he did so burst out in tears and fell on his knees and began to thank me. I rached down, took up the dead form in my own strong arms, bore it into my room and laid it upon my own bed, and extending him my hand, we wept together.

"His story was soon told. He was farming about one mile distant back of the levee. His house was built on piers, and therefore above overflow. His cattle rafts were ready for his stock and his boys would attend to them. His little darling had died suddenly and his heroic and devoted wife was not willing to have her buried like an animal in the bottom, to be covered annually perhaps by water. So, at her solicitation, and by the love he bore his baby girl, he had resolved to brave all danger and give it a Christian burial.

Here we both wiped a tear from our eye and the old captain continued:

"A six-hours run brought us to Memphis. Immediately upon our arrival I sent for a brother, who was then in the undertaking business, also for three other brothers, and our sainted brother, Rev. Dr. L., all of whom have passed away. Upon their arrival at the boat I related the circumstances to them and there was another warm shake of the hand with the father and a silent tear dropped all around. A beautiful little casket was brought, the little body was embalmed and the cabin was made

ready for the funeral. Three of the brothers and myself bore the little treasure from my room in the Texas to the cabin, where, surrounded by the boat's officers, the preacher 'said a word of prayer,' after which we entered two carriages awaiting us on the wharf and bore it away to Elmwood, where it was interred in my own private lot.

"Two of the brothers took charge of our distressed brother during the remainder of the day and when leaving time came that evening accompanied him to the boat, where a great box of provisions, sufficient to maintain his family a month, was awaiting him. In twenty-four hours from the time he boarded my boat I landed him again on the very spot from where I took him, and as I bade him good bye and felt the pressure of his hand, I thanked God that neither the threats of man or the deadly scream of Winchester bullets could deter a brother from the discharge of duty."

MASONIC SERMON IN OSWALD-TWISTLE CHURCH.

A Masonic service was recently held in St. Paul's Church, Oswaldtwistle, in aid of the East Lancashire Systematic Masonic Educational and Benevolent Institution. The service was well rendered, and the following sermon on the well-known text from 1st Peter c. 2, v. 17, "Honor all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honor the King," was preached by Bro. the Rev. W. G. Proctor, who said:—

I conceive that I cannot better occupy the time I have at my disposal this afternoon, when we are met in God's house as members of an Order which holds a very important position, not only here in England, but in all parts of the civilized world, than by explaining to this congregation, so far as I have the ability and the power to do, the origin, the principles, and the objects of Freemasonry. It is an institution so ancient that it is impossible to trace its beginning with perfect accuracy. Some great authorities say