

contemplated anything worse than to alarm him, yet the fatigue and anxiety of the search brought on a fever, which aggravated his pulmonary affection, and no doubt hastened his end.

The expectation of a speedy death intensified the love the poor, lonely student felt for his child. It was painful, it was pitiful to observe his vigilance over her now. It had come out by questions from his masonic brethren that all his relatives were dead, and that little Winny had no one to look after her but himself and them. In regard to pecuniary resources, he begged them, however, to feel no alarm, as he had at interest, in a banking house in a neighboring town, a sufficient sum at least to clothe and support her until she was grown.

But oh, how loath was the father to leave his child! He felt and acted as tho' in his death everything would die. It was useless to tell him how many orphan children there were who grew up happy and respected. In his grave would be buried the life and hopes of Winnefred. At all places—church, school, Lodge—she was ever with him or near him, and the two were inseparable.

Little Winnefred was a thoughtful and precious child, as all young persons, raised in that way by doting parents are inclined to be. With dark, curling hair, strong muscular limbs, and gleaming eyes, she was not at all the model of the novels, nor such a child as one would expect the daughter of her father to be. She was extremely reticent, which was, perhaps, fortunate for the peace and welfare of Kingville Lodge, for it used to be said that Little Winny Francis was allowed by the genial old Tyler to see and hear things, up in his little ante-room, whith none but Masons, as a general thing are supposed to see and hear. On one occasion, by a singular oversight, she had been left fast asleep behind the Treasurer's desk, while George Hildebrand was undergoing the "amazing trials" of being made a Past Master, and she astonished the whole Pastmaster's Lodge by waking up and asking George "why he didn't wear his hat like the rest of them?" It is needless to say that the Kingville Past Masters always made the oriental chair a lively and jovial place to their candidates, and that 1848 was long before Mackey threw his wet blanket over all the fun and good nature of the Past Masters' Degree.

George Hildebrand being thus interrogated, and naturally supposing the story to be one of the "amazing trials" aforesaid, told the little maid he had left it in the ante-room. Upon which she cheerfully started after it, but, very unexpectedly, was not permitted by the genial old Tyler to return.

Brother Francis died in the fall of 1848, little Winnefred being at the time about ten years of age. It was a sad day. Nature wept. The leaves were falling. Blossoms had faded; the birds had flown; the sun was withdrawing below the Junior Warden's station; never is a masonic funeral so sad as upon an autumn day, when it threatens rain.

"Destruction upon destruction; the whole land is spoiled; the earth mourns; the heavens above are black; all the people sigh; tears run down like a river; they cease not without any intermission; our heart is faint; eyes are dim." Such passages as make up the burden of Jeremiah are most appropriate on that day. Never had the Masons of Kingville Lodge realized the keenness of sorrow as they did when the first earth was thrown upon that coffin, and the poor little orphan, twice orphaned, with shriek upon shriek, broke from every detaining hand and threw herself wildly into the grave, and pleaded to be buried with her father. The strongest men wept. The hollow