

one Sunday morning he passed to his heavenly home without a struggle, his bedside surrounded by many dear friends. As his end drew near he turned to Mr. Wakelee and said: "Brother Wakelee, through you to Trinity Lodge I commit the care of my daughter Alice, who for years has been my support and comforter since my faithful wife passed away. Let her be taught to love the institution of Masonry, to live by its example, until some worthy brother shall ask the lodge for her hand, and choose her to be his partner through life."

Mr. Wakelee assured the dying brother that his request should be fulfilled, and while he was speaking he noticed the approach of death's messenger, and soon the spirit of the good brother had gone to the Grand Lodge above, to sit at the right hand of the supreme Grand Master of Creation.

Alice was completely overcome by the loss of her father. She was an orphan now. Where should she go, or what should she do? It was with difficulty that Mrs. Wakelee and other ladies could remove her from the body of her father, but like true Christian women they comforted her as much as it was possible. While the preparations for the funeral were being made by Mr. Wakelee, the Master of Trinity Lodge, and other brethren, Mrs. W. took Alice to her own home in hopes that a change of scene would tend to quiet her mind. It did, in a measure, for a short time, until the day of the funeral, when Alice returned to her old home and as she crossed the threshold she wept bitterly. She passed at once to the death chamber, where she knelt and offered up a prayer to God on high to pity the poor orphan. While she thus wept, young Winslow came in, and seeing her deep distress, went to her and tried to comfort her. She at last listened to his friendly entreaties, and seemed to try to nerve herself to repress her feelings.

During his sickness, Mr. Pearson had expressed a wish, if he should die, to be buried by his brethren, and it was arranged that after a short service at the house the services at the grave should be conducted by the Master of Trinity Lodge.

The hour for the services at the house arrived, and the rooms were crowded by friends wishing to pay the last tribute to one who in life had been a good citizen and an honest man. The remarks of the Rev. Mr. Louny were exceedingly appropriate. He spoke of the life and character of the deceased, and closed his remarks by paying a worthy and a worthy tribute to the association of men who had so faithfully cared for their brother to the end. He spoke of the great charity which extended even beyond the grave. Among the funeral assembly and of those who followed the remains to their final resting place was David Winslow and his family. He had listened to the divine word over the ashes of a dead friend, by one who spoke eloquently of an association he had despised. The words of the preacher and the actions of the brethren that day worked a change in his heart, and while he uttered not a word, his mind was busy, questioning if in the past he had not acted wrongly. At any rate, he never renewed the theme in the shop.

Alice Pearson found a home with Mr. Wakelee and his wife, and when either was called to visit the sick she always went with them, and by her words of cheer and good will was a welcome visitor to every bedside.

When the fall meetings of the lodge were resumed, the Master laid the dying request of Brother Pearson before the lodge, and the charge being accepted, Alice Pearson became the child of Trinity Lodge. Through the kindness of one of the members she was sent to a boarding