

woman, to help whom, her husband braved the terrible storm of the previous night. A short but fervent invocation was pronounced at the hovel by the Chaplain of the lodge, when the body, preceded by two hundred members of the Fraternity, and followed by as many citizens in carriages and on foot, was taken to the cemetery, where the beautiful and impressive funeral rites of the Masonic Institution were performed, after which, all retired to their homes, except Bro. Cray and his wife. By the invitation of the former, the lady consented to call for a few moments on the afflicted family. The widow was standing in the door of her hut, as they approached, having removed her hat and veil.

Mrs. Cray gazed at her a moment and then seized her by the hand and exclaimed :

"Are you not May Whitford? In heaven's name tell me!"

"I am," was the reply, "and you are Agathe Scott?"

"Yes, and I have looked the world over almost, to find you."

"And I have written everywhere to you and received no answer."

"But here we are at last—my earliest, dearest, best friend! Never more will we be parted.

And they were not, for the widow was domesticated in the family of her early friend, whose jealousy of her husband seems to have evaporated on that rainy night, when she was determined to look upon his character and doings through green spectacles.

The two ladies were foster-sisters; had been separated by the events of the war of the rebellion; had lost all trace of each other for nearly a decade of years, and now thus unexpectedly met far away from the roof-tree where they had played together in childhood—the one a happy wife—the other a disconsolate widow, with her grief, standing beside the grave of her hopes and joys. We need not give a history of the facts precedent to what we have stated. There are thousands of lives constantly going on, filled up in the same manner. Take either of those with which you are acquainted, reader. Be assured it will "fit in."—*Voice of Masonry*.

HOW BROTHER MADDEN LOFTUS FULFILLED HIS OBLIGATIONS.

OUR brother was a native of Kentucky. By his own choice he was a citizen of Illinois. He always revered Masonry—at least that was the testimony we have to it, because his father was an active member of the Fraternity, and frequently rode a dozen miles of an inclement afternoon to attend the communications of his Lodge. And brother Loftus knew his father would not do that unless the Institution was worthy of reverence. His father was a good man, and no one was ever in company with the son for an hour without being repeatedly assured of the fact. And because this good man, his father, was a Mason, therefore Masonry was a worthy organization.

From some cause or other it happened that Brother Loftus had nearly reached middle life, and still was not a member of the Order. In fact he never did become such until he emigrated to the Prairie State. Though such an admirer of Masonry, he had never assumed its obligations, or taken upon himself to discharge the duties required of members. There might have been those who knew why this was thus, but if so, they kept their knowledge to themselves. So he sought his new home as a profane, and settled in the central part of Illinois.

The love and reverence for Masonry soon became known, and the necessary residence in the State jurisdiction was hardly attained when he was proposed as a candidate for the degrees of Freemasonry. He stood the examination of the committee, pronounced his principles, declared he was not actuated by mercenary motives or considerations in the step he was about to take, and was finally entered as a full communist in the Lodge—a Master Mason. He praised the ceremonies of the degrees, expressed his profound satisfaction with the Lodge in its entirety, and did not see how it could be otherwise than that an influence for good should be brought to bear upon the members. Especially did he look to the weekly fraternity gatherings to instil a feeling of brotherly regard into their hearts.

Time passed on, and there was an election, and Brother Loftus being a politician, was of the opinion that "arrangements" ought to be made to secure the election of his favorite candidates to the chairs of the lodge. His first rebuff was received when informed that electioneering was contrary to the spirit of Masonry, and was condemned by Masonic laws. This upset his calculation; in fact it left him without aim or resource, for he had set his heart upon occupying an honorable place upon the list of officers, and it was pretty clear, even to his mind, that he did not stand much