

prudence, fortitude and justice, for she thought they were beautiful combinations of a high moral order of life, and well designed to build up an honorable manhood, where the brotherhood had the stamina and intelligence to measure up to them.

Though only in her teens this mystic book became her *vade mecum*, and she read it over with critical intelligence, without a thought of condemning it, because women could not be made Masons. She had faith in her father, and knew that Masonic integrity would not allow the tenderer sex to be wronged. Jealously of masculine rights had no place in her heart. She was contented and proud to know that her father was a Master Mason, and she read his Masonic books because she saw that they diligently taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. She also saw that there was no bigotry, no intolerance, no sectarianism, no jealous inclusiveness in the system, and she embraced its faith because of its intrinsic worth, and of its practical value.

"Pa," said she one day, with a smile which told of her simplicity, "I believe I'm a Mason, myself."

I wouldn't wonder, daughter, responded the doctor, "for every good woman is a Mason."

"Without initiation, Pa?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he answered.

"Well, then, I'm one, pa," said she, "I've read your books, and I know I like their teachings and I am glad you've told me I'm a Mason, for I shall try to keep the faith, so as never to dishonor my profession."

"That is right, daughter," said the doctor with a smile, "let your light shine in rays of humanity, in sympathy for the unfortunate, and you'll never dishonor yourself or any one else."

Long after her father was gone Stella sat looking out of the window at the passing throng of humanity, still wondering in her mind how it was that so many suffer and die in want, and are so soon forgotten, while the whole land is so full of churches and societies and benevolent institutions. The thought was painful to her young heart, and deeply did she feel the necessity of a careful guardianship over the pride and selfishness of her own nature. Grey's lines came to her memory.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil.
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Late in the evening, after the family had taken tea, Stella was leaning over the banisters of the front porch, gazing with devout abstraction upon the glittering of the stars. The night was beautiful, and the very heavens seemed to look down upon the world beneath with complacent sympathy. It was a night for the acknowledgement of the goodness of the Maker of All Things, as well as for the exercise of gentle pity for such as could not enjoy the splendor of the scene.

Just then the front gate opened and a tall and spare woman leading a little girl, came up the walk and asked, "Is Dr. Gregg at home."

"He is not; he is at the office, if he is not out visiting a patient," responded Stella.

"Do you wish to see him?" she enquired.

"Well, yes," answered the lady. "Yet I fear," she said, "it will all be in vain."

"O, my dear, I can scarcely tell you," the lady responded, "for fear I shall fail with the doctor, just as I have with several others."

"Why, if there is anything," said Stella, "that pa can ever do for you it will be done cheerfully, I've no doubt."

"I hope so, I hope so," the woman repeated, "for I feel that death itself will be a relief to me if I cannot save my son."

"Why, where is he? What has he done?" asked Stella as she grew excited as well as interested in the case of the new patient of her father before her.

The woman seemed to hesitate in giving the story of her distress to the daughter which she intended for her father, and she was about to turn away to find the doctor's office.

"My dear son is in trouble," said she, "and I want to see the doctor, I think he will be willing to protect me in this persecution." The woman's voice trembled as she spoke, she was evidently in deep distress, and the tears coursed down her cheeks, as was visible even in the starlight. "I must see the doctor to-night," for my son is in jail, and if it is possible I will have him out to-morrow. O, it is terrible, miss, for an innocent young man to be treated in this way."

"I know he is not guilty," she again defiantly affirmed.