

and before to-morrow morning, will sell it for you at the best time and advantage, and hold the proceeds subject to your order."

The grateful merchant was profuse with his thanks.

"None of that, Brother Simpson. My own heart is a sufficient reward. You can say all that when we meet again. Time presses. You are in immediate and great danger."

A clearsale was forthwith made of the whole property, amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars. No documentary evidences relative to the debt were retained by Mr. Simpson. Prudence pointed out this as the only course that promised a successful result.

At parting, while yet the boat was waiting at the pier, and the drums of the American advanced guard were sounding in the suburbs of the city, Mr. Simpson took a gold piece from his pocket, broke it in two parts, and handing one to his noble-hearted friend, observed; "you and I used to debate the purpose of the ancient *tessera*; now we will make it a practical question. Whoever presents you with this fragment of gold, to him I authorize you to render up whatever in your hand belongs to me. Farewell."

Years rolled by, and Jonas Lee heard no more from his old friend. With great difficulty, and by the aid of powerful friends at headquarters, he had succeeded in disposing of the property without much loss; and by a judicious use of the money he had become rich. Old age then crept upon him. His daily walks about the city began to be shortened. The almond-tree flourished. The grasshopper began to be a burden. From year to year he drew nearer his own mansion, and finally confined himself within his retired apartment to await the summoner of all flesh.

One day, as he was reclining in the listlessness of old age, with but the Word of God and the person of his good wife for companionship, and the voices of his grandchildren ringing from the next room in happy harmony, he was accosted by a beggarly-looking young man, who prayed a gift of money "for a poor shipwrecked foreigner, who had lost his all and barely escaped with life itself."

Jonas Lee was not a person to refuse such a demand. He made him a bountiful gift of money, clothes and kind words. But when the foreigner was about to depart, he walked up to Mr. Lee's couch, and pressing his hand with thankfulness, he dropped into it a worn and ragged piece of metal, and asked him if he would accept that piece of gold as a token of a poor beggar's gratitude? There was something peculiar in the foreigner's tone, which led Mr. Lee to draw out his spectacles and examine the offering intently. What was the surprise of his wife to see him rise from his chair, draw a similar fragment from his bosom, where it had been suspended by a ribbon for a long time, and applying the pieces together, to hear him triumphantly declare: "They fit! they fit! The broken *tessera* is complete! the union is perfect! Thank God, thank God, my brother is yet alive!"

The foreigner turned out to be the youngest son of Mr. Simpson, who had been shipwrecked, as he stated, to the great hazard of his life. Preserving the golden fragment, he had landed at Philadelphia ragged and poor, charged by his father with a message to Mr. Lee. Why the former had so long delayed his claim does not appear. The history informs us, however, that he followed the British army through the rest of the war, and amassed a large fortune by some successful government contracts; gone to England; embarked in some extensive speculations there, and finally, retiring from business immensely wealthy, was made a baronet for his loyal services.

His son was received with open arms, and introduced into the best circles of Philadelphia. The report concerning the Masonic part of the transaction became public, and gave a new impetus to the Order.

But when a full account of his stewardship was prepared by Mr. Lee, and the property, both principal and interest, tendered to the young man, the proffer was met by a letter from Sir Hubbard Simpson just received, in which he declined receiving a shilling of it, and presented it with his warmest regards, to his old friend and brother, Jonas Lee.—*Keystone*.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

READER, if, ten years ago, you had been passing through a certain beautiful city of Northern Illinois, situated on Rock River, and if it had been my privilege to have pointed out the objects of beauty and interest, I should have called your attention to the right bank of the river to view the palatial residence and artistic grounds belonging to Joseph W. He was at that time the wealthy proprietor of the ——— factory, and a standing monument, verifying the assertion, "That money makes the man." He was a shrewd, active, business man. The organ of acquisitiveness predominating over all others, except an inordinate propensity for speculating on and denouncing secret soci-