

he would come by-and-by; those who believed differently would not pain her by contradiction.

The square and compass that had been found upon her clothing was regarded as a powerful appeal from a Mason to his brethren to care for his child. So it came to pass that Eva became, as it were, the special charge of Hiram Lodge, No. 93. Mr. Turner would gladly have taken the entire care of the little waif, and the wealthy Senator W—— requested to be allowed to adopt her as his daughter, but the Brethren in Lodge assembled, declared by a vote that Eva should be reared, educated, and protected by the Lodge, and that as Providence had placed her in Brother Turner's house, that should be her home.

And so years went by, and Eva became a healthy, joyous child, fitting here and there, and everywhere meeting the warmest of welcomes. The Masonic Hall was but a few rods from Mr. Turner's residence, and Eva often went with him as far as the door, and then returned alone, always bidding the Tyler "take good care of Pa Turner and send him home early."

CHAPTER III.

The six years that followed the death of his wife and the loss of his child passed wearily to James Durant.

He visited nearly every country in the Old World, seeking among scenes of natural beauty and grandeur as well as of historic interest, for the mental rest which could never be found.

Once more he turned his steps toward America, and sought his Masonic friend Wadsworth. Finding that gentleman about setting out with his family for the Atlantic coast, Mr. Durant accepted the invitation to accompany them to Saratoga and Niagara, then to New York, where, leaving the ladies, Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Durant wandered from town to town along the coast, enjoying the beauty of the scenery and the quiet hospitality that greeted them more than the crowded hotels and the fashionable style of the watering-places. Fancy, and the kind hand of Providence, at length led them to the little town of B——, and the second evening after their arrival they visited the Masonic Lodge. A warm welcome was extended to these Brethren from such distant homes, and both were invited to address the Lodge. Mr. Durant said:

"Brethren: I have traveled much and long. I have found Masonic sympathy in every part of the globe, and everywhere is Masonry substantially the same. I can hardly tell where I reside. The world seems to be my home, as I remain but a short time in any town or country, but my name is recorded in an English Lodge. I love my English Brethren, for they first brought me from darkness to light, and I love English soil, for in it sleeps the wife of my youth. But I love American soil, also, for here have I found the warmest of welcomes, the kindest of brethren. And, too, my own child is sleeping in American waters, even beneath the very waves that wash the shores of your beautiful village. Six years have passed since this dear friend and brother robbed himself of his life-preserver that my little Eva might perhaps escape, and we hoped the elements might be kind, and that Heaven would send her relief, but she was never heard of more."

The voice of Mr. Durant was quivering with emotion, and unable to speak further, he seated himself, and covered his face with his hands.