

At this juncture, a new feature was added to the fierce aspect of war. From a group of copse-wood lying directly between the belligerent forces, appeared the tall, straight figure of brother H——, leading little Eda Arthur by the hand. She was draped in snowy white. Brother H—— was clothed in white gloves and apron. In his left hand he carried his hat, while with his right hand he held the little hand of Eda. H's white hair and flowing beard glistened like silver in the noon-day sun. Like the angel of peace he slowly approached the confederate ranks. How grand was the effect upon the rude soldiery of both armies! How stood the genius of peace and war in juxtaposition—venerable age and innocent childhood had joined hands and had interposed between the weapons of death! How beautiful the effect; The ingenious fancy could fill up the procession with invisible angels as these two advanced amid the surroundings of war and the appointments of death! The heads of the rough soldiers were uncovered, and bowed in deep homage as brother H—— and Eda approached the centre of the line. The dense column silently opened. Bro. H—— and Eda passed through, and it as silently closed again. After they had gained the rear, they directed their steps to where General Jackson sat upon his panting steed in the midst of his staff. He dismounted and advanced a few paces to meet brother H—— and Eda. The rough soldier extended his hand in friendly greeting to brother H——.

"Brother, what brings one like you here at such a fearful moment as this?" inquired the war-worn General.

"Humanity," replied brother H——.

"What can I do for you?" asked General Jackson.

"Now, Eda, do your errand," said brother H——, turning to the child at his side.

"Is my father still living?" inquired Eda. "His name is Captain George Arthur."

"Yes my child, he is still living," replied the soldier in a voice as gentle as a child. "He is likely to live, although severely wounded. By my order, my own surgeon has given him especial care and attention. A brother of the mystic tie never appealed to me in vain."

"I came," rejoined Eda, "to take my father home to my mother; you will let me, won't you?"

"Yes, my sweet child, you shall take your father home, and may God protect you both!" He called an orderly, and hastily writing on a small piece of paper which he handed to him, said:

"Here detail the man,—procure an ambulance,—take George Arthur, a prisoner in the hospital, and Captain of Company A. Seventh Regiment—Infantry Volunteers, deliver him, and this old man and child, under a flag of truce within the federal lines; that is your passport."

As brother H—— and Eda moved to follow the sergeant, General Jackson advanced to Eda, and said:

"Little angel, let an old soldier kiss your hand." Eda extended her hand. The rough old man knelt on his right knee, and rising her hand in reverence towards his lips, Eda suddenly withdrew it, and clasping her arms around the neck of the brawny and sun-tanned old man, kissed his rough cheek, burst into tears, and wept upon his shoulder. Stonewall Jackson wept. He remained kneeling with his head bowed, several minutes after Eda had separated from him, while every one of his staff turned away in respect to his emotion. Within an hour after this touching incident, the din of arms, the smoke of war, the confusion of battle, mingled with the gush of blood and the shriek of death, swept over this sacred spot, where peace and war, childhood and age had met in holy embrace. Whatever may have been the faults or political errors of that war-worn soldier, this incident of gentle tenderness drapes his memory in a white-robed sanctity. Angels bowed their heads in reverence above him, while he thus knelt upon that battle-field encircling innocent childhood with his war-clad arms.

It was a joyous day when Charity Lodge marched in procession to the depot of S——, to receive and welcome brother H——, Eda and Captain Arthur home.

"You will not blame father for being a Freemason any more, will you, mother?" whispered Eda to Mrs. Arthur, as she embraced her child after an absence of twelve days.—*Michigan Freemason.*

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FREEMASONRY has its history—a history full of generous and noble deeds, well worthy to be preserved and cherished through ages to come. She has survived the vicissitudes, the wars and revolutions of nearly thirty centuries and has witnessed the rise and growth of all the civilized nations on the face of the globe.