

prayer, as the good priest left the cell.
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Morn at length broke, and all was prepared for the execution of Fritz -- still the priest returned not -- his arms were pinioned, and the guard about to conduct him from his cell, when the door was gently opened, and the chaplain entered.

"You are late," said the young man, "but duty doubtless detained you. Unloose my mother's arms from about my neck, father, and give me your blessing -- comfort her when I am gone."

"Fritz," said the old man, solemnly, "you stand upon the verge of eternity. Is thy mind subjected to the will of God?"

"I am contented to die. God's will be done."

The sobs of the wretched mother, whose fortitude had quite forsaken her, were irrepressible.

"Unsearchable are His ways, my child; inscrutable are His decrees. Lost and wretched as you stand, were it well, He still could save you."

"I am hopeless, father, of all earthly mercy," replied the young man.

"Hope," said the priest, with a tone approaching to cheerfulness, "should never leave us. Should it please Providence to spare thy life" --

"Priest!" exclaimed the mother, who had been listening to his words, "is there hope? Thou art a holy man, and wouldst not trifle with a soul upon the verge of time. Shall I not be left a childless mother. Has Heaven, in mercy to my prayer, spared me my age's prop -- my boy -- my only one?"

"It has," replied the priest, producing the pardon; "he is free."

In an instant mother and son were folded in each other's arms, while the messenger of mercy bestowed on them his benediction.

The father of Fritz and Frederick of Prussia were Freemasons. The story is told as related to the writer by one of the young soldier's descendants, who is himself a member of the Fraternity,

and attached to a Lodge in Suabia. --
Freemasons Repository.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

To show the beauties of fraternity and illustrate how a Minnesota man found friends in a distant land, one has only to read the following from the *Masonic Herald* of Sept., published at Rome, Ga. William Milne may be remembered by many readers of the *Masonic Record* as he once resided in South Minneapolis.

An incident has just occurred in Rome, Ga., which beautifully illustrates the universality of Masonry. Last fall Bro. William Milne came to Rome from Minnesota and procured employment in the Lindale cotton mills. Here he met with an accident which disabled him, and in a short time he became a victim of consumption. Being a stranger and without means, he was taken to the county alms house. In a short time the Master of Cherokee Lodge No. 66 received a letter from Bro. H. S. Goff, secretary of Minnehaha Lodge No. 165, of Minneapolis, Minn., stating that Bro. Milne was a member in good standing of that lodge, and asking the Rome brethren to administer to his wants, and that Minnehaha Lodge would be responsible for all expenses incurred in caring for the distressed Bro. Bro. Milne was thereupon at once taken from the almshouse, and for a week sojourned at a private hospital, after which he became an inmate of the home of Bro. J. P. Earle. Here he received every attention from Bro. Earle and his family, and was surrounded by all the comforts of a home. Minnehaha Lodge donated a generous amount for the sick brother's care, and the Rome brethren also contributed for the same purpose. Bro. D. T. McCall gave all the necessary medical attention free of charge. On Aug. 17th, Bro. Milne died and was buried with Masonic honors by Cherokee Lodge on the following day.

Bro. Goff, in one of his letters to the Master of Cherokee Lodge beautifully