

laying plans for trips and excursions, and visiting new places next summer. Mrs. Gouley was awakened by the smoke. She aroused Bro. Gouley, and the two began to make preparations to leave in case of danger. Both were calm and collected, and apparently in equal readiness to leave. The smoke became suffocating. Mrs. Gouley saturated a towel with water, and placed it over her head and face, advising her husband to do the same, and follow her. She left the room supposing he was at her back. It was total darkness, but she found the head of the stairs, which was near at hand, and began her descent. At the first landing she called to Bro. Gouley to come on, and a voice further down said "Come." She supposed it was that of Bro. Gouley, who had probably passed her in the darkness. She went on and was met by Mr. Miles, manager of a Cincinnati theatre, who commenced hurrying her along out of danger. She would have gone back for Bro. Gouley, but the strong man who had taken charge of her would not permit her to throw away her life by returning. She was finally told that Bro. Gouley was safe outside, and thus was got safely into the street, and came off without bodily harm. Mrs. Gouley was taken to the residence of Mr. Wm. C. Defriez, a long-time friend of Bro. Gouley and the family. There the deeply-stricken widow, unable to realize the terrible situation, received every attention that friendship and sympathy could suggest. The Gouleys were childless. They had one child—a daughter—who died years ago. They were a most harmonious couple, and were greatly admired and loved by all their friends. There are several theories of Bro. Gouley's fate. It seems somewhat strange that his wife should be able to escape while he was not, and his friends endeavor to account for the accident. Bro. Geo. Frank Gouley was a fearless and a generous man. Some who knew him best suppose that, not knowing the danger to be so imminent, and seeing his wife in a fair way to escape unharmed, he delayed following her in order to help some friends who were in distress on the same floor, and stayed too long. Others think that he may have made an effort to save some papers or other property in the room, and coming out was stifled and bewildered, and had to return to the room as his only refuge, to wait for ladders that never came."

The following account of the funeral appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of Monday, the 16th:—"The funeral of George Frank Gouley took place to-day, and was one of the largest and most imposing seen here for a long time. The services were held in the large hall of the Masonic building, corner of Seventh and Market streets. It was crowded to its utmost capacity by people of all classes. Xenophon Ryland, Grand Master of the State, conducted the ceremonies, which were very solemn and imposing, assisted by a number of officers of high rank. There were also a considerable number of Masons here from the interior of the State, and from surrounding States. The procession embraced the Oscalon, Ivanhoe, St. Louis, and St. Aldman Commanderies of Knights Templar, two military companies, a large number of Masons on foot, and about 150 carriages and other vehicles. The remains were deposited in the receiving vault at Bellefontaine cemetery, and will be conveyed to Wilmington, Del., his former home."

In the same number of the *Voice of Masonry* appears the following article from the pen of our late Brother, and it was probably the last article written by him:—

MASONRY HAS MANY MISSIONS.

"It has often been a mystery among thinking people why Freemasonry has held such a firm place in the affections of its votaries, and why, under all systems of opposition in years gone by, when other associations were disrupted