

Louis her husband deserted her, and took her watch, jewelry, and trunk, leaving her only the clothes she had on.

She made known her distress to a gentleman at the hotel, who proved to be a Royal Arch Mason on his way south, via Louisville, and kindly brought her thus far, saying that he was pressed for time and could do no more, but that she would be in no worse condition here than she was among strangers in St. Louis. The hotel clerks stated that she had arrived with some gentleman who went on to Nashville, and that she had no baggage, and deported herself in a modest, lady-like manner. Her dress and jewelry were good, without display, and her appearance betokened intelligence. She did not ask for money, but wanted a ticket to New York, as she was acquainted with the captains of both steamers that plied between that city and Portland, therefore anticipated no trouble, if she could get to New York.

She desired to go immediately to her father, hoping to meet with parental pardon, and be received again into her father's house. To secure all this she modestly craved our influence with the "old folks at home." The writer was a bank teller and knew that a man, such as the lady described, was President of the bank she named. We examined the Grand Lodge Proceedings, and found the brother's name, as Master of a Portland lodge, just as she represented. Our sympathies were aroused, and the Mason's sister was provided with a through ticket, a few dollars in change, a luncheon, and recommendation to the fraternal consideration of Masons *en route*. The genuineness of her claim, or the truthfulness of her simple story, corroborated by many externals, and the bank and lodge records were satisfactory. Our gallant Bro. Horace Gooch, President of Relief Board, accompanied the lady to Jeffersonville, Ind., putting her in charge of the conductor, and request-

ing that she should not want for attention.

Nor was this all; he wrote to Worshipful Brother Livermore, while the writer corresponded with the father, giving an account of the sister and daughter's repentance and auspicious start for the city of Portland, pleading for her reception into the circle of her kinsmen. After a reasonable delay both of us received responses. The writer's letter, from Mr. Livermore, Sr., thanked us for the kindness exhibited, encouraged us to go on in the philanthropic work of relieving distress, etc., and closed with words something, if not exactly, like these: "I have but one daughter, and she is the happy wife of General Smith, now residing in this city."

We reflected upon the uncertainty of human things generally, and murmured, "she was a stranger and she took us in."

Hope is the most lustrous gem in life's store of jewels. It shines through the gloom of horror, lights up the night of woe, sheds glory over the miseries of toil. Sorrow loses its sting, the unknown its terror, even sin its power, when God, pitying our helplessness, sets in the skies of the future this light of hope. Without it the evils of life would overwhelm us, and the good things of the world would seem worthless. It is the food of love, man's holiest virtue. It links the present joys of feeling with the visions of future fruition. Ever flying from us, yet ever within our sight, it lures from the finite into the infinite. For when the whirl of life is over, when this world's joys no longer tempt us, nor its perils terrify us, Hope turns our eyes to the sphere wherein the soul will find its true delight. Nor do we know even then Hope's work is over. For with the higher ends we pursue, with the deeper wisdom we know, it wings its flight through eternity. So mysterious, so limitless is this wondrous gift of hope.—*Lon. Freemason's Chronicle.*