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THE MASON'S ORPHAN DAUGHTER.

IN the last visitation which we made to one of the Orphan Homes of this State, we found among the interesting groups of fatherless inmates of the institution, a sweet-faced little girl of some eleven summers, whose mild blue eyes and simple, womanly manners at once attracted our attention, and kindled within our heart, as is somewhat natural in such cases, an inquisitive desire to know something of her history.

The wonderfully attractive power which some persons possess, and which is often found even in the eye and contour and manners of the young, seems to wear the mystic blandishment of some weird land. Their is an unearthly beauty in the person; and wand power of immediate influence in the individual spirit which but few can resist. It comes over us like a divinity, and fastens our admiration as with the tethers of an irresistible affinity.

It was this sort of a soul-subjugation which came over us when we looked into the eyes and apparent angel character of this little orphan girl, as she sat among the rest, as if she were but a common lamb of the fold, with the helpless and innocent consciousness that she was only an orphan child, homeless and friendless, and without a single bright star to illuminate her unknown future.

To us her condition seemed a sad one—without father or mother, brother or sister, and alone in the world, with no guardian power over her save that of the sympathy of public charity.

When the songs and prayers of the evening were over, and the orphan family had retired to their respective chambers for the night, we began our questioning with the kind-hearted Matron, who herself is the relic of a Masonic brother whom we once knew, and who, in her present position, is doubtless the right woman in the right place.

"What is the history," we asked, "of that little blue eyed girl who sat here to our right this evening during devotional exercises?"

"O, that is Annie Torrey, one of my favorite pets. Isn't she an interesting child?" the Matron said.

"Indeed she is, but where is she from?" we inquired.

"Her little short life-story," responded the good woman, "is full of interest, and I might add even of romance, too, for she is an English born child, and here in this city lost both her father and mother within a year. She had two little brothers, but they are since dead, and Annie is now the only one left of the entire family."

"She is indeed a fair and beautiful child," we replied, "and her very soul seems to speak through the soft and mild beamings of her eyes."

"Does she seem happy here?" we inquired.

"Why, yes, this is her native disposition. It seems to be natural with her to be pleased, no matter what turns up."

"Do you know anything of her parentage, further than that she is of English birth?" we asked.

"Why, yes," she replied; "I have heard that her father was a Master Mason, and came to this country to better his fortune as a machinist, and for some time worked in this city. But, poor man, he and his wife both died within a year after coming to