Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

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SUMMERSIDE, July 11, 1867.

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Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
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formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office in Summerside, after the 20th of June, 1867.
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R. M. GIBSON,
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HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign
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Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco, Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer, Ceilings whitened with neatness and despatch.
☞ All orders left at the Commercial Hotel, Central St., next dore to Bertram's Book Store, will receive prompt attention, and be done at moderate rates.
Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

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RESPECTFULLY announces to the inhabitants of Summerside, and the surrounding country, that he is prepared to execute
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in almost every style of the Art, viz:
Plain and Ornamental Lettering, Gilding, Bronzing and Shading, Velvet, Oriental, Grecian and Crayon, (Black & Color'd) Painting on Canvas, Bending and Etching, &c., &c., &c.
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☞ All work done promptly and at very reasonable rates. Orders left with T. B. HALL, will receive careful attention.
Summerside, April 4, 1867. tf

POETRY.

TIDINESS.

There—now we've set the house to rights,
We've swept and wash'd it through,
And when we've rubbed the old things up,
They'll almost look like new.

Come Mary, help your mother—stay,
We'll do it all by rule,
And finish before father's home,
And brothers out of school.

How pleas'd they'll look to find the tea
All set when they come in,
And you and I both sitting down,
Quite ready to begin.

Ah! sure they'll smile a pleasant smile,
And look me in the face,
And we shall all have happy hearts,
And mind to say our grace.

I know we never should forget—
But I'm in such a flurry
When father scolds and brothers fret,
And all is hurry-scurry.

I can't do anything aright;
It makes my poor heart beat;
I'm almost craz'd, I feel so ill,
And never care to eat.

But Mary, we'll do better now—
And hark! the kettle's song,
'Tis music while we tidy up
And set things straight along.

The Parson told us Sunday last,
That we should always try
To do our daily work by rule,
And gave the reason why;

He said, God always works by rule,
That order is His law;
And then he told such wondrous things,
It filled my soul with awe;

Of sun and moon, and nights and days,
And things I never knew,
Of heaven above and earth beneath,
And tide of ocean too;

And how God's rule in mighty ways
Should teach us everywhere,
To do our work in time and place,
And rule our house with care.

For what with God is order, law,
Supreme and infinite;
With us poor sinning mortals here,
Is just to *keep things right.*

I know I'm often out of rule,—
'Tis hard to get along;
The right thing never comes to hand,
And that makes work go wrong.

But now we've settled all in place,
We'll try to keep it so:—
You'll help poor mother, Mary dear,
For mother's weak and slow.

Select Literature.

The Freemason's Widow.

BY SARAH A. WRIGHT.

THERE are many secret societies on the globe, but the noble craft of Freemasons we believe to be one apart from all others, and one which has passed through the ordeal of persecution, yet stands to-day as firm as when first established. It is one that has been built upon a rock, and ages of persecution cannot prevail against it. No fiery darts of the enemy, or sweeping billows can wash it away, for it is a structure impregnable to eternity. We believe that the order has accomplished much good. Its wings of love and plumes of mystery are yet waving over the world, hovering round some lonely widow or orphan children to render them aid and comfort. Would to heaven there were more Freemasons in the world, then we would not see or hear of so much suffering. We believe it is stated that King Solomon is the founder of the craft—and was there ever a more noble man than he, one more intelligent, one more hospitable? Surely not. The Bible tells us that he was the wisest man that ever lived; when people are wise they are generally good, for knowledge elevates the mind of man, and causes him to rise above the low, groveling things of earth, and aspire beyond this sphere to higher realms and greater joys.

In days long passed there was a certain Freemason, his name we will suppress until about to close our sketch. We say he was a Freemason and a Christian, one by whose pious example and teaching his wife was converted to the true religion. This Freemason did not marry his wife in his own land, for there was trouble, and this young man, and his parents and brother were compelled to leave their own country and seek a home in a far off land.

Ever since the foundation of the world there has been trouble. Sometimes it is by one thing, and sometimes by another. The sins of the people have always been the cause. We have earthquakes, pestilence, famine, and divers things which our own wicked conduct has caused. In all ages of the world this has been the case. So it was in the days of this Freemason; he left the home of his birth and wandered into a strange land where he might live more comfortably. In their own country where a famine prevailed they would have starved.

This young man had dwelt but a short time in the new country, when he met a beautiful and noble woman whom he married. She had been reared amid all the luxuries of life. Her heart and soul were devoted to her husband. She married for love. We may imagine that her husband could not have been wealthy, as he had left his own country to seek his fortune in a foreign land. He was successful in business, and became rich. He lived in affluance. But alas! trouble came. He was taken ill, and grew worse and worse. As he lay on his sick bed, he charged his wife for her soul's sake to leave the dangerous company into which she would be thrown after his death, and go to the city where dwelt the people of God. He told her that he could not recover.

She listened to his pious injunctions, as the tears rolled down her youthful cheeks. To leave her home and friends seemed hard, for she was allied to persons of wealth and affluence. Her country flowed with milk and honey; all the beauties of nature were there to behold. There were her schoolmates, her relatives, and all that were dear to her by the ties of nature. Yet the wish of her sick husband was for her to leave her ancestors and go away to a strange land.

The husband grew worse. Days and nights brought no bright hopes of his recovery. Soon—ah! soon—his spirit winged its way beyond the skies; but his last dying words to his dear wife were to leave her own people and go away into a strange land.

This may seem to our readers as strange advice, yet it was even so. After this noble son of the craft had been interred—after the acacias had been covered over under the sod of the valley—after all the honors of Masonry had been quietly performed,—the young wife began to think over her husband's advice. Her heart seemed withering in her body—her soul almost died within her. She loved her husband most devotedly—he had passed away—but she was also attached to her relatives. She loved her home—the place of her birth was dear; yet she knew that her people were opposed to her religious views. They were a wicked, haughty race of human beings, having no love for the Christian, no belief in the doctrine that this young wife had embraced; therefore she resolved to leave her home and friends, and go away with her mother-in-law.

We have often pictured in our mind the pathetic scene which must have followed when the young widow of the Freemason left her own home and dear friends, and started toward the land whither her husband had requested her to go. She must have felt like Mary, Queen of Scots, when she left the beautiful country of France. It is said that she stood upon the deck of the ship, as the snowy sails were hoisted, and gazed as long as she could see the towering city. The tears rolled down those beautiful cheeks as she exclaimed:

"Farewell, farewell, forever, France; there my treasure lies hidden in the ground."

She alluded to Francis, her first husband, for in him she had a true friend, one she loved, and he reciprocated the attachment. Poor, unfortunate woman she was after she left the city of Paris and the shores of France.

This young widow of whom we are writing, was not a queen, yet she was of a noble family and the widow of a Freemason—he who had used the trowel in cementing brotherly love among mankind, and who had worthily worn the square and compass. Ah! yes, he who had sympathised with the poor and needy, who had never turned a deaf ear to suffering humanity, but had wiped away the orphan's tear, breathed words of comfort to the destitute widow, and bade them hope on, hope ever,

This young widow bade farewell to all the beauties of home, and followed her aged mother-in-law to a strange country. The people to whom her husband had directed her to go, dwelt a long way off, yet she journeyed on and onward until she reached the city. Her mother had begged her to stay behind, the old lady did not wish her daughter-in-law to follow her. No, no. She knew that she herself was poor; she, too, had lost her husband and both of her sons, and it was to her interest to go back to her home and people. She supposed that there she might find friends. Some of her relatives and the relatives of her husband were people of wealth; but the daughter had nothing to expect, all would to her be strangers. Her own people were in affluence, had all the world could bestow, but this young, obedient woman listened not to the voice of her mother-in-law when she urged her to remain behind. The widow thought of her husband's last advice, she remembered his noble soul, and all his teachings came vividly to mind—all she regretted was leaving him in the cold, cold ground. The spot where his body lay was dear to her; the green grass which shot forth its tiny leaves in the sunlight over his grave, rushed upon her memory as onward she marched. The tall oak of the forest whose boughs bent over her as she proceeded onward, seemed to bear on its twigs, as the zephyr waved them lightly, whisperings of her departed. She fancied she could hear him say, in a sweetly toned voice, "Go on, my wife, God will support thee." And on and onward she did go. But when she and her aged mother-in-law reached the city they were both nearly exhausted. In those days steam cars were unknown. People travelling were compelled to walk or ride on mules or camels. These two ladies had come a long journey. When they arrived, it seemed, they had no money. The daughter-in-law was compelled to seek some employment in order to support herself and her husband's mother. Why this young widow had no means we are not informed. History tells us that her people were rich, and that she had been reared in wealth, but like too many of her sex, she had lost it in some way or other. She carried none to this strange land. However, she felt that she could do something to earn a livelihood.

When they reached the city all the people were moved about them, and they said, calling the old lady by name:

"Is this N——?"

"Call me not N——, but M——; for the Almighty has dealt bitterly by me. I went out full, and the Lord has brought me home again empty."

Yet the widow of the Freemason did not feel at all discouraged. She had entered the land that gave her husband birth, and his home and people were dear to her. There was a rich man in the city nearly related to the Freemason. He had great possessions, and was what we would term a planter. He had many servants, and raised wheat and barley in abundance. His fields were large, his wealth immense.

This young and beautiful widow said to her mother-in-law:

"I must do something for a support."

But what could she do? All were strangers; not even one was there to whom she could apply for work. But the thought rushed into the youthful mind to go into the barley-field and glean. Oh! how humiliating this must have been. She had been reared a lady, her family were wealthy, but now she is reduced to abject poverty in a strange land. But she heroically determined to do something to support herself and the mother of her dear departed husband. She goes to the barley-field, but the very first attempt she made at this labor exhausted her strength; never having been accustomed to it, the toil was too much for her. In the fields, with the poorest and lowest classes of persons, this refined woman caught up the sprigs of barley in her tender hands. The blazing sun oppressed her brain, the jeers and insults of her companions alarmed and discouraged her, and long before the hour of noon, with only two little handsful of barley as the fruits of her labor, she sought the shelter of a tree to refresh herself a few moments before retiring from the field. But, at this instant, when her heart was sorely depressed, her eyes having almost lost their brilliancy, her cheeks wet with the falling tear, she sat leaning against the trunk of a tree, she heard a footstep—a light footstep—approaching. Ah! her cheek flushed, for she knew not who was near. She supposed no eye but those of God and her sainted husband beheld her, or knew what she was suffering. But, as she turned her head, she beheld a man—a fine-looking, noble countenance he possessed. He approached her kindly; but she supposed him the owner of the field, who had come to order her away as a vagabond or a thief. But, ah! dear reader, could she have penetrated that heart a little closer, she would have seen there the deepest feelings wrought up in her favor. The stranger stood a moment gazing upon her beautiful face, then stepped closer and closer. Oh! how her youthful heart palpitated. Her cheeks flushed, and alternately paled. But he drew nearer, even to her feet. She raised her hands to show him how small were her gleanings, and that she had nothing from the sheaves. She then crossed them meekly upon her breast, as showing her willingness to submit to whatever lot she might be called upon to endure; then cast her eyes upward, as if appealing to God against the inhumanity of man.

Ah! dear reader, do you think this rich man could endure any more from this beautiful woman? No, no; this last appeal was not lost upon the kind heart who stood before her. He spoke to her in lute-like tones, and in the most encouraging manner; for it seems he had learned from the gleaners who the female was. He also noticed that she knew nothing about the labor in which she had engaged. He invited her to partake of the provisions brought for the reapers. He ordered her to eat and drink.

How differently she felt after he had spoken to her kindly. She read in that manly countenance the sympathy he felt for her. She rose after he turned away, and commenced to labor again. She astonished her mother-in-law when she returned home with so great an amount of barley.

Now, dear reader, as our story is near its end, we will give the names of the persons. The freemason's widow was no other than Ruth, the widow of Mahlon, and the rich man Boaz, whose history is well known to every reader of the Bible. She gleaned barley but a short time, as we are all aware. This great man married her. She soon became his wife. He, too, was a Freemason.

She was a lady who married two men, each belonged to the most noble craft on earth. Had Boaz not been of the fraternity, perhaps he would not have felt so deeply interested in this young female, whose life had been overshadowed by misfortune. The history of Ruth is a complete romance, and we believe also, truthful. Therefore every widow and every daughter of a Freemason, should remember this noble woman in their troubles. For as God rescued her from poverty and trouble, so He will all others who put their trust in him.

"Hope on, hope ever," is a beautiful motto of the Freemasons.

Love, honor, and riches, crowned the labors of Ruth, the Freemason's widow. The field in which she had gleaned soon became her own. The wealth of Boaz was immense, and this poor widow was mistress of all his possessions. Naomi, her mother-in-law, must have felt truly delighted; for it seems her troubles had been so great that she did not wish her people to call her by the same name which she had borne when she left Bethlehem.

"Call me not Naomi; call me Mara; for the Almighty has dealt bitterly with me."

But the scene had changed, and, no doubt, the old lady was also happy.

This story is sufficient to cheer the hearts of all depressed widows and orphans, and teach us that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

So ends our story of the Freemason's widow.

"From Moab's hills the stranger comes,
By sorrow tried, widowed by death,
She comes to Juda's goodly homes,
Led by the trusting hand of faith.

She leaves her childhood's home, and all
That brothers, friends, and parents gave,
The flowering fields, the lordly halls,
The green sod o'er her husband's grave.

Yet friends of God! a welcome land
The fair and virtuous Ruth to-day,
And generous heart and hand extend,
And wipe the widow's tears away."

Theodore Tilton has been looking into New York by gaslight, and dare not tell all that he saw. He says in the *Independent*—"In company with several well known public men and under guidance of the police, we made a tour on Saturday night through the nethermost haunts of misery, vice and crime in the city of New York. This is an exploration that every man connected with public affairs, either by civil or editorial duty, ought, if possible, to make, at least once in his life. Born in New York, and having always either resided or labored within it, we never knew our city until last Saturday night. Never until then had we any adequate conception of its poverty, or of its squalidness, of its villainy, of its debauchery, of its leprosy! The sight can never be forgotten! The story, even if we had the heart to tell it, must, for decency's sake, remain untold. We can only say that none of the familiar descriptions had adequately prepared us for the actual scenes. We were shocked, confounded, sickened! And as we now look back upon the awful revelations of that one night we can hardly persuade ourselves that what we saw was reality; it seems a hideous dream."