

"Taking degrees! If you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with the devil after ye, taking things by degrees, I have; and if ye frighten folks as ye have me, and hurt them to boot, I'll warrant they'll make as much noise as I have."

There had'n't been a more wrathly woman in Woodstown for many a day.

"I hope you did not open the closet," said the imperturbable door-keeper.

"Open the closet? Eve ate the apple when she was told not to. If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to, and she'll do it certain! *Open the closet?* You said the secrets were there, and of course I wanted to know 'em. I just unfastened the door, and out popped the critter, right in my face. I thought the devil had me, and I made for the stairs, the devil butting me at every jump. I guess I'll go home," she added; "you may get somebody else to clean up your old room."

"But, mum, you are in possession of the great secret of the Order, and *must* go up and be initiated and sworn in, in the regular way," remonstrated the door-keeper.

"Regular way? Regular way, indeed! You don't suppose I am going near that place again, to ride that critter without saddle or bridle? No! Never! No! never! I'll never go nigh that place again, nor your hall neither; and if I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join the Freemasons. Why, I'd sooner be a Maltesian, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as a fire could be kept under it, and be pulled from garret to cellar, with a halter round my neck, just as my poor, dear husband was. He lived through it, but I never could live through such another ride as I took to-day."

We would remind our lady readers that the "brother" to whom Mrs. K. owed her sad experience is not to be taken as a representative Mason. A good Mason is always the champion of the fair sex, "gentle or simple."—*N. E. Freemason*.

UP-STAIRS MASONRY.

THE disposition of many among our Craft to run after the superficials of Masonry, to the neglect of the real, is working a great harm to the Order. It leads to a neglect of the foundations without which the whole fabric must crumble and fall. No matter how grand and imposing the superstructure from without, or the soft enticements that are wafted from within, against all of which, in their proper place, we have nothing to say, we cannot afford to lose sight of the fact that the sure foundation is on the ground floor of our Temple, which if left to neglect or decay will bring with its fall all that has been reared above it.

Too many among us are mere thermometers, who, in the first principles upon which true Masonry is founded, are far below zero in the scale of good works, but terrible on the fass and tinsel of the loftier degrees.

All wrong, brethren, all wrong. Be content to labor diligently in the quarry with the thousands of your fellows, and you may have the proud satisfaction of seeing the stone which your own hands have squared take its proper place in the beautiful Temple whose foundation you are to guard. If the ground-work of your Masonry is allowed to freeze, all the fire as marked by the higher degrees cannot thaw it out.—*The Masonic Journal*.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Once there was a powerful and wealthy king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and after diligent search found him in a cave on the border of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the King, "I am come to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the King over a rough pathway, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?" he asked the King.

"Doubtless," answered the monarch, "that it might be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man. "Build thy soul in heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."

BECAUSE on the chequered floor we find the sole middle ground on which we can meet and blend brethren of every country, religion, and opinion, the high and low, the rich and poor. SORRY TO PART—Because outside the Mason's lodge we take up again the fardels which fell off our shoulders as we entered its tyled precincts. HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN—Because after having so often tasted of these joys, we long to participate once more in the most perfect freedom and most genial friendships known to man. HAPPY TO MEET, SORRY TO PART, HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN.—*Keystone*.