

are progressing within. If you come early, smoke till the hour of opening. Take a seat when the Lodge closes and prevent the janitor from closing up. Always wait to be dunned for your dues. Speak often and long. Complain of what was done when you were absent. Take verbal objections to the minutes. Laugh at false pronounciations. Be inattentive to Lodge prayers. Never write out a resolution, but insist upon the secretary taking it down from an oral statement.—Refuse to help every good cause. Be swift to prosecute rather than gently correct the minor faults of your brethren. Insist on strict adherence to law when it will defeat a benevolent work or a brother's innocent aspirations. Ferret out every point of order and technicality that will prevent the progress of business. Always strictly construe the Constitution and By-laws, even when your construction would work a manifest injustice. Drop a black-ball occasionally against some popular candidate for admission. Don't learn your part of the Ritual, and always blunder and then giggle at your mistake. Be certain to laugh whenever anyone else blunders. Be chatty about what occurs in the Lodge-room. Be an economist—don't let any money go out. Dispute the justice of every bill that is presented. Always object to a donation of fees and dues. Be sure to start the tunes too high or low, or when the good singers are present, move to dispense with the odes, and always insist on them when no leader is on hand.

If you will follow a few of these rules you will be sure to neutralize your usefulness and embitter everything with the aloes of your bad temper.

We know a Brother who is a Stromboli—a perpetual volcano, only occasionally indulging in any alarming eruption; but muttering, steaming and hissing, day and night, in a manner which makes the Lodge nervous; now and then spinning through the air a red-hot rock, or a spirt of sputtering lava, to let the heedless know that there is destroying fire within him.

Such fretfulness is incompatible with the wisdom from above, which is peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated.

When you are near Brother Stromboli, you feel like a man walking the edge of a crater, treading uneasily, lest at the next step the crumbling margin will precipitate you into the abyss of wrath.

We should cultivate the tempers that befit the virtues of our Order, so that it might aptly be said of each one, as the old elegy says of one of England's worthies:

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks,  
Continual comfort in a face  
The lincament of virtues' books;  
For sure that countenance cannot lie,  
Whose thoughts are written in his eye."

*Kentucky Freemason.*

"My son," said a fond papa, who was looking over the lesson his son had recited that day, "how did you manage when your teacher asked you to spell metempsychosis?" "O father," said the boy, "I just stood spell-bound."

"This is the rock of ages," said the father, after rocking two hours, and the baby still awake.