

against the holding of a Templar Easter Service in the Tremont Temple Church of Boston, last Easter Sunday. Its emissary did all he could to create confusion and discord, and to provoke hatred, malice, and persecution. The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the pastor, is a Mason and Knight Templar, and, consequently, the *Cynosure's* effort is to crush him, by breaking up the Church. It even goes so far as to traduce the twelve hundred dollar pulpit donated to the Church by De Molay Commandery of Knights Templar. The fact is, if the *Cynosure* could, it would force every one on earth to obey its behest in the matters and interests of time and eternity. It would allow no freedom of opinion, of conscience, or of action, but would make all do its bidding. That is its Christianity.—*Voice of Masonry.*

WHAT A MASON SHOULD BE

A Mason's exhortation should be that of Charles Kingsley:—

Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever, one grand sweet song.

A Mason's prayer should be that of George Elliot:—

"Give me no light, great heaven, but such as turns to energy of human fellowship." In the language of Pope, a Mason should be one who is:—

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God;

Pursues that chain which links the immense design,

Joins heaven and earth and mortal and divine,

Sees that no being any bless can know,
But touches some above and some below,
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul,
And knows where faith, law, morals all began,

All end—in love to God and love to man.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

The following subscriptions have been received since our last issue, and we shall be obliged if our brethren will favor us with notice of any omissions that may occur:

T. Force, \$3.00; Thos. Robinson, \$1.00; E. K. Barnsdale, \$6.00; Jas. S. Sprague, M. D., \$5.00; Rev. A. R. Linton, \$1.00; J. A. Fraser, \$1.00; N. R. Hitchins, \$1.00; G. B. Greene, \$1.00; W. H. Weaver, \$1.00; A. Kilpatrick, \$1.00; Wm. R. Rowland, \$5.25; Iowa Masonic Library, \$1.00; Stanislas Rousseau, \$1.00; Alexander J. McGibbon, \$1.00; K. McAskill, \$1.00; Robert Johnston, \$1.00; Curran Morrison, \$1.00; Jas. Glanville, \$1.00; A. R. McDonald, \$1.00; Chas. E. Edmunds, \$1.00; Major F. F. Manley, \$1.00;

PLEASANTRIES.

"Thomas," said a gentleman to his man-of-all-work, "I am going to town at ten o'clock, and shall weed out the cucumber beds in the interim." "Is Mr. Smith at home?" said a visitor half an hour later. "Yes, sir, you'll find him at work over in the interim." And then Thomas murmured to himself, "But it's a queer name for a garden all the same."

A delightful Mrs. Malaprop is reported as speaking of an invalid daughter as indelicate. Members of the family, she says, are in the habit of riding to Baltimore on communion tickets. Another lady referred one day to a spinal stairway, hearing which a bright girl remarked, "Perhaps she refers to the back stairs." Another lady refers occasionally to nashua of the stomach, and to her sufferings from neurology. And still another described the visions she saw while in a state of prance.

"It was in Perth," says Mr. I. Zangwill, "that, puzzling over a grimy statue, I was accosted by a bare-footed newsboy with his raucous cry of 'Hair-r-ald, Glasgow Hair-r-ald!' 'I'll take one,' quoth I, 'if you'll tell me whose statue that is.' 'Tis Rabhie Burns,' replied he. 'Thank you,' said I taking the paper. 'And what did he do to deserve the statue?' My newsboy scratched his head. Perceiving his embarrassment a party of his friends down the street called out in stentorian chorus, 'Ay, 'tis Rabhie Burns.' 'But what did he do to deserve the statue?' I thundered back. 'They hung their heads. At last my newsboy recovered himself: his face brightened. 'Well,' said I again, 'what did he do to deserve this statue?' 'He deed! answered the intelligent little mian.'"

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

The Chef-d'Œuvre.—Mr. Impressionist: "That's my last, there, on the easel. Now, that's a picture, Squibs." Squibs: "Yes so it is. I can tell that by the frame."