

would, like to force their brethren to follow their wishes in all matters. Freemasonry bears the stamp of tolerance and liberality, and its best representatives are those brethren who do not cherish resentments, who take broad views of all subjects, and who can walk and work with their brethren of different religious creeds and political opinions.—*The Illinois Freemason.*

A brother who has waxed old and infirm, or who through misfortune has become poor and destitute, ought not to feel obliged to demit from his lodge on account of inability to pay dues, nor should he be permitted to do so. A remission of his dues and a cordial welcome is by right his due. A lodge so mercenary as to refuse to do so forgets the first principles of Masonry, and ought not to have an existence.—*The Masonic Tidings.*

We read in the book of Ruth concerning their manner of changing and redeeming, that "to confirm all things a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor." That was a testimony in Israel. This therefore we do, testifying in the strongest manner possible the sincerity of our intentions in the work in which we are engaged.—*Monitor.*

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 :

W. G. Eakin, \$1.00 ; Arch. S. McGregor, \$2.00 ; J. J. Mason, \$1.00 ; John Taylor, \$1.00 ; Robt. H. Brown, \$1.00 ; A. Sennatt, \$1.00 ; E. Volkert, \$1.00 ; Robt. Orr, \$1.00 ; W. B. McArthur, \$1.00 ; Neil Mackelvie, \$1.00 ; W. H. Cooper, \$4.86 ; Jas Alexander, \$1.00 ; Ben. Allan, \$1.00 ; Hon. John Yeo, \$1.00 ; Burlington Lodge, \$1.00 ; E. T. Malone, \$1.00 ; Jas. H. Burrill, \$1.00 ; Peter Crosby, \$1.00 ; W. Campbell, \$1.00 ; J. C. Little, \$1.00 ; Hon. J. M. Gibson, \$1.00 ; W. J. H. Sanders, \$1.00 ; David Spence, \$1.00 ; E. W. Case, \$1.00 ; J. W. B. Kelley, \$1.00 ; Andrew Park, \$1.00 ; C. R. Fitzgerald, \$1.00 ; A. B. Jardine, \$1.00 ; W. L. Blair, \$2.00 ; John Scoon, \$1.00 ; W. M. Angus, \$1.00 ; R. H. Hutcheson, \$1.00 ; John Hayfield, \$1.00.

PLEASANTRIES.

"There is a charming elasticity about Miss Dolly Flitters." "Yes. She is a maiden of seventeen springs, you know."

"Don't you think Dr. Flowery makes charming Lenten addresses?" "Yes; and they're so appropriate, too. There's so little meat in them."

The professor (awakening): "Is there anybody in this room?" The burglar: "No, sir." The professor: "Oh, I thought there was." (Falls asleep again.)

First Farmer: "Has the lawsuit between you and Heysede been settled?" Second Farmer: "Yes; and so are the lawyers." "How do you mean?" "They're settled on our farms."

"There's no coal, mum," said Bridget; "and the fires are going out." "No coal! Why didn't you tell me before?" "I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there was coal!" answered Bridget.

"O doctor, I have sent for you, certainly. Still, I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science." "Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

A correspondent sends the Listener a rare bit of English. It was written by a woman excusing her tardiness in answering an inquiry that had been addressed to her: "I would have written before, but I have been sick with a dog-bite in the arm. The man that owns the saw mills' dog bit me in the road." The excuse was accepted as sufficient.

Little Dorothy, who was playing with her kitten one day, turned to her mamma and said, "Where will my kitten go when it dies?" Her mamma, for lack of a better answer, said, "You had better ask your papa." "Oh, yes," said Dorothy, "that is too hard a question for ladies to answer."

A supply committee spent Sunday, May 17, in a city not a hundred miles from Boston, and, after hearing a stimulating sermon from the minister, whom they had been sent to judge, weigh, and appraise, were nearly confounded when he gave out the hymn whose second stanza reads —

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground
And mark the building well,
The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report,

First Amateur—"There is such a difficult scene in the second act." Second Amateur—"What is it?" First Amateur—"The hero tells me that he never loved until he met me, and I have to look as if I believed him."