

that recognize it, save one, especially when the application of the law is made on American soil, and in a jurisdiction which those Grand Chapters have recognized as pertaining exclusively to one of their number. And even now, what nobler act could the Grand Mark Lodge do, than to say, "In deference to the American Grand Chapters, and to show our appreciation of the recognition of the Grand Mark Lodge, we withdraw all claim to jurisdiction in Canada, and leave American Masonry to be governed by its own laws?"

The same general principle has been applied already in favor of the Grand Mark Lodge. The Grand Chapter of Scotland holds that the Mark degree is one of the Chapter degrees, and should be conferred only under authority from a Grand Chapter, and for that reason, not only refuses to recognize the Grand Mark Lodge, but also claims jurisdiction over the Mark degree in England; but the General Grand Chapter, and her constituents, and the other American Grand Chapters, say that while no Mark lodge can now be created, but the degree must be conferred (except so far as old Mark lodges are concerned, of which there are but two) under a Chapter warrant in this country, they recognize that the law is otherwise in England, and accepting the logical result of what they claim for America, they have held that English Masonic law of right ought to control in England, and have recognized the Grand Mark Lodge.

Of the effect upon itself which persistence by the Grand Mark Lodge in its present policy will produce, we will not speak; but summing up the result, to which a careful and exhaustive examination has brought us, we feel bound to say that Masonic law, Masonic comity, the harmony of the craft, good faith towards the General Grand Chapter, and its own best interests, imperatively require the Grand Mark Lodge to retrace its steps, and abandon all claim to any jurisdiction in the Dominion of Canada.

RELIANCE ROXBURY'S PROTEGEE

"It's a harum-scarum idea," said Miss Reliance Roxbury, as she stood among the currant bushes at the garden fence. "A most ridiculous idea! I wonder what this gushing American people will do next," and she gave an emphatic twitch to her purple calico sunbonnet.

There was a faint murmur of dissent from a little woman on the other side of the fence.

"No—of course you don't agree with me," continued Miss Reliance, as the clusters of ruby and pearl flew into the six-quart pail at her feet. "You're so soft-hearted that your feelings are forever running away with your common sense. You never say a word about the National debt, or the condition of our navy, but let anybody start a subscription for sending blanket shawls to Brazil, or putting up a monument to Methuselah on the meeting-house green, and you'll give your last quarter. And now you're going to open your house to a lot of little ragamuffins from New York.

The motherly brown eyes on the other side of the fence were full of tears, and a pleasant voice replied,—

"It makes my heart ache to think how the poor things suffer, crowded together in dirty streets, with never a breath of a clover field or a glass of milk. If you'd just read about it, Reliance, you'd count it a blessed privilege to give them a bit of our sunshine."

"I'd as soon have a tribe of Zulus on the place," said Miss Reliance, "and if you'll take my advice you'll save yourself lots of trouble."

Mrs. Lane stopped her work for a moment, and said,—

"Laikim and me are all alone now, Reliance. One by one, we've laid Kate and Sarah and baby Lizzie over there in the old burying ground; and Jack is in Colorado, and Richard in Boston, and we get hungry sometimes for the sound of little feet. When I began to read about the fresh air fund it kind of sent a thrill all over me, and Laikim he reads about it every day, and he wipes his glasses pretty often, too. Then, when we heard the parson say that a party would come here if places could be found for them, Laikim spoke right off for four, and they'll be here next Tuesday, and I'm going to make it just as much like heaven as I can."

"You'll make yourself sick, that's what you'll do, Amanda Lane," replied Miss Reliance; "but if you want your garden overrun and your silver spoon stolen, and your house full of flies, and your nerves prostrated, why it's your own fault. I must go in and get my jelly started."

Miss Roxbury went up the path between the sunflowers and hollyhocks, entered the large, sunny, airy kitchen, and set down the pail of currants for Hannah, the housemaid, to pick over. Then she hung the purple calico sunbonnet on the nail that for forty