

# THE INDEPENDENT FORESTER

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 2

## LISTLESS LODGE.

'Twas nine by the clock, intermission was o'er.  
The Guards took their places and closed was each door ;  
The members were seated—the business was done,  
The “ Good of the Order ” an hour had won.  
The Marshal was spinning an ode card at ease  
His Deputy sat just as prim as you please,  
While working in wool the grim face of a cat  
In comfort curled up on the top of a mat.  
The gavel had sounded—the Lodge was quite still ,  
A song was requested from Sister McQuill ;  
She rose with a smile, and her long ringlets shook ;  
“ Excuse me ” says she, “ I've forgotten my book.  
A brother was called on—he'd “ nothing to say,”  
But mentioned the name of Theophilus Day.  
Theophilus rose—'twas the story of old ;  
He'd got what he termed a “ very hard cold.”  
Each brother and sister was heard to decline,  
A six and a “ ree out of every nine ;  
The “ Good of the Order ” looked meagre and poor,  
Said one, “ I shall never come here any more.”  
The members grew tired and listless and dull ;  
For no one would speak, though the Lodge-room was full,  
No brother or sister would sing or recite.  
The hour was thoughtlessly wasted that night.  
One brother, I ought to have mentioned, arose—  
He looked up at the ceiling and down at his toes ;  
Says he “ as there's nothing now left us to learn,  
I move, Worthy Chief, that this Lodge do adjourn.”  
The singing and prayers in a twinkling were o'er,  
Regalias and ode-cards were thrown on the floor ;  
The members brought cold and excuses that night  
To shut the Lodge-room and put out the light.

—From Penny Readings