

also think that the spirit manifested by the accused brother required firm and decided action on the part of the lodge. They, therefore, offer for adoption the following:—

“Resolved.—That the action of Erie Lodge, No. 299, in the suspension of H. N. Shipman be, and the same is, hereby approved.”

To show you the temper of the Grand Lodge in regard to this case, the following should be added:—

“A motion was made to recommit the report to committee, to amend by striking out of the report the phrase, ‘by denying in open lodge the authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures,’ and substitute therefor ‘by treating with contempt the Holy Bible, one of the great lights of Masonry, and saying, ‘take it from the lodge, we can get along without it,’ which was not agreed to.”

“The recommendation of the committee was adopted.”—*Liberal Freemason*.

At the last meeting of Leopold Lodge, Brigden, W. Bro. Seager was presented with a past master's apron, as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by the brethren.

There are no new developments in the Quebec-English R. A. and M. M. muddle. The *London Freemason* says that the Grand Chapter of Quebec is but a “two-penny half-penny affair at most,” and “anything more absolutely childish or insane (than the edict of non-intercourse) we cannot well affect to realize, and it will be laughed at all through Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry,” and more of that sort. As a Mason, we can but feel that our English brethren have made a mistake, and that Quebec has cause to feel aggrieved. Put yourselves in their place. We meet upon the level, and Masonically the smallest Grand Lodge is the peer, and no more a “two-penny-half-penny affair” than is “the Grand Lodge of all England.” Reason, not ridicule, will win.—*Masonic Home Journal*.

THE MISSES HETHERINGTON.

A bachelor Mr. Jonas Everard was, and a bachelor it was his intention to remain all the days of his life. At least, so all his friends said, and as he never took the trouble to contradict them and never sought the society of the opposite sex, it is only reasonable to suppose that his friends were right.

For nearly forty-five years he had lived, more than twenty of them a solitary, but not unhappy, life of study in his rural New York home, free from care, content with his lot in the world, with no responsibilities, no ties of kindred or friendship.

His visitors were few and far between, for he never encouraged chance callers, so that it was with something like a shock of surprise that he heard one evening as he sat in his study that his privacy was intruded upon.

“Some one to see me, did you say, Thomas?” and Jonas Everard let fall his eye-glasses, lifted a frowning brow from the work he was studying—“The Decay of Modern Culture”—and looked severely and doubtfully at the servant who had announced such an astounding fact.

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well; show him in here.”

Mr. Everard resumed his eye-glasses and his study, and Thomas bowed himself out of the room and betook himself to the entrance-hall with such an excess of curiosity tingling in every vein, and away out into his finger-tips, and away down into his toes, that he with difficulty maintained his usually slow and decorous gait.

In a minute and a half exactly the tap signaling his return sounded upon the study-door; but already his master had forgotten the existence of any visitor in the house, as the servant knew by Mr. Jonas Everard's monotonous response to the summons. And with such a tremor of excitement as had not thrilled his obese form since the days of his youth and mild flirtations with waiting-maids and kitchen-girls, Thomas threw wide the door and announced, in his most impressive manner:

“The Misses Hetherington.”

If a thunderbolt—a whole heavenful of thunderbolts—had been hurled into that room Jonas Everard could not have been more stunned than he was at the sight of the Misses Hetherington, and would not have uttered anything more impious than he did as the two pretty little creatures, in queer cloaks with black bows and Mother Hubbard cloaks, over which their golden hair streamed advanced to greet him.

“By Jupiter!” he exclaimed, in tones compounded of helpless supplication and antipathetic amazement.

At that the Misses Hetherington halted, and even made a retrograde movement.

“Are you swearing?” questioned the elder