

wish ALL my clergy were Masons; I wish they all belonged to the craft, providing they would aot up to its obligations, and fulfill its engagements."

"And in what may these consist?" said the tale-bearer.

The Bishop replied:—

"I will show you practically. You have sought me with a long and labored statement; you have said much that has had a tendency to injure another. Now, I believe that you have been actuated by no other than perfectly pure and disinterested feelings; I will believe that no personal animosity in any degree moved you. This conclusion you owe to Masonry. That teaches me charity—that charity which bids us invariably put the best construction upon the acts and motives of others. This I learned from Masonry."

Brother Bishop Griswold was not only a learned theologian, but the greatest American mathematician after Dr. Bowditch. He was born at Simsbury, Conn., in 1766, and died at Boston, in 1843.—*Keystone.*

THE MASONIC GOAT.

I am not a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but I cannot refrain from speaking out as forcibly as my timid nature will allow, against the cruel wrongs practiced upon the Masonic goat. I desire an opportunity to shriek for more liberty for the Masonic goat.

Do you ever think, dear reader, of the lonely condition, the quiet, monotonous and yet patient and uncomplaining life of the Masonic goat between lodge-meetings? Did the cruel wrongs of the Masonic goat never appeal to the warmer sympathies of your bosom? Did the fact never come to your mind that while the free and frolicsome worldly goat is wandering according to his own sweet will up and down the back yards of the nation, chewing with a glad smile

the succulent tomato-can of long ago, surveying with a critic's eye the family wash on the clothes-line, chewing up the best gauze undershirt, and butting the thoughtless wayfarer into the adjoining school-district, the patient and grievously wronged Masonic goat is lying within the tiled recesses of the Lodge with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, and naught to cheer him but the hope that he may soon be called from refreshment to labor and be given an opportunity to break the backbone of a too-confiding candidate?

I trust you have.

My dear friend, consider the ways of the free; untrammelled worldly goat; but don't stand too close to him when you consider his ways. Give the free, untrammelled worldly goat elbow-room. If you would not be sad in the end, give the free, untrammelled worldly goat an acre of elbow-room. Give him all the elbow-room his warm, ardent, impulsive nature would seem to require; for if you trust him, gentle stranger, when you least expect it he may hit you in a vulnerable spot and have exceeding great fun with you.

But it is only on stated occasions that the Masonic goat is called up, and his eye brightens with enthusiasm as he stretches his limbs and goes forth to indulge in his favorite brand of amusement. At other times there is no funny business for him. And yet how patient and uncomplaining in his daily walks is the sad-eyed, lodge-trammeled Masonic goat! If I had time I could weep for him.

Masonically speaking, the goat is an emblem of force, and serves to teach us that however safe we may feel from the wrath to come—however bright and glittering and joyous and gilt-papered the world may seem to us, when we look straight out in front, we do not know at what moment something powerful may strike us from behind, drive a foot or two of our delicate and sensitive spinal-