

of all our work, yet we too often neglect and forget all this when leaving the lodge room. When it shall be known and acceded that for a man to be a Mason is equivalent to his being an honest, upright man and a true gentleman, then it will be that our beloved order will take her proper place in the world of thought and in the world of everyday life, and all the efforts of our enemies to injure our good name or blight our good influence will fall as dead and fruitless as a "cannonade of rosebuds against the rock of Gibraltar." And to accomplish this should be the effort of every brother. "By their fruits you shall know them," and by our works and by our conduct shall we be judged. — *Freemason and Fez.*

**MASONIC AIMS.** — Aim not so much at high office in the Craft, as to be a true Freemason in thine heart. It is not necessary that we all should take office, nor is it possible for us all to do so; but it is of essential importance that every Freemason should prove by his actions that he has not crept into the Craft under false pretences, but that he is really anxious to live its holy precepts, not only for his own sake, but also in order to make himself more useful to his fellow-creatures. A selfish Freemason is a perjured man, in whom I, for one, could place no confidence, whatever signs or passwords he may be able to give. — *Bro. Markham Tweddell.*

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt, twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resembled the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. The first hammer was undoubtedly a stone held in the hand. Claw hammers were invented some time during the middle ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic fifty-ton hammer of shipbuilding establishments,

some of which weigh as much as fifty tons and have a falling force of from ninety to 100. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

### PLEASANTRIES.

Secret Societies: "My pa's an Odd Fellow," boasted a little boy. "My pa's a Free Mason," replied the other. "An' that's higher, for the hod fellows wait on the masons!"

Teacher: "By whom is Russia governed?" Scholar: "By Caesar." Teacher: "By Caesar! What are you talking about?" Scholar: "It says so in my geography. Here it is: 'Czar!'"

"Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger, as he entered it. "I beg pardon," replied the intruder, rising to go out. "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."

"Well, my little boy," said the urbane visitor, "what does mamma give you for being good to-day?" "She doesn't give me anything," said the youngster, in an injured tone: "I am just good for nothing."

At a recent dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club, Dr. Conan Doyle told of his having been asked by Stevenson to come to Samoa. He said he was willing enough, but did not know the way. "Oh," said Stevenson, "you go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and then it's the second turning to the left."

A friend sends the following pleasantry, which actually occurred: "One of our Unitarian ministers fell into a deep cistern, and was nearly drowned. An Irish Catholic in the town said: 'Well, begorra, they won't have to send for holy water to the pope of Rome now. They can have it on tap.'"

Dean Farrar tells this story of Tennyson: "Amid all his deep seriousness of mind, the poet was always sensible to the humorous; and he told me, with much amusement, the ludicrous remark of a farmer who, after hearing a red-hot sermon of never-ending fire and brimstone, in the style of Jonathan Edwards, consoled his wife quite sincerely with the naive remark: 'Never mind, Sally: that mus. be wrong. No constitution could stand it.'"

A Brookline man tells this story of a little three-year old of the masculine gender, as big a bunch of mischief as ever drew breath. One day he was particularly mischievous at the dining-table, and was told he must cease his unseemly behavior or leave the table. There was a painful silence for a few moments; and then, despite the warning in his mother's eye, the youngster broke out, "Mamma, I have said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' three times; and he won't go!"