

find himself among the "lost freight," and uncalled for. If he desires to make a success in the Order he must show his goods, and then his work will soon be rated and appreciated. The opposite of this one is the man who wants to run the Lodge according to his own ideas; he will find himself "side-tracked" at some flag station, never to be heard of again — *Masonic Journal*.

Bro. Dr. Charles Griswold, of St. Paul, Minn., says "that he used to feel that no man could be allied with the Democratic party and at the same time be a good citizen, and that at one time he really thought all religious denominations, with the exception of Methodists, would inevitably end their career in hades. But since meeting in Masonic Lodge rooms with men of various political affiliation and religious conviction, his mind has become broadened and he was fully convinced that, if a man was a good Mason, he necessarily must be a good citizen and stood a fair chance of eternal salvation, be his political or religious ideas what they may."

Freemasonry is a practical religion. We need more of the courage that dares, and the courage that does, that recognizes right and pursues it, that owns a duty and discharges it, that sees a wrong and rights it, a right and aids it. There are many of us who would do great acts, but because we wait for great opportunities, life passes and the acts of duty and brotherly love are not done at all. Life is made up of infinitesimals.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

The following subscriptions have been received since our last issue, and we shall be obliged if our brethren will favor us with notice of any omissions that may occur:

Geo. O. Tyler, \$1.00; John Leslie, \$5.00; Jas. Macfadden, \$2.00; H. Griffith, \$1.00; W. S. Percy, \$1.00; Shuniah Lodge, \$1.00; J. B. Tresidder, \$1.00; David Guthrie, \$1; I. H. Stearns, \$1.00; D. Spry, \$2.50; Fort William Lodge, \$3.00; Archibald Hood, \$1; Robt F. Wilkes, \$1.00; Geo. White, \$1.00; Jos. Tomlinson, \$2.50; S. Hollingworth, \$1; R. W. Clewlo, \$1.00.

PLEASANTRIES.

While some cows were passing the house, one of them lowed. "Oh mamma," exclaimed Clark, "one of the horns blew. Which one was it?"

"I understand, then," concluded the interviewer, "that your success was achieved at a bound?" The India-rubber man nodded his head gravely.

Mrs. Dash: "What did you get baby for a birthday present?" Mrs. Rash: "I took £2 out of the little Darling's bank, and bought him this lovely dining-table lamp."

Mamma: "I think the baby is growing very fast, don't you?" Papa: "Decidedly, I thought he weighed three pounds more at four o'clock this morning than he did at two."

"You see, Mrs. Golightly, the new silver dollar will be called a dollar; but it will really be worth only half a dollar." "Well, then, why don't they call it two dollars, so it will be worth a dollar?"

Mrs. de Fashion: "Did you take the medicine the doctor ordered?" Small Daughter: "Yes; and it was horrid." Mrs. de Fashion: "Did you take a teaspoonful?" Small Daughter: "No-e, I took a forkful. Spoons are out of fashion, you know, mamma."

The wife of a physician who lives on Fourteenth Street tells a story of a distant kinswoman of hers who was her guest during the Christian Endeavor Convention. The kinswoman lives in an inland New England town; and, when she came to Washington, she spent one night of the journey on board a steambot. It was the first time she had ever travelled by water. She reached Washington extremely fatigued. The doctor's wife remarked it. "Yes, I'm tired to death," said the kinswoman. "I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my state-room about how to put the life-preserver on, and I thought I understood it; but I guess I didn't, though. Someway, I couldn't seem to go to sleep with the thing on."

The late Dr. Thomson, when bishop of Gloucester, resorted to narcotics to relieve the toothache. One morning, after a night of great suffering, as he left the house to consult a doctor, Mrs. Thomson begged him not to allow the physician to prescribe a narcotic, as it affected his brain for several hours. On his way the bishop met the postman, who handed him a large official envelope. He opened it in the street, and read his appointment to these of York. Instead of visiting the doctor, he hastened back to communicate the surprising news to his wife. "Zoe! Zoe!" he exclaimed, "What do you think has happened? I am archbishop of York." "There, there!" rejoined the wife. "What did I tell you? You've been taking that horrid narcotic again, and are quite out of your head."