

which lies a great inspiring idea. This idea is the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. Only so far as this idea inspires and possesses man is he a Freemason. This is not a creed which a Freemason's lips declare, but it is a life which his whole Masonic living utters.--*Grand Master McCurdy.*

The Great danger which threatens Freemasonry is undue popularity. Wo! unto you when all men speak well of you. The rush, during the past twenty-five years especially into all branches of Masonry is not a healthy growth and it will be found that the grist will choke the hopper of the Masonic mill if more restriction is not had.

WHERE IS YOUR MASONRY?—If a Brother injures you, and you pursue him with relentless hate, and are unforgiving, where is your Masonry?

If a Brother commits an error or has a fault and you proclaim it from the housetops, where is your Masonry?

If a Brother falls, and instead of placing your hand to his back and whispering good counsel, you stand idly by or even aid in keeping him down, where is your Masonry?

If you are envious of the success of your Brother, and endeavor to drag him down, where is your Masonry?

If profanity belches from your mouth, and the stamp of intoxicants is becoming plainer, where is your Masonry?

If you are uncharitable, unkind, unforgiving, what good has Masonry done you?—*Selected.*

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:

T. Bell, \$1.00; W. T. Plumber, \$1.00; E. E. Sheppard, \$7.00; H. B. Howson, \$5; F. F. Manly, \$1.00; Joseph King, \$2.00; C. L. Patterson, \$1.00; A. Oelschlager, \$1.00; G. W. Wakeford, \$1.00; N. Greening, \$1; Rev. Dr. Battisby, \$1.00; Grand Lodge of Canada, \$1.50; Will. H. Whyte, \$1.00; E. D. Staton, \$1.00; Alfred Burnett, \$1.00; Wm. Scott, \$1.00; W. H. Ford, \$1.00; Jas. Luttrell, \$1.00; John Smith, \$1.00; H. Grif-

ith, \$1.00; B. J. Leubsdorf, \$1.00; Jos. E. Biddle, \$1.00; J. McCann, \$4.00; John Veale, Sr., \$1.00.

PLEASANTRIES.

No longer missed. A girl when she is married.

Man overboard, help! help! Pat, pluy don't yez swim? "I don't know how." "Be gotry, ye've got an illigant chance to learn."

"I began life without a cent in my pocket," said the puse-proud man to an acquaintance. "I didn't even have a pocket," replied the latter, meekly.

She "They say there are microbes in kisses." He, "nonsense. What dangerous disease do they develop into?" She, "Marriage, sometimes."

"Would you oblige," said the reporter who gets novel interviews, "by telling me what book helped you most in life?" And after a thoughtful pause, the great man answered: "My bank-book."

Cittiman (pompously) "I work with my head, sir, instead of my hands." Jay Green, "Hub! that ain't nuthin! So does a wood-pecker."

"The farmin' business is lookin' up," said old Silas Hayseed. "I jest rented my farm to one o' them gulf clubs for ten years. Some o' the new players gits inter the fields sometimes, an' ploughs it up right smart fer me too, with their iron sticks."

"I have fifteen clocks I'd like to sell you." "I don't buy stolen goods, sir." "Why, they weren't stolen, my dear sir. I was married yesterday."

A story is told by one of Lord Zetland's party, who were making inquiries into the condition of a distressed district. They were crossing a lake. A gale was blowing, and waves were dashing over the boat. The gentleman referred to had been assured that an Irish peasant, if treated well, will always agree with what is said to him rather than appear disagreeable. It struck the gentleman that here was a good chance to put the assertion to proof. "There is very little wind, Pat," he said to one of the boatmen. The answer came through the howling elements, "Very little, indade, your honor; but fhwat there is is moighty sthrong."

The London *Christian World* tells the following story: "A hoary-headed joke has repeated itself in connection with the Laud celebration. A North country gentleman went to the celebration because, he told his friends, he thought Laud must have been a good man, or King David would never have commended him in the Hundredth Psalm, wherein, in the metrical version, he sang in the North nearly every Sunday, 'praise Laud, and bless his name always!'"