

tendency to maintain the universal law of man's brotherhood? And what (next to Christianity) is better calculated to bring about this happy era in the world's history than our noble Institution, which has for its foundation the very basis of His great law, the immutable principles—"Friendship, Morality and Brotherly Love?" Friendship! What is it? Is it anything "but a name—a charm that lulls to sleep?" Oh! yes! it is the fond child of heaven; it is a bright emanation from God. Its influence is unbounded, and none can measure its power. It goes hand in hand with Love, while Charity exerts a closer union. And you, my Brethren of the *mystic tie*—how pleasant it is, surrounded as you continually are, by the busy transactions of an ever-changing world, to retire beneath the beautiful tree of Friendship, and there enjoy its cool and refreshing shade; there commune with kindred spirits; there enjoy the gentle breeze of refreshing social intercourse, which steals over the soul like balmy zephyrs, scented with sweet and fragrant odours. Under its blessed influences, sadness and sorrow and grieving flee away, like noxious mist before the radiant blaze of the midday sun. Here Friendship and Love assert their mild dominion, while Faith and Charity combine to bless the mind with peace and soften the heart with sympathy." Yes, let Faith be the prominent feature; let us cherish it as a beautiful gift from the pure fountain of love divine. It raises us far above the wild and fearful storms of passion and strife. It protects us with its ample folds, and with its shield wards off the fiery darts which malice, hatred, or revenge may hurl at us, causing them to fall harmless at our feet. It throws a brilliant light of beauty and glory over man's abode, causing his countenance to be lit up with smiles of joy and gladness. It points him to green and delightful spots in his existence, of exceeding beauty; of bubbling springs which gush up by the way-side, affording him delicious draughts of pleasure and joy. It causes to hover over his destiny the bright angel of gladness; and, as he wanders along life's devious track, by the aid of the Star of Hope everything appears to live in its loveliest aspect; life seems nothing but a lovely garden, verdant with unfulfilling charms, vocal, with ceaseless songs of melody. It soothes his passions, exhilarates his feelings, and tranquilizes his mind. If it were not for Faith, this world, with all its beauty and loveliness, would be bleak and desolate indeed. Strike from man's nature his social feelings, his sympathies for his race, and he will sink to a lower grade than the brute creation. Deprive him of this trait in his character,—it would be like blotting out the sun from this material universe, which gives light and heat to the world. Such is the nature of Faith, such its joys and consolations. And Love, whose heart is susceptible of its exquisite pleasures,—who is deeply imbued with its generous promptings—will not under any circumstances forsake his friends, whether they are enjoying the warm sunshine of prosperity, or struggling beneath the dark and drenching storm of life's misfortunes and