

pressive silence followed, betokening sympathy with "the wounded spirit."

Shortly afterward, the master announced that Miss Staines had kindly consented to give another ballad, in lieu of "*Old England*." Amid the warmest plaudits she again came to the Piano, and gave "*The Soldier tired of War's Alarms*," and retired with the same manifestation of appreciation of her talent by the audience. There is one feature in her style—and it is a marked one, which cannot, we think, escape the attention of any—it is, the distinctness of her enunciation, even in difficult passages, and this with the strictest regard to the music. Her performance on Wednesday gave the best possible contradiction to the assertion, that the Saxon language is inconsistent or irreconcilable with the higher order of music.

To these pieces refreshments succeeded, which were served in a suite of rooms beneath the Lodge, where every attention had been paid to the comfort of the visitors, and where the creature-comforts were to be found in profusion.

On our return to the room, Brother Kneeshaw addressed the company assembled, on the objects of the Order, in a paper drawn up with considerable care, and evincing a warm zeal in the prosperity of the body.

Another of Bishop's popular compositions succeeded, "*As it fell upon a day*," in which Mrs. Gouinlock and Miss Staines distinguished themselves, as did the former in the ballad "*Scotland and Charlie*." An encore followed the performance.

In "*When a little farm we keep*," Miss Staines and Mr. Clark were very happy. Rounds of laughter greeted them in the performance, and to hearty calls for its repetition they were driven to succumb. When the applause, which was most vociferous, had subsided

Brother J. H. Cameron, Solicitor General, Canada West, rose, and addressing the Brethren and friends, said, that introducing himself to their notice, he would direct their attention to the mottos of the Order, which surmounted the chairs occupied by himself and his brother officers. It would not be needful for him to address them at any length, as the principles of the Institution had been explained to them by Brother Campbell—the objections answered by brother Kneeshaw.

They had a like affection for one and all—their motto "Friendship, Love, and Truth," was ever paramount, while they never lost sight of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Friendship, the sweetener of life; Love, the purifier of the soul; and Truth—but "truth needs no color—as beauty needs no pencil."

It has been stated on many occasions, that we do not recognise the Supreme Being in our formulary. I appeal, and fearlessly, to the motto that surmounts the chair opposite to me, and shew that in all our acts we rely on the Giver of all good. "In God we trust." We ask it—and we ask it confidently—are there any ties stronger than those of Friendship, Love, and Truth, united? and when to these we add that "golden rule," we cannot fear but that the principles of our Order, based on such a foundation, must continue to swell our ranks, and overthrow the prejudices of those, who may not now be inclined to recognise in them the elements of good.

These are the grounds on which the Institution, and we, as its officers, are presented to you; and although there are secrets which it has been deemed necessary to retain, yet we say to those who are willing to join the brotherhood, "come among us; we will explain their meaning; we will show the objects for which they were instituted."

Look around our Hall. Its mottoes sufficiently indicate the purposes we have in view;—to "visit the sick," "relieve the distressed," "bury the dead," "protect the widow," "educate the orphan,"—these are the

objects that address themselves to the souls of all, be they who they may.

We have brilliant examples in the world's history of individual exertion for the general good. We reverence the names of a Wilberforce, a Howard, and an Oberlin; and shall we be blamed if we band ourselves together with no motive but the love of God and the love of man made in His image, to incite us? It is in such an union as this, that we look for strength to beget strength, in the noble work we have given ourselves to do.

In the Union on the opposite shore there are now 100,000 men, brethren of our Order, dispensing a revenue of not less than a million of dollars per annum, which are spent alone in pursuance of the objects of Friendship, Love and Truth, and in pursuits in which selfish motives cannot be allowed to exercise any influence.

How do we stand in relation to those around us? When sickness comes upon us, the pain and anguish of our hour of trial are hard to bear, when we have about us, and kind voices breathe sweet words around us, and hands of love smooth the pillow for the fevered head, and even the softest footstep is not heard in the darkest chamber, but oh! when we are alone without kindred or friends in a distant land, then we may think of the misery that attaches to an isolated death bed, where there is none of household affection to attend us; but while the signs of our Order are known, then, wherever we may be thrown, we are no longer strangers, but whatever may be the clime, whatever the country, a brother's hand clasps a brother's hand, and friendship and love unite to support and sustain us. Oh, is it nothing to know that in our last mortal agony we shall not be alone without human sympathy, and shall we be told that the consolation attaching to the fraternal attendance of our Order is nothing? Can we not rest with some satisfaction on the thought that, wherever we may die, if the mystic symbol be known, there will be troops of brethren to surround our bed, and to contribute to our best comforts and consolation in this life.

Whatever may be the disease, the sufferer is attended with the same care. His struggles may be fearful to look upon—he may have been struck down by the destroying pestilence, and disease and death may be in the atmosphere around him, yet still he is watched with unwearied tenderness, and the "labour of love" for him ceases but with his life.

We know, or the majority of us know, of one brother who stood in this land of his adoption, almost unknown and alone, yet by the brethren of this Order was he anxiously attended in his dying hours, and his passage to the grave smoothed by the kindnesses of those who were knit with him in the bonds of "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

But this is not all. There are seasons and trials that "break down the strong arm, and make the man as a child." It is in such seasons that he may think he has only a weekly pittance on which to subsist—a pittance he cannot earn—and the anguish of his body is heightened by the agony of his soul, when he feels that he does not suffer alone—that others depend upon him for their daily bread—and his heart faints within him in his fears for those he loves. He becomes an Odd Fellow. He knows now that he has a brother to watch over his wants—that he belongs to a Society that will pay for what is needful, and that, should he sleep "the sleep of death," his brethren in the Order will watch over and provide for his widow and children. He dies, knowing that although alone, they have from 10 to 20,000 to defend and succour them, if need should arise.

Are our objects evil? Are they such that any can say a word in disparagement? No. Are we not daily taught in Holy Writ to show our charity towards those by whom we are surrounded; and surely it cannot be wrong for us to do that as an associated body that we