

THE ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1847.—The worthy publishers of this volume are taking time by the forelock, as may be seen on reference to our advertising sheet. It is there advertised for publication on the 15th of August next, and a very attractive prospectus is thrown out, which, if carried out, as we doubt not it will be, will ensure a work at once "valuable to the fraternity, and interesting to the public at large."

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

FAITH! What uncounted comforts lie hidden in that one little word! A shield for the unprotected—strength for the feeble—and joy to the care-worn and grief-stricken. Let thy saving and cheering influence descend upon every soul.

HOPE! Thou who hast a throne in every bosom, a shrine in every heart—what were the joys of earth without thy cheering light! Beneath thy brilliant beams, bright as the rays of the morning stars, the frown flits away from before the despairing brow. Who could dwell upon the arid wastes of life's desert, did not the torch-gleams point the road to future bliss! When sorrow ploughs up the heart with deep furrows, and the ties of life are sundered one by one, thy white-robed gentleness speaks peace to all within. Let thy beacon-blaze of celestial glory shine on in its unclouded splendour, till every darkened path be lightened by its cheering rays.

CHARITY! Greatest of all—the crowned queen among the virtues, the brightest hand-maid of religion and love. May thy steps never wax feeble, or thy heart grow cold. Let us mark the splendour of thy presence by every desolate hearth, and by every mourner's couch. Teach us to throw thy mantle of compassion over the ignorant, the erring, and the guilty. Let thy influence soften every obdurate heart, and reclaim every vicious mind.—*Talisman.*

THE ODD FELLOW'S CHARGE.

BY MRS. M. C. P.

"We command you to visit the sick, bury the dead, relieve the distressed, and protect the orphan."

Go, faithful brother, go! our charge is given,
And from our land by acts like thine,
May want and wo from virtue's door be driven,
And skeptics bow before thy shrine.
With "Friendship, Love and Truth" its motto, rear
Our banner floating o'er thy head.
Till Eden's flowers are blooming every where,
Cease not thy onward course to tread.
Go to the couch of him who now in vain
Is struggling with the conq'r'or, Death!
Whose nerves are travelled by the feet of pain,
Though angels wait the parting breath;
Go! tell the sufferer that his loved ones too,
On whom his dim eye fondly rests,
Shall find a sympathizing friend in you,
Whose care shall shield in their distress.
Odd Fellow, go! and your reward shall be
The calm expiring smile of Love,
As flies the soul into Eternity,
To join the happy Lodge above.
The tears of gratitude shall too be thine,
From widows and from orphans lone;
But most of all th' approaching smile divine,
That priceless boon shall be thine own.
And then in yonder dell where willows wave,
Thy brother's lowly bed prepare;
And let befitting garlands for the grave,
Unfading evergreens, be there.
Go! brother true! and let thy deeds proclaim
Thy Heav'n-taught precepts to the world;
Proud of thy mission, watchful of thy name,
Ne'er may the banner of the Odd be furled!

ARE YOU QUALIFIED FOR THE OFFICE?

QUALIFIED? of course I am. Do you think I'd accept an office I'm not able to fill?

I don't know that *you* would, but I've known it to be done.

You are Noble Grand—do you take good care to enforce the general laws of the Order, and to see that the By-Laws of the Lodge over which you preside are observed?

Well, I'm not sure that I know a great deal about them, but I get along as others have always done before me—and I reckon they know as much about such matters as you.

I don't question that, but they may have erred.

Well, if they have erred, how do you expect *me* to be right?

Why, haven't you the By-Laws before you? make yourself acquainted with them.

Oh! I can't be studying By-Laws all the time.

Well, if you are not willing to study the duties of your office, what did you take it for?

Why, for the honors—I want to have P. G. attached to my name.

But you are not worthy of such a title, unless you are qualified to fill the posts which lead to the honor.

Well, croaker and moralizer, have you ever been present at our Lodge when I was in the chair?

Not to my knowledge.

What, then, are you preaching about?

Well, let me ask you a question or two, by answering which I will judge of your capability.

Ask away.

Do you see that the brothers enter the Lodge Room in the manner prescribed?

I'm not very particular—I haven't time always to correct every little error.

Do you preserve the utmost decorum during the session of the Lodge—suppressing all conversation and mirth, when business is under consideration?

Can't say that I do—don't like to be so strict with the brothers—might offend them.

Do you enforce the law respecting regalia, requiring every brother to use such in the Lodge, as he is entitled to, and permitting none to sit there without regalia?

No, not exactly, I think that's a matter with which I have nothing to do. Let the brothers wear regalia or let it alone, as they like best.

Do you forbid brothers to leave the room, a dozen or twenty at a time, whilst a motion is pending before the Lodge, or whilst a communication is being read, to the great disturbance of all present?

Well, yes, I let all go who ask me; what right have I to keep men there if they don't choose to stay?

Do you make it a point to know your own, and induce others in office under you to know their parts in the initiatory exercises to be performed by you, or them, so that the beautiful ceremonial may not suffer martyrdom, and be sacrilegiously robbed of its effect upon the candidate by unconscious mouthing?

I don't interfere with the duties of other officers, and I attend to my own as I think best.

Have you a constant watch over the social relations of the brethren toward each other, cultivating the interchange of friendly courtesies, and kindly offices; and using your influence as far as may be, in preventing and reconciling differences, and in explaining misunderstandings, so that harmony may prevail, and the hearts of brothers may every day become more allied one to the other, by your example, setting a pattern of urbanity and probity?

It's not my duty to meddle in other men's matters. I have enough to do to keep my own straight.

Well, I suppose by this time you think I'm of the sort who meddle with other "men's matters."

Yes, I should say you have a strong desire that way. It's very possible I have. Can't help it, tho'—it's a