

have got the wrong heads of hair, and a great many, also, where they had got the wrong heads altogether. He is a "wrong-headed" fellow, has, indeed, passed into a proverb, and can, of course, only mean that, by mistake, he has got hold of somebody else's *caput*, and is carrying what doesn't belong to him on his shoulders.

With a knowledge of these things, it can hardly be considered surprising that I should feel a strange interest in studying faces, and should gather from the strange truths I discover therein, food for much contemplation, as well as mirth and amusement? Nature's own picture gallery of living countenances is to me an endless treasure. There is drollery inexpressible even in the solemnness of the different subjects; something ludicrous even in their sorrow. I can never forbear laughing when I call to mind two or three mourners I have seen at funerals, and feel inclined to weep at the recalled image of one lovely bride, whom I saw smiling at the altar. Why these contradictions, I cannot say; nor why amongst the thousands of up-turned faces one gazes at in a large city on a summer's morning, the likenesses of two or three should attach to the mind, clinging to it for years after, and mingling themselves in some way or other with our dreams—almost with our existence.

Nor is it always an entire face that thus perplexes us. I own to once falling in love (really very deeply in love) with a lady's nose, in a stage-coach—I say her nose, for it was the only part of her face she permitted me to see. Even now, my heart throbs when I think of it. The mind of poet never conceived so sweet a nasal organ. It was not long and thin—likely to get red in a winter's morning—nor squab and fat—nor was it a small snub perspiring nose—but it was just elongated to the Grecian standard, with solidity enough to stand the pulls of time and ordinary blowing. I would have surrendered liberty—hand and heart, and nine-and-sixpence in my pocket—to have been permitted to touch that nose; but, alas! at Peckham Rye it vanished, and with it all my hopes.

I have stood, since then, in many crowds, and studied many faces, but never yet saw countenance which should have owned that nose. Yet I have seen strange faces, and my memory is full of stray looks, and puckered-up features, which fancy prompts me even now to put together in one large dish. But, hold! Sword's pealing bell proclaims the hour of dinner nigh. Down, then, sweet fancy, down;—and now for mutton chops!

HOW TO GROW RICH BY GIVING.

It may be laid down as a general principle, that a man becomes rich in his own stock of pleasure, in proportion to the amount he distributes to others. His opulence will be the offspring of his generosity. Every time he creates to himself a pleasure, by the creation of a pleasure, or the suppression of a pain, he increases the sum of his own happiness, directly, speedily, surely. Every time he renders a service to another, he augments the amount of his own happiness, indirectly, remotely, slowly; but in both cases his well-being will be added to by his benevolence.—*Dentham's Deontology.*

ANNIVERSARY OF BURLINGTON LODGE, HAMILTON.

Burlington Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., held its Anniversary Meeting, on the 19th ultimo, the first year being completed on that day.

The Brethren met, and after the opening Ode was sung to music, composed, together with that for the closing Ode, by Mr. J. P. Clarke, formerly organist of Christ Church, Hamilton, but now residing at Toronto, a Recess was declared, and Past Grand Harvey took the Chair. During the Recess, Brother Brondgeest, late of our city, and Secretary of Burlington Lodge, addressed the Brethren, and sang several songs, two of them imposed by him for the occasion. The evening was then passed in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of social intercourse, heightened by music.

ADDRESS.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—Met as we are this evening, in order to celebrate the anniversary of the establishment of Burlington Lodge, this night completing the first year, it has appeared to our Officers, suitable to our character as Odd Fellows, that charity should prevail over all other considerations, and that "Benevolence should be our aim."

We are, therefore, assembled to prove, that mental pleasures can satisfy Odd Fellows, and that all we require is—

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

It is therefore proposed that we shall call in the divine art of harmony, and in social and brotherly intercourse, while away the time, in Friendship, Love, and Truth.

As, however, I have occasionally been desired to explain the principles of the Order, its object, and its aim, it has appeared proper to the Committee you appointed to arrange this evening's ceremonies and exercises, that I should lay before you, what are the intentions of men forming themselves into societies, like the one to which we have the happiness to belong,—why they should be continued, why increased; why every one deserving the honor, should join our ancient and honorable fraternity.

Our objects are, universal Benevolence and goodwill toward men; unbounded Charity for all—Charity in alms-giving—Charity in interpreting men's motives—Charity in viewing their errors and failings: Love to all our fellow-beings, and an ardent desire to see even the most abandoned, reform, and be able to join our body. We recognize no sect or party—For this reason, and this reason only, has our Order been established. It has pleased Divine Providence, that men should divide themselves into religious sects; and the imperfections of our nature, and the difficulties attending the proper communication of our ideas to one another, has given rise to political parties. People all mean well, at least all but those with whom we neither have, nor want to have, connexion; all mean to be happy, and to render others so—happy not only in this life, but in the world to come—to exist through all