

Night closes in ; the storm roars wild without ;
And cold and cheerless every spot about ;
Nor moon, nor star, can in the heav'n be seen,
The King of Storm has robbed Night of her Queen.

Wild as the night was, still there were a few
Bound by Love's ties, and to each other true,
United firm, in sickness and distress
To soothe a brother's sorrow, and to bless ;
To whisper consolation in his ear,
Or from the cheek to wipe the falling tear ;
Gently to chide his failings or his faults,
Yet shield him from the world's fierce assaults ;
Point out the path to Virtue's humble cell,
Where he in love and happiness may dwell.
Such were the few—imbued with fervent zeal
Alike for love and for the Order's weal ;
And while the thunder loudly roared above,
It knit them closer in the bond of love ;
Swiftly and pleasantly the moments passed,
The storm still raged, as if 'twould " blow its last."
But see, one entrance gains—a stranger too,—
No stranger, but a brother of the *blue* ;
Care on his forehead—of all peace bereft—
No pleasure his, since e'er his home he left ;
Through storm and thunder's roll he hurried on,
To seek for refuge—yet to find a home ;—
For in the temples of Odd Fellowship
To cheer such brethren all is rivalry.
Friendless upon the world he had been thrown,
No one to cheer, no act of pity shown ;
Lonely and cheerless, long had been his path,
On him the demon storm had poured its wrath ;