

## BURIAL OF AN ODD FELLOW'S WIFE.

WE know not when we have witnessed a spectacle which so came home to our feelings, as on yesterday. The wife of a member of the Order of Odd Fellows, after a long and weary illness, the last few months of which had given promise of recovery, was summoned by the mandates of a mysterious Providence to her home in the better land. The fond husband, deceived by the flattery of hope into the belief that a few months would so far complete her restoration as to enable her soon to join him under the charge of a friend, had yielded to the impervious necessities of business, and departed for the North. Oh, how like a stunning thunder stroke must be the intelligence of his disappointed expectations fall upon his heart.—*She died*—and the tears of warmly attached and benevolent friends bedewed her bier—but she died in the land of the stranger, and far from the home of her childhood and the fond circle of family kindred. Of *kindred* did we say? No, no! More than a hundred hearts felt her demise as a BROTHER'S bereavement; and as the melancholy hearse wended its way to mortality's last resting place, it was followed by a long line of sorrowing ones to whom she was even a *sister*. We are not a member of the Order—but we could not witness this scene without being deeply impressed with the value of the Order, the excellence of its principles, the practical good of its operations. To visit and minister to the sick, pay the last offices of humanity to the dead are of themselves alone objects of the noblest nature, and might well command for the Order the respect of mankind. But when to those are added the alleviation it offers to the sorrows and distresses of the bereaved and broken hearted, it may well challenge a sentiment of reverence.—*Albany Herald*.

## ODD FELLOWSHIP AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY BRO. A. W. BRUCE.

There is a vast difference between the prevalent idea of Christianity and that of Odd Fellowship. The former, for some reason, and quite unnecessarily, appears more generally to be confined to the impalpable and intangible. But the latter has to do with the palpable and the tangible—with life and its wants and realities. We can never think of the remark of Franklin, without feeling a profound reverence to his wisdom, when he said, "We serve God most acceptably, when we do good to his other children." This service is eminently the office of Odd Fellowship, and he who best understands its principles can best appreciate its truth.

But then the query may arise, are you not, in this view, confounding the principles of Christianity with those of Odd Fellowship? Not at all: Christianity is the incarnation of the Creator's Universal Love. Odd Fellowship is but one of the rays which every where radiate from the common centre. The office of Christianity is to mould the elements of the human will into a likeness with that of its Author. Odd Fellowship seeks, in its humble sphere, to assist in this great work, by inculcating Friendship, Love, and Truth, as the basis of all pure morality. There is a vast difference between pleasure and enjoyment. The one is without, the other within.—The one soon exhausts itself, but the other is always perennial and bright. So as regards Christianity and our Order. The one is from God—the other from man. The principles of the one are eternal, and its objects and ends equally so. But the other is, so to speak, of the earth, and will perish with earthly things, except so far as its principles are congenial with Christianity. The one institution extends to the very perfection of holiness; the other aims at nothing beyond moral excellence. The one teaches the character of God, the duty and destiny of man; the

other teaches its devotees that they should "in love serve one another."

We have said that only simple ideas deeply and lastingly affect the soul, stir up its affections, and mould and elevate the character. It is only these that work mightily in human hearts and human society. DUTY is the chief among them. Odd Fellowship inculcates it first to God, second to ourselves, and third to all men. Thus far, it is emphatically the hand-maid of Christianity.—Here it stops. Beyond this it presumes not to go. It points out no definite rules save those of Friendship, Love, and Truth. How, then, can its universal diffusion endanger Christianity?—That it would tend to consolidate the many sects into a few, and to teach those who now contend for sectarianism, that all cannot "know the Lord," except they first know each other, is not denied; and should this be offered as an objection, it would show an obliquity of mind, singular indeed, for one who has learned in the school of the Nazarene.

From what has been offered, we think there need be no misgivings concerning the tendency of Odd Fellowship. We need not point to the thousands in our land and world who are ornaments to our race, and still members of the fraternity: we would rather point to those principles upon which the Order is founded, and especially to the results every where seen in the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate. These are advocates more successful than the eloquence of human tongues, and will stand as enduring monuments co-equal with the memory of virtue.—*Symbol*.

## WHAT DO YE MORE THAN OTHERS?

"IS IT SO, OR IS IT NOT SO? SAY HAMET."

AMONG the various reforms of the present time, there is need of a reform of *self*—an examination into the acts and doings of one's own heart. There is much profession abroad in the world, and the question very naturally arises, as applied to Odd Fellows, "What do ye more than others?" While listening to a conversation by the wayside, a day or two since, these words were uttered by a person not an Odd Fellow, to a member of the Order, and the peculiar emphasis laid upon the question arrested my attention, and for a moment or two I became an attentive listener, when I became convinced there was much need of a personal examination of character among the members of an institution which professes to be governed by that great watchword of morality and sincerity, "Friendship, Love, and Truth." True, there is much that is praiseworthy in the effective duties of Odd Fellowship; there is a beauty, a grandeur, in that self-sacrificing spirit manifested before the world on so many occasions; that silent, unobtrusive visit to the lone widow and her fatherless ones is praiseworthy, and of good report; the silent and patient night-watchings at the bed-side of a dying brother, and the tender solicitude manifested when that brother is no more, is all well, and as it should be. "To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan," is *not all* that Odd Fellowship teaches and enjoins. Odd Fellowship teaches mutual forbearance and forgiveness, a spirit of kindness and brotherly affection—a spirit entirely at variance with that spirit which is the parent of bickering and haughty self-esteem. The true Odd Fellow indulges not in malice or reproach; from his inmost soul he abhors meanness and deceit, and he never descends to the use of unkind, ungentlemanly language, either in the Lodge-room or out of it, to any person, *more especially to a brother*, whom he has covenanted to love and respect.

Believe me, the duties of Odd Fellowship are many, and a word to the truly wise is sufficient. Remember that a true Odd Fellow is known, not by the regalia