

THE

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No. I.

ANNIVERSARY OF ALBION LODGE, NO. 4.

I. O. O. F.—QUEBEC.

On Thursday evening, the 13th November last, the Lodge above designated held its first Anniversary, in the Chateau St. Louis, Quebec, the Drawing-room in which is now occupied by the members as a place of meeting.

Long before the hour at which the proceedings of the evening commenced, the Lodge Room was filled; not only by those, who, from their connection with the Order, attended as a matter of course—but with a large concourse of townspeople, to whom the privilege of the *entrée* had been extended for the occasion.—Among the latter we observed many of our first citizens, and the attendance of the fair sex must have been highly gratifying to the brotherhood.

This anniversary is one to be long remembered, not only by Odd Fellows, but by all then present; and we have but little hesitation in asserting, that from the assemblage in question, either directly or indirectly, infinite good will flow,—and that its influence will be felt and appreciated by the needy, the orphan, and the widowed, for a long time to come.

The Noble Grand E. L. Montizambert, Advocate, took the Chair at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, and having summoned the officers to their posts, the full rich tones of the organ were breathed forth, and shortly the choir commenced the opening Ode, to the air of the National Anthem. The following were the words:—

OPENING ODE.

I.

Link'd in a cause most dear,
We have assembled here,
A Brotherhood.
But late a feeble band,
Now with full ranks we stand,
Seeking with heart and hand,
The greatest good.

II.

Not for a proud display,
Come we up here to-day,
An idle throng.
For no unmeaning rite,
No purpose vain and light,
Would we our powers unite,
To swell the song.

III.

A higher duty calls,
Within these sacred walls,
We gather here;
May Friendship—high and pure,
May Love, that shall endure,
May Truth, for ever sure,
'Mongst us appear.

IV.

O may this sacred dome
Truth, Love, and Friendship's home,
For ever prove!
Here may pure concord dwell,
Here tones of kindness swell,
Here generous strife impel,
To acts of love.

V.

Thus in this noble strife,
Throughout this mortal life,
Each hour improve.
Then call'd to leave this shrine,
With a sure *pass* and *sign*,
May every Brother join
The Lodge above.

The effect was striking. Music and song were anticipated, but the whole audience seemed to be at once imbued with a *devotional* feeling—for we know of no other term by which to express the then apparently pervading influence. All present were erect, and an air of uninterrupted solemnity prevailed.

The Ode finished, the N. G. rose and delivered the following

ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen—In giving utterance to the feeling which is uppermost in my own mind on rising to address you this evening, I am sure that I do but express the sentiments of every one of my Brothers of Albion Lodge. That feeling, Ladies and Gentlemen, is one of pride and gratification at the sight of so many kind friends, come to assist us in celebrating the first anniversary of the first Lodge of Odd Fellows in the city of Quebec.

But while we feel deeply grateful to you for quitting your comfortable fire-sides, to countenance by your presence on this occasion our labours in the cause of unisal philanthropy—we cannot forget that you have a right to expect from us in return some explanation of the nature of our Institution and of its claims to public patronage.

The principles and advantages of Odd Fellowship will be laid before you by a Brother more competent to the task, so that I have only to crave your indulgent attention to a few remarks on its origin, progress, and present state.